

Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Lady Affleck has successfully vindicated in the Supreme Court of England the rights of tenants to break their leases if on taking possession of premises, furnished or otherwise, they find them to be infested with what are euphemistically described as "insects." English people have a delicacy about using the word "bug," which is so frequently employed on the other side of the Atlantic, and throughout the various proceedings in the several courts of law, both high and low, the objectionable vermin was not referred to once by its actual name, the nearest approach thereto being "insects." The counsel alluded to it as a "bi-flat." This avoidance of any mention of the name of the insect was all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that the latter constituted the sole subject and theme of these long and costly legal processes. Politics were incidentally introduced into the case owing to the circumstances that the opponents of Sir Robert and Lady Affleck were the Hon. H. E. Chatterton, of Ireland, and Mrs. Chatterton, who took the ground unsuccessfully that their premises had been entirely free from the obnoxious insects until the arrival of Sir Robert and Lady Affleck, and must, therefore, have formed part and parcel of the baronet's retinue.

The Afflecks came somewhat prominently before the public a few years ago in connection with a murderous assault upon a maid at the Midland Grand Hotel in London by a wealthy young man of the name of Hubert Birkin. Birkin was not prosecuted for the attack, owing to a declaration by physicians to the effect that he was not responsible at the time of its perpetration. Three years previously he had himself been the victim of an extraordinary attempt of assassination at Tangiers, which had affected his health. He had formed the acquaintance in some way of a well-born adventurer of the name of McDonnell, a member of a member of Parliament and a university graduate, who at the time when he ingratiated himself with Birkin had recently completed a three years' term of penal servitude for frauds in which he had had the notorious Alfred Monson, of Cecil Hambro murder mystery fame, as his accomplice. Monson being a relative of the peer of that name.

Callan having worked himself into the confidence of Birkin, had managed to insure his life for the sum of a quarter of a million dollars, and persuaded him when under the influence of liquor to assign this policy to him as his beneficiary. Then he got him to undertake a trip in his company through Spain. They eventually reached Tangiers, and there in the Hotel Bristol, Callan endeavored to murder Birkin, the latter escaping with two revolver bullet wounds and the loss of most of his teeth. Callan was arrested, tried before the consular courts at Tangiers, and then at Gibraltar, where he is now undergoing a long term of penal servitude.

To return to the Afflecks, I may mention that they are of Scotch origin, and that until the sale of their Delham Park place, near Newmarket, to the late Cecil Rhodes, their family had been established there since the reign of Queen Anne. The baronetcy was won by Admiral Sir Edmund Affleck, who took a prominent part in the troubles of England with America during the last moiety of the eighteenth century, and was second in command to Lord Rodney in the latter's naval victory over the French at Guadaloupe in 1782.

Delham House, built originally by a bishop of Ely, is burdened, according to popular belief, with ill luck, the popular legend in connection with having been confirmed by the sudden death of Cecil Rhodes almost

American blood in his veins, the mother having been a daughter of Mahlon Sands, of New York. Sir John, who has been on terms of friendship with all sorts of public men, such as Bismarck, Napoleon III., King Louis Philippe, the emperor of Russia, and the late Emperor of Austria, was in his boyhood page of honor to Queen Victoria, and among his sons-in-law was the late Gen. Owen Williams, M.P., of Temple House, Buckinghamshire, the well-known sportsman and one of the creators of the Sandown Park races.

In view of the association of the name of Delham with the name of the Earl of Caithness, it is a peculiar coincidence in the legal proceedings now in progress between the Earl of Caithness and the Earl of Orkney, on the subject of the appointment of a trustee, the earl being married to a connection of the Sinclair family, that the late Earl of Caithness was the son of a Scotchman, and his title is the oldest in Scotland, and his line the oldest in Europe. Although he figures in the history of the family have been Earls of Mar ab initio—that is to say, from the very beginning of the Scottish monarchy.

Some 200 years ago a curse was hurled against the family, which was to be fulfilled when the grand hall of its castle should be used as a workshop for weaving. The castle of Mar was a fine structure, while trees should grow up in the garden, and the line should be broken, but not until the honors of the house were doubled. The house of Mar was ruined by its adhesion to the Jacobite cause. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the house was sold to a weaver, and was used as a workshop for weaving. The house of Mar was ruined by its adhesion to the Jacobite cause. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the house was sold to a weaver, and was used as a workshop for weaving.

The consequence is that there are today two Earls of Mar, who are distinguished from one another by the fact that the one is known as the Earl of Mar and Kellie, and who, as Viscount Fentoun, is an elderly clergyman of the Church of England, is known only as the Earl of Mar. The other Earl of Mar is a single foot of land in Scotland, although the premier earl of the name, Lord Mar and Kellie, is a peer of the realm, and a member of the House of Lords.

Both the late earl and the present Lord Caithness were obliged on several occasions to defend in the courts of law their rights to the earldom, the most notable of the claimants having been a Presbyterian minister, John Sinclair, of the parish of Kinloch Rannoch in Perthshire, who carried his case to the House of Lords, but without success.

It is doubtful whether there is any peerage that has furnished more subject matter for fiction than that of Caithness, the ancestry of the Sinclair family being of so complicated and intricate a character that the peerage has rarely passed from one holder to another without legal proceedings.

The Sinclairs are of most ancient origin, tracing back their descent to the year A. D. 885, figuring prominently in the annals of Scotland, especially in the dark pages of its history. The fourth peer was perhaps the worst of his race. With the assistance of his cousin, Isabel Sinclair, he contrived to poison the earl, which he gave in their honor, and then coolly denounced his accomplice, testified against her and witnessed her execution. He next kidnapped the young Lord Sutherland, who was only 15, and forced him by torture and threats to marry his daughter, Lady Barbara Sinclair, a woman of mature age and of more than uncertain reputation. The fourth earl's eldest son, Lord Berriedale, Master of Caithness, is on record as having strangled his younger brother, William. In fact, the history of the house of Sinclair in the middle ages is one long list of tragedies, of plots and counterplots.

A long list of queens of the house of Sinclair, of which Lord Caithness is the chief, are Lord Sinclair, who has transformed the patronymic of his name into "St. Clair." Sir John Sinclair of Dunbeath, and Sir John Trollemache Sinclair, the latter being the present holder of the title, and the two baronets in question. Lord Caithness, own extensive estates in Scotland, and especially Sir John Trollemache Sinclair, the well-known poet and author, whose landed possessions in Scotland extend over 100 square miles. His grandson, the heir to his title and estates, has

RAPID FIRE ROMANCE.

Merrily the little steamer bobbed up and down, for a stiff easterly wind was blowing across the lake. Most of the passengers had sought the refuge of a life engaged desparingly in praying for death. But two still remained on deck.

They were Orlando G. Spoonamore, capitalist and young man of leisure, party of the first part, and a handsome young woman with dark, brown hair, party of the second part, and they happened to be sitting side by side.

She was absorbed in a copy of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Star, and he was reading the automobile news in a daily paper—when he wasn't glancing at his fair companion out of the corner of his starboard eye.

The wind freshened, and he proceeded to button his light overcoat. But the top button was unaccountably missing. To the best of his recollection it was there when he boarded the boat. The breeze, or something, must have torn it off.

Mechanically he detached the stickpin from his pocket and pinned the two flaps securely together. Then he resumed his reading.

And his glancing. Presently he finished the story, the young woman raised her head, looked around her with sudden surprise, and started to rise.

"What does this mean," she demanded, in freezing, indignant tones, "I beg your pardon," he stammered. "It was an accident, I had lost a button from my coat, and I supposed I was shutting up my garment with a stickpin."

"But you haven't lost a button, sir!" she interrupted. "For she could see it plainly."

"I looked down again," he said, his self-possession gradually returning. "but I thought I had."

"Will you release me, sir, at once?" he hesitated dangerously, but he did not flinch.

"I fear you will have to sit down again," he proceeded to explain, "these two flaps are fastened together with my stickpin, and it has a patent fastening on the shank for safety from the light-fingered gentry. I screwed it up tightly, and it will be a work of time to unfasten it."

She sat down again, but stiffly, and without a word.

"I never expected," he remarked, as he fumbled at the pin, "to form a sudden attachment like this."

"I'll have to suspend operations for a moment. Here comes two or three persons hurrying to the rail to look at the water. I presume, May I ask you to unbend a little and appear to be engaged in an animated conversation with me, purely for the purpose of averting suspicion?"

"I will not! Such a position as this is intolerable—unthinkable!"

"It is, it is impossible. But it exists, my lords and gentlemen, like the human race—"

"Besides," she again interrupted, relaxing a trifle as the humor of the situation forced itself upon her, "it isn't so bad as you make it out to be. It is a conversation for me to be engaged in conversation with a total stranger."

"Oh, yes, it is. If it were not, they wouldn't be in these delightful vicinities you've read so often in that paper. It's quite the thing these days. To remove this curse, however, allow me to introduce—"

"But I don't wish—"

"Pardon me, but let me ask you not to be so cold and distant—especially not so distant. You'll expose the nature of the tie that binds us. One of those persons is looking at us curiously."

Hurriedly she leaned a little nearer to him.

"That's better. As I was about to say, move in respectable society, and personally I am entirely harmless. I don't look like a cannibal, do I?"

"No, but—"

"And your name, as I have just discovered by looking at the printed tag on that paper, is—"

She hastily turned the paper the other side up.

"Too late. You are Miss Gloriana Goodwin. I am delighted to meet you in this informal, unpremeditated way, and become so close an acquaintance in so short a time. Asking your pardon, for dropping into slang, I will add that I am decidedly stuck on—"

"I don't believe you are trying to—"

"Palsied be the hand that would do such a thing! Still," he continued, tugging with great apparent earnestness at the refractory fastening, "I am doing the best I can. Suppose you see if you can't help me."

A moment later their hands touched beneath the protecting flaps.

"With a furious blush she drew hers away, considering the last for Orlando had a muscular grasp—and she was about to become distant again when she remembered the necessity for caution."

"Miss Gloriana—Goodwin," he gasped, as she hastily moved closer, and her hair blew across his forehead. "I think I can get this thing loose—pretty soon—if you will sit just as you are. I'm afraid you will have to help me again."

"Yes, yes! My hands are so—so numb from this cold breeze that I shall have to give it up, I suggest that we go into the cabin, seat ourselves in some secluded corner, and—"

"Let us go at once!"

"But we shall have to move with caution, and you will have to walk exceedingly close to me in order not to—"

"I see."

Is there anybody so densely ignorant as not to understand that it was absolutely necessary for Orlando to put his arm protectively around her lovely form as they proceeded cautiously toward the cabin? Think how the boat was pitching.

An hour passed away.

They were still occupying a double seat in a corner of the cabin. By a joint effort, which took considerable time, they had succeeded in extracting the stickpin, but they seemed to have forgotten it, and were sitting close together—

Hand in hand.

"I've shaken the boat."

"Here we are, sweetheart!" whispered the young man, "at old St. Joe!"

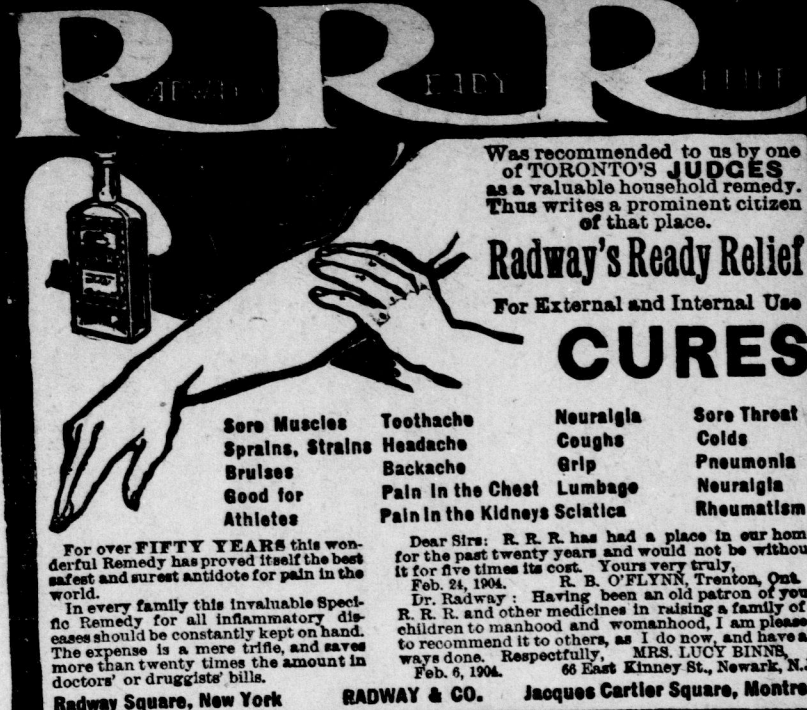
"But Orlando, how dreadfully unconventional it would be for us to go and be married now, on such short acquaintance! The day is absurd!"

"Not at all, Gloriana," he said triumphantly. "It's eminently proper. That's the way all these stories end!"—By C. W. Roberts.

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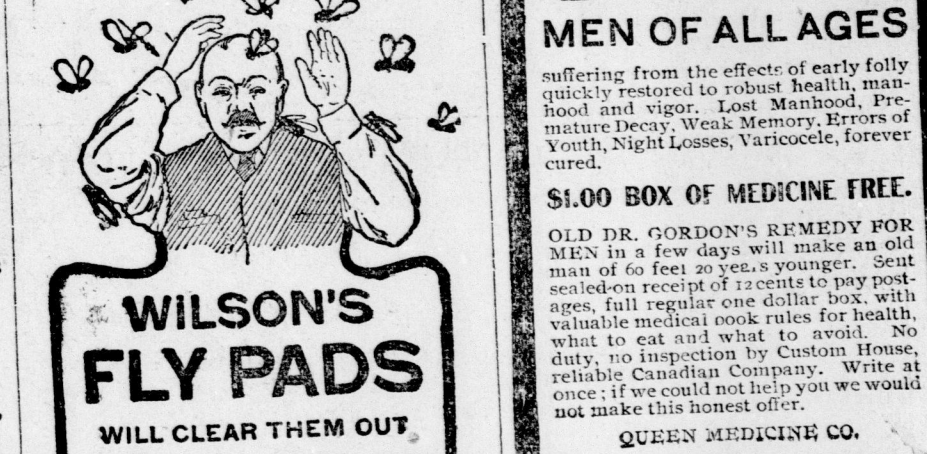


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FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



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RUDYARD KIPLING

The Greatest Living English Author

A small man, tanned and bronzed to a clear light mahogany, squarely built, with broad shoulders, keen blue eyes, heavy straight eyebrows, a thick dark mustache and square resolute jaw, dressed in clothes that shout defiance to fashion plates—this is Rudyard Kipling. Alive, alert, aggressive, intense, quick in movement, a bit cynical and quizzical, he at first suggests one thoroughly self-satisfied; one

At Bombay, the most cosmopolitan city of Asia, Kipling was born in Christmas week of 1865. His father was an Englishman, a professor of architectural sculpture in a Bombay college, and when Rudyard was six he was shipped back to England to be educated. At thirteen he entered the United Service College at Westward Ho, under the direction of old Indian officers. The atmosphere was military and he acquired more by unconscious absorption in coloring the mind of the boy. It is true that he carried off the prizes in English literature in a matter-of-fact kind of way, as if it were his assigned share of the plunder; but otherwise revealed no symptoms of genius.

At seventeen he went to India to work on the "Civil and Military Gazette" at Lahore, where his talent began to be recognized in a half patronizing way by the editor-in-chief. Strange, however, the "Plain Tales from the Hills," which gave him his first European success, and his "Departmental Ditties," were accepted under protest, to humor the boy, rather than for any merit the editors discovered.

A man of supreme individuality, he has the splendid courage of his convictions. He dared to lash England into a fight when the Boer war seemed to him imperative; he scourged the country he loved for her treatment of her soldiers; he inspired those soldiers by his stirring, tingling lines and martial stanzas, while Alfred Austin, the Laureate, was writing pink-lemonade verses guaranteed to offend no one. Then came his magnificent "Recessional"—a new classic added to our literature.

Kipling is the apostle of the strenuous; he loves color and paints it with love; he is thrilled by struggle, by power, by conquest. He shows man with the primal instincts and passions, nature unvarnished. He is often blunt to brutality, fearless to the point of frenzy, but always sincere, and always best when he lets the Oriental in his nature keep him close to the India he has reared to the world as no other English writer has ever done.

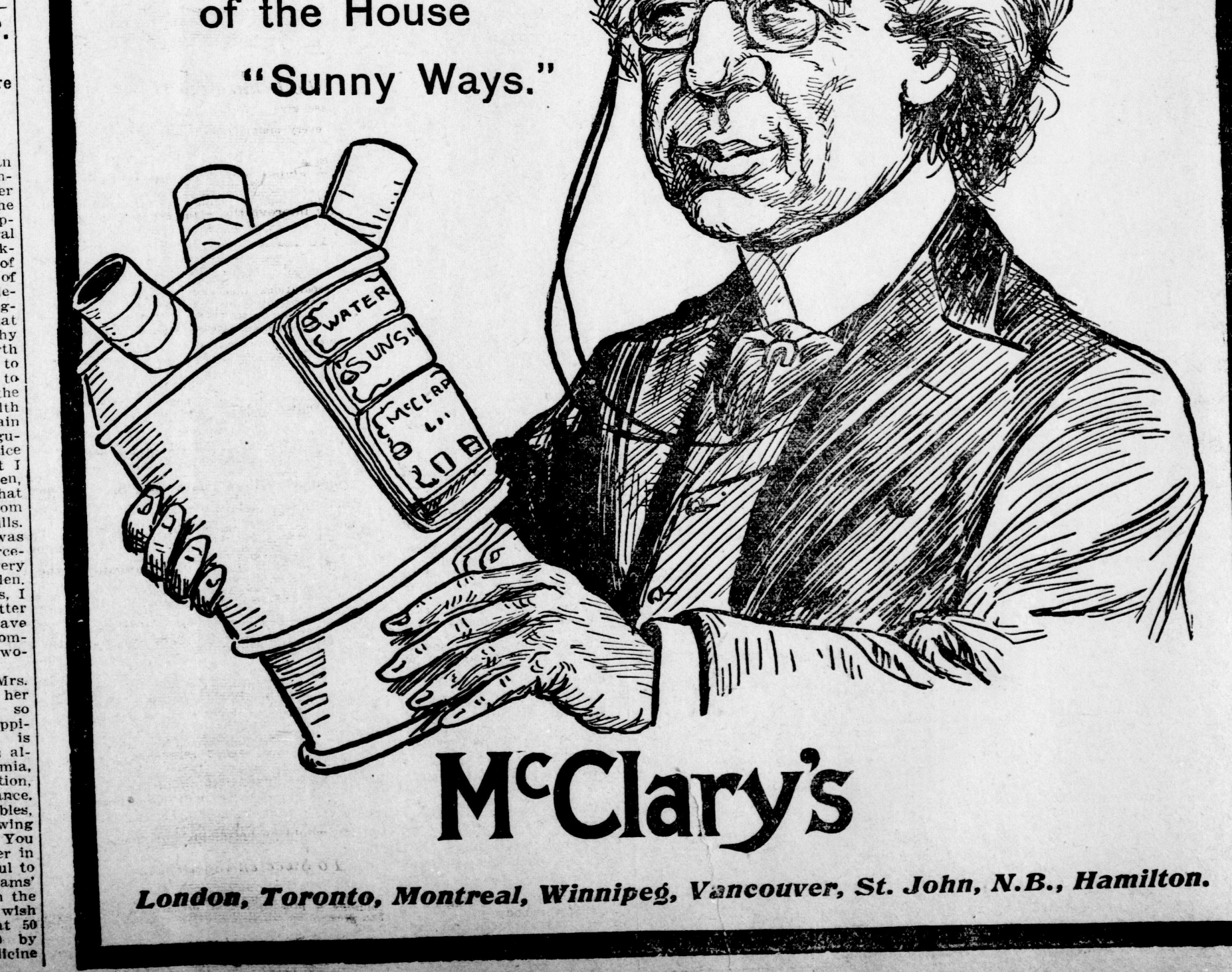
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