

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, 1909.

OPPOSE CZAR'S VISIT

French Socialists Call Him "Crowned Apache."

MONARCH PRODIGAL IN GIFTS

Gave Gold Chronometer, One of Russian Royal Rewards, to Cosack Who Saved Life of Little Czarevitch—Spends Lavishly in Purchasing Antique Bric-a-Brac.

Paris, Aug. 21.—The extreme French Socialists have been protesting against the visit of the Czar to France. The handbill summoning one meeting was headed "The inhuman brute is coming to Cherbourg," and it referred further on to "Nicolas Romanoff, the crowned Apache," and at the meeting the speakers could not find words strong enough to describe the man who was held personally responsible for the murder and torture of thousands.

No one knows how far Nicholas II is aware of what is done in his realm in his name, but if he knows no more of what occurs than he does of the value of money, it is little enough. One day last winter, when the court was at Tsarskoe-Selo, the Czarina was sleighing, the little Czarevitch with her, the sleigh being drawn by a magnificent Orloff. This breed of horses is noted for quiet behavior, but something frightened this particular one and it ran away.

Officers Panic-stricken.

The officers and soldiers accompanying the sleigh were panic-stricken at the danger of the help to the throne. Then a Cossack soldier succeeded in seizing the horse's bridle and bringing it to a standstill. When the Czar heard of the accident he said:

"See that the brave man is rewarded." And to a question of what ought to be given as a reward he said: "How can I tell? Give him the watch or a hundred rubles."

Now, this watch, which is one of the royal rewards in Russia, is a gold chronometer, always presented in a box whereon is the double-headed imperial eagle in diamonds, and its value, so far from being the equivalent to a hundred rubles, is at least \$300. The Cossack took the watch, and the Empress took care that a more useful reward in the shape of a pension was added to it.

Spent \$0,000 Rubles.

One day in Sweden Nicholas II in a single morning spent over \$0,000 rubles in the shops of various dealers in antiques. When traveling the Czar carries no money with him, and in telling his aide-camp about his purchases he added:

"I have found some good things here, but I expect to find better yet to-morrow." The aide-camp, not expecting any such outlay on the trip, was provided with only \$0,000 rubles. He respectfully explained the financial situation to his master. The Czar smiled pleasantly and refrained from visiting any antique shops for the rest of the voyage.

MOTOR CARS NOT WANTED.

German Country Hotel Keeper Discourages Their Coming.

Berlin, Aug. 21.—The clamor raised by nerve-racked people for peace and quiet in holiday hotels and boarding houses has led a German country hotel keeper to advertise the attractions of his anti-noise establishment in the following whimsical manner:

RIVAL MAIL ORGANIZED.

Dismissed Postal Employees in France Form Association.

Paris, Aug. 21.—The French post-office has a competitor in the shape of a co-operative postal association formed by 150 of the dismissed postal employees. Under the direction of Barbut and Simonet, who took a prominent part in the recent strike, a separate service, a branch organized in all branches of postal business, not claimed as a monopoly by the French post-office.

This includes the distribution of newspapers, circulars, samples and catalogues, and the collection of accounts and debts. Each of the 150 members has subscribed \$20 toward starting the association, which in addition has at its disposal a working capital of \$4,000. A uniform wage of \$1 a day will be paid, plus a proportion of the profits at the end of the year.

YOUNG SHAH BAD TEMPERED.

French Tutor Tells of His Seething Habits.

London, Aug. 21.—Persia has gained little by setting twelve-year-old Ahmed Mirza in the place of his deposed father, judging by the character given him by his former tutor, a French professor named Kolman, who has had charge of his education for the last five years.

Prof. Kolman, who is now in Moscow, says that although the new Shah has regular, almost handsome features which give him a pleasing appearance, he has an uncommon amount of selfishness and bad temper. As a characteristic instance he mentions an occurrence which took place during his stay at the Teheran court.

A Persian nobleman gave Ahmed Mirza and his younger brother, Mohammed Hassan Mirza, each a very fine jeweled turban. The presents were exactly alike, and Ahmed Mirza was so furious that his brother should have a hat as fine as his own that he forthwith tore the turban off his brother's head and ripped both turbans to shreds.

As a good quality of the young Shah, Prof. Kolman mentions his intense thirst for knowledge, especially Western customs and institutions.

In Love.

From The-Bits.
A professor of the class in English history was telling his young men of the impressionable age about the Elizabethan era, when suddenly turning to one of the young men who seemed to be in a dream, with a far-away gaze, said:

"And how old was Elizabeth, Mr. Case?"

"Eighteen last birthday," came the instant reply.

In Perfect Innocence.

The Beauty (turning from long gaze in mirror) "Do you envy you!"

The Friend (pleased but incredulous) "You envy me, my dear? In wonder why?"

The Beauty (turning from long gaze in real me. I can never see anything but the mere reflection.

CZARINA GUEST OF EUGENIE.

Former French Empress Still Ardent Yachtswoman.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 21.—One of the visits that the Czarina paid while at Cowes was to the aged ex-Empress Eugenie, who was there in the midst of the gaiety on her yacht, the Thistle. Knowing that the former Empress' feebleness would not permit her to attend the royal receptions on board the Standart, the Czarina went to see her, thus following the precedent of her grandmother, Queen Victoria, who visited Eugenie at Chislehurst at the time the news came that the prince Imperial had been killed in Zululand.

Always an ardent yachtswoman, Eugenie has not lost her interest in the sport even now. It will be remembered that when she was driven from the Tuilleries by the Paris mob she made her way to the coast with the help of Dr. Evans, and boarded a small yacht, the Deerhound, in a storm. For many hours the craft was in danger as it crossed the turbulent Channel. The Empress showed no signs of fear, but sat in silence, thinking perhaps that the gale was preferable to the angry mob she had so narrowly escaped in the Paris streets.

The Thistle is a beautiful yacht, fitted with the exquisite taste of the ex-Empress shows in everything she undertakes. No one at Cowes enjoyed the week more than Eugenie, who received visitors daily and spent hours on the deck of her boat watching all that went on within range of the Thistle.

BATTLE SHIP FOR BRITISH

Latest Dreadnought, "Neptune," Soon to Be Launched.

Mighty Engine of War Surpasses All Its Predecessors in the English Fleet.

London, Aug. 21.—H. M. S. Neptune, the newest and largest ship of the Dreadnought class to be added to the British navy, is to be launched within the next two or three weeks. She is being built on the slip at Portsmouth dockyard. Following the precedent of the Dreadnought, the Neptune has been built with as much secrecy as possible. No information as to dimensions or special features of the ship have been made known by the admiralty, nor will they.

Some details have leaked out, and from these it is evident that the Neptune will be the most powerful fighting ship in the world as well as the largest. Her displacement will be 20,250 tons, as against the 17,500 of the Dreadnought and the 15,900 of the Bellerophon and the St. Vincent, her immediate predecessor.

This increased displacement has been devoted to providing the Neptune with greater protection to her hull. She has been built so as to render her proof against submarine mine explosions as far as it is possible to do so, for the water-tight compartments are so numerous that two or three might be flooded and yet the ship could keep on fighting.

The Neptune will be 300 feet long and 88 feet beam. Her engines, which are to be on the turbine principle, will give her a speed of twenty-one knots. She is to be armed on the all big gun principle and will carry ten 12-inch guns of the latest pattern, which will be mounted in pairs in armored barbettes, while for resisting torpedo attacks she is to carry twenty 4-inch guns.

Her protection will consist of a complete belt made of Krupp steel eleven inches thick amidships, with armor of corresponding thickness elsewhere. For launching this huge vessel a massive cradle of steel and wood is being built under the hull.

HAMLET'S BEARD IN QUESTION

German Savants Declare Prince Possessed One.

Point Out that Melancholy Dane Was Much Older Than is Generally Held.

Berlin, Aug. 21.—Should Hamlet wear a beard? The question is agitating certain German literary organs this afternoon.

The familiar presentation of Hamlet on the stage as a beardless youth just over twenty is condemned as wholly incorrect. In the gravedigger's scene in the fifth act, it is pointed out, it is made clear that Hamlet was nearer thirty than twenty; the former age also corresponds better with his character and matured mental outlook. Besides, in Act II, scene 2, Hamlet exclaims: "Who calls me villain? * * * plucks off my beard and blows it in my face," &c. It is contended that this was meant to be taken literally.

On the Elizabethan stage, as records show, men's parts were almost exclusively taken by bearded individuals. Women in those times did not appear on the stage and their parts were taken by smooth-faced youths. It may be remarked here that Monnet-Sully, the great French interpreter of Hamlet at the Comedie Francaise, plus his faith to the short, pointed Elizabethan beard.

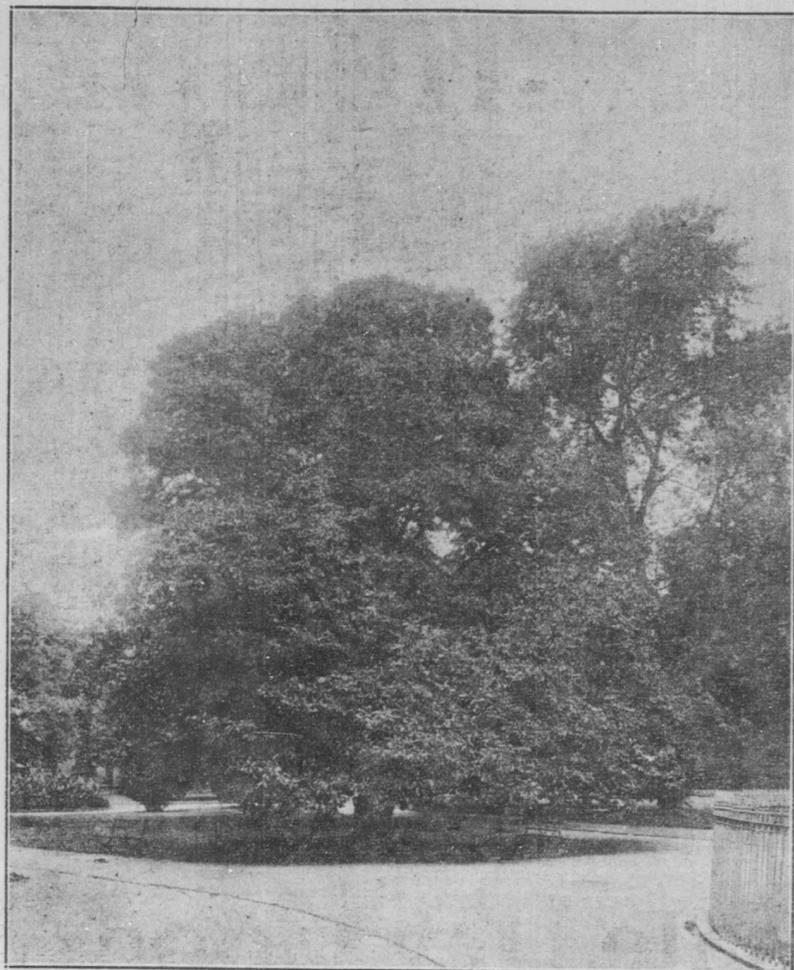
EVADES INHERITANCE TAX.



LADY BERESFORD.

Thrift woman who died in January last, and who, it is alleged, accumulated over \$100,000 worth of American stocks and bonds, which have just been discovered by Comptroller Grant, of New York, who is endeavoring to collect a great inheritance tax from the estate.

POPULAR SPOT IN LAFAYETTE PARK.



WASHINGTON'S WISHING TREE.

Many citizens of the Capital visit the tree to "wish away" their cares and gain new joys. They have been doing this for more than fifty years.

An old resident claims the tree had its mysterious powers long before Lafayette

Park was laid out. Sometimes 100 persons attempt to climb the tree in spite of the vigilance of the guards. The tree is a beautiful Spanish chestnut with wide, spreading branches, which droop to the ground. It is situated in the center of the park, just to the west of Jackson

statue.

IN TENNYSON'S HONOR

Centenary of Famous Poet Is Celebrated.

HUMOROUS FLASHES RELATED

Waiting for Some Lovely Thought from His Lips, Young Woman Was Shocked by His Remark that "Her Stays Creaked," and Fled—His Experience with Henry Irving.

London, Aug. 21.—The Tennyson centenary, which England celebrated last week, has set people recalling the man as well as the poet—the rather gruff and formidable man whose manner with curious strangers was by no means gentle and pleasant.

Once a young woman who had been just introduced to the great man at Freshwater was left alone with him on the seashore. She stood in immense awe of the poet and therefore did not interrupt him as he sat speechless, gazing straight ahead of him at the sea.

The long silence was broken at last in an astonishing manner by Tennyson. He was going to open his lips and utter some lovely thought, the young woman imagined. Instead he opened them and in gruff and gloomy tones gave voice to this remark:

"You creak."

The girl started back in horror. Tennyson added as explanation:

"You creak. Your stays creak."

This so startled the young woman that she ran away and went indoors, where a large company, she found, was gathered together over tea. In a little time Tennyson appeared, a vague expression on his countenance, as though something had gone wrong with him. The girl, now accounting him possibly mad, and certainly impolite, tried hard to hide away from him.

In vain. His eagle eye found her out. He threatened his way among the other guests toward her, took her hand, and said in resonant tones before the whole company of them:

"It Was My Braces."

"My dear, I beg your pardon. I find it was my braces."

The feelings of the young woman and the astonishment of the guests may be left to the imagination.

Once Irving was discussing a play with the poet and ordered a bottle of port to help in the discussion. Tennyson drank that Monnet-Sully, the great French interpreter of Hamlet at the Comedie Francaise, plus his faith to the short, pointed Elizabethan beard.

"Irving, how fond you are of port!" At Aldworth an American woman once penetrated into his garden and was gratified to observe the poet walking up and down, apparently in the agonies of composition. Suddenly he stopped and gazed with a vacant expression at a bed of lettuce. His lips began to move, and his still hidden admirer whipped out her notebook to record the pearls of wisdom from the master's mouth. What he actually said after prolonged cogitation was:

"D—those rabbits!"

Excellent Idea.

From The-Bits.
A wit, sitting down at a rather untidy table in a restaurant, picked up a soiled bill-of-fare. After looking at it for a moment, she said: "By Jove! What an excellent idea! Samples of the various dishes glued to the menu!"

WILL WED MARQUIS.



MISS SUSANNE HENNING, Louisville girl, daughter of well-known New York stock broker, whose engagement to the Marquis de Charette has been announced by the latter's parents in Paris.

CANINE COSTUMES IN PARIS

Traveling Outfit Includes Dainty Food and Toilet Case.

Light Paletots Are Stylish in Hot Days and a Leather Jacket for Storms.

Paris, Aug. 21.—A Parisian review of canine fashions records that a holiday outfit for dogs must include a traveling case of red or green morocco leather, with a gilt meshwork slide, revealing a comfortable white goatskin rug within. A special holiday contains the dog's dainty food, the toilet case, and a thick cloth traveling cloak made with a hood to draw over the ears to protect it from drafts.

For hot days there are lighter paletots and for cooler weather tailor-made costumes, while a comfortable leather jacket protects the dog from rain. All these coats have their little pocket to hold the indispensable tiny handkerchief, which is daily perfumed.

Blue shading from sky blue to deep ultramarine is the fashionable dog's color this season, especially in the matter of collars. These are ornamented with caochon turquoises, imitation rubies, or pretty bits of enamel.

A survival of medieval superstition directs this year that Toutou shall be protected from the evil eye by lucky charms dangling from the collar, such as gold mistletoe twigs, shamrocks, or scarabs. Lapdogs have enormous butterfly bows of velvet to match the color of their coats, and another favorite ribbon adornment is the bow a L'Americaine, though why it is so called no one seems to know.

A Bargain.

From The-Bits.
Nell—Isn't she a peculiar girl? She wouldn't look at him when he was rich, but now, after he's lost all his money, she accepts him.

Belle—Well, you know how crazy every woman is to get anything that's reduced.

KING IS ON VACATION

English Monarch Resting at Marienbad.

HIS SEASON WAS STRENUOUS

Made Round of Official Visits in Addition to His State Functions and Social Duties, and Gains in Popularity with His Subjects—Made Fourteen Week-end Visits.

London, Aug. 21.—King Edward is enjoying a much-needed rest at Marienbad after what has probably been the busiest season he has ever known. Not only have visits from the Czar and the Russian Douma added to his social duties, but he has fulfilled an unusual number of engagements in London and the provinces.

Cheered at Epsom.

In Lancashire, Gloucester, and Birmingham many of his subjects saw him for the first time since he has been King of England. At Epsom a tremendous crowd cheered his victory in the Derby race and at Wellington and Rugby schoolboys heard him speak on the duties of citizenship. He has opened museums, reviewed artillery companies and boys' brigades, inspected hospitals, and attended many dedication ceremonies.

As to the state functions of the season, it is impossible to do more than hint at them. There were the usual levees, investitures, receptions, and balls, and in addition the press delegates from the colonies and a delegation from the Turkish imperial Parliament were entertained. With all this the King did not omit visits to his friends.

Enjoys the Opera.

He made fourteen week-end visits to country houses, three of them to Americans, Lady Paset, the Whiteleas Reids, and Mrs. Lewis Harcourt having been among his entertainers. He dined with many of his friends in London also, and found time to appear at the opera at Covent Garden seven times and the theaters nine times, which included the matinee performance of "His Borrowed Plumes," by Mrs. Cornwallis West. He attended two fashionable weddings and countless bridge parties, besides gala days at the horse show and other public affairs.

Now after this whirl of business and pleasure the King is leading the simple life at Marienbad, rising at 8 o'clock to drink the waters while walking to the golf course, after breakfast giving three hours to correspondence and state matters; then after a simple lunch more walking, a little croquet, more waters, an early dinner, and bed at 11 o'clock or thereabout.

Glasgow's Population Decreasing.

From the Westminster Gazette.
The chief sanitary inspector of Glasgow says in his annual report that there was a decrease of 1,132 in the number of occupied houses in 1908, as compared with the total in 1907, representing a population of 5,551 persons. Since 1873, when the increase of population was only twenty-three over the number of persons residing in the city in 1873, Glasgow had steadily forged ahead at the average rate of 5,550 persons added to the population annually until this last year. No adequate answer could be given as to whether the people had gone. The total actual loss for the year 1908 seems to have been over 12,800 persons.

AMERICA EN ROUTE

The Amusing Experiences of a Pullman Trip from Boston to Portland, Oregon.

"Is this our section? Sunny side? Mighty poor cars. Why, when I was on the Michigan Central—" And the voice on the shady side goes on, while the sunny side exclaims: "Great! Look at the hooks for our coats—and how wide the windows are—and the screens, how easily they work!"

It is the E. & A. Chicago Pullman that is puffing out from the South Station, carrying in its wake a merry and morose, a gay and gloomy set of fellow-travelers bound for points farther west, writes Louise MacWhinnie in the Boston Transcript. America en route! Let's follow her as she journeys.

First Day.

Immaculate men and women with crisp stocks, men's faces freshly shaven, and women's hair carefully groomed—linen collars rampant and nails rosy from Ouzaline. No boredom here, and even the shady side seems sunny. Would you like a bag for your hat? Ring for the porter. Would you like a pillow for your head? Ring for the porter. Would you like a table for cards? Ring for the porter. And the bell rings often and long, for the heavy, black man who says "thank you" in three different tones—6 cents, a quarter, and 50 cents. But why shouldn't the bell ring often for him? Some of the passengers gave him 50 cents at the start, which, to them, insures a safe journey to the Pacific, and they tie up their hats or deal out their cards with a "We-pay-for-what-we-get" air which no one disputes—the first day out.

No. 12 upper berth does not glance at No. 12 lower. The people "at the other end of the car" are distinctly separate from this end—there are women in brown and green and red, men with blue ties and men with black, but no one person is distinguished—merely distinguishable. Does one venture a general pleasanter, he is speedily chilled. After a few hours some are discovering that they cannot see backward, others are taking a mental inventory of the girls of the man who is to occupy the berth above them. Next approaches, and there is an austere solemnity over all. The porter begins to make up the beds. The procession starts. Kimono, given by friends to the departing, "the thing for the train," the pass in quick succession. White hands pull the heavy green curtains together, and big men struggle manfully in two feet of space. All is still, save for a murmured "yes, mam" of the porter.

Second Day.

The woman in No. 19 upper asks the woman in No. 19 lower if she has slept. Much hinges on the reply. The one questioned happens to be favorably disposed—and the weather is hot—it may mean that only one berth is made up later on. Collars seem a bit wilted, but surely they can go two days. Shift waists, less aggressively stiff, betoken a little drooping of the lofty attitudes of the previous day. A diner is on; shall it be oatmeal or wheat cakes? It's never one or two, for this is vacation time and only the second day out.

Time tables are consulted and accumulated. No. 11, in his zeal as proposed California trip, forgets the proprietaries and discusses it animatedly with No. 3. Post cards enter—great, gorgeous post cards of rocky canyons and mighty falls. "But we have never seen those places. What difference does that make? You will on your way. So you buy them. Later you discover that the raging torrent is a dammed little waterfall you passed at night, but the folks at home will never know the difference—an 'twas such a pretty card!"

The plague has begun. Few are immune, and from now on each little wayside station will be flooded by an exodus of tourists. "But haven't you anything of local color?"—and tinted millponds and "the oldest house in town" have a great sale.

There's scenery along the way. Yes; but don't you like to play flinch? Familiarity, grinning, garrulous familiarity takes a hand. Now the car inmates are becoming distinguished. The man with the blue tie is a prospector, "knows lots of interesting things about the country," the woman in brown is going to visit a married daughter in Omaha. The personal has been infused into every one from No. 1 to No. 12.

The rugged, sweeping hills of New England are vanishing and the level flatness

IN RAILWAY ACCIDENT.



DOWAGER QUEEN MARGHERITA, Mother of Italian King, who was injured in a recent railway accident near her country home, at Castle Stugginli.

of the Middle States appears, but—are you building down or up on your case? The Mennens' talcum powder of the B. & O. has been given away to the Schiltz—that you know the rest.

Night again comes on—agreeable acquaintances have been made—the curtains do not pull together quite so closely, for one must have a little air, of course. Tired, but content, the passengers fall asleep—the second day out.

Third Day.

How the car did lurch in the night! And how unnecessarily hard they bumped when they shifted engines! You forgot to mail your letter—you've lost an important time table. What a miserable dinner that was you had last night! You get better than that at home—and such service! You gave the waiter your whole order at once and he didn't get half of it. The idea of charging extra for potatoes!

The women are discovering peoples' "real nature" when they get a chance at the dressing-room. It's so thoughtful, when one has one's own nails to manicle, hair to brush, and puffs to adjust. Did you notice the woman in blue? She's been there first each morning and has stayed at least half an hour.

The men look at their shirts and sigh furtively, "Will it go another day?" As for the women's clothes, how sad it is to watch the downfall of a fresh shirt waist—to see the carefully dressed hair of the first day out fall into the inevitable carelessness of the third day out. One cannot thrust in hairpins at the right places—at fifty miles an hour.

Breakfast again. The liberal eaters of three days ago now consider two meals a day ample, sufficient, and should you lean over the shoulder of the doughty financier you'd find him ordering a steak and his wife a cereal—one order for two.

Back to the regular car. The scenery, now of the distant West, is more novel, hence more appreciated. See that mound of waving corn—and is that alfalfa? No indeed—alfalfa does not look like that—No. 8's brother has a ranch—and here with a spirited discussion ensues which ceases only when a tunnel shuts off the field—and sugar beet appear. Every one's agreed on beets. A wearied pessimist in the drawing-room section would like to know how many times he has heard, "How I do miss New England hills—this country is so flat." But the remark is eminently proper.

Fourth Day.

No. 6 acted very disagreeably about her berth this morning. Isn't this tipping system in America a disgrace? What! The dinner has been taken off. What shall we do?

There is a hurried scramble for clothes—collars are discarded—linen blouses cover a multitude of discrepancies, and a rush is made for the station luncheon counter as the train stops. Coffee, scrambled eggs, ham are rapidly gulped down and the erstwhile elite of the drawing-room section and Pullman rush madly back to the train—with Unedea biscuits and Zuzus close beneath each arm. The man who demanded everything on the menu proceeds—on, through the most beautiful night view of the road before him. This trip is so well, for he has found coffee for 5 cents, while the others paid 10.

There's a delay on the road. "Regular" "Bio Grande trick," says a man who has never been over the road before. The train has stopped at a deserted little spot in Oregon, and there's a mountain to climb! Out the passengers swarm to travel the trail of a low hill, though one might infer "twas a spur of the Rockies. Worned, some all back, not from the difficulty of the climb—no indeed—but because altitude, thin air, affected hearts have occurred to them and serve as an excuse to return. The few sturdy travelers proceed—on, through the mountains, and ever and anon warded down by a tired straggler at the foot, is heard, "You paid 25 cents? Why, I paid 50, and we didn't have to—!"

Exhausted after the unusual exercise, again to the train the tourists made their way. Short naps are taken and they wake just in time—all together—to ask the porter to make their beds at once.

Fifth Day.

Many of the original passengers have left the train and have been duly pulled apart and put together again by those who remain. Those who are still in the car are weary of themselves and of each other. How can a man be agreeable when he's down to his last collar, or a woman be attractive when she knows her hair is a sight? The plush seats are hot and stuffy, the trains do not follow schedule time, and even post cards fail to arouse the people from this apathy. The same jokes have been laughed at twice, comments are trite. White hands now petulantly draw the curtains and the final flip of the green balise seems to say, "One night more of this." The foibles of each passenger have been discovered. The prospector no longer interests, but rather, "The mountains glower on either side, the prairie dogs in the underbrush jump up and laugh at you, and the poplars of this desolate West—rigid, forbidding trees—drive you wild as they stand serene in their stony primness. They remind you of the day long ago when you left home as neat and well set up as they.

Good news! The few left of those who started from Boston so many days ago are due in Portland, their destination, at sunrise.

Sixth Day.

Portland, the Rose City. How interesting! Where is the best place to get a room and a bath?

Phenomena of Rare Gases. Remarkable experiments with two inert gases of the argon group were among the striking features of the late session of the London Royal Society. Sir William Ramsey had collected a little radium emanation, one of these gases, and had compressed it into a capillary tube, and then subjected it to varying pressure. The effect was to condense the gas into a minute quantity of dense colorless liquid. This tube was substituted for the glass and when touched with liquid air it flashed out into a brilliant light like that of a miniature electric arc, at once becoming solid. The other exhibit, by Prof. Norman Collie, showed a curious unexplained property of neon. When this gas was enclosed in a glass tube with mercury at atmospheric pressure it emitted a vivid orange light; but in a ring-shaped tube filled with neon and mercury and partially exposed to an electric discharge the electrified part failed to light up on shaking, while the unelectrified portion glowed as brightly as before. When a silica tube was substituted for the glass and the mercury brought to the boiling point the vapor rising from it gave a green light.