MAY BE A DUCHESS.

New York Girl to Wed a Descendant of King James II.

Count Stephen Fitzjames, whose engagement to the daughter of James Millet, of New York, has been announced by cable from Paris, is a great-grandson of the fourth Duke of Fitzjames, and therefore somewhat distantly related to the present head of the family, who is the seventh duke. Inasmuch, however, as the duke's marriage is childless, that his only brother, Henry's, union with Adele de Contaut Biron, now sundered by divorce, has also remained without issue, and that there is only the life of a young cousin, Jacques Louis de Fitzjames, between them and the father of the fiancé of Miss Millet, she stands a considerable chance of becoming, one of these days, Duchess of Fitzjames.

Her marriage will connect her, after a fashion, with W. K. Vanderbilt's daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough. For the Duke of Fitzjames and the Duke of Marlborough, as well as the Duke of Alba, so often mentioned as a suitor for the hand of Miss Mathilde Townshend, of Washington, are all three descended from a common ancestor. The first Duke of Marlborough, as every one knows, owed all his early promotion and his chances of distinguishing himself to the fact that his beautiful sister, Arabella Churchill, wife of Colonel Godfrey, reigned over the heart of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. King James had a son by Arabella—a half-brother, therefore, of the old Pretender. James, while still on the throne of Great Britain, bestowed upon this son, to whom he was devoted, the titles of Duke of Berwick, Earl of Tynemouth and Baron of Bosworth, by patent dated March 19, 1687. These patents are recorded in the state "Patent Rolls of England." But this Duke of Berwick, who was also created Duke of Fitzjames by Louis XIV of France, and Duke of Lyria and of Zerica by the King of Spain, was attainted as a Jacobite in 1695 by the English Parliament, his British honors becoming in consequence thereof forfeited to the crown. He left two sons, the elder succeeding to his Spanish dignities and retaining the British title of Duke of Berwick, though it was not recognized by England; while the younger son inherited the French dukedom of Fitzjames. The Spanish line of Berwick, of Lyria and of Zerica became, through the marriage of the fifth duke to the only daughter and sole heiress of the twelfth Duke of Alba, merged in the historic Dukedom of Alba, a title which is now borne, in conjunction with that of Berwick, by the chief of the line descended from the eldest son of the first Duke of Berwick. The present duke was educated, like his brother, the Count de Montijo, in England, at Beaumont College, near Eton, under the supervision of his grand-aunt, Empress Eugénie, and speaks English without any trace of foreign accent. The late Duke of Alba died in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria at the time of the American Cup races in 1900.

While the Duke of Alba is enormously rich, the Duke of Fitzjames is very badly off, though possibly his affairs may improve somewhat on the death of his mother. To the latter is ascribed the responsibility for all the ruin and havoc worked by the phylloxera in France, the losses in the Bordeaux district alone exceeding $100,000,000. She imported vines from the New World to plant on her estate in Nugard. They brought the phylloxera with them and it spread all over France. She is a daughter of M. de Loewenhielhm, who was for so many years Swedish envoy in Paris. She has a grandson by marriage as old as herself—namely, Arthur Meyer, editor of the "Gaulois," of Paris, who a couple of years ago led to the altar Mlle. de Turenne, a girl nearly fifty years his junior and child of that Comtesse Leo de Turenne who is daughter of the late Duke of Fitzjames and sister of the present duke. The marriage created something very much akin to a scandal in the Faubourg St. Germain, owing to the antecedents of Arthur Meyer, who, although very rich to-day, began his career as the bookkeeper and factotum of the infamous Blanche d'Antigny, the prototype of Zola's Nana. Arthur Meyer is at the head of the leading Royalist paper in France, which has not prevented, however, the Duke of Orleans from denouncing him publicly and in print as "ignoble," declining to hold any intercourse with him or to recognize him in any way.

The present Duke of Fitzjames's brother, Count Henry Fitzjames, will be recalled in America as having spent some time here in the train of Miss Sybil Sanderson, to whom he was engaged, and who subsequently jilted him on the eve of marriage. Count Jacques de Fitzjames, the father of Miss Millet's fiancé, is probably the richest member of the family, and owns a large mansion in the Rue d'Aguesseau, near the Palace of the Elysée, at Paris, a villa at Arcachon and a chateau in the department of the Seine et Marne. He is one of the veteran members of the Jockey Club and is said to have manifested at first some considerable objections to his son's engagement to Miss Millet, owing to her lack of fortune.

"SATAN'S" SON COMES OF AGE.

The young master of Saltoun, who has just come of age, and who is the son and heir of "Satan," Lord Saltoun, is, through his mother, a descendant of Ireland's famous orator and statesman, Henry Grattan. He figured in a tragedy some eight or nine years ago which has left its impress on his character, and is accountable for the somewhat serious strain by which it is distinguished. He went out swimming with his chum, St. John Dick Cunyngham, in the sea near his home at Pilorth, in Aberdeenshire. The lads were unacquainted with the treacherous nature of the sands at the point at which they entered the water, and were suddenly drawn by a strong undercurrent into one of the many pots or pools which constitute the chief danger of the place. The young master of Saltoun was the first to become exhausted, and thereupon his friend devoted himself to his rescue, managing to get him into shallow water. The master dragged himself on shore. Turning to thank his rescuer, he was horrified to find that he had disappeared. Some fishermen who had been working nearby on the beach, and who had been attracted to the scene, rushed into the water and endeavored in vain to get the missing boy. But it was not until some time afterward that it was possible to recover the body of the lad, who, having given up his strength to save his friend, had been sucked back to death by the cruel sea. The boy was the son of Colonel Dick Cunyngham, of the Gordon Highlanders, a Victoria Cross hero, who was subsequently killed in the South African war. Mrs. Dick Cunyngham, bereft of her boy and her husband, is now one of the ladies in waiting of Princess Christian.

The master of Saltoun has been educated at Eton and at New College, Oxford. The odd nickname of "Satan" given his father, the present Lord Saltoun, dates from his schoolboy days, and he so readily accepted it that to this day he has a little red demon pasted inside his hats, where other men have their initials. He attracted attention a few years ago by his voluntary surrender of certain hereditary rights which were altogether an anachronism in the present day. Three centuries ago his ancestor, Sir Alexander Fraser, a shrewd and enterprising gentleman, lent King James I large sums of money, and in return secured from the Crown the right for himself and for his descendants to rule forever the new borough which had just been laid out on his estates in Aberdeenshire. According to the government record, the borough, named after its creator Fraserburg, was proclaimed a so-called Burg of Regality, with Sir Alexander Fraser, who afterward succeeded to the ancient barony of Saltoun, as perpetual provost, with the right to appoint the baille, the treasurer, the municipal council and other officials. Notwithstanding all the reform bills enacted since that time, this arrangement continued in existence until some years ago. Fraserburg having meanwhile developed into a seaport town of importance, with a harbor constructed at a cost of $500,000, and a large population. Recognizing that the town had outgrown the arrangement, Lord Saltoun, of his own accord, surrendered the hereditary rights, retaining only the honorary title of provost, and since then the baille and the town officials have been elected, as elsewhere, by the people.

Lord Saltoun shares with Lord Lovat the chieftainship of the great Scotch clan of Frasers. They are believed to be of Gaelic rather than Gaelic descent, and according to some historians the family and the clan were founded by Pierre Frazier, who came to Scotland from Anjou, in France, in 70, and it is also added that this Pierre was a cadet of the Anjou house of Frezel de la Frezelière. Whatever their origin, the fact remains that the Frasers were people of importance and of great possessions in the south of Scotland at the time of the death of King Malcolm III. Gilbert Fraser is a witness of the charter of the monastery of Coldstream, in the reign of Alexander I. Sir Simon Fraser, of Oliver Castle, was one of the magnates of Scotland in the troubles after the death of Alexander III, and was carried off a prisoner by King Edward I to London, where he was put to death on Tower Hill. The founder of that branch of the house of Fraser of which Lord Saltoun is the chief was William, second son of Sir Alexander Fraser, who fell in the battle of Durham in 1346. Sir Alexander Fraser, owner of Pilorth, accompanied James Earl Douglas to the great jubilee at Rome in 1450. Sir Alexander, ninth of his line, fought for King Charles I at Worcester, and on the death of his cousin, Lord Saltoun, without issue was acknowledged his heir, and his descendants hold that title to this day, the present Lord Saltoun being the nineteenth Lord Saltoun since the creation of the peerage in 1444.

FATE OF COUNTESS MARIE LARISCH.

Countess Marie Valerie Larisch, who has just succumbed in the Hospital for Contagious Diseases at Metz to an attack of black smallpox, was a granddaughter of Duke Louis of Bavaria and a grandniece of the late Empress of Austria, of the late Duchesse d'Alençon and of the ex-Queen of Naples. The countess had also some American relatives, with whom she had quite recently been staying over here for several months, for her elder brother, Count George Larisch, is married to Miss Marie Satterfield, of Buffalo. The fact that the countess should have died at Metz is due to her having decided to throw in her lot with her mother, who lives there, rather than with her father, after the latter had divorced his wife. She was of age when the divorce occurred, and therefore at liberty to make her choice, whereas the younger children were awarded by the courts to the father. For her name of Valerie she was indebted to the circumstance that she was a godchild of Archduchess Valerie, the youngest and favorite daughter of Emperor Francis Joseph.

Her mother's career is one of the most romantic which it is possible to conceive. She was the only child of a morganatic marriage between Duke Louis of Bavaria and the Munich actress, Henrietta Mendel, who was created by the late King of Bavaria Baroness Wallersee. Empress Elizabeth took a great fancy to her niece when the latter was quite a little girl, induced the child's parents to confide it to her, and brought it up almost as if it had been her own offspring. Unfortunately, all the splendor with which she was surrounded, and the profound deference with which she was treated at the court of Austria as the favorite niece of the Empress, served to turn her head. That she dreamed at one moment of marrying her cousin, Crown Prince Rudolf, and of sharing with him the thrones of Austria and Hungary, is notorious. She had seen how the Empress had suspended in her favor the strict rules and regulations requiring generations of exclusively noble ancestry on the father's and mother's side for membership of the Order of the Star Cross and for the office of lady of the palace, and she was led to believe that the laws demanding that the sovereign's consort should be a royal or imperial princess would be likewise modified for her sake. It was a cruel disappointment when the fact was brought home to her that this was out of the question. Both the Emperor and the Empress did all they could to soften the blow, and when a marriage was arranged for her with Count George Larisch she was overwhelmed with gifts of every kind by her imperial uncle and aunt, and she was married from under their roof, at Godollo, the Empress herself giving her away at the altar.

Even as Countess Larisch she remained an extremely important personage in Vienna, and might have continued to be so to this day had it not been for her extravagance, which before two years passed became the talk of the Austrian capital. She did not confine her frequent appeals for monetary help to the Empress and to the Emperor, but likewise addressed them to Crown Prince Rudolf, and was led in connection therewith to play a most discreditable part in chaperoning his romance with Baroness Marie Vetzera. The fact that she exacted and received payment from the crown prince for her services in the matter was brought to light by a letter addressed by her to her cousin, the crown prince, and which after his death was found in the pocket of one of his uniforms and handed to the Emperor. It was this that led to her being exiled from Austria and divested of her Austrian Order of the Star Cross, as well as of all her honors and dignities which she had enjoyed at the court of Vienna. She took up her residence with her husband in Germany, where, in spite of what had occurred, her husband still chivalrously remained by her side, and shielded her with his name and his honor as far as possible. But in 1899—that is, nearly seven years after the tragedy of Meyerling, he was compelled to divorce her, and thereupon she married the Bavarian actor and former operatic barytone, Otto Brucks, who for two years past has been the impresario and director of the leading theatre at Metz.

His wife lives there with him as "Frau" Brucks, and inasmuch as the role which she played in connection with the tragedy of Meyerling is a matter of worldwide notoriety, the ostracism to which she has since then been subjected by the Austrian and German courts and aristocracy, has, of course, extended to society at Metz, where she is restricted to the companionship of the people of the stage who are dependent upon her husband for their employment.

Her former husband, Count George Larisch, found that his position in Austria had been rendered so painful by his former wife that he has severad his connnection with the Austrian army, abandoned Austrian citizenship and secured naturalization as a Prussian. He has got rid of all his Austrian property and now lives entirely upon his estates in Prussian Silesia.

Meanwhile the house of Herr and Frau Otto Brucks, at Metz, is subjected to the strictest kind of quarantine, owing to the fact that the late Countess Marie Valerie Larisch conracted the malady to which she succumbed beneath their roof. They are under the closest kind of observation, and at the very first indications of the disease Frau Brucks will be transferred to the hospital where her daughter died. It would be a tragic close to an extraordinarily romantic career, of which the earlier stages were passed in imperial palaces, were it to wind up amid the horrors of a smallpox hospital.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

JOHN D., JR., NOT QUITE WELL YET.

John D. Rockefeller, jr., told his Bible class yesterday afternoon, after addressing them on the subject of Daniel, that, while he would be present next Sunday, he would not take charge of the class. The Rev. Dr. Richardson, he said, would address them. Dr. Richardson said that, while Mr. Rockefeller had recovered from his sickness of a few weeks ago, he did not yet feel strong enough to conduct the class every Sunday.

A SKIT AT A THEATRICAL NUISANCE.

THE PROGRAMME.

From The Chicago Evening Post.

The usher led him to his seat,
And then with manner grand
The usher stepped upon his feet
And thrust into his hand
A pudgy book—a smudgy book—
A programme of the play;
Then with a sympathetic look
The usher went away.

The orchestra struck up a tune,
The footlights gave a flash,
The 'cello droned a languid croon,
The drums set off a crash,
And then the man said: "I must look
At this if I would know."
He opened then the pudgy book
And hunted for the show.

He read of facial creams that give
Rare beauty to the cheek;
He read of cures that make you live
Forever and a week;
He saw the corset lady's face
That seemed immensely pleased
Because with geometric grace
She had been tightly squeezed.

The curtain rose, but he read on
Through page and page and page;
The actors all had come and gone,
The curtain hid the stage;
Then came another overture,
But still he flipped the leaves,
And murmured: "I will find it sure,
Unless this thing deceives."

He found the hair-that-won't-come-off
If Growit is applied;
He found that Checkitt cures a cough—
And wearily he sighed;
"It must be here; I'll find it yet,"
And then he read and read
Upon the stage the hero met
The villain—shot him dead.

The play was done, the crowd filed out,
All save this lonely man,
Who eyed the programme with deep doubt
In his bewildered scan,
The usher came and said: "That's all."
The man would still pursue
The advertisements large and small—
He was not halfway through.

They led him forth a shattered wretch
Who babbled as he went—
An ambulance they had to fetch;
Now in the ward he's pent,
And still imaginary leaves
He turns, and stops to say,
As one who in vain questing grieves:
"I wonder what's the play?"

HAMMERSTEIN'S STORY.

WRITES HIS "MEMOIRS."

Says Vaudeville Grand Opera "Turns" Gave Him Impetus.

Oscar Hammerstein dodged the newspaper men all day yesterday, and spent most of the day in dictating what he called the "Memoirs" of his first opera season at the Manhattan, which ended on Saturday night.

In them he tells of the difficulties he encountered in his search for singers abroad, of the discouraging beginnings of his season, and of the success that followed his production of "Carmen"—a success which was the turning point of his season.

Mr. Hammerstein says he was led to believe in the presence of a genuine taste for grand opera in the masses by his vaudeville experience. Audiences, he says, always grew wildly enthusiastic over grand opera turns, the "Rigoletto" quartet, the "Lucia" sextet or the Prison Trio from "Faust" being greeted invariably with thunders of applause.

"When, in February last, I visited the musical centres and byways of music and grand opera in particular in search of artists for my contemplated first season of grand opera in my Manhattan Opera House, still in course of completion, my reception on the part of directors, agents and singers of note was absolutely North Poleon," the "memoirs" begin.

PLEASANT SYMPATHY IN NEW YORK.

"In New York my very much advertised purposes and intentions met with fine sympathy; some advised the services of a specialist; other, looking at the matter more seriously, recommended the immediate use of a straitjacket. Worse than all of that, the musical world thought me too funny for anything.

"The wise ones said grand opera was a matter of fashion. The unwise said grand opera was a relic of barbarism; what New York really wanted was an academy of cakewalk or a subsidized college of ballads.

"It is a cause of much wonderment to me to-day that while in Europe I was not locked up on suspicion, either upon the charge of an attempt to kidnap singers or inveigle them into going to America under false pretences.

"I frankly said I was all alone in the undertaking, that I represented no corporation, nor that I had a backing of a dollar or millions; at any rate, I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was the most avoided impresario in Europe. A recital of the ways and means by which I succeeded in turning this spirit of fear and antagonism into one of respect and confidence I have to leave to the space in the newspapers generally devoted to obituaries, and which in my case I sincerely hope will occur from time to time.

"On the 15th day of September last I opened my subscription list for a season of grand opera in French and Italian. I announced the engagement by contract of an imposing array of singers, most of whom stood in the front of the world's famous artists.

"The most notable feature of the opening for subscription was the absence of subscribers. Not wishing to give a violent blow to veracity, I will admit that the first day three elderly ladies and one less elderly gentleman made inquiries at the box office, eyeing the custodian of the subscription books with all the evidence of suspicion. After a few days this excited condition of things subsided and a few courageous, if not careless, people really did subscribe, making small deposits at the altar of the box office with a demeanor that denoted a firm belief in the eternal farewell of their money.

DOUBTS ABOUT OPERA LONGINGS.

"Again protesting against any inference that I desire to collude with truth and veracity, I will state that this exhibition of enthusiasm on the part of the musical population of the city in contributing to a season of grand opera at my house did not altogether fill me with hilarity or vanity unbecoming a gentleman and impresario; and when, a few days later, in my attempt to climb the ladder of operatic fame, I fell into a cellar through an opening in the lobby of the opera house, injuring my spine and causing me to be inclosed in common plaster for several weeks, the suspicion gradually entered my uninjured mind that there really did not exist an exactly epidemic desire for grand opera in New York, or that it had been cured prematurely, in utter disregard to my feelings and aspirations.

"Perhaps it had gone fishing, for all I knew. In addition to this superbly interesting state of affairs, moneyed circles became somewhat angular in their dealings and demeanor toward me—this once good man who has gone into grand opera—causing one of my first tenors to bluntly demand the sum of $10,000 in cash as an evidence of operatic longevity on my part before he would even deign to come to a rehearsal. He absolutely denied me the privilege to rehearse with my $10,000; he wanted an immediate perfosmance.

"I had invested over a million and a half in the ground and building now known as the Manhattan Opera House. To thoroughly quench the thirst of opera in this supposed-to-be music starving public, I disentangled an additional half million dollars for costumes and scenery. And when, in addition to all this, I now calmly mention that I shouldered a responsibility of nearly a million dollars in season contracts with a small army of great artists and others, I, in duty to myself, am bound to add that I am neither a drinking man nor addicted to the use of cigarettes or narcotics in any form.

"And when, three days previous to the opening night, my ledger showed a total subscription for boxes and seats for the season of grand opera in French and Italian of 1906-'07, comprising twenty weeks, to the amount of $52,600, my aforesaid and described painful sojourn in plaster of paris was a transport to the Elysées in comparison to the situation I confronted.

"A subscription of $52,600 in my new opera house, against the subscription of $400,000 at the Metropolitan Opera House! The only oasis in this desert of inky operatic bleakness was the fact that I had neither a partner nor board of directors, nor any accomplice what or whom soever. To drive away any possible dejection on my part, I held a meeting with myself in my office, elected myself president, vice-president and also a number of other officers, and respectfully tendered myself a unanimous vote of admiration and confidence.

"On December 3 the curtain rose for the first time on the opera 'I Puritani'; the box office showed receipts of $11,000. Enthusiasm ran riot! I was called out; I made a speech; I confronted an audience of four thousand people. Perhaps the sheriff was one of them—perhaps, to familiarize himself with the surroundings and the contents of the premises.

CHILLY RECEPTION TO RENAUD.

"On Wednesday, the second night, I presented 'Rigoletto.' It was the first appearance of Rénaud, the great Rénaud, the pride of the opera in France, if not in Europe.

"From a managerial standpoint, as well as from any other it could reasonably be expected that a world-famous singer would arouse the habitual operagoer of New York to witness at least his opening performance. The house was nearly empty—$1,823 were the total receipts, derived mostly from the upper part of the house, and of this I paid Rénaud $800, his stipulated salary for each performance.

"Nothing illustrated better the degree of culture as regards to grand opera in New York than this event. The educational results which many years of opera in New York should have effected were seemingly none. The justificable inference was that the operagoer of New York considered the only existing opera house a musical clubhouse, restricted in membership and quality of dress. The new institution, the new opera house, near Eighth avenue, open to all, evidently could interest these people no more than a trip to Chinatown with a slumming party. Further on I will explain why Rénaud opened his New York engagement to a house of $1,800 and ended with his last four performances to receipts of over $35,000.

"Ordinarily, when a man sees his fortune slip away and finds his health and life at stake, he resorts to two things; he either stops his venture with a jerk or he becomes intimate with firearms; but then I hated to disfigure myself when the chances of becoming immortal with my likeness on patent medicines were so near. I still adhered to my fundamental ideas, which caused me to embark on the leaky ship of grand opera. The Metropolitan Opera House, instead of popularizing grand opera in this city, involuntarily depopulized it. It could hold but a tiny fraction of those having a taste for grand opera. The inability to supply the demand had caused apathy, if not entire loss of interest.

"What could I expect? Why should I become discouraged? Why should the music loving people of New York be frantic in their desire to part with $5 for a seat to hear an opera, the very name of which they were barely familiar with, and sung by artists they had never heard about?

GRAND OPERA IN VAUDEVILLE.

"Time and time again I have watched the audiences in vaudeville theatres in 'turns' smattering of grand opera. A quartet from 'Rigoletto,' a sextet of 'Lucia' could always be relied on as bringing forth most deafening applause; the trio in the prison scene of 'Faust,' sung fairly well, would almost shake the rafters of the building. These audiences are made up of people to whom opera is an unknown quantity. But in these demonstrations I detected the seed with which grand opera would be made to ripen into an everlasting plant.

"Why should I despair in my undertaking when in possession of facts derived from intimacy with operatic affairs for over thirty years, accompanied by the closest observation of the demeanor of audiences unfamiliar with grand opera as a whole?

"True, the fate of my predecessors in this field offered but a mournful spectacle. Colonel Mapleson died very poor; likewise Henry E. Abbey, and broken-hearted Mr. Maurice Grau passed the last years of his life in suffering and agony, with but limited means. The present director of the old opera house in this city also succumbed in health to his excruciating duties and labors.

"And still I adhered to my convictions. Given a population such as ours, and, as I have described, a taste for the most sublime in music—grand opera—and slowly but surely will it create at first a liking, then a desire, and finally an enthusiastic necessity; just as the theatre of to-day is a necessity of life, grand opera will be the same in not many years to come.

"I gave my third performance on Friday night. It was 'Faust.' There were over 300 people on the stage, excluding brass band and myself. The receipts hovered between $1,630 and despair. It was at least plainly visible on the face of my treasurer. With a repetition of 'I Puritani' at the Saturday matinee, I intercepted $1,480, and in the evening with the repetition of 'Rigoletto' the attendance (at popular prices) was more vociferous than multitudinous, receipts showing $1,866.30.

"The following Monday, December 10, the sixth performance ('Rigoletto'), the receipts were $1,321; December 12, seventh performance, 'Don Giovanni' for the first time. The immoral 'Don Giovanni' evidently had no attraction for the moral New Yorker, as the box office refused to yield over $1,100.

"CARMEN" BREAKS SPELL OF FAILURE.

"December 14, 'Carmen.' The by me expected and by others unexpected at last took place. The house lost its morgue-like aspect. After the second act, during intermission, members of the press and leading citizens visited the stage and congratulated me for the almost unprecedented excellence of the performance. From that night on grand opera in New York without the aid of society became an institution for all time to come. Every performance thereafter brought larger and more enthusiastic audiences; what I always had believed in New York began to believe in also.

"After this performance of 'Carmen' the receipts for my performances began to increase rapidly. To most of my audiences, high or low, grand opera was a novelty, a new sensation, an inspiring surprise. The press often noted the passionate, thunderous outburst during and at the end of each act and at the final fall of the curtain; such scenes, such tumultuous tribute to the singers, were unknown in the old opera house. Here was a new element, musically inclined, formerly deprived of an enjoyment of the most stirring in their nature.

"What does it signify when an opera like 'Carmen' can be produced in one season of twenty weeks twenty-two times? It signifies that the new American operagoer wants a simple play, a simple story set to music of melodious character; and operas of such merits only can hope for appreciation in this country for a long while to come. The educational influences of such works will bring about the gradual understanding of the mythological themes and instrumentation of the German master.

"My convictions in an existing but hidden strata of love for grand opera in this city and this great and glorious country of ours have proved correct. Its influences are bound to spread over the length and breadth of this country. Already my single-handed and, in most respects, single-minded efforts are bearing fruit. Every large city of this country is evincing an eagerness for the possession of a house devoted solely to grand opera. Daily, almost, I am solicited to lend a helping hand in that direction.

"The receipts of the season were nearly $750,000, overbalancing to a considerable extent the expenditures.

"And often now there comes to me the tribute which is generally paid to men who, by their own conviction, have made the seemingly impossible possible.

"I am told I am lucky."

ODD THINGS IN THE MAIL.

A STORY OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

T. C. Bridges, in The World and His Wife.

Three centuries ago a fine young farmer's son—Edward Osborne by name—left the old homestead at Ashford, in Kent, and made for London, there to seek his fortune. Presently he was bound apprentice to William Hewitt, cloth merchant, who lived in one of those fine old timbered houses which lined the two sides of old London Bridge. Here he worked well and gained gold opinions from his employer. One day it happened that Mistress Anne Hewitt, the sweet daughter of the merchant prince, while hanging the cage of her goldfinch outside the window to catch the morning sun, lost her balance and fell into the river, which was rushing at full tide through the narrow and darksome arches. Young Osborne heard her screams as she fell, and, waiting only to fling off his shoes and surcoat, sprang through the window after her. She was already far down the river and being carried swiftly away by the strong current. But Osborne's country training had made him a strong swimmer. He succeeded in catching the girl by the hair, and, grasping the side of a barge which lay at anchor, pulled her to safety. Is it wonderful that a year later the gallant young apprentice led the sweet Mistress Anne to the altar and gained one of the fairest and best dowered brides in all London town? That was the beginning of a great and successful career. Thirty years later the apprentice boy became Lord Mayor of London, and shortly afterward his son was knighted for prowess on the field of battle. His grandson became one of the first baronets, and his great-grandson, Sir Thomas Osborne, gained the friendship of the King and was raised from one dignity to another, until he at last was made Duke of Leeds. He was the direct ancestor of the present duke, who is the tenth bearer of the title, and who, besides being duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron and baronet, is also a prince of the Holy Roman Empire.

TAXES ON LEGACIES.

From The Baltimore Sun.

In the year 1905-'06 there were in Great Britain ninety-nine estates of $1,250,000 to pay duties at the death of the owners. In the previous year there were sixty-eight such estates. When probate and legacy duties are combined they amount to 18 per cent of the amount left to remote kin. In the year ended March 31 the government's receipts from death duties were about $95,000,000, making a new record. In the twelve years 1895-'96 to 1906-'07 the Exchequer has received from death duties $1,005,000,000. The amount received exceeds the estimates and indicates how many wealthy men reside in the United Kingdom.

VERILY THICK HEADED.

From the London Globe.

At the Thames Court a man who stated he did not know his name was charged with maliciously smashing a plate glass window, valued at £3 10s, belonging to Costin Peterson, licensee of the Alma Public House, West India Dock Road. At 12:45 o'clock on Friday night the defendant went up to a constable and said, "Lock me up, boss." He then went up to the window, took off his hat, and deliberately butted the window with his head, knocking the window completely out. His head was not cut. When taken into custody he said, "I will smash all the blessed lot in when I come out."

MAINE OXEN.

From The Kennebec Journal

Among the unique teams to be found in Maine is one which can be seen on Foxcroft's streets most any day. It is the big ox owned by Gus Harmon, of Foxcroft, and which is used for driving purposes, being attached to a pung or common road wagon. The ox has been carefully trained and is as steady and gentle as if he had always been used without the companionship of a mate. He is a big black and white fellow, and can get over the road at a fast walk. A common back saddle, such as is used on horses, fits on his back, and a common collar and hames are used to draw the load. No bridle or reins are used, but the animal is guided with the usual ox goad, helped on occasionally with the usual expressions used in managing oxen. This ox is one of several used by Mr. Harmon. He makes use of them almost exclusively for farming and lumbering, and finds he can do a big amount of work easier and cheaper than by using horses.

A REAL HARD LUCK STORY.

New York correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.

He was sitting in the smoke room of the 10 p. m. Pittsburg special, just about to leave the Pennsylvania station, and he was making his moan to all who would listen. "Talk about your hard luck stories," he said; "I've got the real thing. About an hour ago I telephoned to the sleeping car office to see if I could get a berth on this car, and was told that they were all sold. I had to take this train, though, and I knew I'd be sleepy and not be able to sleep, and hungry and not be able to get any grub, so I said to myself: 'I'll just fix that. I'll go into a hotel, eat a double Welsh rarebit and smoke two black cigars. Then I'll be neither sleepy nor hungry.' All of which I did. Then I came aboard the train just now, and the porter tells me a man gave up a nice lower berth at the last moment. And me full of Welsh rarebit and strong tobacco smoke!"

CROPS AND CHINA'S FAMINE.

From The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

China has given a new evidence of her awakening. Long ago she employed European drillmasters for her army and certain foreign instructors in her university, but this means a more direct and practical benefit of the achievements of white civilization. Her representatives at Washington have asked for seeds or plants of every American agricultural product which will grow in Asia, and the same request has been made of every nation of Europe. The Chinese in California have shown themselves to be remarkably skilful gardeners; they are said to raise 90 per cent of the vegetables produced on the coast. It is expected that an intelligent selection of new vegetables, after experiments, will greatly increase the field crops of China and reduce the suffering which has been the lot of a large proportion of the crowded population.

POPE TO MAKE CHANGE.

Monsignor Kennedy May Replace Cardinal Merry del Val.

Private advices received in this country yesterday from Rome tend to confirm the cable reports that Cardinal Merry del Val will retire from the office of secretary of state for Pius X. The same advices say that Cardinal Merry del Val is to be succeeded by an English-speaking prelate, and that among a certain group of the Cardinals de Curia it was frequently said that the Pope planned to appoint Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the American College at Rome, to this high office.

That Cardinal Merry del Val is to retire is considered beyond doubt. Monsignor Kennedy is in this country at present, and has been here for several weeks on a mission which has not been made public. Several prelates in this country, among them Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Farley and Ryan are said to be cognizant of the Pope's plan to appoint an American secretary. Here in New York, however, no prelate could be found who would acknowledge this, though all said in so many words—"We'll be honored in the recognition of Monsignor Kennedy."

It is generally acknowledged by those familiar with Vatican affairs that the Pope could hardly do without a secretary thoroughly familiar with conditions in such great countries as Great Britain, America, Canada and Australia. French has long ago ceased to be the official tongue at the papal court; in fact, a prelate who knows Latin thoroughly is better fitted for the office. Merry del Val speaks English fairly well, but is not familiar with the Church's internal workings in English-speaking countries.

Monsignor Kennedy has been rector of the American College for years and, in a way, has been the intermediary between the Pope and the bulk of the English-speaking countries. He is thoroughly conversant with the internal affairs of the Vatican. Should he be called to this office, Monsignor Kennedy would undoubtedly be created a cardinal in private consistory, as was Cardinal Merry del Val.

Monsignor Kennedy's appointment to this office would seriously retard Monsignor Ireland's chances of getting a red hat, it is said. Monsignor Kennedy is a protege of Cardinal Gibbons, who recommended him, in 1895, for the rectorship of the American College to succeed Monsignor O'Connell, now rector of the Catholic University. Being a Pennsylvanian by birth, it is supposed Monsignor Kennedy has been using his influence to get the red hat for Archbishop Ryan. In this he has had the support of Cardinal Gibbons. He is in his fiftieth year, and at the time of his appointment to Rome was stationed at Overbrook Seminary. He speaks French, German and Italian fluently, and is admittedly one of the most finished American classical scholars in the Catholic Church. The Jesuits will undoubtedly favor his appointment, it is said. The retirement of Cardinal Merry del Val, it is said, is not to be construed as meaning that the Vatican intends modifying its original position in regard to the French situation.

OBITUARY.

EDGAR L. SOMERS.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

New Haven, April 21.—Edgar L. Somers, general freight traffic superintendent of the New Haven road since 1903, died to-day at his home in this city from rheumatism of the heart. He was fifty-eight years old and was born in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. In 1877 he became agent of the Commercial Express and Grand Trunk Line. In 1883 he was made agent of the Blue Line and Canada Southern lines, with headquarters in Chicago. He leaves a wife, a son and a daughter.

JAMES CONSIDINE.

James Considine, former town clerk of New Rochelle, died there yesterday from tuberculosis. He was in his fifty-ninth year. Mr. Considine was secretary of the New Rochelle Coal and Lumber Company, and was active in the Royal Arcanum and Knights of Columbus. He leaves a wife and two children.

WILLIAM SANDLER BURIED.

The funeral of William Sandler, the student who was found drowned in the swimming pool at Columbia University on Saturday, was held at his home, N. 76 Orchard street, yesterday. The university was represented by Dean F. A. Goetz of the School of Applied Science, in which the boy was a student; Professors Seligman and Davis and Superintendent Norris of buildings and grounds. The secretary of the university, C. F. P. Keppel, represented President Butler. A delegation from the sophomore class, of which Sandler was a member, was also present. At the request of the family, the officers and students marched in the procession as far as the Williamsburg Bridge.

The university flag was at half-mast yesterday, the first time, it is said, in the history of the university that this has been done for a student.

Coroner Harburger said he would conduct an investigation into Sandler's death. The inquest will be held a week from next Tuesday.

A RECOGNIZED GUARANTEE OF TRUTH.

From The Washington Post.

The authentic New-York Tribune is responsible for the statement.

WHAT IS GOING ON TO-DAY.

Meeting of the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance, room 725, No. 156 Fifth avenue, 11 a. m.

Meeting of National Society of Ohio Women, Hotel Astor, 2 p. m.

New York Universalist Club dinner for Alexis Aladyin, St. Denis Hotel, 7 p. m.

Old Guard dinner, Hotel Astor, 7 p. m.

Review of the 12th Regiment by Mayor McClellan at its armory, 8:15 p. m.

People's Institute lecture by William M. Ivins on "The History of the New York City Charter," Cooper Union, 8 p. m.

Mass meeting to urge transit reform, Borough Park Club house, 50th street and Thirteenth avenue, Brooklyn, 8 p. m.

Opening of the new branch clubhouse of the Asacog Boys' Club, No. 102 Pineapple street, Brooklyn, 8 p. m.

Free lectures of the Board of Education, 8 p. m.: De Witt Clinton High School, 59th street and Tenth avenue, Henry Ballenbach, "The Man Beethoven"; Public School 5, 141st street and Edgecombe avenue, Professor Georges Castegnier, "Lafayette" (illustrated); Public School 14, No. 225 East 27th street, General James Grant Wilson, "Columbus and Henry Hudson" (illustrated); Public School 33, No. 418 West 28th street, Dr. Thomas S. Robbert, "Gladstone: The Man As I Remember Him"; Public School 46, 156th street and St. Nicholas avenue, Cyrus Weekes, "O'er Canyon and Crag to Search for Gold" (illustrated); Public School 51, No. 523 West 44th street, Professor Charles L. Bristol, "Animals as Workers" (illustrated); Public School 62, Hester, Essex and Suffolk streets, Mr. and Mrs. Gale, "Music and Myth of Old Japan"; Public School 82, 70th street and First avenue, Professor Robert W. Prentiss, "The Wonders of the Heavens" (illustrated); Public School 119, 133d street, near Eighth avenue, John Jay Lewis, "Through the Canadian Rockies" (illustrated); Public School 135, First avenue and 51st street, Sidney Herbert Cox, "Australia, the Land of the Southern Cross" (illustrated); Public School 158, Avenue A, between 77th and 78th streets, Charles McDowell, M. D., "What the Vaccination Has Done for the World"; Public School 159, No. 241 East 149th street, Henry G. Hawn, "How to Speak English"; Public School 188, Lewis, East Houston and East 3d streets, Miss Jennie Pomerene, "Algiers and Algeria" (illustrated); New York Public Library, No. 112 East 96th street, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, "The Antarctic: The Cruise of the Belgica" (illustrated); St. Luke's Hall, No. 483 Hudson street, Dr. Willis Boughton, "The Brownings" (illustrated); St. Peter's Hall, 20th street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, William Fairley, "How Germany Is Governed" (illustrated); Morris High School, 166th street and Boston Road, Dr. Kenneth F. Junior, "Formosa" (illustrated).

THE WEATHER REPORT.

Official Record and Forecast.—Washington, April 21.—A cold rain has been falling in the Gulf States during the last twenty-four hours, and snow continues in the Texas Panhandle and Northern New Mexico. Elsewhere fair weather has prevailed, with a very considerable increase in temperature. The barometric conditions have changed somewhat in the last day or so, and now point to a change from the prevailing cool weather thus far in the month. Generally fair weather is indicated for Monday and probably Tuesday, except in the Gulf and South Atlantic States, where rain is indicated, with relatively low temperatures. It will be somewhat warmer Monday in northern districts, and by Tuesday normal temperature conditions will be established east of the Mississippi, except in the Gulf and South Atlantic States.

The winds along the New England and Middle Atlantic Coast will be fresh southwest; on the South Atlantic Coast fresh to brisk northeast; on the Gulf coast fresh northeast to north; on the lower lakes fresh to brisk southwest, and on the upper lakes fresh southwest.

Steamers departing Monday for European ports will have fresh west winds and fair weather to the Grand Banks.

**Forecast for