

AMERICAN GIRLS who MARRY TITLES are NOT ALL UNHAPPY

MANY STRIKING EXAMPLES IN FRANCE AT LEAST, OF INTERNATIONAL MATCHES WHICH BROUGHT HAPPINESS THAT YEARS HAVE NOT ALTERED.

PARIS.—Not all our girls who marry titles are unhappy. We hear of the shipwrecks, wasted millions and a lone girl drifting westward on a gilded craft; but the mass of the contented, doing vast good to America and Europe, pass unnoticed, declares a writer in the Washington Evening Star.

As to France, I know these girls are missionaries of the great American idea.

Some get love; some fill empty hearts with worldly satisfactions, and all merit admiration. France's share of their \$300,000,000 may have healed old families; but the breezy push, the bright initiative, independence, energy and judgment with which they invigorate a sleepy aristocracy are equaled only by the splendid prestige they have given the United States abroad.

There are two ducal families, for example, the Rochefoucauld and Uzes, called, respectively, "the premier dukes" and "premier barons" of the old regime. Is it a small thing that Miss Shonts becomes the sister-in-law of one, while Miss Mattie Elizabeth Mitchell is the duchess of the other?

One True Love Match.

Miss Mitchell may have brought the Duc de la Rochefoucauld but \$200,000. The duke—who, in old days, would have been nearest royalty, like the Norfolks in England—could have

the Duc de Dino, he could make Mrs. Frederic Livingston (nee Sampson) a real Almanach de Gotha duchess. She is very happy, too, though separated from him; and I never shall forget the frank American decision of character with which I once saw her jerk him from the Monte Carlo trente-et-quarante table, saying: "You have blown enough of my money; cut it!"

Two More Happy Marriages.

Two Misses Singer of the sewing machine trade, brought \$2,000,000 apiece into the Almanach de Gotha—and never regretted it. Isabel married the great social high priest, the Duc Decazes, who really caused the death of poor old Haritoff two years ago. Haritoff, who formerly had his own racing stable and could point out, in the Avenue of the Bois, three mansions he presented to three ladies in his prime, lived hard broke of late years; but everyone felt pitying and friendly to him.

At Monte Carlo Decazes, with a lively party on his yacht, invited Haritoff to dinner. After coffee, talking old times with a mature lady of the theater, poor Haritoff explained he had a system to beat roulette. With a 1,000-franc note he could attain to fortune. "Here's one," said the lady; but as days passed, after, and she saw no more of Haritoff, she sought him out and asked her money back. "The system broke," said the unhappy man; "the 1,000 francs are gone; please

or not; but it does not prevent her from being glad she did it. There is no kick coming from the Princesse de Bearn et de Chalais.

Romance of Caroline Fraser.

All but two of the American women I have mentioned are the happy mothers of young nobles of proud lineage. Could you find a more romantic case than that of Caroline Fraser and her issue? When the princely Murats—history makers—took refuge in Bordentown, N. J., Caroline was governess in the family. The heir married her—and stuck tight to her always. She is dead several years since; but her children, keeping her blue eyes and corn-yellow hair, have married everywhere.

The most romantic of these American-mothered Mura' men espoused the utterly romantic Circassian Princess Dalen, Zephita by name, lovely beyond words, daughter and sole heir of the sovereign house of Mingrelia—which land you can hunt in southern Russia. He is there, a king to-day, the boy from Bordentown!

Of all the French counts, none stand higher in history or society than the Chambruns. When Louis XV. erected all those marquises, a Comte de Chambrun got one of the first, and the Chambruns always have had sense. They kept much of their land through the revolution; they had shifted a good lot of liquid cash of England, and at the restoration they were among the first to get a whack at the \$132,000,000 voted as compensation to the martyred nobility.

Chambrun's Good Sense.

To prove that horse sense has not left the family, the Marquis de Chambrun snapped up an American girl, of the Rives-Nichols family of Virginia, when he was at Washington.

Good. It worked. The family liked the innovation. "Go ahead," they said to the Comte de Chambrun, when he was old enough to marry; "find another like her!" What he found was Miss Longworth, Alice Roosevelt's sister-in-law.

The Chambruns are playing a most prominent part in the great effort to improve the social situation of the French working classes. At home, in their three chateaux, they are patriarchal masters of land as far as the eye can see. There are no wretched poor in their villages. Their farmers are the proud and prosperous masters of blood stock, newest agricultural machinery, silos, distilleries, grain mills, canning factories—and what do I know? The American girls who came to the Chambruns showed the way to the men, who profited intelligently and thankfully. No Chambrun has wasted a dollar of American money.

Founder of Musee Sociale.

In Paris the head of the family—who divided his time between the

Louis de La Grange and the Comtesse Jean de Kergorlay? They were the daughters of Gov. Carroll of Maryland, descendants of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. They were six children, inheriting \$20,000,000.

Shall I tell you of the Marquise de Breteuil, who was Miss Garner of St. Louis? Suppose that she did bring the marquis \$4,000,000. We can afford it. Do you want the money? One of her sisters married Comte Leon von Moltke, who represents Denmark in Paris, and his brother, seeing it was good and fair, espoused Miss Bonaparte of Baltimore. The other sister, Edith Garner, married Gordon Cummings, made the present king of England's scapegoat in the baccarat affair of years ago.

The Marquis De Mores never had a good hour when not with his wife. Miss von Hoffman of New York, James Gordon Bennett's niece, Rita Bell, notoriously made a man of Count Paul d'Aramon—himself already half an American, as his mother had been a Miss Fisher. They lead a patriarchal life. The lady never lost a dollar of her money.

And so on. America is rich enough to let her daughters marry where they will. England spends billions to build up her prestige with a lot of iron-clads, men-of-war, cruisers and line-of-battle ships. If we Americans prefer to make a smarter, lovelier kind of reputation for our land and folk, why, let our girls come and show Europe how to live! They do it. Whoop!

JUST CLEARING THE WAY.

After All, What Was One Tooth, More or Less?

"The late Edmund Clarence Stedman," said a Chicago publisher, "used to entertain his friends with amusing memories of country journalism. He once edited, you know, a little paper in Connecticut.

"At a dentist's banquet in New York, where he read an original poem, he told a story about an amateur Connecticut dentist, one of his oldest subscribers.

"This man's name was Jake. Jake was at work in a corn field one day when a neighboring farmer came to him, holding his jaw.

"The farmer had the toothache, and to save a trip to Winsted and a dentist's fee he wanted Jake to pull that aching tooth.

"Jake led him to the barn, seated him on a saw-horse and took from the harness room a pair of very large, rusty pliers.

"Here goes," he said, and bracing himself extracted a huge tooth.

"The farmer clapped his hand to his jaw. He pointed reproachfully to the large white tooth in the pliers.

"Why, Jake," he said, "that's the

FACTS FADS FALLACIES

Dealing with Personal Magnetism, Telepathy, Psychology, Suggestion, Hypnotism, and Spiritualism.

By
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SPIRITISM.

We are here, face to face, with the greatest truth of the universe, or else with the most lamentable delusion. Which?

One's mere opinion amounts to naught unless that opinion is based upon a most careful, painstaking and unbiased investigation. Even then, the result of that opinion is wholly, as it necessarily must be, from the investigator's point of view. It is the weighing of the evidence that constitutes the proof.

After a thorough and unbiased investigation extending over more than a quarter of a century; an investigation including every phase of spiritism extant, I have been led, step by step, to the following conclusions, viz:

1. I believe in the alleged phenomena of spiritism, but not in the alleged cause.
2. That every true manifestation of spiritism may be accounted for upon purely scientific grounds.
3. That the phenomena are not due to or ever dependent upon outside intelligences.
4. That there is no valid evidence whatever that spirits of the dead have ever communicated in any manner with the living.
5. That not all spirit mediums are frauds, but all spirit mediums that are not frauds are self-deceived when attributing either their power or their information to spirits of the dead.
6. That clairvoyance and clairaudience are legitimately within the sphere of psychic phenomena, but are wholly independent of disembodied spirits.
7. That premonitions and impressions are God-given gifts to all His children.

In 1874, during my investigation of what was then designated as spiritism (spiritism), I had the pleasure of meeting the man (a spiritualist) who had the distinction of having given the first public lecture ever heard on this subject.

These seances, being of a private character, were the more interesting and with less likelihood of fraud and furnished a more satisfactory opportunity for careful investigation.

As I now look back over these intervening years I can see clearly whereas at that time "I saw, as through a glass, darkly."

It may not be out of place to state that at that time and for many years thereafter I was, in consequence of many wonderful and unaccountable personal experiences, a believer in spiritism; but (and I want that word "but" fully emphasized) a believer with a mental reservation as to the cause of the phenomena. I have always been thankful for that shadow of a doubt; for, in later years, it proved to be "the pillar of cloud by day" and "the pillar of fire by night" which led me safely out of the wilderness of ignorance and superstition.

Ever since childhood I have been an "impressionist," and those impressions, having been verified, were the cause of my early and continuous investigations. It was years before I learned to distinguish the one (spiritualist) from the other (impressionist); but having distinguished I have learned, also, to discriminate.

In the winter of 1899, in Cleveland, O., I had the pleasure and the honor of meeting the late Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson. In the many interviews that followed the first meeting we exchanged "notes" on our observations and experiences along the lines of psychic phenomena.

We found, to our surprise, that we had been traveling on parallel roads for nearly 30 years. Our conclusions, in the main, were identical; especially regarding "spiritualism" and hypnotism. We differed in a few minor points, each looking from his own viewpoint; therefore, we agreed to disagree.

I shall now take up, one by one, the defense of each plank in the platform forming the basis of my argument as hereinbefore stated.

1. It may be thought strange that anyone could or would accept the phenomena of "spiritism" after so many years of faithful study; or, having accepted the phenomena, they would also accept the cause.

Many persons have said to me that they could find out all there is in "spiritism" in about 25 minutes instead of as many or more years. Possibly so; i. e., all that their prejudice would allow them to investigate.

Because every phase of spiritism can be faked is no assurance that it is. There are honest and conscientious mediums (in the minority, I will admit), but they are not conscious of the origin of their power. They attribute it, in all sincerity, to departed spirits. Why? Because they have been so informed and having accepted the information it has become a verity in consequence of the auto-suggestion.

As has been stated in a previous article, the subjective mind is amenable to suggestion. It will reason deductively from any premise given and then

give back to the objective mind the result of that reasoning. If the premise is wrong the conclusion will be wrong. You can repeat an untruth so often that eventually you, yourself, will believe it is true.

If you want proof as to the amenability of the subjective mind of the medium to a suggestion from the auto-suggestions of the medium on her own subjective mind, you have but to ask for a communication from one who has never existed; suggesting, thereby, that such a person (say, a brother) has passed into spirit life.

It is an indisputable fact that you can obtain a communication from an imaginary dead person as readily as from one who actually lived providing, of course, that the medium is not aware of the facts. I believe, as I shall hereinafter endeavor to prove, that the power is not from an extraneous source, but is inherent.

2. Science is a knowledge of facts and forces. A scientific investigation reveals the fact that man possesses inherently the power to produce or reproduce every phenomenon of spiritism; therefore it is unnecessary and unscientific to seek elsewhere for the source of power.

3. Back of the manifestation there is, unquestionably, an intelligence—presumably that of the medium. This statement should be accepted until the contrary can be proved. I do not mean the objective intelligence of the medium, but that knowledge which has passed, telepathically or otherwise, into the subjective mind.

4. Communications, all communications given by mediums are purported to be from the spirits of the dead. Proof, however, is wanting. No medium can communicate matter which is at once capable of verification if that matter is unknown to any living mind. Therefore, as telepathy cannot be eliminated, and as it is the factor in every so-called message, it is not necessary to ascribe to spirits of the dead (disembodied) the knowledge which is in the subjective mind of the living—the embodied spirit.

5. While many spirit mediums are honest it must be admitted that, as a class, they are not noted for their brilliant, intellectual attainments; therefore, the easier self-deceived. Now and then an educated man or woman accepts spiritism, in toto—the more's the pity, but few of them ever become mediums.

The majority of mediums are not only ignorant but neurotic; and the more so, the better condition for mediumship,—the more abnormal. To become a professional medium it is necessary to become objectively passive at command; in other words, to "let go" of the objective mind. This is not a difficult thing for mediums to do as the average medium has so little to "let go" of.

Verbal Messages.

When you go to a medium and you are told why you came, you may think it strange, especially if it is your first experience.

If you have written some questions and they are answered correctly without having been seen by the medium or having been written on a padded block, you may think it still more strange unless, perhaps, you are wise enough to attribute it to thought-transference.

But when the medium tells you of something which you "have never told a living soul," then you are astonished. But when she (I say "she," because "she" is in the majority) tells you something you were not thinking of at the time or something you had forgotten, you are amazed at her wonderful power.

But when she tells you of something you never knew (the facts of which you afterward prove true) you are then dumfounded and quite ready to espouse the cause of spiritism.

But wait. Has she told you of that which you never knew? Impossible. You may have no conscious recollection of it, but rest assured that no medium (the most expert in the world) can give you any information that is not already in your subjective mind.

Many things find their way into the subjective mind without objective consciousness. Add to this the fact that the subjective mind is the storehouse of memory and that its memory is absolutely perfect; that everything you have ever heard or read or seen or thought or said is registered therein; that the medium is in telepathic touch with your subjective mind and can delve into that storehouse and bring forth those long-buried thoughts; that she gets them directly from your own embodied spirit and not from the disembodied spirit of one who previously lived.

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Decline in China's Tea Trade.

Some interesting statistics have been collected recently by a resident at Fuchau concerning the great decline in China's tea trade. From 1678, when tea was first introduced into England, until 1837, China had the tea trade of the world. Then India began to enter the tea market. The Chinese trade reached high tide in 1886, with a total export of 300,000,000 pounds. In 1884 China furnished about 72 per cent of the world's total, India and Ceylon 18 per cent and Japan and Formosa ten per cent. The decline in China is ascribed to careless methods of cultivating and preparing the tea.

Japanese Coming to America.

Immigration statistics just made public in Honolulu show the influx of Japanese into this country by way of Hawaii. During the year 1906, 18,187 Japanese arrived in Honolulu from Japan, which was threefold the immigration of the previous year. The number of Japanese leaving Hawaii for the Pacific coast during 1906 was 12,187.



La Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld and Son

married any heiress of his class. Instead, he chose Miss Mitchell, with her modest dot—a true love match.

For trade, he is captain of hussars. His private life is most passed at Montmirail, his seat, where his lovely American duchess wields queenly influence. She is the friend of all girls who want to marry their true love; of the country nobility; rich farmers' daughters; middle-class girls cursed with ambitious parents; peasant girls discouraged by small cash.

She has opened French eyes to American agricultural machinery; made known hygienic plumbing, the check system, social mixing, farmers' trolleys, Indian corn, bath tubs, outdoor life for girls above the peasant class. How can a high-hearted Oregon girl, become chief personage of several counties, not spread the idea of go ahead and trust to your strong arm?

She taught the duke to take his place. He was easy-going, lovable and army-loved; for some years they held aloof from high Parisian society, but now they have a son, aged three; they take their preponderating place in the set of the Dowager Duchess d'Uzes. Hunting the red deer with dogs and horses and the melancholy horn, like Francis de la Roche, his ancestor, godfather of Francis I., and consulting with five other seigneurs to change the director of the Paris grand opera by mere force of social influence.

Place for Duchesse de Chaulnes.

Miss Shonts, as Duchesse de Chaulnes, has her place like this waiting for her in the Uzes set. Much depends on the woman. The emoluments are often worth the money. Indeed, there are American girls who have so valued the emoluments that they held to them after they divorced the man—and no hard feelings.

Such is the happy case of Miss Curtis of New York, first wife of the present Duc de Dino. The whole French aristocratic family mourned her when she quit. "You are still of us!" they insisted. She still calls herself the marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord. Her noble daughter married a Roman Ruspoli, title princess of Poggio-Suasa; her four sons are bona fide Gotha nobility; and she has always been extremely happy.

When her divorced husband found he could not live without an American woman on the premises, his good old father kind of abdicated, so that, as

wait a few days more;" but the indignant lady told Decazes; and Decazes ostentatiously kicked Haritoff in the posterior before the great public of the atrium of the Casino.

Everyone called it a savage act. Friends represented to Decazes it was his fault to have left Haritoff alone with anyone who had 1,000 francs; his weakness and necessities were known. Therefore the duke, kindly at heart, consented to meet Haritoff in a duel, where no one was hurt; but his old friend never recovered from the disgrace, and died a few months after.

Prince Polignac, who married Winaretta Singer—and in time left her a happy widow, with his noble family all devoted to her. Even their old mother, after Isaac Singer died, went into the nobility by way of the duke of Campo-Selice. There are dukes and dukes. In the old kingdoms of Naples and Sicily three acres and a cow constituted a principality or dukedom.

American Girls in Demand.

All is not one-sided. It has been observed that when French families get a taste for our girls they go in for them quite wholesale. Thus Miss Hooper of Cincinnati was brought up in Paris, where her mother entertained so lavishly in one of the 12 mansions around the Arc de Triomphe.

Well, Comte Horace de Choiseul saw that his elder brother, the Duc de Choiseul-Praslin, was so happy with Miss Forbes of New York for such a long time, that he espoused Miss Hooper. Both these Choiseul-Praslin wives are absolutely happy, quite assimilated to French life, while keeping hold of all that is best in their patrimony of America; and it is known that their steady influence is part of that mysterious something that is putting new push into the French aristocracy. The de Choiseul-Praslins, for example, have yet a third nice American girl among them. Miss Couderc, the heiress of the New York-Paris law firm, also married into it; and yet more.

Wait. There is, indeed, a fourth! In the days of the kings who gave these titles, a king could have quickly decided whether the Prince de Bearn et de Chalais is a real de Choiseul-Praslin. The courts of the French republic could not. Therefore, to this day, we do not know if Miss Winans of Baltimore married into this old family of the minister of Louis XIV.



Comtesse de Chambrun

magnificent chateau of l'Emperey Carrières and the Musee Sociale—was a great personage in several lights. He died a few years since. Socially a Paris leader, he found time to himself to make the Musee Sociale, where many American students have been welcomed to learn everything done in France in the line of university settlements, model houses, pure milk and all that sort of thing.

The funds of the Musee Sociale—in part Amer'—an girls' money—have permitted several French sociologists to visit the United States to study what we do in the same lines. Its director, Leopold Mabileau, appointed by De Chambrun, gave one of the French lecture courses at Harvard.

I could thus go on for pages. For each American girl who has wasted love and fortune in undignified European title-buying, I can name you 15 others who, in France at least, have made love matches, reasonable bargains, settlements in life continuing happily and usefully.

Why belittle our girls who come here and marry, making the name of American a thing to be proud of, by their fortunes, by their adaptability?

Became French Social Leader.

Shall I speak of the Marquise de Ganay, who was a Miss Ridgeway of Philadelphia? She is now a grandmother, with children and grandchildren married into great French families, a portentous, awful social leader! Or shall I mention the Baronette

wrong one." "I know," said Jake, bracing himself again; "but now I can get at the other handier."

"The Morning Tub."

A few years ago a sister of mine called in to see an old lady who lived in a little cottage in Lincolnshire, and in the course of conversation happened to mention that she had a cold sponge-down every morning.

"Law, miss!" said the old lady, "and does your mother know?"

"Yes, certainly; and she quite approves."

"Well," said the old lady, "a washes me faace ivvery daay, an' a washes mi neck once a week, but a've niver bin washed al ower since a was a baby."

This good old lady lived to the ripe old age of 93.—Letter to the London Daily News.

Proper Discrimination.

A party of New Yorkers who go down to Virginia each year for an extended fishing trip were one day discussing the merits of the various fish in the streams of the Old Dominion, when one of them finally turned to the old ducky who served the party as guide and boatman, and said:

"Zeke, don't you think yellow perch is altogether the best fish in this vicinity?"

"Yessah," promptly responded Zeke, "yaller perch am de bes' fish heah, always excusin' de white shad." —Illustrated Sunday Magazine.