

# American Wives Of German Royalty

Although American women, with their millions, have appropriated a goodly share of European titles, only one woman is a princess in her own right and only one of Uncle Sam's daughters ever wedded a king.

The Princess Walderssee, the power behind the throne of Germany, is at present much to the fore in the Chinese affair, or, more properly speaking, her husband, Field Marshal Count von Walderssee, who is just about assuming supreme command of the allied forces in China.

Princess von Walderssee had intended visiting her American friends and her old home this autumn, for the first time since before her marriage, had political affairs not changed her plans.

She was the beautiful Miss Lea—Mary Esther Lea—daughter of David Lea, a rich New York grocer, and one of three very lovely sisters, all of whom married into titled families. Count von Walderssee is her second husband. She is the Princess Frederick von Noer, the title being conferred upon her by the emperor of Austria after the death of her first husband, who relinquished the title of prince of Schleswig-Holstein to contract a marriage with her.

He was a prince of the royal line and on this account offered Miss Lea a morganatic marriage, for in marrying her otherwise he would have to relinquish his titles. She refused other than a regular marriage, whereupon the prince gallantly abandoned his high station and wedded her. Six months later he died, leaving her mistress of his \$4,000,000.

Count von Walderssee is of an old Prussian family and was a favorite of the Emperor William.

The princess' influence in the present German court, where she is called the power behind the throne, came about through the marriage of the kaiser, then Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, which she is credited with having brought about in face of the angry opposition of the prince's mother. The bride was the princess' grandniece by her first marriage, the Princess Augusta Victoria, to whom she proved a most kind and judicious friend when her majesty first came to Berlin, a simple, country girl, with but little knowledge of the ways of courts.

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The honored wife of a king was the countess of Edla, the only woman who ever reached such a lofty and royal eminence. She married in 1869 morganatically Ferdinand of Portugal, who died in 1885. The countess was originally Elise Hensler of Boston. She went to Europe to study for the operatic stage. Her debut was made on the night of the birthday of the king, at the Royal Opera house, Lisbon; the king saw her and immediately fell in love with her, proposed marriage and was accepted. King Ferdinand's son, King Louis, was then the actual ruler of Portugal. The latter's wife, Queen Maria, Pia, attended her father-in-law's wedding and kissed the American bride. King Ferdinand obtained for his wife the title of countess of Edla. She might have been a queen in reality—the queen of Spain—for in the year of her marriage the crown of Spain was offered to King Ferdinand by Generals Prim and Serrano, but the king preferred his peaceful life, and the countess shrank from the duties of a queen. The two were devoted and lived an idyllic existence at Pena castle, surrounded by a vast estate, which was beautifully cultivated. Many trees and shrubs were imported from Massachusetts, the native state of the countess, at the express wish of the king, who was a man of refined tastes in art, literature and music. The countess, besides rare beauty, was possessed of many accomplishments. After the king's death the countess lived in retirement at the Chateau of Cintra, on intimate terms with all the royal family, by whom she was greatly beloved. She was treated exactly as if she had been born to purple, instead of in a little, cramped brick house in Pleasant street, Boston. Her two sisters, residents of Boston, make no boast of being sisters-in-law to a king, and, indeed, but few know that they are.

## Girls of Hawaii

Mrs. Higgins, a former resident of Kansas City, who moved to Hawaii with her husband some seven years ago and who is now in Dallas, Tex., on the sad errand of closing up various matters pertaining to her dead husband's estate, says that Uncle Sam should be very proud of his new territory, for it is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful countries in the world and as for the natives, she cannot say too much in their praise. She says they call the natives, the Hawaiians, "brown people," and that they are very much liked by the Americans and the English. Of the girls, Mrs. Higgins

says that they are very beautiful and as a rule cultured. She adds:

"Didn't you know that many of your best young men marry native girls? Oh, yes, and they are proud of it. And at our balls, our parties, both the white and the nice 'brown people' always meet on an equal footing. The old aristocratic native families are very fine. Their daughters are beautiful girls, educated, and—let me whisper it—sager to marry an American. The Americans, you know, are looked upon as being the greatest people in all the world. As a rule, all of the foreigners there are educated and of a fine class, so our society is very fine."

Mrs. Higgins says that the girls of Hawaii have beautiful natures as well as face and form, and, like the women of our own southern states, develop very early and are young women at the age of 15. In telling of some of the ways and customs of the people of the country, she says:

"A favorite word of greeting is 'Aloha,' that is used constantly to say goodby, good morning, and, in fact, takes the place of all our words and phrases in such matters. It is a very affectionate term, too. Or, again, they say, 'Ohi Nue,' which means 'With deep affection I greet you.' The lower classes of the natives are fine. Poor they may be, but they are just as clean and nice as they can be. They are so grateful and affectionate. You pass some old man and say, 'Aloha,' and he responds in kind and sweeps his tattered old hat to the very ground. They have been used to royalty, and they think all Americans are grand. No matter how poor and lowly the natives may be, they never beg or steal. That is a remarkable fact. In fact, stealing or begging would be unknown to the island had it not been introduced by the Portuguese. There are some Japanese and Chinese there, too. Some of the natives have them as servants. Another thing I would like to speak of, and that is the peculiar grace of the native. They are always graceful and polite—and in the ballroom such dancers."

Mr. and Mrs. Higgins lived in the little village of Hilo, on the volcano road, only seventeen miles from the great volcanic center of the country, and she will return to her old home next year to take charge of the sugar and coffee plantation left by her husband. As the Hawaiians are now a part of us, it is especially gratifying to read this and other favorable accounts of them.

## Woman Forester

Miss Mira Lloyd Dock of Harrisburg, Pa., has successfully demonstrated the fact that a woman may pursue a congenial occupation with profit and honor equal to that a man may attain in the same line of work, and that it is not necessary in the choice of occupation that any of the traditional "truly feminine" be considered, for Miss Dock has chosen for her pursuit in life the somewhat unusual vocation of forestry, for which her scientific tastes and education have fitted



SATURDAY CLUB, AVOCA, ILL.

her, nor is there anything of the amateur about her work, in which she enters with true professional ardor and skill born of experience.

Last year the women of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Women's Clubs appointed Miss Dock to represent them at the international congress of women held in London and the Department of Agriculture, recognizing her special fitness for investigation in landscape gardening and forestry, asked her to extend her trip through England and the continent and report what she observed along these lines, hoping that it might prove of benefit. The result of her work is published by the Department of Agriculture as "Bulletin No. 62," and cannot help proving interesting to those who may be able to obtain it.

Miss Dock is a slender little blue-eyed woman, with the broad brow and thoughtful expression of the scholar, in form and feature representing the most refined type of woman. Her personality is most attractive, her quick, nervous movements and pleasantly modulated voice always inspiring and holding one's attention. When little Miss Dock can be persuaded to give an account of some of her investigations she

never fails to make them understand all she desires to concerning the subject she is presenting to them and there is seldom an interval in her life in which she can forget the work which absorbs so much of it.

At the recent meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Milwaukee Miss Dock was one of the honored speakers.

"Sometimes I wish I had been just a little hearthstone woman," she said to the writer, "and that I had never looked through a microscope and didn't know a phænogram from a cryptogram and never had to tramp around in muddy boots looking for a specimen, but that mood lasts just while I am physically weary, and a few hours' sleep or a glass of milk will make me forget all about such foolishness and I go back to my 'cultures' with renewed interest and appreciation, for there is no field in the world in which women will find such fascinating work."

In the bulletin Miss Dock says: "One of the most interesting features of the women's congress was the section of agriculture and horticulture, where most of the papers recounted the practical experiences, struggles and successes of women of Utah, California and Minnesota, Ireland, England, Belgium, Denmark, New Zealand and New South Wales, in the fields of dairy work, beekeeping, poultry-rearing, stock-breeding, silk culture, ostrich farming, bulb culture and farming in general."

The account of the parks and the public grounds of England and Germany is particularly interesting. In the prefatory lines Miss Dock remarks that "in America the work of the civic or village improvement societies usually begins with the effort to have the streets clean and regulate the disposal of waste and rubbish. Abroad they have fortunately reached a point where clean streets are a matter of course, not only main thoroughfares, but small and obscure streets as well."

## Window Gardening

Nine-tenths of the windows used for window gardening are too crowded for the plants to look well or do well. Turn a new leaf right now by throwing away every poor or insignificant growth. Better to buy new stock in the spring than to turn your precious window space into a hospital ward for stekly plants.

Keep the foliage immaculately clean. Wash the leaves once or twice every week. A plant's lungs are its leaves. Showering the foliage washes the dust out of the pores, refreshes the plant and imparts vigor. Besides this, clean plants do not harbor insects, the greatest foe of the indoor garden, and the hardest to fight.

Loosen the crusted earth at the top of the pots. The roots need air and in soft, pliable earth they get it by capillary transmission. A hard top crust seals the soil up as though in a jug. Neither air nor water finds free entrance through it. Plants in hard soil often suffer from lack of moisture at the roots though water has been given every day.

Slide the shades up to the top of the upper sash; take down the curtains at the plant windows and let God's invigorating sun shine in. Sunshine to a plant is what gold is to a Klondike miner.

In extremely cold weather stay the water-



GENERAL O. O. HOWARD AND SENATOR J. C. BURROWS—TWO DISTINGUISHED PUBLIC MEN VISIT OMAHA—Photo. by Louis R. Bestwick.

ing pot. Plants need little water during severe weather and they chill or freeze twice as quickly after a frosh drenching. If watering becomes absolutely necessary, have it the temperature of the room and give only in the morning. Watering in the evening during a cold snap is to invite a visit from Jack Frost.

Put your plants. Turn them, train them into shape as they grow, pick off every dead leaf or faded flower. Haphazard care does not pay with house plants.

## A Bunch of Short Stories

Colonel M. E. Benton of Missouri, a distant blood relation of Colonel Thomas Hart Benton, gives this ludicrous account of how the newspapers some years ago gave Missourians the reputation of never bathing: "At the Knights Templars' convale held in San Francisco," quoth Benton, "when we reached the Missouri headquarters at the Palace Hotel Colonel Chris Ellerhe was acting as master of ceremonies and doing the registering act for the whole delegation. A clerk, pompous as the grand chamberlain of Queen Victoria, was standing behind the desk and in a megaphone voice assigning guests to their rooms, ordering bellboys about, etc. When Ellerhe wrote on the register 'Governor Robert A. Campbell of Missouri' the clerk asked: 'Room with bath?' 'No,' replied Governor Campbell, who was only stopping temporarily at the hotel, intending to stay with some Missouri relatives. The clerk, in stentorian tones said: 'Governor Campbell of Missouri does not take a bath' which greatly amused the spectators, especially the reporters. They did not have to change it much so as to make it read: 'Missourians don't bathe.'"

An interesting little anecdote is told about how "David Harum" came to be written, says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. It is rather pathetic. It seems that Mr. Wescott, the author, was the kind of a man who could do pretty much anything—paint a picture, plan a

house or compose a senata—but he had never made much money; so when he became ill and realized that he might not live long and would leave his family with little or no money he was desperate.

"Write a book," suggested a friend and neighbor to him one day when they were talking over the situation.

"I did make an attempt at it once," answered Mr. Wescott; "I tried a love story, but I couldn't make it go."

"Add a little local color to it," said the first speaker; "take one of the people about here that you know and work him up—old —, for instance," mentioning a character familiar to them both; "he'd be first-rate."

"That's a good idea!" exclaimed Mr. Wescott and the result of this conversation was "David Harum;" and yet "David" was never in the story at all as it was first conceived.

The porch of the Bloemfontein club was a favorite meeting place for the notables engaged in the South African war while Lord Roberts' forces occupied the town. Here many discussions and a few quarrels took place. It was quite a sight to see the different little groups of men that assembled there every evening engaged in earnest conversation. One evening a group of well known correspondents, among them Bennett Burleigh, were talking together when Winsten Churchill suddenly appeared on the scene and rushed up to Mr. Burleigh to congratulate him on that brilliant stroke of his in getting away from Ladysmith just at the right moment. He began by saying:

"Mr. Burleigh, that was the finest thing you have ever done in journalism in the whole of your life—it was simply great."

This was kindly meant, but, unluckily, it was one of those things that, as Punch used to say, "might have been expressed differently." By consequence it only nettled the great war correspondent, who replied:

"Boy! it is presumptuous in you to tell me what is the greatest thing I have done in my life—you, a lad, just beginning your career!"

Colonel A. K. McClure has stood on many platforms, has addressed assemblies, large and small, political, social and religious. He is noted for his self-command under any circumstances, but on one occasion he was distinctly embarrassed and ill at ease.

On this occasion, relates the Philadelphia Post, Colonel McClure was the chief speaker at a large assembly, the audience being made up mainly of farmers or other persons who had driven to the place of meeting. In the midst of an eloquent speech it began to rain. One after another of his hearers jumped up and hurried out, until the speaker was left with an array of empty benches before him.

Colonel McClure's face flushed crimson. He had said not a word that could give offense and he naturally failed to understand the sudden leave-taking, but his embarrassment was quickly changed to amusement when the chairman arose and said:

"It's all right, colonel; they're only going out to look after the horses; they'll be back pretty soon."

The orator sat down until the farmers returned and then resumed his speech.



COLUMBUS AND SCHUYLER GIRLS PICNICKING AT GRAND ISLAND.