

## SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Lord Headfort, now visiting the United States, is one of those members of the British peerage who have sought wives among the Gaiety Girls—that is to say, among the figurantes and members of the chorus of the London Gaiety Theatre Company.

The Marchioness of Headfort is an attractive woman who has in a measure secured admission to the county society in Meath, where she makes her home, through her prowess in the hunting field.

Lord Headfort's career attracted some attention before he married and settled down as an Irish territorial magnate.

In the first place, he was sued immediately after coming of age by the well known usurer, the late Sam Lewis, on a note of \$100,000.

The marquise admitted in court the authenticity of his signature, but put forward the defense that it was obtained from him by one of his most constant companions while he was drunk, after a luncheon at Prince's.

He likewise insisted that inasmuch as he was a minor at the time when he signed the note, he could not be held responsible for it, all the more as he had received no consideration and derived no pecuniary benefit from the transaction. This plea was admitted by the court, and Sam Lewis was defeated.

Then came a suit for breach of promise by a Gaiety Girl other than the one who subsequently became his wife. He was led into this entanglement not so much by love as by injured pride.

The experience cannot, however, be said to have weaned him in any way from the stage, for when he married two years later in real earnest he led to the altar another Gaiety Girl, in the person of Rosie Boote, by whom he had a couple of boys, known as the Earl of Bective and as Lord William Tylour, respectively.

Neither Lord nor Lady Headfort has been seen much in London since their marriage, and they have no house in town.

But Headfort House, their country seat in County Meath, is a beautiful place, the mansion having been built and decorated in the eighteenth century by one of the famous brothers Adams.

The marquise is the head of the Tylour family, and while the latter is of Sussex origin it first came into prominence when Thomas Tylour went over to Ireland in the seventeenth century with his friend and colleague, the Earl of Bective, and with whom he undertook the famous survey of the Emerald Isle known as the Down Survey.

This Thomas Tylour was so fascinated by Ireland that he sold all of his English property and invested the money in land in Ireland, of which the Headfort House estate in County Meath formed part and parcel.

His son was created a baronet, his great-grandson made Earl of Bective, and this Lord Bective's son became the

first Marquis of Headfort, the present master of Headfort House being the fourth marquis of the line.

His brother officers, finding him bumptious and big headed during his first year in the regiment, proceeded one evening after mess to administer to him an old-fashioned spanking, with the object of taking the nonsense out of him, in the ragging fashion customary in the English service.

The punishment hurt his pride and with the purpose of showing his comrades that they were mistaken in setting him down as a callow youth, and that in reality he was "a devil of a sport," he offered marriage one evening to one of the chorus girls of the Gaiety, promising in the presence of numerous witnesses to marry her at the registrar's office on the following morning.

Fortunately one of the men present took a commonsense view of the situation, drove off to the widowed Lady Headfort's house in Wilton Place, had the marquise awakened, and informed her of her son's matrimonial project.

The outcome of this was that when the young lord came home in a hilarious state at about 3 a.m. his mother locked him up in his room, nor did she consent to release him until the afternoon of the following day, when it was too late for him to keep his appointment at the registrar's.

Fear of ridicule and the good advice of his mother and friends prevailed, and he made no attempt to wed the girl, whose subsequent suit for breach of promise was compromised for \$10,000.

Sir Francis Burdett, who has just been mulcted in such heavy damages

by the English divorce courts, as the Don Juan in the case of Alexander Boyd against his wife, is a former officer of the Lancers, and is a grand nephew of that baronet of the same name who was the father of the late Lady Burdett-Coxe.

Sir Francis Burdett (fifth baronet, and so famous through the siege which he sustained in his house at Piccadilly prior to his arrest by the officers of the Speaker of the House of Commons, assisted by a large force of military, on a charge of breach of privileges, for which he was committed to the Tower of London, the last prisoner ever confined in that gloomy fortress) had, besides his two daughters, an only son, named Robert, and three brothers.

Robert inherited the baronetcy as sixth baronet and died childless, the title and estates thereupon going to the eldest son of the second brother of Sir Francis, whose name he bore, and who became the seventh baronet.

The present Sir Francis Burdett, and eighth baronet of the line, is his son.

Like the late Baroness Burdett-Coxe, he is descended from America; his father, who lived in the reign of King Henry III, while a still more remote ancestor is Hugo de Burdett, who helped the conqueror to win the battle of Hastings.

The Burdets are entitled to quarter the royal arms of England and France by descent from Thomas Plantagenet, youngest son of King Edward III. The Burdett baronetcy is one of the oldest, having been created by King James I. in favor of Thomas Burdett in 1618.

Sir Francis Burdett must not be confounded with Sir Charles Burdett, for, whereas Sir Francis possesses extensive estates, and is a rich man, to whom the damages of \$25,000 in which he has just been mulcted in the Alexander Boyd divorce case will be of no particular importance, Sir Charles is badly off, and makes his home out in New Zealand, at Napier.

He, too, is the eighth baronet of his line, his baronetcy having been created by 1652. His father, the late Sir Charles Burdett, after coming to grief in England and being compelled to leave the army, made his way out to antipodes, and died in 1892 in the penitentiary at Auckland, New Zealand, while serving a twelve months' sentence.

Auckland was not the only prison with the interior of which he was acquainted. For prior to his departure from England he had been repeatedly charged with drunk and disorderly conduct, with vagrancy and begging, while in the antipodes he lived the life of a tramp, earning a precarious subsistence when out of jail by stripping bark from trees, cooking for bushmen, and doing odd jobs about squatters' stations.

Rupert Guinness, who is visiting in America with his remarkably pretty wife, Lady Gwendolen Guinness, a daughter of Lord Onslow, is the eldest son and heir of the multi-millionaire, Lord Iveagh, perhaps the most useful member of what Punch has nicknamed "The Borge."

For there are few men of Lord Iveagh's wealth who have devoted such vast sums of money to philanthropic and useful purposes.

Thus, he has given a couple of million dollars to the Jenner Institute for the furtherance of bacteriological research, has spent as much more in transforming some of the worst slums of Dublin into model artisans' dwellings, has spent another \$2,000,000 for the same purpose in the east end of London, has given away parks and endowments, and has done more to improve the condition of the laboring man in England and in Ireland by his enlightened charity than any one multi-millionaire, with the possible exception of Andrew Carnegie.

Needless to say that the wealth of Lord Iveagh, like that of his elder brother, Lord Aradham, and, indeed, of the entire Guinness family, is derived from their breweries at Dublin, founded by Lord Iveagh's grandfather, Arthur Guinness, and producing the famous Dublin stout.

Rupert Guinness has gone to the United States as the chief of a com-

mittee of the London county council, appointed to report on fire department services in foreign cities, and has already been at Berlin in this connection, where both he and Lady Gwendolen were made much of by the Kaiser.

He is a plump, healthy-complexioned, good humored looking young fellow, who won the diamond sculls at Henley in 1895, and again in 1896, served through the South African war, where he won the order of St. Michael and St. George, as well as the campaign medals, and is a commander of the Royal Naval reserve, a member of the Royal Yacht squadron, and an extremely enthusiastic automobilist.

He is not eloquent, but has a breezy, direct style of speech, successfully deflected a preposterous breach of promise suit, never gambles, and is universally liked. I may add in connection that his family, besides restoring St. Patrick's Cathedral at Dublin, provided the Irish metropolis with a new water supply, not out of regard for the Dublinites, which are insignificant, but because the former water supply was not good enough for use in the brewing of the Guinness stout.

The Duchess de Brissac, whose serious illness at Pau led to the hurried return to France of her sister-in-law, the young Duchess of Uzès, is the only sister of the Duc d'Uzès, and an extremely popular figure in the Parisian great world.

Her husband, the Duc de Brissac, has succeeded Ambassador Lelshman's son-in-law, the late Comte de Gontaut-Biron, as master of the hounds at Pau, where there is always a large colony of American residents and visitors throughout the hunting season.

The duke inherited his title from his grandfather, his father, the late Marquis de Brissac, having been killed in battle in the Franco-German war of 1870; and is descended in a direct line from that enormously fat Duc de Brissac to whom the French nation is indebted for having the pleadings in the law courts, as well as the judgments and decisions, delivered in the vernacular instead of in Latin, as had been the case until his time.

It seems that the duke, who was popularly known as "Gros Brissac," rode all the way from Paris to Rouen just in time to hear the judges there deliver judgment against him with the Latin words "debetat dictum." These, at any rate, were the only words he heard.

Furious, he returned to Paris, and on arriving there complained bitterly to the King of the impertinence of the judges.

"Why, what have they done to you, my poor Brissac?" inquired the monarch.

"They have condemned me to lose my boots!"

"Your boots?" inquired the King, in astonishment.

"Yes, sire; they used the expression 'debetat dictum,' and I should like to know what that means!"

French word "debetat" means to take off the boots.

There was a shout of laughter on the part of his majesty and of all those present, and it was with difficulty the real meaning of the expression was made clear to the irate duke.

"Why could they not tell me that my demand had been rejected, in plain French, instead of their cursed Latin?" he growled.

"You are right, Brissac," exclaimed the King. "Henceforth, if you are to be subjected to a debotat, it shall be in French."

From that time forth all the judgments have been delivered in the vernacular.

The present duke served for a time as an officer of cavalry, and as such commanded the cavalry escort of the late Queen Victoria during one of her visits to Aix les Bains.

His mother is the Viscountess de Prederen, sister of Henri Say, the late sugar magnate, and the particular enemy of the latter's American widow.

The duke is in the same way a nephew of Princess Andrée de Broglie, of her son, Prince Robert de Broglie, who has excited so much attention by his matrimonial adventures, his financial necessities, and his appearance with his wife on the music hall stages, both in New York and in a number of the capitals of Europe.

Expelled from almost every country in Europe is an undesirable foreigner of the political refugee order, and recently imprisoned at Brixton in London for returning to England after having been deported as a destitute alien, Richard Hugo Grothe (lineal descendant of the Dutch noble, Hugo de Groot, or Grotius, the father of international law), is now about to try his hand in the new world under the auspices of the Salvation Army.

There is no doubt about the man's lineage. The whole question of his ancestry has been investigated and proved. He is a man of great culture and speaking many languages, but unfortunately is unable to curb either his tongue or his pen, both of which are responsible for the trouble, not to say the persecution, to which he has been subjected.

His famous ancestor was burgomaster of Delft in the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century, was the principal officer of the Dutch Republic, its ambassador to France, to England, and to Germany, and above all, the author of the great work "On the Rights of War and Peace," which constitutes the foundation of the code of international law which nowadays

controls the friendly intercourse between the various nations.

There is no lawyer, in fact, in any part of the world who does not know and honor the name of Grotius, and to every one of them the fact that the twentieth century representative of Grotius should now be endeavoring to earn a livelihood by means of his pen without getting into jail, or deported for the license of his utterances, must be a matter of profound interest.

The new Lord Crawshaw, who has just succeeded to the peerage and to a seat in the House of Lords through the death of his father, is like the latter and like a number of his ancestors, a Lancashire banker.

One of them is on record as having stopped a run on the family bank by handing out to those who demanded their money red hot gold sovereigns.

This proved so efficacious in arresting the run and restoring confidence that in these stressful times that prevail just now it may be recommended to the officers of banking and trust companies here in America who have reason to fear a run on their resources by their customers.

The new Lord Crawshaw is married to a daughter of Lord St. Aldwyn, better known by his former title of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

## TERRIBLE WINTER IN RUSSIA

THRICE ONLY IN 200 YEARS HAS THE COLD BEEN SO SEVERE.

Thrice only in two hundred years has Russia known such a rigorous and sustained spell of wintry weather as she has been experiencing this winter. And, perhaps, by the time it is quite over the two centuries' record will have been broken.

Some of the effects produced by the intense frosts, for which, after all, the people may be thought fairly well prepared, are comic, others tragical, and nearly all are unwelcome. What struck me most forcibly at first was the freezing of passengers for hours at once in forsaken hamlets in the Steppes. But later on I was still more amazed by the freezing of actors off the stage, when they ought to be giving Rubenstein's opera "Nero" in the Grand Okhta theater.

It was Sunday evening, December 29. No one was out on that day is ever likely to forget it, so bitter was the cold. There was no snow falling; indeed, the sky was cloudless and starlit, but the air was filled with a very fine powder, like diamond-dust, sharp and sparkling, in which the particles seemed to be now rising, now falling. Walk as briskly as might, your feet, though cased in woolen socks, heavy boots, and thick, high, fur-lined overshoes, ached unceasingly. Through warm, furry gloves the fingers of one's hands and turned one's hands to stones. Mustaches and beards, unless buried in ample collars of sable, beaver, skunk, or bear skin, were weighted with heavy icicles. The eyelashes would freeze at times to the skin. In fact, it was a sacrifice to go out anywhere, even to the theater, and especially to see Rubenstein's "Nero" in the Grand Okhta theater; still hundreds made it.

Eight o'clock was the hour fixed for the spectacle, but at half-past seven already a large crowd of spectators had assembled in Russia people are very fond of the theater, and in St. Petersburg the frost king did not being equal to the desert, though he thought her on-chanting to look at, did not want to marry her. However, Mademoiselle having made up her mind to become the painter's wife, after every sly and mendacious effort had failed, decided to be bold. She dressed herself in her best, and, going to Greuze's rooms, hung round his knees sobbing out protestations of uncontrollable affection until the touched and flattered painter consented to marry her.

She was to be the ruin both of his art and his existence. After a few years of comparative happiness, during which time Madame Greuze was busy having babies, she never gave Greuze another tranquil day. In the beginning it was her terrible extravagance and her craving for show and luxury that seemed the worst evil—this and her uncontrollable violence of temper. Didout and other lifelong friends of Greuze bear testimony to the frequent occasions when scenes between the two would end in blows. It was Madame Greuze always who commenced the physical combat. At the least reproach she would rush at her husband and box his ears, and, attacked by a virago, no man will sit down in meekness. Still Greuze clung to her, though from one dwelling her behavior forced him to drift to another. It was not until he woke one night to find the lady about to dash his brains out that he sought a separation, and put an end to a tragedy of many years' duration. And by that time she had ruled him in more senses than one. Greuze's old age is painful reading. There were times when the old man—out of date in an age of sterner and more heroic art—had not enough to eat even. But at the last his daughters helped and comforted him.

FRANCE'S OLDEST SAILOR.

France's oldest sailor has just passed away, at the great age of 102 years, at Plassac, in the Gironde, where he was born in 1805. M. Pierre Loviat began his sea life in a fishing boat when he was only 12. Taking service not long afterward in the Amable, he was in that ship when it was captured by a Spanish privateer. The prisoners were soon removed to another vessel, which was to take them home, but they rose on the way, possessed themselves of it, and brought it safely into Lorient. Soon afterward Loviat entered the navy. He was especially mentioned for his gallant conduct at the battle of Navarino, and he took part in the capture of Algiers. His fighting days over, he became captain of a merchant ship in 1836, and he had commanded six vessels in turn when a fall into the hold of the

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