

THE RADICAL COUNTESS OF CARLISLE WOULD ABOLISH HOUSE OF PEERS

HER DAUGHTER, LADY DOROTHY HOWARD, SHARES HER OPINIONS—COUNTESS A FIRST-RATE PLATFORM SPEAKER—A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

At the recent parliamentary election in the Herford division of Northumberland the piquant spectacle was witnessed of the members of a peer's family taking opposite sides in a red-hot political fight. Lady Dorothy and Aurelia Howard, the daughters of the Earl of Carlisle, did their best for the Liberal candidate, while their brother, Lord Morpeth, the heir to the earldom, energetically supported the Conservative candidate. But it was merely a fresh illustration of the divisions in the noble house of Carlisle, which give it a unique claim to distinction among aristocratic English families, whose members usually follow their leaders as blindly as flocks of sheep.

On political and social questions the family is hopelessly at odds. Unbridgeable controversial chasms separate them. The Earl is a Conservative of the old-fashioned type. A notable member of the House of Lords, he regards it with veneration as the chief pillar of the constitution. He believes in the superiority of blue blood, caste distinction and all the rest of the aristocratic creed. He is opposed to woman suffrage and every other phase of the woman's rights movement.

The countess, who can boast a pedigree quite the equal of her husband's, by some strange reversal of the law of heredity is a rampant Radical. With her claims of long descent count for nothing. She sides with the people against the peer. She openly advocates the abolition of the House of Lords if it refuses to yield to the popular will. She is an ardent advocate of the political equality of the sexes.

A regular Susan B. Anthony sort of woman and gifted with quite as valuable a flow of oratory as was that indomitable champion of the suffrage movement in America.

The children, of whom there are eight surviving, exhibit the same diversity of opinions, combined with the courage of their convictions. As a general thing the men hold the same views as their father, and the women those of their mother. But perhaps the most striking thing about them is that they are all Liberals. They are divided against itself, and yet it still stands and flourishes. They are a disunited family, and yet they live together in the sweetest unity. They afford a liberal education to their friends, for at their home one is sure to hear both sides of any question that comes up for discussion.

When they came to the House of Lords, he is the side on which the women are found that generally win. That was the case at the recent election. The Liberal candidate was elected by a large majority.

One of the issues of the election was the House of Lords. Lord Morpeth made several speeches in favor of maintaining unrestricted the legislative powers of the House. His sister, Lady Dorothy Howard, who has inherited her mother's gift of oratory, as often as modified them, demonstrating to the huge assemblage of her audiences that an unfeigned House of Lords constituted the greatest obstacle to the progress of the kingdom. But that did not disturb in the least the friendly feeling between the brother and sister.

At one of the meetings addressed by Lord Morpeth, Lady Dorothy distributed leaflets advocating Liberal principles among the very people for whose benefit her brother was engaged in propounding Conservative doctrines.

While canvassing they frequently ran across each other, and such meetings led to a lively exchange of banter. "I say, Dorothy," exclaimed Lord Morpeth, on one occasion, "it is no use your going in there"—indicating a house which he had just left—"I have secured that little lot."

"I suppose you mean that you have kissed all the babies in the family," was the retort. "At that game I admit that I am no match for you, but I can beat you all hollow when it comes to talking over the men. When I leave that house I shall have captured that little lot of yours for the other side."

Lady Dorothy Howard carried off high honors at Girton College, a feminine institution of learning which is supposed to be charming young women into the Liberal line. But there she met the young son of a peer, a young man of that type about Lady Dorothy. He was persuasive without being aggressive. Her general appearance and demure demeanor are those of a typical century Puritan maiden. Even when she tramped through London in the memorable march of the women suffragists, carrying a banner, she still contrived to look gentle and womanly. Her enthusiasm for the cause she advocates is tempered by that saving grace of humor which is so conspicuously absent in most women reformers. It is said that she can argue in seven languages.

But it is the Countess of Carlisle who is undoubtedly the strongest personality of this remarkable family. She was the youngest daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, at one time a Liberal cabinet minister. She was brought up in an atmosphere of politics. Her husband was plain George Howard, when she married him more than forty years ago, and then stood only a remote chance of succeeding to the earldom. The mother of six sons and five daughters, it was not until the death of an uncle in 1889 made George Howard a peer and the possessor of two fine old castles and a large estate, that she was able to devote herself to carrying out her ideas. She was then a comparatively old woman, but a remarkably vigorous one.

As soon as the new peer entered upon his inheritance she made it apparent that she was the heiress of the Howard and Stanley families. She was the woman who would rule the roost thereafter.

ments involved a conflict of authority it was the earl who would have to give way. I have heard that the earl did threaten to get drunk every night for six months at the nearest "pub" by way of protest. If he did say anything of the sort the countess must have known that it was a mere idle threat, for though all his wife's eloquence has never been able to convert him to total abstinence, his habits are exemplary. When the yearning for the joys of conviviality in moderation become too strong for him he is accustomed, it is said, to betake himself to Paris and there indulge in a mild and harmless little fling.

For destroying the wines the countess was somewhat harshly criticised in certain circles. It was suggested that she might at least have presented them to a hospital, where good use might have been made of them. But she rose to the emergency and proved her consistency into the bargain. She was convinced, she said, that alcohol in any form was injurious, even to invalids. As it was responsible for such a large share of the sorrows and troubles of life, the only good thing to be done with it, she declared, was to destroy it utterly, wherever possible. Under no circumstances would she permit merriment to be served at her table. Not even if royalty were a guest under her roof, which perhaps is one reason why royalty never seeks her hospitality, for "royalty" is accustomed everywhere to dictate that it shall be entertained.

Another of Lady Carlisle's convictions, with which she will allow no compromise in her own domain, is that no man should be employed in labor of a domestic character which a woman is qualified to undertake. She believes that women alone should do the work which men ordinarily perform. After getting rid of the wines, the next reform she introduced was the abolition of the domestic and ceremonial butlers and the government of six-foot Amasons for the solemn, silk-stockinged and knickerbockered footmen. But though she regards with approval the women's Rational Dress Association, she did not venture to attire her "footmaids" in bloomers. They wear blue patterned dresses and aprons of a statuette, they are certainly more picturesque than typical liveried menials of the aristocracy of England, and they are far less awe-inspiring and frigid.

The countess is a first-rate platform speaker, and her sincerity and enthusiasm inspire respect even among those who differ with her. Gladstone once said of her that she was one of the most valuable assets of the Liberal party. Arthur Balfour, the former Conservative Premier, once observed that if women were allowed to vote, she would be among the first to get in. When her eldest son, Lord Morpeth, was contesting a Birmingham division for the Conservatives, she should have your sister-in-law to stand for your mother down here running against you as a Liberal candidate.

"I have no doubt of it," replied the viscount, "and a poor figure for any other party."

THE HOPEFULNESS OF IRISH PEOPLE

INCIDENTS SHOWING THAT THEY
TAKE A BRIGHT VIEW OF
EVERYTHING.

The Irishman sees everything through rose colored glasses, says a writer in the *Guider*. He is supported, too, by a simple, sturdy faith, a spirit of resignation and unworldliness worthy of the saints of old.

The dread blight had fallen on the fields of most of the district where we were visiting in Ireland, and the potato crop was a mass of rot. No word of complaint was spoken, and when the likelihood of famine was mentioned the answer came:

"Dangher, ma'am? Yes, there is, indeed, but God is good. He'll find a way."

"So, too, about the hay. The summer new mown hay had lain on the ground. It was an anxious time."

"What will you do," I said to Mike, "if this weather keeps up? Your hay will surely be ruined?"

"Oh, please God, it won't keep up," he answered. "He'll send us a bright day soon, just to see how well we'll use it."

"What a glorious night, Mike!" I said to the boy, as he and I and the donkey drove home under the August moon.

"A fine night, indeed, ma'am. Thanks to a God for giving it to us!"

They showed us, on the road to town, a gentleman's place where, in a stretch of what not long since had evidently been thickly wooded land, stood a stump after stump of giant trees. Four or five years ago, when the winter was exceptionally long and cold, the peasants suffered from scarcity of peat. They begged this landed proprietor to sell them some peat for nothing but to carry them off. He refused.

Again and again they begged, for the suffering grew intense, but he would not let his land be marred. One night there came a wind so frightful that it seemed for a time as if the "big wind" was blowing again. In the morning the highway along this proprietor's domain was impassable. Huge trees, blown to the ground, lay across the road for a distance of two miles, and past the forest beauty as a thing of the obstruction cleared away, and the peasants got for nothing more than they had been refused for pay.

"'Twas the hand of God was in that, ma'am," I was told, "for, with all the wind, not a poor man's cot was harmed, nor another tree on the countryside, only those. God always looks after his poor."

Large sardine canneries have been started at Nagasaki, Japan, with a view to exporting the fish to Europe. The favor, however, is not good, and the prices are too high as yet to compete with the Mediterranean product.

man would cut beside her. She is one of the best of mothers, but for the good of the country, as she sees it, my defeat, so long as I was beaten by a Radical, would cause her more satisfaction than my election, and my sister Dorothy is the same way."

That it is she and not the earl who runs the family estate was strikingly illustrated at the recent trial of an action brought against Lord Carlisle by some urban council to restrain him from cutting a drain-pipe over which some dispute had arisen. She said that all plans for any work whatsoever on her husband's Yorkshire and Northumberland estates had to be submitted to her down to the smallest detail. She decided what should be done and what should not be done. Although the earl was the nominal defendant he was not even placed in the witness box. It was the countess who was subjected to a long examination by Sir Edward Carson. Sir Edward is reputed to be about the most skillful cross-examiner in England; but the sprightly old dame was a match for him at every point. She proved herself a past mistress in the art of repartee, and she got in all her explanations, despite the lawyer's efforts to restrict her answers to a categorical "Yes" or "No." He might as well have attempted to dam the Mississippi as to stop her talking until he had answered his questions to her own satisfaction. His comment afterward was that in the whole course of his professional career he had never met a more difficult witness to handle.

Nowadays Lord Carlisle is so completely overshadowed by his brilliant and masterful wife that he is known generally as the husband of the countess. But he is a long way from being a mere nonentity. He is probably the most accomplished artist in the peerage. Long before it was the fashion to dabble in art George Howard, as he then was, was a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy exhibitions. At one time it was thought that he would make an associate, but he is the last man in the world to push himself, and the honor was never conferred on him.

Lord Morpeth, who has for three years represented Birmingham in the House of Commons, married a lady who, like himself, is a Conservative. He acknowledges he owes much to the early sharpening of his own will to the fact that his mother and father are of opposite ways of thinking on most subjects, but he did not care to continue that sort of education by taking into himself the views of his mother. Her best efforts in trying to convince him that most of his social and political opinions were dead wrong. His sister Dorothy's efforts in that direction suffice for him. And therefore he is glad to have a wife who helps him win his political fights. Instead of trying to help some other fellow whip him.

It was at the last general election that Lady Morpeth won her spurs as a political canvasser. She took lessons in the art, and, being a woman of intuition and disarming charm, in an amazing short space of time had mastered all its tricks. She is a housewife's housewife.

One of Lord Morpeth's younger brothers, Hubert Howard, who gave promise of being one of the most brilliant members of his family, lost his life fighting for doing daring things. He had a passion for doing daring things. While a student at Oxford somebody dared to ride to ride down a long flight of stone steps leading from one of the halls on his bicycle. Immediately he brought his machine into collision with the steps, and he fell to his death. He escaped, fortunately, with a few bad bruises, but the blow was smashed beyond all hope of repair.

SLEEP IS THE BEST PHYSIC

MOST OF THE VICTIMS OF NERVOUS BREAKDOWN NEED ONLY REST.

One of the features of modern times is the prevalence of what we term neurasthenia, or nervous breakdown. These names apply to a condition of physical and mental ill-health which is the direct result of the age in which we live and the pace at which we are living. Massage and electricity and novel "treatments" and "cures" are called upon to repair what we have brought upon ourselves by our up-to-date ways of life, by worry and excitement.

There are hundreds of women of the upper and middle classes just now bewailing their "nerves" and crying out that headaches and insomnia and depression are spoiling their lives. This is a neurotic age, and half the world of men and women not only burn the candle at both ends, but in the middle as well.

The nervous life is almost a necessity to the man or woman who is ambitious socially, politically, or commercially. We are so anxious to "get on" we attempt to do far more than we are constitutionally fit for, and nervous breakdown is the inevitable result.

Lack of repose is a prime factor in the causation of "nerves." The constant rush in the social and business world, the frantic pursuit of pleasure and a momentary rest are frequent precursors of nervous ill-health. We recklessly expend the energy on trifles; we are constantly up and doing; we have no time to rest, and nobody listens to the advocates and disciples of the simpler life.

Home life, quiet domesticity are becoming rarer every year. "Simple pleasures," "homely joys" and "family circle" are ridiculously old-fashioned words. Is it any wonder that nervous breakdown and premature decay are on the increase?

The remedy lies mainly with us women—our influence can do a great deal, our example more, to counteract the restlessness and excitement characteristic of this age.

Hard work nowadays means severe nervous strain, and the constant application to business and professional affairs demands regular periods of quiet and complete rest, if the workers are to retain their health. It is the more important that the home atmosphere be such as will restore the balance and lessen the tension of the inevitable nerve strain outside.

Unquietness in the home, the tyranny of social engagements and worldly duties, following upon a strenuous working day, gives no opportunity for repose. The power to be quiet, the virtue of repose, is worth cultivating in this age of neurotic women; the woman who is constantly on the move,



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striving after something just out of her reach, diffuses an atmosphere of disquiet and vulgar unrest around her. To be busy does not necessarily mean to achieve; bustling activity is too often barren of real progress.—*London Express*.

VARIOUS TYPES OF WOMEN

MANY CLASSES HAVE BEEN COMPILED BY POETS AND CRITICS.

Writer Who Says There Are Only Two Nice and the Reverse—Woman's Gift is Intuition.

So numerous are the treatises that have been written on this subject—fascinating alike to both men and women—that it is almost impossible to avoid plagiarizing; while as to classification—

heaven only knows how many classes have been compiled. One of the best is that of a French author, who delectants on:

1. The ill-organized woman.
2. The "brainless" woman.
3. The emotional woman.

Then there are the Marthas and the Marys; while Miss Correll thinks the chimpanzee type of woman just now singularly in evidence.

Could the average man be roused to give his impressions, you would find him entirely guided by such well-marked but absolutely unscientific distinctions as voice, eyes, hair, figure or clothes.

My classification is simpler still—Nice, and—the reverse.

Can't you recognize the nice woman instinctively when you meet her? She carries her niceness in her voice; her very wrinkles (if she has them), proclaim it, for it is not Time's writing, but the character of what he writes, that disfigures a face.

Energetic, businesslike, good to live with, well-dressed according to her station in life, for she has a sense of harmony and of the fitness of things; sympathetic with the sympathy of comprehension, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness," or as Tennyson has it:

"Lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity."

Tactful; queen o'er herself; if she rules, she never shows she rules. Either by nature or self-culture, she looks, and tries to make others look, on the bright side of life:

"Two women look out from the self-same bars;
One sees mud, and one sees the stars."

Men and women alike choose her as confidante. A good listener, in conversation she strives to bring out the good points of others rather than her own. She has discovered that character is of more importance than wealth, and has learned to look beyond what people say to what they think, feel and do.

You may meet her—this not impossible—She in every rank of society; she may or may not be well educated, but has stores of mother wit, courage and endurance at her command, and, above all, that distinguishing characteristic of the nice woman—unselfishness.

Pity 'tis that this, her very paramount virtue, should conduce to so much selfishness and egotism in man! As Ruskin says, "The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers, but they lie behind her steps."

Hence, the best wives often have the worst husbands, and the best mothers look particularly nice, patient and forgiving daughters in the background.

This, too, is why—as mankind tri-umphantly and complacently points out—no woman has ever yet achieved a masterpiece in art, science or poetry. For centuries abject submission has been our role; if we objected, we were divorced or beheaded. There is an historical instance of the medieval treatment of the "weaker vessels."

In 1379 Sir John Arundel's squadron, being overtaken by a storm in the channel, sixty women were thrown overboard and drowned to lighten the ships. Notice, also, 300 years later, Pepys's allusion in his "Diary" to "my wife, poor wretch."

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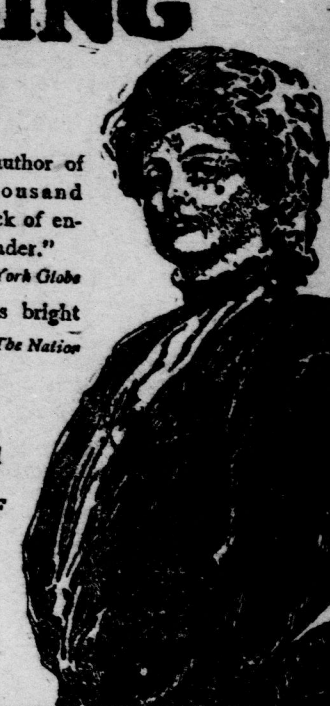
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