

# FAMOUS MYSTERIES REVISITED

## Inquiry Into the Fate of Austrian Archduke Calls Attention to His Disappearance Years Ago.

From the St. Louis Republic.

Cases of mystery, the accepted solution of which never satisfied many persons, have been oddly revived at the same time. The famous Tichborne case, which occupied the public mind to an extraordinary degree in the early seventies, has just been recalled by the death of Sir Henry Tichborne; the disappearance of the Austrian Archduke Johann Salvator, otherwise known as "Johann Orth," has received a fresh interest from the application of the nephew, Archduke Joseph Ferdinand, for a confirmation of the death and permission to deal with the estate of his uncle, and the question of the lost dauphin of France has been revived by the case of the brothers Naundorf, or De Bourbon, being brought before a commission of the French Senate.

It is a question if the present interest in these cases will lead to the production of any substantial proofs. It is believed that Emperor Francis Joseph has positive proofs of the fate of Archduke Johann Salvator, and it is said that in the archives of the Russian and German courts are all the records relating to the supposed death of the dauphin.

One of the curious things about the Tichborne case, it has been said, was the readiness with which people who might have been expected to know better supported the claim of Arthur Orton, the impostor. He found believers of his story in some brother officers of Roger Tichborne in Guilford Down, who gave the claimant about \$7,000 to "fight for his right," and above all in the Dowager Lady Tichborne, who accepted him as a son.

But this seems always to be the case. The claimant to another valuable English estate, Ashton Court, of the Smythes, found many sympathizers, while the so-called "Viscount Hinton" had several strong supporters in members of the nobility. Each of the contestants of the Stewart estate in this city seems to have had people to believe in his case, while a somewhat similar and almost as famous case in the West, that of Thomas Swope, of Kansas City, has already produced two apparently well-backed claimants.

The Tichborne case was famous, not only on account of the attention that it attracted, but also from the fact that it was the longest modern trial before an English court. The claimant was brought from Australia at the expense of Lady Tichborne, who had never believed that her son Roger had perished with the foundering of the sailing ship *Belle*, on which he had taken passage at Valparaiso, for England. On the 10th day of the trial the claimant elected to be nonsuited, and was committed to jail, to be afterwards tried for perjury and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude.

He was a man of massive proportions and is said to have borne little resemblance to the real Roger Tichborne. His story, while in some points convincing, was, as a whole, pretty flimsy. He confessed, three years before his death, that he was the son of a butcher of Wapping, and that his name in reality was Arthur Orton. Yet in spite of all this, said a London newspaper at the time of Sir Henry Tichborne's death, "even to this day one may come across those who still maintain that Arthur Orton who died in poverty in Marylebone twelve years ago, was the real Sir Roger."

The case of John Orth. The application filed in the court at Vienna for the registration of the death of the Archduke Johann Salvator is evidence to cause more trouble to the local authorities than they had anticipated. The summons to "all persons having knowledge of the archduke" to inform the court of the facts has brought forth many stories. Many of these are upon such a flimsy foundation that no attention will be paid to them, but there are others which will be thoroughly investigated.

The archduke, it will be remembered, abandoned the Austrian court—some said because he had distaste for the world and others because he did not secure political favors that he wished—fell in love with Milli Stubel, the premier daughter, married her in London, and then took her to sea on the steamer *Santa Margherita* and disappeared. According to the generally accepted story, he was last seen when he set sail from Buenos Ayres for Valparaiso.

While it is evident that the *Santa Margherita* was lost, it is asserted that "Johann Orth" never sailed on her, or if he did that he was saved from the wreck. An engineer named Renaux has offered himself as a witness before the court, saying that he saw Orth after the time of the alleged wreck and helped him to find an "estancia" in the disputed zone between Chile and Argentina, and afterward visited him several times.

An instance of this was the often-told story that John White Booth was not killed in the barn in which he was said to have died for safety, but that he lived for many years after the assassination of President Lincoln in the mountains of Kentucky and only revealed his identity at the time of his death. Marshal Ney, it is believed by many, was not shot to death in Paris in 1815, but lived to come to America. The rifles of the soldiers who were detailed to carry out the order of his execution were loaded with blanks and the marshal was carried by friends to a vessel on the French coast from there sent to North Carolina, where he became a teacher and lived to a ripe old age. Several books in support of this theory have been written.

So many persons have investigated the case of the lost dauphin of France, and so much ink has been spilled upon the persons to be seated in certain pews. The numbers of the pews and names of those who are to occupy them at the ceremony are then given to the ushers.

The style of decorations for both a church and a house wedding must depend largely upon the taste of the bride, and also on the amount of money which can be spent.

At a house wedding there should be either a small altar with flowers massed back of it, or merely masses of potted plants and cut flowers at the end of the room where the bridal party are to stand. A prie dieu or two cushions for the bride couple to kneel on should be placed in front of the space where the clergyman is to stand.

Finally the expenses of the wedding are borne almost entirely by the bride's family. The groom pays for the bride's bouquet and those sent to the maid of honor and bridesmaids, the gloves and neckties for his own attendants, the fees for the clergyman and sexton, the carriage in which he and his best man go to the church, and if carriages are needed for the ushers, he also pays for them. The organist is sometimes paid by the groom, but as a rule the bride's family pay for the music as well as the decorations in the church.

## TOLD BY OLD CIRCUS MAN

### He Sets at Rest a Delusion Long Held About Dwarfs and Giants.

"You know," said the old circus man, "there's a lot of people think that giants and dwarfs and that sort of thing, freaks, haven't much mind; think they may be wonderful, all right, in some ways, but they're just plain old-fashioned. I've shown you in many ways how our giant, the greatest of all giants, knocked that idea silly, and what a sensible, level-headed chap he really was, as well as being good humored, human, ready witted like other folks. I was just thinking of a little thing that showed all this that made us all laugh when it happened."

"The giant had always worn suspenders, as most folks did in those days, and then he got a notion that he'd like to have some trousers to wear with a belt, and we used to get him always whatever he wanted, and so we had some trousers built for him to wear with a belt, and he liked them immensely, and then something came to us that nobody, not even the giant himself, had thought of until that minute, and that was that he had no belt."

"We were still in winter quarters at this time, but just getting ready to take the road, and when this want struck us the giant and I went to town to get him a belt without either of us realizing what a difficult thing to do that was going to be because neither he nor any of us kept his great size in mind, we were so accustomed to it. But in this case, as happened every now and then, we were reminded of it sharply."

"When we got to the furnishing goods store where the whole show traded the giant stood out in the street, as he always did when we went about, and I went in and got the biggest belt they had and brought it out and handed it up to him, and he started reeling it through the belt straps just as if it was going to do, but, by gracious, it didn't take more than half a minute to discover that it wouldn't go anywhere near around him! He was not a fat man, you

understand; he was a man of good proportions, but even at that the belt wouldn't begin to go around him, to say nothing of buckling, and we both had to smile when he looked at it on him; but the giant was disappointed for all that, because he wanted a belt, and he wanted it then."

"The storekeeper said he'd order a belt made right up and have it there ready for us in a week sure, but that wouldn't do because the show was going to start in four days, and so there we were with the giant fixed out beautifully with the trousers he wanted, but no belt; and really when we started back home he was quite put out. But we got what we wanted after all."

"Going down the street we passed, as we always did, the store where they sold trunks, and I never thought anything of that, but this morning when we passed the trunk store the giant touched me on the shoulder and when I looked up he was smiling down, and also he was pointing at the trunk store window."

"There, with their buckles on nails at the window's top and hanging down by the glass in front and with their other ends trailing off somewhere back on the floor of the window, we saw displayed a lot of trunk straps, some tan and some black. The giant said he'd rather have a tan one, and I went in and bought the longest one they'd got and brought it out. The giant started reeling this belt through his belt straps and it was plenty long enough; went around him all right and buckled easily in front, with a length of four or five holes to spare. And then we went on; the giant with a belt that fitted him nicely, and both of us pleased and happy."

"It makes me laugh when I hear people say that giants have no minds, for I know of one, anyway, that had just as good brains as anybody."

The government has undertaken to solve the high cost of living in Vienna by making a grant of \$200,000 per year for ten years for the erection of dwellings of medium size.

Richmond was of the number who in after years presented a claim. He was recognized, it is said, as the dauphin by Mme. Simon, who survived her husband some fifteen years, and she spent her old age in an asylum. Naundorf's claim has been considered by many as the most serious, and many carefully prepared reviews of his case have been written and widely circulated. Naundorf died in 1845 and his widow and children laid claim in the French courts to the civil rights of Louis XVI, but though they were championed by no less an advocate than Jules Favre, they were unsuccessful. The Naundorfists, however, did not relinquish their allegiance. They honored in turn Naundorf's son, Charles X; his brother and successor, Charles XI, and now the present claimant, Jean III.

Another claimant about whom much has been written and who found many supporters was the Rev. Eleazer Williams, who it was said was brought to America and left among the Oneida Indians in New York State. It is stated by the supporters of his claim that Williams was visited by members of the French nobility and that money was offered if he would renounce all his rights to the French throne. Williams' grandson, George Williams, who if the claim could be substantiated would be the great-grandson of Louis XVI, lives in St. Louis and is a weighmaster in the employ of a railroad.

He caught the homely half-swear punger of the rye bread, with its ring of caraway, reminiscent of hay fields and roadside fires. He even gloated a little over the more aristocratic aroma of the Gorgonzola, itself compacted of many fragrances and thereto recalling the odor of wine and nuts and the demi-tasse. The crinkle of the paper as the purveyor folded it over and tucked in the ends touched the springs of appetite more keenly than sight or smell had done. It was a long time since he had had just that crinkle had enveloped the buns of his boyhood holidays.

In a way not quite intelligible he found himself seated on a bench in St. Paul's churchyard, where it is quite in good form to eat with one's fingers.

Pigeons were crooning and perking and stepping about, flapping the paving stones with triangles of little scarlet feet. At high side sat a young fellow evidently poor, strange and scholarly. He gave an unconsciously eager sniff and turned quickly away.

"This bread," reflected the hungry man, may mean life to him. It's death to me, but he's Scotch, I'm sure, and won't receive a charity. Can I, in the bonds of common student fellowship—tide across? He slipped the suggestive little packet onto his neighbor's knee and said, "Aurum non surit mihi et argentea, quod autem habes, hoc tibi do."

Instantly came the answering flash of brotherhood. The Scotch boy knew the Latin Testament. He could cap that quotation.

"In Jesu nomine, Christi Nazarei, surge et ambulare," he responded.

"Surge et ambulare," repeated the hungry man. The imperative command gave just the spur his flagging will needed. He "arose and walked," beating out with his hand the cadence of the line:

"In Jesu nomine, Christi Nazarei." Persuasively the words clung to his consciousness. Perhaps it was a trick of inherited memory or a subtle suggestion of strength attainable by other avenues than by the five senses, but as he mounted the hospital steps, a sudden pulse of aspiration rose within him and flooded his soul.

"I wonder if this is not hope?" he said.

DRIVES GAME FROM WOODS. Find a Safe Retreat in Big Swamps of Northwest.

According to the opinion of an old resident of the country about Kellher and the upper and lower Red Lakes, the forest fires, which have been burning with more or less regularity in the wooded sections of that community, have had a tendency to force the moose and deer from their usual haunts into the more swampy parts and more particularly to the big swamps north of the upper Red Lake, where there is a safe retreat from fires.

While these fires are not heavy or dangerous, yet they are sufficiently severe to disturb the big game animals and cause them to seek more congenial quarters.

The country about the Rapid River, which flows northward from a point northwest of Red Lake to Rainey River on the Canadian boundary, has always been the habitat of large droves of caribou, about the only stamping ground of these animals in the Northern States.

Parties who have visited the Rapid River section state that there are more caribou this year than ever, and that deer and moose have been added in large numbers since the summer season began. As Agent Bishop, Red Lake agency, is co-operating with the officials of the State Game and Fish Commission to prevent the slaughter of big game by the Indians, the deer, moose, and caribou in the Rapid country have been but little disturbed this summer.

Enough Is Enough. From the Galena Gazette. To whom it may concern: Mr. N. Bauman hereby gives notice that you may put up your bulls or expect to pay heavy damages, as he will no longer be pestered and damaged as he has been of late.

Many Have Asked. From the Tattler. "Mummy, do foxes have newspapers?" "No, dear, why?" "Then how do they know where the hounds meet?"

## BREAD.

By KATHERINE GIRLING.

In Good Housekeeping. "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus, Christ of Nazareth arise and walk."

He had been commanded to remain in bed, which was folly, for he was not ill. Moreover, it was a wholly intolerable waste of time. He did not expect to pull through the operation, and this might well be his last day. In the upper story of his mind he was reflecting, in a detached sort of way, upon the fact that though he had taken exquisite pains to prepare his body, they had done worse than nothing for his mind. Every step of the way had been like a bad dream. Even his clothes, hanging dejectedly in the wardrobe in his room, were depressing. The sleeves still retained the crook of his elbow, but any tailor would from every wrinkle of suggestion out-to-morrow.

His nurse was called to the telephone in an enclosed booth at the end of the hall. His clothing claimed acquaintance and five minutes later he let himself out of the hospital door into the sunlight of a June day, into air not tainted with the repellently virtuous odor of disinfectants.

He sauntered up the narrow way towards St. Paul's Cathedral. Could he find for his one hour what American children called a "good time"?

A pang reminded him that his money was in the hospital safe vault. He was hungrier than was comfortable. They had given him a glass of milk for dinner, and no one had referred to breakfast. Perhaps that was why his ordinary senses were so acute as to be painful.

He searched his pockets for loose change. A sixpence! It might as well have been nothing, but he stopped in a purveyor's shop and ordered two cuts of the rye.

"Two cuts," did the purveyor understand him to say, "off the rye? Oh, two slices of rye bread." He drew his lean knife twice across the loaf.

"Wouldn't the gentleman have anything to eat?" "Cheese?" "Swiss cheese," he repeated, with the falling inflection of certainty.

No, the gentleman preferred Gorgonzola. The purveyor nodded discreet satisfaction and with the hand of an artist, carved a flat, truncated tile which fitted the bread slices in a tidy way. Then he laid an opaque oblong of oiled paper on his marble slab and arranged a sandwich with delicacy and deftness. The hungry man was not too hungry to note the subdued grayish brown of the bread, the warmer brown of whose crust caught soft lights on its glazed surface; the crumbling whiteness of the cheese flecked with soft green patches.

He caught the homely half-swear punger of the rye bread, with its ring of caraway, reminiscent of hay fields and roadside fires. He even gloated a little over the more aristocratic aroma of the Gorgonzola, itself compacted of many fragrances and thereto recalling the odor of wine and nuts and the demi-tasse. The crinkle of the paper as the purveyor folded it over and tucked in the ends touched the springs of appetite more keenly than sight or smell had done.

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## WHO'S WHO IN CURRENT PLAYS

With the avowed intention of forsaking musical comedy for the legitimate stage, Clara Palmer, now the prima donna with "The Deacon and the Lady," becomes one of the most interesting personalities before the footlights. Miss Palmer is now filling her last contract as a musical comedy prima donna. Henceforth the stage will welcome her as a "dramatic queen," and the matinee "girlies" and the sentimental matrons will now prepare to weep and bestow upon the new aspirant for steller honors the same halo which they have generously accorded her as a prima donna.

Miss Palmer comes out very seriously in her announcement to adopt the legitimate stage. It is apparently no joke with her. "Why not?" she recently remarked to some friends. "I have had the best training in the world. Musical comedy offers no advantages to ambitious girls with dramatic instincts beyond the ordinary, so I am determined to become a great actress, and there you are." Miss Palmer possesses all the qualifications of a popular prima donna. She is blessed with a fine singing voice, has a splendid personality, and is an actress of a type long admitted in music comedy. Born in Buffalo, N. Y., Miss Palmer shortly afterward was taken to Vienna, Austria, the home of her mother, where she received her early education, which was entirely in the native tongue.

Returning to America in her twelfth year, she was placed in the Sacred Heart Convent in Philadelphia, where her education was completed. At an early age she entered the chorus of a summer opera company in Philadelphia, in which capacity she remained for two seasons, appearing from time to time, when chance presented, as an understudy for several of the principals. Later Miss Palmer appeared with much success as a principal member of the Augustin Daly musical comedy company, and later on with Francis Wilson, James T. Powers, "The Girl from Kays," and "The Midnight Song," with which latter organization she appeared in the role created by Lottie Faust. In all the above Miss Palmer invariably assumed the leading roles.

Harry Depp, of the "Three Million Dollars," company, last appeared in Washington as the chaperon in "The Fair Co." with Elsie Jarvis. His dancing was one of the features of the play.

One of the regulars of the presents of the smart musical comedy of to-day is the juvenile man. To wear evening clothes as if accustomed to them, to talk drawing room chatter, to walk with the stride of an earl, appropriately adjust the tail hat and the gloves, and enter and exit with all the decorum of the well-bred gentleman, is now considered one of the exact requirements. Donald Brian, when with "Little Johnny Jones," set the pace for this fantastic style of "acting." He was quickly gobbled up by Henry Savage for "The Merry Widow," and nearly every musical comedy presented within a year or so has endeavored to make this particular character a prominent feature.

In securing Fletcher Norton for the new musical play, "The Deacon and the Lady," Messrs. Aaron & Wecha have been particularly fortunate in engaging one who has long been identified with the best of musical productions. In "The Deacon and the Lady" he is provided with a role that gives every opportunity for him to sustain the reputation gained in the past by his prominent association

with "The Toreador," "Belle of Mayfair," "Pluffy Ruffles," "His Honor the Mayor," "The Newly Weds," "Queen of the Moulin Rouge," "McIntyre & Heath," and a dozen other big musical shows.

One of the latest recruits to the musical comedy ranks from the vaudeville stage is Ed Wynn, who appears in an important part in the new musical comedy, "The Deacon and the Lady." Wynn will be remembered for his excellent work in "Mr. Busybody" and "The Billiken Freshman," in which sketches he has been a headliner at all the principal vaudeville theaters in the country. Mr. Wynn's work is of the "chappy" style, and his part in "The Deacon and the Lady" offers him unusual opportunities.

George W. Barber, of the cast of "Three Million Dollars," who is admitted to one of America's real character actors, may be said to be New Jersey's most representative member of the theatrical profession. He has maintained a home at Bayonne for years. Mr. Barber belongs to the leading yacht club of Bayonne, being an enthusiastic yachtsman.

One of the most original and unique characters now before the footlights is Harry Kelly, the star of "The Deacon and the Lady." No matter whether in musical comedy or vaudeville, one is always sure to find Mr. Kelly in a character he has made famous, that of "Deacon Flood," which he first brought to prominence while with "His Honor the Mayor." In this character Mr. Kelly can get more laughs by doing straight than most other comedians can by resorting to all kinds of "monkey shins." Mr. Kelly has come out with the announcement that he intends to be "Deacon Flood" the rest of his life, and that the manager who wants his services will be compelled to have this character written in for him in any musical play in which he appears hereafter. "The Deacon and the Lady" was especially written for Mr. Kelly by Alfred E. Aarons and George Totten Smith, who studied all the eccentricities of the characters closely, with the result that they have fitted Mr. Kelly with an excellent vehicle.

Cyril Scott, the star of "The Lottery Man," the screaming comedy that comes to the Belasco Theater this week, is what Henry Van Dyke would call an out-of-doors man. The actor golfs, has his own motor car, and is only under roof when he sleeps or plays. He owns a big farm at Bayside, L. I., with a herd of real Jersey cows, and here the actor swings a scythe, crops his hedges, and takes his ease in the summertime. Mr. Scott is a native of Ireland, but has been in this country since an early age. His first stage appearance was in August, 1883, in "The Girl I Love," at Paterson, N. J. Previous to that he had done much profitable work as an amateur. During this first engagement he received \$3 a week and his board. He had the role of a negro and doubled on another small part.

A year later he played with Miss Minnie Madden, now better known as Mrs. Fields, in "Caprice," after which his rise was rapid. He was associated with both the Lyceum and Empire theater companies, and for several seasons was in musical comedy, appearing in "The Circus Girl," "The Geisha," "The Runaway Girl," "Papa's Wife," and "The Castigo Girl." "The Prince Chap" marked his return to straight comedy in 1905.

## LAUREL.

Miss Swartzell, of Washington, who has just returned from abroad, made a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Joseph Hunt, last week.

Mrs. Whitman, of Washington, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Neuman.

Mrs. Marvin Bonney, of Annapolis, has been the guest of her cousins, the Misses Jenkins.

Mrs. Wilton J. Lambert and children are visiting State Senator and Mrs. A. P. Gorman at their home, Fairview.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Bowling and family, who have been spending the summer at Bowling Heights, have returned to their home in Laurel.

Miss Maud Weinberger, of Chillum, is visiting Miss Helen Crandle at her home in Main street.

Mrs. Murray Tyler and daughter are at Atlantic City for two weeks.

Mr. Samuel Holton and family of New York are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson in Prince George street.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Pithian are visiting Mrs. Pithian's mother, Mrs. Mary Millstead, for a week.

Miss Doris Quinn, of New York, who visited the Misses Middleton the early part of the summer, spent a day and night with them last week on her way to visit friends in Virginia.

Mrs. Miller, of St. Louis, is visiting her sister, Mrs. William E. Gilbert, at her home in Main street.

Miss Mattie Jones, of Elliott City, is the guest of Mrs. Charles H. Stanley, in Prince George street.

Miss Anna C. Hill arrived home last week to attend the wedding of her brother, Mr. Roy E. Hill.

Miss Mary Temple, of Baltimore, has been visiting Mrs. W. H. Penn.

Miss Lula Tighe is visiting friends in Washington.

Mrs. Ralph Hills, who has been visiting State Senator and Mrs. A. P. Gorman, has gone to Cape May.

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The session of 1910-1911 opens and actual work begins on September 28th, at 4:30 p. m.

For catalogue and further information, call or write The Secretary of the Department of Law, The New Masonic Temple, 12th and N. Y. ave.

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