

AMERICANS WITH TITLES AND NEAR TO TITLES



LADY COOK



MRS. ALI KULI KHAN.

Boston.—"Some titles are bad and some titles are worse, but there are no good titles," a sarcastic American father is said to have exclaimed apropos of the marriage of a relative to a foreign nobleman.

He was not altogether right, nor was he altogether wrong. The Old World is flooded with titles, good, bad and indifferent. The bad and the indifferent greatly outnumber the good. American girls have some of the good, possibly more of the bad, and, perhaps, still more of the indifferent.

There is a heraldic office in London that spends all its time straightening out the kinks in the peerage. With some 500 American women married to foreigners, duly handled as to their names, some of the freaks of aristocracy's rating are apropos.

In America it is self-evident—though some children disprove it—that a parent is superior to the child. Yet an American woman is on record to disprove the fact. The late widow of Isaac M. Singer married a soldier Duc de Camposelle and later M. Paul Sohege, a plain Frenchman. But her daughter is Duchesse Decazes among the French aristocracy, and Duchesse de Glueksburg in the high lights of Denmark. If it isn't a case of daughter out-distancing the mother, it is the nearest approach to the condition.

Some of these daughters have become duchesses of England, princesses of Russia, duchesses of France, princesses of Italy, duquesas of Spain or Portugal, and still others have obtained titles of the Holy Roman Empire and papal titles by marriage. There are said to be about 500 of them all told, but how do they rank among each other? Where in the scale of high-sounding handles to matrimonially acquired surnames doth rank Lady Tennessee Claflin Cook, who is the widow of an English baronet, and who, through him, is Viscountess Montserrat in the peerage of Portugal? And why does not she employ the higher Portuguese title instead of the inferior English one?

Peculiarities of Peerages.

The truth is that peerages are now worthy of but half respect. Only two of them are really to be very seriously taken, the English and the dignities confined to the mediæval Teutonic families. And the latter of these is not open to American ambitions, as Miss Mary Wister Wheeler of Philadelphia discovered in 1890, when she was married to Count Maximilian Pappenheim, of that ilk, and learned, when Berlin heard of the event, that she could never be more than a morganatic wife.

Recently it transpired that English titles are not always exactly what they seem. It came out that one peerage was obtained by the typically American practice of contributing to a political campaign fund. It took \$1,250,000 in that case to make a baron of the United Kingdom, and at the same time \$150,000 was required to secure a knighthood that labors under the disadvantage of not being heritable. Scandal aside, however, the British peerage is the best of its kind. An American girl looking for foreign honors can better realize her ambition in marrying a mere English baronet than by contracting half a

dozen alliances with Russian princes, papal princes and such.

There are half a dozen kinds of dukes, spelled according to the genius of their geographical situation. There are dukes in England who are real aristocrats. When, therefore, an American girl, Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati, captured the heart of his grace of Manchester, she got a titular matrimonial prize.

French Ducal System.

There are ducs in France, but their only value is as contributors to the government's income, by the sarcastically graded scale that puts more of a price on them the farther up they go. One exception may be made to this general rule, for the royalists still hold levees, and to them a title is instinct with meaning and dignity. The fourth Duc de Dino, who unsuccessfully indulged his predilection for American wives on two occasions, would be entitled to enter this society, and either she who was born Elizabeth Curtis of New York or the previously divorced wife of Frederick W. Livingston could have accompanied him during their reigns over a heart whose unhappiness became rather well known at divorce court.

The royalist society constitutes the worth of a French title, but only two per cent. of all titles of La Belle Paris and elsewhere in France are legitimate. The others are jokes.

His Turkish Title.
In all except the mediæval families—formerly royal German families—there are women to represent the greatest country without a nobility. Even at Constantinople, where you can buy the order of Osmanieh and the lower grades dirt cheap, there is one of our women. She has had the wings of her dignity clipped, but she is still Margaret Fehim Pasha.

Her husband was, till a few months ago, chief of the Yildiz secret police, likewise a distant relative of the sultan. The German ambassador objected to a little pleasanter of his, and Fehim is now in real exile. But his wife, who was a circus rider, married a week after rencontre, is still the wife of a pasha. That dignity isn't worth much, and in the matter of value of titles Turkey, for once, agrees with the rest of Europe.

A Russian prince is a travesty on language, actually and literally. Properly, he isn't a prince at all, according to respectable English standards, but the Almanach de Gotha mistranslated the word "kniaz" that way, and the mistake of significance has persisted like the Almanach. Its correct English synonym is lord. The incident that led to the present English translation occurred at Paris, where a presumptuous one of these squireens appeared at Louis XIV's court. Etymologically, however, "prince" is the proper rendering.

Russian Princes Plentiful.

Prince Michael Cantacuzene, who married Miss Julia Dent Grant, is one of these, but he has escaped the additional title, a "thinned-out prince." Every member of the family of a Russian kniaz is a kniaz, male or female. Count up a generation or two in mathematical terms, and it will not be surprising that there is a bona fide Prince Krapotkine driving a Peters-

burg cab, a Prince Dolgoruki who is a stevedore, or a Princess Galatzin in a fourth-rate circus.

A Dolgoruki ancestor was once king of Russia, and the Galatzin and Krapotkine families are among its most honorable and ancient. Occasionally a "zakhandaly kniaz" has fallen so low that he is but a peasant, and thus minus the title of noble that is given to the educated subjects of the czar.

This Russian disregard of primogeniture observance, which does so much to keep the English peerage up to the standard, obtains also in Germany. Certain immunities and privileges, besides the satisfaction of defined precedence, make the English lord a marked and envied person. Most German and Prussian nobles are devoid of extra privilege, and their children all bear the titles of their fathers.

The house of Hatzfeldt is one of the fairly numerous exceptions. The heir of Prince Alfred, present head of one branch, is Prince Francis, whose wife was the adopted daughter of the late Collis P. Huntington. On the other hand, the late ambassador to Germany was only Count Hatzfeldt. His case was particularly interesting because he had a genuine love affair with an American woman, Miss Helen Moulton, of Albany. He married her in 1863, and was forced to separate from her by Prince Bismarck, who made it a rule never to allow a German diplomat to marry a foreigner. The separation lasted until Bismarck went out of power, when the two promptly remarried.

Many Times a Duchess.

There is one American woman who is a duchess on four commonplace counts. This is the Duchesse de Dino, who is the same of Talleyrand-Perigord and of Valencay in France, and Prussian duchess of Sagan.

Titles in Italy date back a long time, and had their origin in the times when there were free cities, each of which had its own collection of nobility. The title of prince there is not awe-inspiring, and the others of lower grade fall far short of honor. The Italian equivalent of Burke's Peerage will look up your ancestry, determine your heraldic bearings and include a history of your origin in its next edition for a nominal sum.

The vatican grants titles. The parvenus work so hard getting titles unto themselves that really respectable nobility have got out of the habit of using their legitimate ones. Prince Ferdinand Colonna married Miss Eva Bryant Mackay, but in that family the title is disregarded. They consider it really more aristocratic to call each other simply "Don" and "Donna." The Rospigliosi and Ruspoli families, which together number nearly a dozen American women among their wives, are as aristocratic and as particular.

Long String of Honors.

Yet even persons with the plain name of John Smith will very likely admit that Don Francesco Rospigliosi is quite a come-down from Prince Giuseppe Francesco Maria Filippo di Rospigliosi-Gioeni, duca di Zagario, principe di Castiglione, marchese di Giuliana, conte di Chiusa, Barone di Valcorrente, Barone della Miraglia, Signor



DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

di Aidone, di Burgio, di Contessa and di Trapatte, Roman noble, patrician of Pistoja, Venice and Gena.

There are 200 dukes, 900 marquises and thousands of counts in Spain, according to a recent account. Legitimate Spanish nobility, or, better, aristocracy, is called the grandezza, in English the grandees. It was instituted by Emperor Charles V. in 1520, so that Spain could be just like other countries in one respect.

They began a dozen in number; the legitimate members of the grandezza now are 200, and after that the popular deluge that includes the butcher, the baker and perhaps the candlestick maker. The duke de Arcos, who was once Spanish ambassador at Washington and has just retired from the post at Rome, is a real Spanish nobleman,

and he married Miss Virginia Lower, of Washington, when he was in the latter city.

A curious feature of the Spanish nobility is the manner of inheriting it. The dignities descend from father to son, but if there is no son the daughter takes the title, and it is conferred on her husband what time she marries.

Prince Owns Gambling House.

The prince of Monaco, who runs Monte Carlo, was married to Alice Helene, of New Orleans, and the present heir to the gambling receipts is her stepson, Prince Roched Bey Czaykowski is a Turkish diplomat, but not very important as a Turk. Miss Edith Collins, of New York, was the princess' maiden name.

Boston is not wonderfully well represented among the titled Americans abroad. Foremost, perhaps, among Boston girls of this description is the countess of Edla, who, on June 10, 1869, married the late king consort of Portugal, Ferdinand. She was Miss Elsie Hensler, and received the morganatic dignity of Countess Edla, which she still bears.

Then there is Lady Playfair, nee Miss Edith Russell, who visits Boston annually, and Mme. Jusserand, wife of the French ambassador at Washington, who was the daughter of George Richards, of Boston, who founded the banking firm of Monroe & Co., Paris. Lady Gilbert Carter, wife of the governor of Barbados, was Miss Gertrude Parker, of Boston.

The curiosities that have grown up around the matter of nobility would fill a volume. In England, where the heraldry office is more than it is elsewhere, the technicalities are best observed.

There is the matter of the courtesy title, for instance. There is Baron Wiloughby d'Eresby, who is married to Miss Elroise Breese, of New York, and who isn't a baron at all. He is simply eldest son of the earl of Ancaster, who has more than one extra title that is inferior to his own of earl. His father has virtually loaned that of his barony to his eldest son until he shall succeed. So the eldest son of the duchess of Marlborough, who is known as the marquis of Blanford by the same courtesy.

Young American Mother of Peer.

She who was Miss Gertrude Violet Twining, of Halifax, is the youngest of American mothers of peers. It was in 1902 that she married the marquis of Donegal, she being 22 and he 80. Their son, now marquis, was born a year before his aged father's death. He is a marquis of the Irish peerage, which is quite distinct from that of Great Britain or Scotland. A peer of Great Britain sits in the house of lords because he is a peer. Duke, earl, marquis, viscount or baron, it makes no difference. But Ireland sends only a certain number, and Scotland a few more. The rest not sitting in the lords can stand for the commons.

But that is material for a book. England, it should be noted, is not overburdened with nondescript princes like some other countries. A prince there is a really and truly prince, son of royalty. A princess is just as real

THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE

By Elsie Carmichael

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It stood over the mantel in the oak-paneled dining-room, a portrait by Gainsborough of a slender dark-eyed girl in a white satin gown, with a necklace of milk-white pearls about her softly rounded throat. She was pulling the petals from a red rose and smiling roguishly out of the frame. I had always been in love with her from the time I used to spend my schoolboy holidays at the manor until, as a young man I ran down to Kersey for week-ends, ostensibly to see my Aunt Elizabeth, in reality to spend most of the time before the great fire-place in the dining-room, blowing rings toward the ceiling and dreaming as I watched Marianne dropping the petals of her crimson rose.

"I am going to have a house party on the 25th of June," wrote my aunt, "and you must not fall me, my dear Reginald. I shall refuse to take no for an answer."

This was of the nature of a summons to Windsor castle, and I dared not disobey. Besides, I did not altogether object to a house party at Kersey manor in rose time. However, at the last minute I was delayed, and it was not until the evening of the 26th that I drove up the oak-lined avenue in the soft moonlight. My aunt met me in the great hall.

"They are having tableaux in the music-room," she said. "Will you come there as soon as you have changed?"

The light was turned low as I softly entered and stood unobserved in the back of the music-room. There was a hush over the audience as the curtain was drawn to reveal a lovely picture. My cousin, Jeanne, smiled winsomely out of the frame as the Countess Potocka in the famous portrait that is familiar to every one. The clapping of hands drowned the little murmur of admiration as the curtain was drawn over it. My cousin, Jeanne, evidently could not endure the ordeal of keeping still to be looked at again, so the encoring died away and the low murmur of conversation was resumed.

Suddenly the conversation ceased; the curtain was about to be drawn for the next picture, and I turned perfunctorily toward the little stage.

I gave a great start and clasped the back of the chair in front of me. I could see the sheen of her white satin gown, the long necklace of pearls about her snowy throat. It was Marianne, but a living, breathing Marianne.

Suddenly the lights flared up, the buzz of conversation grew louder, everyone was talking at once about the tableaux. One or two old friends saw me and came to welcome me, so it was several minutes before I could make my way to my aunt.

"Aunt Elizabeth," I demanded, present me, I beg, to the lady of Kersey manor. Where did you find her? Did she step down from the frame to-day? How did it all happen?"

Even as I spoke Marianne came by, Marianne in her white satin gown, her shimmering pearls and the red rose still in her hand.

"Marian," cried my aunt. "Stop a moment while I present your cousin, Reginald."

I bowed low. I felt that I ought to have a plumed hat to sweep the floor before this lady of an olden time.

"Why did you not come down from your frame before?" I asked. "I have waited for you for years, centuries, aeons, and I have been so lonely, though I knew you would come at last, Marianne, lady of Kersey manor."

She smiled ravishly and looked at my aunt questioningly.

"He is our court jester," the latter replied with a smile.

"But I am not jesting," I cried, with mock solemnity. "She is Marianne, Marianne of the portrait," I insisted. "Deny it if you dare."

"Yes, she is Marianne," my aunt acknowledged. "But, Marianne, the great-granddaughter of the lady of Kersey manor and your distant cousin."

"Not at all," I begged to differ. "She is Marianne herself, Marianne who sat to Gainsborough, Marianne who pulled a red rose and flung the petals at her feet—you are, aren't you, Marianne?"

Aunt Elizabeth smiled indulgently. Then some young upstart bore off my Marianne for the cotillon. If I could not dance it with her I showered her with favors and danced with no one else. When she mischievously brought me a jester's cap and bells in one figure, I put it on reluctantly.

The next morning we walked in the garden together just as we used to do in the old days, and I gathered her roses. We flung bread crumbs to the trout that rose greedily to snatch them, and we pelted the cross old peacock with flowers, and then we leaned on the sun-dial, Marianne's taper finger traced the letters of the carved inscription just as I had dreamed of her doing. Her hair curled riotously, bewitchingly about her face that was flushed like the petals of a pink rose, as she bent over the letters.

"Do you know, Marianne," I said, "that this is not the first time you and I have leaned on this sun-dial. Sometime it has been in the pale moonshine when the garden was turned to silver and the roses, dew-

drenched, filled the air with their perfume, and sometimes we have been here in the wintertime when the snow lay deep on the terraces and the quaint bay trees and hedges were all carved from purest Parian marble. Always we have been here together, and always we will lean together on this old dial watching the sunny hours go by, Marianne, lady of Kersey manor."

She blushed ravishly. "But I am not Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, stupid," she pouted. "You are indeed mad, madder than the maddest March hare."

"You may say you are not, but you are going to be," I said emphatically. "You have got to be. I have been in love with Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, since I went to Rugby, a little chap in knickerbockers, and I am in love with you and two things equaling the same thing equal each other."

"Ah, you are getting too mathematical for me," she said, and ran swiftly



We Leaned on the Sun-Dial.

ly away down the garden path and I after her.

And then began days of uncertainty. Marianne teased me and tormented me and avoided me, choosing any little insignificant creature that was nearest her when I approached. But I was not discouraged. I had loved her too long not to feel that some day I must win out.

By great luck one day I found her alone in the library and boldly walked in.

"I want to speak to you about a little matter of business, if you will deign to listen," I said, stiffly to her back, as she sat at the desk writing.

"Oh, business," she said, coldly, though her lips trembled a bit at the corners, as though a smile were struggling through. "Well, be quick about it. I am immensely busy." A frown puckered her delicately pencilled brows as she leaned her head on her hand to listen.

"It's about the succession and the property," I said, sitting down comfortably in the low chair beside her.

"Is this strictly business?" she asked suspiciously.

"Strictly," I answered. "It is very important. You see I am my aunt's heir and some day Kersey manor will belong to me, and do you know it doesn't seem to me quite fair. You have always been the Lady Marianne of the manor, and you know I feel as though I were doing you out of it."

"Oh, not at all," said Marianne politely, half turning back to her letter, as though she wished me to hasten. "I have no claim in any way, you know."

"Well," I said, reflectively, "somehow I feel that it's not fair and I have a proposition to make. I want you to keep on being the lady of Kersey manor."

"Oh, no, March hare," she said. "That would be doing you out of it. No, thanks very much, but I couldn't think of accepting such a present from you." She laughed. "What does Mme. Grundy say? A young lady should never accept any gift from a young man, except books, flowers and bonbons, unless—"

She stopped suddenly and blushed adorably up to the little curls on her forehead and down to the collar of her frock.

"Unless what?" I demanded, but she laughed and blushed still more. "Unless?"

"Oh, never mind," she said.

"I know," I cried triumphantly. "Haven't I studied Mme. Grundy's rules of etiquette? Unless they are engaged or married. Isn't that it, word for word, Marianne? That's the only way out of it," I said. "Come, Marianne, sweet. I have never loved anyone else but you. I have been faithful to my dream Marianne for so long and I waited for you, oh, age and ages. Pray keep on being the lady of Kersey."

The pink stole up into her face again, her eyes were soft and winsome as she held out both hands to me in sweet surrender.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to, March hare," she said, "since you insist upon it."