

nothing. The Norwegian record is held by a jump of forty-two meters, or nearly a hundred and thirty-eight feet, down the slope. Measured back on a level to the take-off, the distance covered in this surprising flight was a hundred and twenty-five feet, with a drop of about sixty-five feet.

In long-distance ski-running, conditions vary so greatly as to make time records of comparatively little value. It may be worth while, however, to give the best figures for fifty kilometers—equal to about thirty-one miles—which distance has been covered in four hours, seventeen minutes, and six seconds.

One of the sights of Christiania is the long and carefully constructed "coast,"

as Americans would call it, which winds down from the hills of Frognersåter to the capital city of Norway. On a winter Sunday this great slide is a scene of constant life and animation. Sleds come gliding down in rapid succession, their occupants shouting the warning cry of "*See op!*"—"Look out!" Ski-runners, too, flash by among the sleds; and occasionally there will be a collision, or an upset at one of the sharp curves, with enough risk of injury to give a spice of danger to the sport.

Altogether, it is a bright and cheery carnival of winter amusement in the exhilaration of the bracing Norwegian air, and of gay and varied color against the white background of snow.

## TWO NONAGENARIAN PEERS

BY HENRY J. MARKLAND

THERE are not many men alive to-day who can remember the battle of Waterloo, who were well-grown boys when Napoleon died, who were born when George III was king, who have lived through the entire reigns of George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria, and who are still living and enjoying life under a fifth monarch of Britain. All this, however, is true of the oldest member of the British House of Lords, the fourth Baron Gwydyr, who was born ninety-eight years ago, in the year 1810.

Lord Gwydyr was ten years old when George IV was crowned; and the boy witnessed the splendid ceremonies which that expensive monarch revived, and which for nearly a year kept all the antiquarians of the United Kingdom hard at work. Never since then, at the crowning of a British monarch, has a "king's champion" ridden into Westminster Hall, gleaming from head to foot in full armor, to clash upon the floor a mailed gauntlet, and to proclaim himself ready to defend the new monarch's title to the throne. A hundred

other medieval formalities were revived when George was crowned; and Lord Gwydyr beheld them all, going from Whitehall to Westminster in the state barge of his grandfather, the second Baron Gwydyr.

It was on this occasion that Sir Walter Scott, with his romantic loyalty and love of the picturesque, tried to make his way on foot to the scene of the pageant. He found the entrance to Westminster blocked by a magnificently mounted battalion of the Scots Guards. These soldiers closed the way to every one. Earls and marquises and dukes were turned back, and even princes of royal blood could not pass that massed array of cavalry. There was much confusion, amid which Sir Walter, who was lame, seemed in danger of being trampled under foot. A friend who was with him called out hastily:

"Be careful, Sir Walter Scott!"

The colonel of the guards, sitting his horse at the head of his troops, heard this exclamation and bent eagerly forward.

"Is that Sir Walter Scott?" he asked;

and then he reined his horse about and gave the sharp command: "Open order there! Make way for Sir Walter Scott!"

Lord Gwydyr carries us back, therefore, not merely to the most sumptuous

berlain's box. He had spent the whole day without a mouthful to eat, and the pangs of hunger were too much to be endured with fortitude by a boy of ten. So he leaned over the edge of the box and caught the eye of his cousin, who



THE EARL OF WEMYSS AND MARCH, WHO AS LORD ELCHO WAS THE CHIEF FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER ARMY, AND WHO ENTERED HIS NINETY-FIRST YEAR ON AUGUST 4 LAST

*From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London*

king of the nineteenth century, but to the greatest of its romancers. He still tells with quiet amusement of his own experiences at the coronation. He was too young to attend the state banquet, but he was permitted to sit in the lord cham-

was banqueting below. The boy worked his jaws expressively, and the cousin, grinning, wrapped a chicken leg in a piece of paper and threw it up into the box.

Lord Gwydyr has lived not only a long

but a very honorable life. For thirty-three years he was secretary to the lord great chamberlain, and he has been high steward of Ipswich—near which town is his country-seat, Stoke Park—besides act-

that of another member of the House of Lords who has recently completed his ninetieth year, and who has left a mark upon the history of his country.

This is the Earl of Wemyss and



ing as a magistrate at the Suffolk quarter-sessions. If, however, he is first in point of age among the British peers, his public life has been much less notable than

March, whose ancestor, Sir John Wemyss, was raised to a barony by Charles I, in 1628, and to an earldom a few years later. The family records, however, go

much farther back. Sir David Wemyss is recorded as having been one of the attendants of Margaret, the Maid of Norway, on her journey to Scotland, in 1290. The first earl, though he began his career as a royalist, threw in his lot with Cromwell during the Protectorate. As if to balance this, the fifth earl's eldest son espoused the cause of the Pretender in 1745, and was in consequence attainted of treason, so that he could not inherit the title.

#### THE EARL OF WEMYSS (LORD ELCHO)

The present Lord Wemyss is closely related to the famous Lord Lucan, who made the immortal charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava. He did not succeed to the peerage until his father's death in 1883; but, with the courtesy title of Lord Elcho, he entered the House of Commons when he was only twenty-three. There he helped Sir Robert Peel in his attack upon the Corn Laws, and he served as a lord of the treasury while the Earl of Aberdeen was prime minister, from 1852 until 1855.

Later, when Earl Russell's government brought in the reform bill of 1866, Lord Elcho was one of the Whig magnates who took part in the secession which became historical under its nickname of "the Cave of Adullam," and which succeeded in defeating the bill and overthrowing Lord Russell's ministry. Lord Derby, who thereupon became premier, offered a cabinet position to Lord Elcho, who did not accept it.

He is most famous, however, for the part he played in leading and organizing the so-called "volunteer movement," which has had an immense influence in making Englishmen feel secure against any possible invasion. This volunteer movement began when Louis Napoleon became Emperor of the French, after the bloody scenes of the *coup d'état*. England, and indeed all Europe, still remembered the great Napoleon. It was universally believed that the successor to his name and throne would try to carry out the policies of his illustrious uncle, and would seek to inflict a bloody and disastrous revenge on the powers that sent the first Napoleon into exile. It was confidently predicted that at the earliest opportunity he would make war

upon Russia; that he would then successively attack Austria and Prussia; that if he could thus assert his supremacy on the European continent, he would overrun and annex Belgium; and that his aggressive ambitions would culminate in the invasion and conquest of Great Britain.

The events of history have proved that this forecast was rather shrewd. Napoleon did make war on Russia, Austria, and Prussia. He did contemplate the annexation of Belgium. It was not unreasonable to think that he meditated also a renewal of the old-time strife with England. At any rate, when he subverted the republican régime in France, the English people felt that they were exposed to the attack of a powerful and unscrupulous enemy. The English military establishment had rusted through long years of peace. The Duke of Wellington, grown old and not open to new ideas, opposed all changes in the army. He would not even allow the substitution of muskets with percussion-caps for the old-fashioned flint-locks which had been used at Waterloo. The great volunteer army that had stood ready, fifty years before, to meet the threatened attack of the first Napoleon, had long ago been disbanded, and the militia was weak in numbers, training, and equipment.

It was then that Lord Elcho began the agitation for an army of volunteers which should protect the English coasts and support the regular force. Much was done toward organizing regiments of citizen soldiery; and into this movement Lord Elcho threw himself with the greatest energy. Nevertheless, it was not then that the modern volunteer system of Britain was actually established; for Napoleon III soon allied himself with Queen Victoria's government in the Crimean War. But seven years after, when this new Bonaparte poured his troops into Italy and beat the Austrians to their knees, England became affected with actual panic.

"Napoleon has struck at Russia," was said on every side. "Now he turns upon Austria and has conquered her. Against what country will his arms be next directed? It must either be Prussia or England!"

Lord Elcho renewed his efforts. Volun-

teer bodies were formed in every part of England. Plans for national defense, and especially for the fortification of the coasts, were pressed on Parliament with vigor. Great landowners and peers of the realm raised and equipped local regiments with such energy that within a few months more than a hundred thousand men had been enrolled and armed and drilled. Since then, the volunteers, well officered and fairly disciplined, have been a source of confidence to the people of Great Britain. They proved their value during the Boer War of 1899-1902, in which some of the best fighting was done by bodies of volunteers. The Imperial Yeomanry and the citizen soldiers of London and Fife and Devon who battled under Buller or faced the flashing charges of Delarey, were in a sense the creation of Lord Elcho long before he became the Earl of Wemyss.

Lord Wemyss—whose name, by the way, is pronounced as if it were spelled "Weems"—has several castles and country-seats in both England and Scotland, and as a landlord he possesses more than sixty thousand acres. He is still active as a statesman, and only a few months ago he tried to dissuade the House of Lords from enacting the Old Age Pensions Bill under the stress of what he regards as socialistic sentiment. He is, as might be expected, a Conservative; and his age has not diminished his power as a parliamentary debater.

Although ninety years old, he is erect and tall, keen of eye, and resonant of voice. In London he lives in a house which overlooks St. James's Park, and which is crowded with rare books, fine paintings, and other works of art. A correspondent who lately visited him asked how he preserved so much of youthful vigor.

"I have no recipe for living to be ninety," Lord Wemyss replied with a smile; "the most important things are parentage and moderation. To be sure, it is no easy matter to select one's parents; but what one can do at every period of life is to keep on and hold to what one believes to be exactly right. That is the most important of all.

"We must remember, too, that the world is still in the infancy of discovery and of invention. I began life with tallow dips, and I am ending it with electric lights. Who knows what the next advance may be? Perhaps, before long, all London will be illuminated at night by rubbing radium on the dome of St. Paul's. When I first went from Scotland to Oxford"—where the earl spent his undergraduate days at Christ Church—"the journey took forty-eight hours, which were passed in a stuffy box of a stage-coach, from which they let us out two or three times a day to feed. Now I get into a train at half past two and am at my home in Scotland in less than seven hours."

#### AT THE END OF THE YEAR

WHAT cheer, my friend,  
Now that the year is faltering to its end,  
And you look back along the sun-lit or the shadowed track?  
Have you, knight-like, swift spurred with couched lance  
Against the rigid bulk of Circumstance?  
Intrepidly met Wrong,  
Gone forward with a song,  
Albeit driven sore with goad or thong?  
Or have you failed at soul,  
Missed the high goal  
Whither your steps were bent,  
And fallen, flaccid-thewed and impotent?

Howe'er this be,  
With level vision greet the first new dawn;  
And through this portal to futurity,  
With your resolve fast-clutched, stride up and on!

*Sennett Stephens*



"WHEN THEY THREW ME OUT OF THE YAWL INTO THREE FEET OF SURF,  
I WADED ASHORE"

## HELPING THE OTHER FELLOW

BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS," "SEATS OF  
THE HAUGHTY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VERBECK

"But can thim that helps others help themselves?"  
—*Mulvaney*

THIS is the story that William Trotter told me on the beach at Aguas Frescas while I waited for the gig of the captain of the fruit steamer Andador, which was to take me aboard. Reluctantly I was leaving the Land of Always Afternoon. William was remaining, and he favored me with a condensed oral autobiography as we sat on the sands in the shade cast by the Bodega Nacional.

As usual, I became aware that the Man from Bombay had already written the story; but as he had compressed it to an eight-word sentence, I have become an expansionist, and have quoted his

phrase above, with apologies to him and best regards to *Terence*.

### II

"DON'T you ever have a desire to go back to the land of derby hats and starched collars?" I asked him. "You seem to be a handy man and a man of action," I continued, "and I am sure I could find you a comfortable job somewhere in the States."

Ragged, shiftless, barefooted, a confirmed eater of the lotos, William Trotter had pleased me much, and I hated to see him gobbled up by the tropics.

"I've no doubt you could," he said, idly splitting the bark from a section of sugar-cane. "I've no doubt you could