

## Chatham and Womankind

An International Commission was sitting in Paris some few years ago, and England's honor as well as her material interests were much involved. A lady acquainted with one of the British Commissioners asked an old French diplomat if he knew her friend's address. "Il est descendu à l'Hotel Chatham—naturellement." The old Frenchman's eyes twinkled maliciously. "Esperons que les Anglais n'oublient pas leur grands hommes—." And then he added thoughtfully, "Et dites moi, Madame, avant que Pitt devint Chatham etait-il, comme tant de vos hommes d'Etat d'alors, un homme à femmes?" The lady had never considered the delicate question. She has done so since reading Lord Rosebery's brilliant and stimulating book on Chatham and Chatham's early life and connections.

The triumph of Lord Rosebery's book, and it is a great triumph, is that it proves its subject to have been a young man what almost every student of history has hitherto denied—that is, it shows him to have been very human, capable, gay, witty, and tender by turns to those who possessed the supreme gift of his affections. Extraordinarily moving and illuminating are the letters now published for the first time, written by Pitt to his sister Ann. Ann Pitt was four years younger than her brother William; astonishingly like him in temperament, and, one suspects, in intellect; resembling him, as Horace Walpole wittily put it, "comme deux gouttes de feu." But, as Lord Rosebery pregnantly observes, drops of fire would probably not amalgamate for long. The wonder is that for half their joint lives they remained on the closest and most kindly terms, living together in one of the small houses in Pall Mall which look into St. James Square.

Bolingbroke, who called her famous brother "Sublimity Pitt," dubbed Ann "Divinity Pitt," but that must have been long after there were written and received the delightful letters addressed to Pitt's "Dearest Nanny," his "little Nan," his "little Jug." "Oh for the restless Tongue of Dear little Jug!" he exclaims in a letter written by him from Northampton when, a lad of twenty-three, he had but lately joined his regiment. And Ann Pitt's restless tongue was never stilled, for when Chesterfield, calling on her in his later life, complained of decay with the words "I fear that I am growing an old woman," "I am glad of it," briskly replied Ann, "I was afraid you were growing an old man, which, as you know, is a much worse thing."

Pitt's first love affair seems to have been with his intimate friend Lyttelton's sister. One feels that it must have been an innocent, pathetic little affair, for to one of his letters to Ann he puts a postscript: "If Miss Molly Lyttelton is in Town I wish you may see one another often, and make a Friendship," in this following the example of many a humbler brother. But Pitt was not destined to be fortunate in his early loves. There is a passage in a letter written by Lyttelton to his own father which shows why. "Would to God Mr. Pitt had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a present of it to my pretty little Molly! But unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon share of merit, which the world will not think them unmarried. But there was another Molly—Molly West, also the sister of an intimate friend. Again want of means is said to have prevented the marriage. This lady married a naval officer who in time became that Admiral Hood who lives in history as the first Lord Bridport.

As to the genre of love affair—in William Pitt's day a highly specialized genre—which the old French diplomat probably had in his mind when he asked his indiscreet question, William Pitt acted as a gentleman is supposed always to act under certain circumstances. He kept his own counsel absolutely. But Horace Walpole, who kept a sharp look-out on his contemporaries' licit and illicit love affairs, did not allow Pitt's to elude him. Still we may probably dismiss his statement that Lady Archibald Hamilton lost the volatile affections of Frederick Prince of Wales by giving him William Pitt as a rival.

Far more certain is another piece of gossip which declares Pitt to have been much attracted by the beautiful, the eccentric, the witty, and the amiable Duchess of Queensbury. Her figure stands out in that wonderful gallery of eighteenth century women, if only because of the way her beauty endured at a time which allowed age to tap them on the shoulder at thirty. The Duchess was in constant correspondence with Ann Pitt. The fact that in her letters William Pitt is scarcely ever mentioned, proves, rather than disproves, the writer's intimacy, platonic or other, with the great man. In a letter written by Walpole to Conway in 1747 he tells with malicious joy how the Duchess of Queensbury induced Pitt to have an attack of gout in order to avoid the necessity of supporting a clause in a Bill of which she disapproved!

When William Pitt suddenly decided to ask Lady Hester Grenville to marry him, he was forty-six and she was thirty-three. For nineteen years he had been intimate with her brothers, and constantly at Stowe. But there is no trace—not even an Horatian trace—that he ever thought of marrying her till he suddenly made his proposal when walking with her on the banks of the lake at Stowe one morning

late in the September of 1754. On hearing the great news Mrs. Montagu wrote: "I believe Lady Hester Grenville is very good-humored, which is the principal article in the Marriage State."

Lady Hester was far more than good-humored. "No man ever had a more noble and devoted wife." Lord Rosebery considers Pitt's love letters to have been stilted, pompous, and artificial; we can but differ from him. Those were the days—the happy days—when anything that savored of publicity—and a letter may become a very public thing—was hateful to all right-minded people. A man when talking to a lady kept his distance. Lady Hester evidently adored her cripple of forty-six, and while their betrothal was still quite informal, at a time when her eldest brother was considering the question from every point of view, and doubtless making very close inquiries as to Pitt's pecuniary position, Lady Hester sent her lover a secret letter assuring him of her fidelity.

Of Lady Chatham there are two portraits in existence, both painted before her marriage. The one by Gainsborough shows her as she was at twenty-two, with a pleasant rather than a beautiful face, at a time when one may perhaps suspect she was already sufficiently attached to William Pitt to remain single for his sake. Did not a certain old Lady Cathcart remark in a letter of congratulation, "You will remember that my wishes had given him to you long before, and I am delighted they have Chevening, was painted when Lady Hester was about thirty. It shows her with auburn hair, a long upper lip, and a slightly retousse nose.

It is pleasant to reflect that these mature lovers enjoyed some of the pleasures, the sweet absurdities, which are supposed in this country to belong in a special sense to pre-nuptial love. They had but a very short engagement; but we know that Lady Hester came up to town before the marriage and lived alone in Argyll Buildings, not far from Oxford Circus, chaperoned only by a female friend. There William Pitt used to go and see her each afternoon at 3 o'clock on his way from the Pay Office to his house at Enfield. Often they dined together, he remaining far into the evening. There must be many houses still standing in Mayfair and Marylebone which saw William Pitt and his betrothed walk slowly by.

The wedding took place on November 16, by special license, in Argyll Buildings, and it seems to have been, in deference to Pitt's wish, a very simple ceremony. "The less preparation and the less outward show, and the less of everything except your own love and self, the better in every way," Solomon and Esther—as Lady Townshend rather unkindly nicknamed the bride and bridegroom—spent their honeymoon at Wickham Court, the property of that Gilbert West who translated "Pindar," and who was the brother of one of William Pitt's early loves.—London Times.

### BUILDING A CHURCH UNDER AN OLD STEEPLE

The construction of St. Stephen's church, Buffalo, N. Y., now under way, is attracting more than ordinary attention because of the fact that it is being built under the steeple of edifice that was torn down to make room for the place of worship now in process of erection.

When the old church was built more than a quarter of a century ago, it was capped with a tower of oak 170 feet high, weighing more than five tons. In it were installed three big bells. When the project of building a new church was agitated, the hope was generally expressed that the bells might again be used to summon the faithful to the new edifice. The work of taking down the bells and re-instating them in a new tower would, it was foreseen, entail much additional expense.

The architect of the proposed church evolved the ingenious plan of leaving the old tower, containing the bells, standing and building the new church in under it. All of the church was then torn down with the exception of the front portion which supported the front tower. The part left standing as a support to the tower was securely braced. The outer wall of the front part of the new church is being built around the section of the old church that was left intact. When the new walls are built up as high as the base of the tower, the tower will be placed on said walls and the original support of the tower will be removed.

### PARIS SCIENTIST FINDS GOUT MICROBE

Chickens with the gout form a novel exhibit of the Pasteur Institute in Paris when visitors are taken through the place these days. But the chickens so afflicted are believed to mark a distinct forward step in the study of the germ theory, because Prof. Metchnikoff, the distinguished scientist, believes he has succeeded in isolating a microbe responsible for this most painful ailment, and it is due to experiments made by him that the chickens suffer. The chickens were fed a diet of horseflesh and this food caused the increased growth of certain microbes in the intestines and produced swelling of the joints just as occurs in gout in the human being.

Prof. Metchnikoff is also convinced that the absorption of poisons by these same microbes of the intestines is the cause of degeneration of the organs of the body usually ascribed to old age. One of the chief degenerative changes found in old age is in the condition of the arteries. The walls become hardened and brittle. Professor Metchnikoff was convinced that the degeneration, the cause of which was never before determined, was the result of the activity of the intestinal microbes. Experiments on young animals with cultures from a diseased intestine brought about a hardening of the arterial walls that was exactly similar to that which results in the human from what has previously been called "old age."

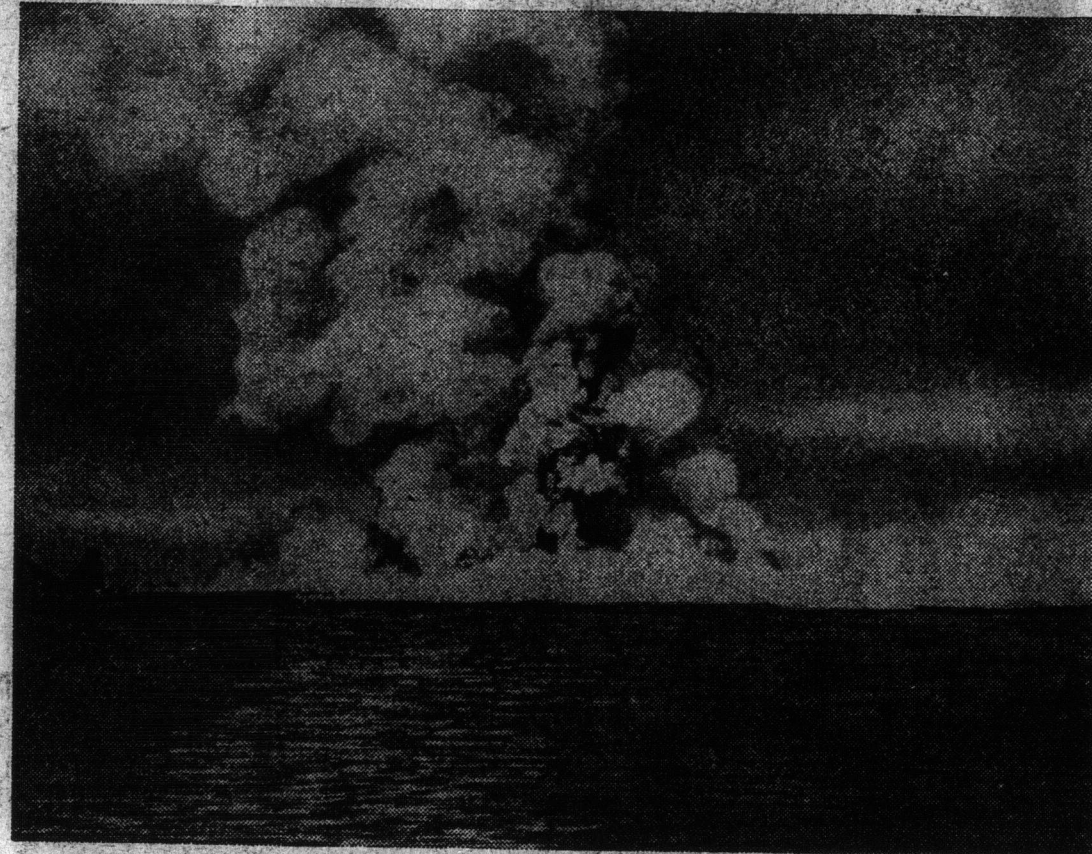
### UNDYING CHARM

Norah had lived as parlor maid in an artistic family for six months. It seemed to Miss Aurelia only natural that Norah should have developed some love of art in that time. One day she discovered the little maid, dust-cloth in hand, gazing at the Venus of Milo.

"Do you like her best of all, Norah?" asked Miss Aurelia.

"Sure an I do, miss," said Norah, warmly. "She may not look quite so nate, wid her arms gone, but she's so aisy to doost, I fair love her!"—Youth's Companion.

## A Behring Sea Volcano Becomes Active



Strange Phenomenon in Behring Sea

Officers of the revenue cutter Tahoma watched a small island about 60 miles south of Unalaska in the Behring Sea develop a spectacular volcanic eruption, and took the photograph reproduced in the accompanying illustration while but a mile distant. The island, which has only been known for four or five years, is called Bogoslof, and was about a mile long and a half wide. Two years ago there were two small lakes about 100 feet across on this island—one of them hot, and the other cold. During the summer of 1909, when the revenue cutter Perry was cruising in

the vicinity, a number of eggs were boiled in the hot lake and sent to Washington. In June of last year the officers of the Tahoma found that the lakes had disappeared, and in the place of one of them was a 60-foot embankment from which a small geyser, mostly steam, was issuing. Then, on the evening of September 19, while the Tahoma was about a mile distant, a great volume of smoke, sulphur fumes, lava, ashes, and steam arose, with frequent flames. Ten days later, when the Tahoma passed the island again, the column of smoke and flames was still visible.

### THE ENTHUSIAST

(Edward Sydney Tyle, in the Spectator, London)

His face is glorious with a beam  
Unborrowed from our earthly skies;  
The radiance of a heavenly dream  
Is on his brow and in his eyes;  
And in his breast the unconquered heart  
That fails not when his brethren fail,  
That sees his earliest friends depart  
One after one, and doth not quail.

One after one they go, the bold  
Companions of his dwindling band;  
For under stormy skies and cold  
Their march is, through a barren land.  
And some their earlier faith deride,  
(For man is man and seeks his own)  
Till the last straggler leaves his side,  
And the worn pilgrim walks alone.

Leopard and leopard-hearted men  
About his perilous pathway prowl;  
At even from his mountain den  
Comes the grey wolf's resounding howl;  
The heavy hauberk's shining mail  
Is on his weary shoulders laid,  
A helmet shields his forehead pale,  
Gleams in his hand the naked blade.

But o'er the desert's quivering lines  
He sees the city from afar.  
By day a polished pearl it shines,  
By night it glitters like a star.  
He doth not feel his bleeding feet,  
And when his nightly tent is spread,  
The pavement of the golden street  
He-echoes to his dreaming tread.

Till his thin, shadowed temples tell  
His lifelong journey well nigh done,  
And 'neath his dock-hewn citadel  
He drags himself at set of sun.  
There, while he lingers, half in doubt,  
The bells a joyous chime begin,  
And lo! three shining ones come out,  
And lead the weary traveller in.

## Good Advice to Emigrant

The following advice was tendered a prospective English emigrant by the editor of The Bazaar, a weekly paper, published in London. The advice was given through the "Correspondence Column" of the paper, and it illustrates the growing fame of "the best island on the Pacific Coast."

We have given your letter due consideration, and we have come to the conclusion that it will be best for you to go out alone at first, Vancouver Island would be a very suitable place for you, and you should have little difficulty in securing work on a mixed farm in that island. This form of farming is by far the most profitable for the poor man, and it also enables his women folk to assist in the upkeep of the home; therefore, it will be the most suitable work for you to engage in. Specializing in any particular branch of agriculture requires capital. You cannot arrange anything from this side either for yourself or your sisters. You must, if you wish to carry out your project, go out there and take your chance in the open market. If you keep your eyes open you will soon be able to gauge what prospect

member this, that wherever you go you will have a hard struggle, and it will require all the grit and determination in you to work your way up. Whatever your ideas may be on the subject of the whole family emigrating, we feel sure it will be the best plan for you to go out in advance. When you have made a start let your mother and sisters follow. We can give them the addresses of Women's Emigration Societies when the time comes, but it is doubtful whether they will come under the category of those to whom assistance is meted out. With regard to your brother, the farmer, we do not advise emigration in his case unless he finds that he cannot keep employed over here. If his luck is out and he cannot find work, then Vancouver Island or the adjacent mainland is as good a place as any for him to start afresh.—Ed.

### EMBANKMENT OF WIRED CONCRETE

A valuable hint to the local authorities who have embankment work under their supervision is afforded by the example of a piece of work recently used with success on the River Yonne in France. The idea was originated by an Italian engineer. The bank of the river is first smoothed to a convenient slope, then the wires are strung the proper distance apart, fastened to a cable at the bottom, and to specially constructed frames at the top. Each frame, 10 ft. long and accommodating 25 wires, is in reality a bench on which the concrete blocks are placed and from which they are slipped onto the wires. The sections of these benches are alternately painted red and white to eliminate error in stringing the blocks, which are made in two shapes and interlock. One shape is fed onto the wires fastened to the red sections painted white.

When the embankment is completed the frames are removed, and the wires twisted together and wound around piles which serve as anchors. The bottom is held down by its own weight.

The concrete protecting curtain thus made for the slope of the River Yonne extended about 5 ft. below the water line.

### THE SWITCHING HOUR

The Introspective Man tied his pajama strings briskly and got cheerfully into bed. He lurched right and left, gathering the blankets in comfortable tucks about him and cutting off all access for air about his neck. He gazed blissfully at the ceiling for three seconds, then squinted down his nose and prepared to sleep.

At this point he became aware that something was wrong. First it was but a whisper of uneasiness and he looked to make sure that he had eliminated the tickle-tassels of the quilt. He had eliminated them. With growing perturbation he felt his legs to see whether his trousers intervened between his pajamas and his skin. No; he had taken them off all right. Then he inquired blankly, "What is it?" It was overwhelmingly certain that something was wrong, something intangible. Was there a ghost in the room? A large ghost?

His scalp began to prickle. He stared round the room and in its absolute unpopulated found some awful terror. In the course of the next minute this did not pass away, but became more and more oppressive; twice his flesh, in places where it was not fortified by bones, quaked horribly. One thing stood appallingly clear—that for some reason sleep was out of the question, could not be thought of.

Another five minutes of horror ensued. Then with a savage growl the Introspective Man rolled out of bed and switched off the light.—Punch.

### EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

Is there anyone present who wishes the prayers of the congregation for a relative or friend?" asks the minister.

"I do," says the angular lady who arises from the rear pew. "I want the congregation to pray for my husband."

"Why, sister Abigail!" replies the minister. "You have no husband as yet."

"Yes, but I want you all to pitch in and pray for one for me!"—Life.

The trainer was explaining his system. "In training," he said, "the strictest obedience is required. Whenever I think of the theory of training I think of Dash, who, after 18 years of married life, is one of the best and happiest husbands in the world. 'Dash,' I once said to him, 'Dash, old man, how do you take married life?' 'According to directions,' he replied."—Argonaut.

"Did the Motorfriends buy the new house they contemplated?"

"No. In fact, they traded their old home off for six fur coats."

"Why did I ever leave home and mother?" sobbed his wife.

"Chiefly because your family were too stingy to take us in," he answered bitterly.

A voter is a man who shoots at things he does not understand with weapons that are not loaded.



A TRAPPER AND A COY

Go along Government you will see fashionably ing anywhere from fifty lars' worth of furs. L shop windows and thous more meet your gaze. the form of wearing a wearing apparel; they primarily for warmth, very mild winter climate few days in the year, fluous and more uncomf Yet fur is fashionable. it all. Fur is fashionable garments, but as trimming even for undershirts. I than ever before, and no that more imitation furs this season than ever, t increasing.

Some time soon, say know, the pace must sl ing taken now to protect ing animals whose pelts result in their exterminat receding steadily diffic the pelts of some animal as to be immensely val The approaching co it happens, emphasizes variety of fur—ermine, fur become, it is repor sible to secure sufficien and it is expected that fur will have to be omit at least.

Much has been wa mance of precious stone doubtful if the romance strip them far. Someti precious furs are no scientists are carefuly exhumed remains of th or ermine, or fisher, a will tell the story of fur, story.

There are residents c could help build up som ters, and men on the n now tending their traps r for some of the latest.

Fur-bearing animals in accordance with vari tems of taking them diff sis, however, all systems issue—the scalping of Northern Canadian Ind