

English Persons of Title Who Have Gone into Trade.

TALES FOR THE CHILDREN


Short Stories Meant To Be of Interest to
Our Junior Readers.



No one knows just how many titled British women will buy their coronation robes and coronets with the money they make out of shopkeeping, but it is a fact that the number of peeresses in trade is increasing so steadily and rapidly that before long the ladyship who isn't interested in the inside of a counter will be only the exception that proves the rule, and we shall be hearing of the Countesses' Protective Trade Union, or something of the sort.

The latest member of the aristocracy to go into business stands closer to the throne than any of her titled predecessors in trade. If it hadn't been for a remarkable romance—of which more hereafter—she would have been a royal highness; as it is she is simply Mrs. George Fitzgeorge. But romance or no romance, her husband is second cousin to the king by blood, for both of them are great-grandsons of George III., whom primarily England has to thank for the loss of the American colonies.

Mrs. Fitzgeorge rather startled her fashionable and exclusive section of society when she sent out cards like this:


Mrs. George Fitzgeorge
At Home
80, Brook Street,
Greenwich Square,
Daily from
10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

They were even more startled to find that the house mentioned on fashionable Brook street—perhaps the very place where Mrs. Dombey took shelter with her titled relative after she fled

from old Dombey—was given over to the paraphernalia of complexion-making and the latest appliances for diminishing double chins, filling in hollow cheeks and eradicating wrinkles. It would appear that this relative of royalty had found the fountain of perpetual youth for which old Ponce de Leon was looking when he discovered Florida.

After a good many vain efforts an interview with the distinguished proprietress of the establishment was finally achieved. The house bears no outward and visible sign of being given over to trade. The waiting room on the ground floor is impressive with tapestry hangings and fine antique furniture. Livered servants guide you thence at the appointed time through a series of staircases and corridors, to Madame's reception room, where gas tubes and bottles and face masks and other tools of trade are in evidence.

Mrs. Fitzgeorge is a gracious, handsome personage, who talks business without affectation, and strikes one as a thoroughly cosmopolitan woman of the world, rather than one of the stiff conventional type so often encountered in English society. She said that some horrid things had been cabled about her to the United States, and at first she was not inclined to talk about her business departure; but on second thought it appeared to her that the various millionaire readers of this article might be attracted thereby, and business be thus promoted. So millionaire readers will kindly note. It might not be worth while for any other to apply, for I judge that complexions are not made over for nothing in the house of Fitzgeorge.

The interview was brisk and singularly frank. "I went into this business," said Mrs. Fitzgeorge, "not as a faddist nor from humanitarian motives but simply and solely to make money. In consequence of my husband's falling health my income became reduced, and I looked for some means to supplement it. To put the matter concisely, we were hard up, and as we have three children to support and educate I could not sacrifice them or myself for the sake of social conventionality.

"Those who knew me in my affluence have not deserted me in my adversity and in the short time I have been engaged in this business I have enjoyed the patronage of some of the best society ladies in London. Lord Londonderry obtain a large part of his income from coal; the Duke of Fife, the king's son-in-law, does the same from directorship of public companies. Why,

then, should I be precluded from earning a living in a capacity quite as honorable as either?"

"During the three weeks I have been engaged in business I have had as many as sixty clients, and they are all delighted with the treatment. The coronation is going to help me much. I must not go into elaborate details, but I can say that the process is absolutely anti-cosmetic. I use a lotion which improves the skin, not temporarily, but permanently."

"You expect to make a big thing out of your discovery?"

"I am very sanguine. Indeed, I may tell you that I have already a large number of applications from pupils who desire to learn my process. Of course, I am preparing to make arrangements to that end, but the business is so new and the success so rapid and complete that I have not had time to look around me sufficiently."

"Did Col. Fitzgeorge acquiesce in your going into this business?"

"Yes; we preferred to work and be independent, rather than to be an incubance on any one."

Mrs. Fitzgeorge has a name that is uncommonly interesting. Her husband, Col. Fitzgeorge, is a son of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, own cousin of the late Queen Victoria, and the only man living who ever called that venerable monarch "Vick," as she once mournfully observed, not long before her death. The duke was born a month or two earlier than the queen, but his father, the first Duke of Cambridge, was a younger son of George III. than her father, the Duke of Kent; otherwise the bluff old duke would have been king of England. He was rather expected to come to the throne any way, for Victoria was a delicate child, and this cousin of hers was next in line. By a similar twist of luck, also, the duke only just escaped being king of Hanover. But the duke himself put the crowning touch on his story of What Might Have Been by throwing away all royal favor, rejecting all the right royal princesses he might have wedded, and breaking the stern law of royal blood to marry an actress named Miss Farebrother, who was noted neither for power or beauty. Half the crowned heads of Europe tried to persuade him to throw her over. He could not give her his name or title, and he had to invent a name, Fitzgeorge, for their children. But he stuck to her through thick and thin up to the day of her death. Queen Victoria forgave him in time and had him made commander-in-chief of the British army, a position he held till the British public demanded fresher blood for the place, and Viscount Wolsey was put in power. The duke will begin his 84th year next month, and is now almost helpless physically, but his mind is as bright as a dollar, and he is still able to swear more vividly, picturesquely, vigorously and forcibly than any other man on record in the British empire.

It is a matter of common knowledge

that the signs on something like half a dozen of the millinery and drapery shops on fashionable Bond street hide under assumed names the financial interests of as many peeresses or daughters of titled families. One of them, the dashing Countess of Warwick, came out boldly, as is her wont, and put "Countess of Warwick" in big letters over her shop front, and used to make a practice of being on the premises as much as possible.

The shop was started for the sake of the fancy work done by the girls of the village of Easton. Finding new occupations for women is a pet pursuit of Lady Warwick's, and two or three years ago she had the ingenious idea of having English girls taught the art of embroidery as it is practised in France. The girls produced such fine work, and the demand for it grew so rapidly, that it was soon necessary to open London headquarters, where orders could be taken.

Perhaps the most marked manifestation of Lady Warwick's real business capacity was her level-headed adjustment reorganization of her husband's business affairs. It was entirely owing to her suggestion, and largely by her aid, that her husband, the Earl of Warwick, turned himself into a limited liability company, under the name of "The Warwick Estates, Limited," an action which has proved to have been exceedingly well advised. The brilliant countess, who is one of the most beautiful women in England, is interested in half a dozen other schemes, some of them philanthropic, and some of them intended to contribute funds to her own pocket. She also writes magazine articles, and accepts the checks with charming grace.

Lady Rachel Byng, daughter of the Earl of Strafford, is another member of



MISS DAPHNE FITZGEORGE

the British aristocracy who has the courage of her convictions and puts her name on her shop front without false modesty. You can see it at 17 Hanover street, in the midst of the fashionable shopping quarter: "Rachel Byng, Modiste and Embroiderer." She attends to business in person and makes a comfortable income out of it.

Peers in trade are so plentiful now that they attract little attention. The Earl of Rosebery, once premier of England, and likely to be again, sells milk; the Marquis of Londonderry, postmaster general, has his coronet and title on his coat carts, and Lord Harrington owns a fruit stand in the yard of Charing Cross railway station. Lord Rosslyn has been in about every kind of business and so has Viscount Mountmorres, who now earns a living as a newspaper reporter. Lord Iveagh and Lord Burton are the greatest brewers in the kingdom—and so on through the list. Even the present premier used to earn a precarious living as a newspaper writer.

Paper twin stockings at three cents a pair are the latest thing in hosiery.

Phillips Brooks and the Lost Child.
It was nine years ago the 23d of January since Phillips Brooks died, and yet to many it seems but yesterday. This anecdote of the kind bishop, whose love for children was but one of his many beautiful traits of character, was told in verse by Margaret Sangster in Harper's Bazar:

A poor little pale-faced baby,
Lost and hungry and cold,
With the chill wind pinching her tear-wet cheeks
And ruffling her bright hair's gold.

For just when the busy people
Were hurrying her and on,
Buying their gifts for the Christmas tree,
Her mother was suddenly gone.

She did not cry, poor midget,
But lifted pitiful eyes
At the crowds of careless strangers,
At the gray indifferent skies.

Jostled and pushed and frightened,
A tiny waif of the street,
With the wintry darkness falling,
And the snow-flakes gathering fleet.

She was seen by a great kind giant;
With swiftness stride he came,
Even then the angels in heaven
Wrote Saint before his name.

From the height of his splendid stature
He stooped to the little maid,
Lifted her up in tender arms,
And bade her not be afraid.

Against his broad breast nestled,
She clung like a soft spring flower
That a breeze had caught and carried
To a strong and sheltering tower.

In his thick warm cloak he wrapped her,
The little shivering child,
"I'll find your mother, baby,"
The Bishop said, and smiled.

That smile like a flash of the sunrise—
'Tis but a memory dim,
For the years are hastening onward,
And we are mourning him.

The cold white snows are drifting
Where to-day he lies asleep,
After his life's long warfare
The soldier's rest is deep.

But of dear things said about him,
Of victories that he won,
No sweeter tale is told than this,
Of his grace to a little one.

Where Pearls Are Found.

Old geographers make the Persian Gulf the seat of the pearl industry, but now many beautiful pearls are found in different parts of America. In the Mississippi river and its tributaries in Minnesota and Wisconsin quite a number of people are engaged in fishing for the mussels in which the pearls are found. It is said that one pearl is found in every ten mussels fished from the water. The fisherman does not worry about this. He keeps the shells and takes them to the button factory, where there is always a demand, for, as you know, boys and girls use up a good many buttons in the course of a year and no one knows what becomes of them. A floating button factory, built on a boat, travels up and down the Mississippi. It stops at a place long enough to use up all the shells and then goes on where there is another mussel bed or where the fishermen accumulate a heap. Some of the pearls are very valuable and have been sold for as large a price as \$50,000.

The Body as a Barometer.

The body gives many indications of approaching rain. Rheumatic joints always begin to ache when rain is coming on. This is due to the dampness of the air. Those who curl the hair can invariably predict wet weather by the fact that the hair gets out of curl.

East wind has a peculiar effect on the temper. If you are of an irritable disposition, whenever you feel particularly exasperated with everything and everybody, ten chances to one the wind is in the east. Or you can infallibly spot an east wind by your neuralgic pains if you be an unfortunate sufferer.

On the other hand, if you are of the nervous temperament, you can foretell twenty-four hours in advance of a storm from the south or southwest, with its muggy weather. Even when the sky is blue and the sun bright nervous people feel the approach of a southwestern gale. This is very remarkable, for the storm may be 1,000 miles away.

Making Money

Everybody recognizes the fact that a boy should early give his attention to some kind of money-making so as to give him a feeling of responsibility. Nothing can more test the boy's energies and abilities than poultry raising. It calls for the exercise of both mental and physical powers. It is not routine work. Then, too, it is a profitable employment, requiring no great outlay of money. It does not require late hours, nor does it tend to bad company. It is a safe recreation and often develops from recreation into a business, says the American Boy. It offers something definite as an object to work for. The boy soon comes to have a desire to excel—to get the best results. He wants to produce better birds and more eggs than his competitors. He finds that Nature is erratic in her moods, and it is no easy matter for him to learn her secrets. Defeat that often comes arouses his fighting blood and makes him determined to succeed, with every faculty awake. It is outdoor work, and for a boy who is inclined too much to sit and drone over a book the work is beneficial. It fosters a love for animals, and contains few unpleasant features.

Anecdote of Armour.

Phillip D. Armour, millionaire and philanthropist, continually warned

young men against getting into debt. He loved free men and despised slaves. When asked if he admired a certain brilliant orator he said: "He may have a superb voice and fine presence, but can't you hear the rattle of his chain? That man is not free; he is under moral obligations that demoralize him. He is not speaking the deepest thing in his soul, and I haven't time to hear any slave talk. I want a man to be just as free as I am."

On another occasion he said: "Don't get into debt—I mean moral debt. It is bad enough to get into debt financially. There goes a young man who is mortgaged. That young man is legging it along with a debt, and it will take twice as much power to get him along as the man without a debt. There are other debts and obligations that are embarrassing in their entanglements. Don't get into debt morally, my boy; don't get into debt so that you may not exercise your freedom to its limits."

The Boy and the Man.

One of the things with much meaning which is pointed out with regard to boys is that they are influenced a great deal by the way the city in which they live is governed. If the government is corrupt, the boys make that their standard of living. When what is known as the Lexow committee looked into the police system of New York and found how criminals could go on committing crimes and be let alone by paying the police officials for the privilege, the regumuffins all over the city invented a game they called "Protection," in which part of them played criminals and the others played policemen, and all the players got the idea that the law was a humbug and that the right thing and the smart thing to do in this world is to get money—no matter how.

The sum of it all is that a boy is a man growing up; that he wants to learn about men and do things as men do them, and the kind of man he turns out to be will depend on what kind of grown people he has to help him learn.

The Whistler of the Alps.

One of the natives of the Alps, Pyrenees, and other mountains of Europe is an animal about two feet long, called the marmot. They live for choice in the snowy region and prefer cliffs and precipices where they cannot easily be reached. They seem to post sentinels, whose duty it is to warn the rest of danger. At the watchers' signal, which is a shrill, piercing whistle, the creatures at once bolt for their holes in the rock, hiding for hours until all cause for alarm has gone. Even then they come no further than the entrance of their cranlies, where they stand stock still for a while, to make sure that everything is right.

New Games.

Awakened Ghosts is a fine game for boys and girls. Write the names of: Napoleon, Washington, Grant, Daniel Boone, Paul Pry, Paul Jones, Captain Kidd, Roger Williams, Molly Pitcher, and other famous characters on slips of paper. Each child draws one from a hat. Then all pretend to go to sleep and at the tap of a bell awaken and act the part given them. If anyone forgets himself he must pay a fine. At last the bell taps and the judges decide which has been the best ghost. It is great fun when two enemies, say Napoleon and Wellington, get together and are obliged to argue out their part.

Simple and Amusing Game.

A small feather with a very little stem must be produced to play the feather game; also a tablecloth or small sheet. The feather is placed upon this, and the company stands in a circle, holding the sheet.

Some one gives the feather a blow, and the object of the game is to prevent it from touching any one.

Each one gives the feather a puff whenever it comes near him, and over it goes to the other side again. The excitement produced is very great, and it is always a most amusing spectacle, the onlookers enjoying it almost as much as the players' themselves.

About Scotch People.

School children in Paola, Kan., correspond with children in Edinburgh, Scotland. Some of the letters are quite new. For example, one Scotch boy is very indignant at the mistaken ideas which are held of his people. He says: "Many people, even in England, think that our male sex dress in kilts, but they are quite wrong, for there is hardly a man in Edinburgh or anywhere in the middle or south of Scotland who wears kilts. It also is thought that the language of the Scotch is bad English, but it is quite the reverse, for the English is bad, broken Scotch."

Don't Mind Heat or Cold.

The native camels of Siberia are a source of constant wonder to travelers. On the Mongolian plateau, for instance, the thermometer often registers a temperature of 40 degrees below zero, but the camels do not mind it at all, walking about as blithely as if the weather were as balmy as spring. On the other hand, the temperature on the Gold Desert in summer is sometimes 140 degrees above zero, and the beasts mind that heat just as little as they do the extreme cold.

Sacks of Soup.

Travelers in eastern Siberia carry soups in sacks. They are frozen solid as stone, and keep indefinitely. Milk also is frozen and sold by the pound.