

DEATHS OF NOTED HEAD OF BOTANIC GARDEN

William R. Smith Passes Away at Age of Eighty- Four.

After battling nobly for four weeks against an illness that he knew was fatal, William R. Smith, the venerable superintendent of the National Botanic Garden, succumbed to heart disease this morning at 12:47 o'clock. With him at his bedside were his two dearest friends, C. L. Reynolds, who has been acting superintendent since Mr. Smith has been ill, and John Clark, assistant superintendent, and a friend of Mr. Smith from childhood. Mrs. Harry Ramsey and two nurses were the only others present when the eighty-four-year-old gardener breathed his last.

Funeral On Tuesday.

The funeral will take place at 2:30 p. m., Tuesday. It was Mr. Smith's wish that his funeral be conducted under Masonic auspices, and this wish will be carried out. Part of the ballbearers will be members of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants of which Mr. Smith had long been a member, and the rest will be chosen from the Masons. The services will be held at the Scottish Rite Temple and the burial will be at Rock Creek.

The body was taken to the undertaking establishment of Thomas S. Sergeant III, Seventh street northwest, this morning where it was prepared for burial.

Superintendent Smith was first attacked with heart trouble last October. He rallied from the attack and for a time was apparently in good health. About a month ago, however, he had another attack and it was known at once that it would be impossible for him ever again to rise from his bed.

Physical Condition Good.

During this time he has surprised even his closest friends by his remarkable amount of reserve strength. The life in the open had always been his and the physical care he had taken of himself during his youth had served to furnish him with a most excellent constitution.

Several times during the illness it was thought that Mr. Smith could not live an hour. At one time his heart stopped beating for four minutes and it was thought that he was dead. But he was revived by stimulants and has lived nearly two weeks since this occurrence.

Field Position Sixty Years.

For nearly sixty years the superintendent of the United States Botanic Gardens, William Robertson Smith, was one of the most picturesque figures in the National Capital.

Scotch to the core, as ardent in his love for the heather and the highlands of his native land as he was for his plants and flowers, and the award of no prouder title than to be called "gardener." He disliked the term "superintendent." He was equally opposed to the highfalutin and Latin word "horticulturist." But it made him happy when he was addressed as gardener.

William Robertson Smith was born in Athelstone Falls, East Lothian, Scotland, in 1828, on a day and month which even his closest friends profess not to know. By heredity and environment he was destined to be a gardener, for his father had been one before him. He was left an orphan at an early age, was reared by a grandmother, who apprenticed him, before he had had much schooling, to the gardens of Hon. Thomas Mitchell Inner, of Fife, East Lothian, and later to Lord Elcho, who was later Earl of Wemyss.

Attends Night School.

As a journeyman gardener, he went to the estate of Lord Abercrombie, near Sterling, and before he was sixteen years of age he had served with the Duke of Athole, at Dunkeld, Perthshire, and at Mt. Melville, near St. Andrews, Fifeshire. There he attended night school and put some finishing touches on his education. Then he was appointed to the Royal Tew Gardens, working there two years.

With the purpose of improving his fortunes, and also taking advantage of the superior educational facilities for the poor man in the United States, he crossed the Atlantic in November, 1853, directly after completing his work with Peter Lawson's Sons Nursery, at Edinburgh. At first he went to Philadelphia, but on a trip to Washington he was offered an opportunity to take charge of the Botanic Gardens, which then consisted of a patch of flowers and a cottage tucked away in a corner of the Mall. He accepted it.

Since then his career has been intertwined with the Botanic Gardens of the Capital, and he has been in charge of it without bringing in the other. No man knew the story of the last fifty years in Washington better than he. He fought in the battle of Bull Run with the Federals, but not as an enlisted man. He was compelled to return to the city to care for his plants and flowers shortly afterward.

Ambitious for Gardens.

Under his direction the Botanic Gardens have been developed and expanded to their present proportions. Although he rarely spoke on the subject, the gardeners are proud of his ambitions for their growth and he was often impatient with the apathy and indifference of Congress over them, which he claimed to be the pride of the entire nation. He always lived in the midst of the gardens, in the house which he had built, which was erected shortly after his advent here. His wife has been an invalid, suffering from a mental disease, for more than twenty years, and has been in an institution in Baltimore during that period. He leaves no children, and since that time a few good old Scotch friends in the city, he had no companions in his declining years save his household.

A romantic episode in his life is involved in the career of one of his assistant gardeners, John Clark. Smith was best man at Clark's wedding in Scotland the night before he sailed for the United States in 1852. He was urgent in his demand that Clark come to Washington and depart from his native Scotland. Clark, however, refused to come until about fourteen years ago, and since that period has been Smith's "right-hand man" at the gardens.

Since boyhood the two men had been almost brothers in their devotion to

Vista Through Botanic Garden, and Superintendent Who Died Today

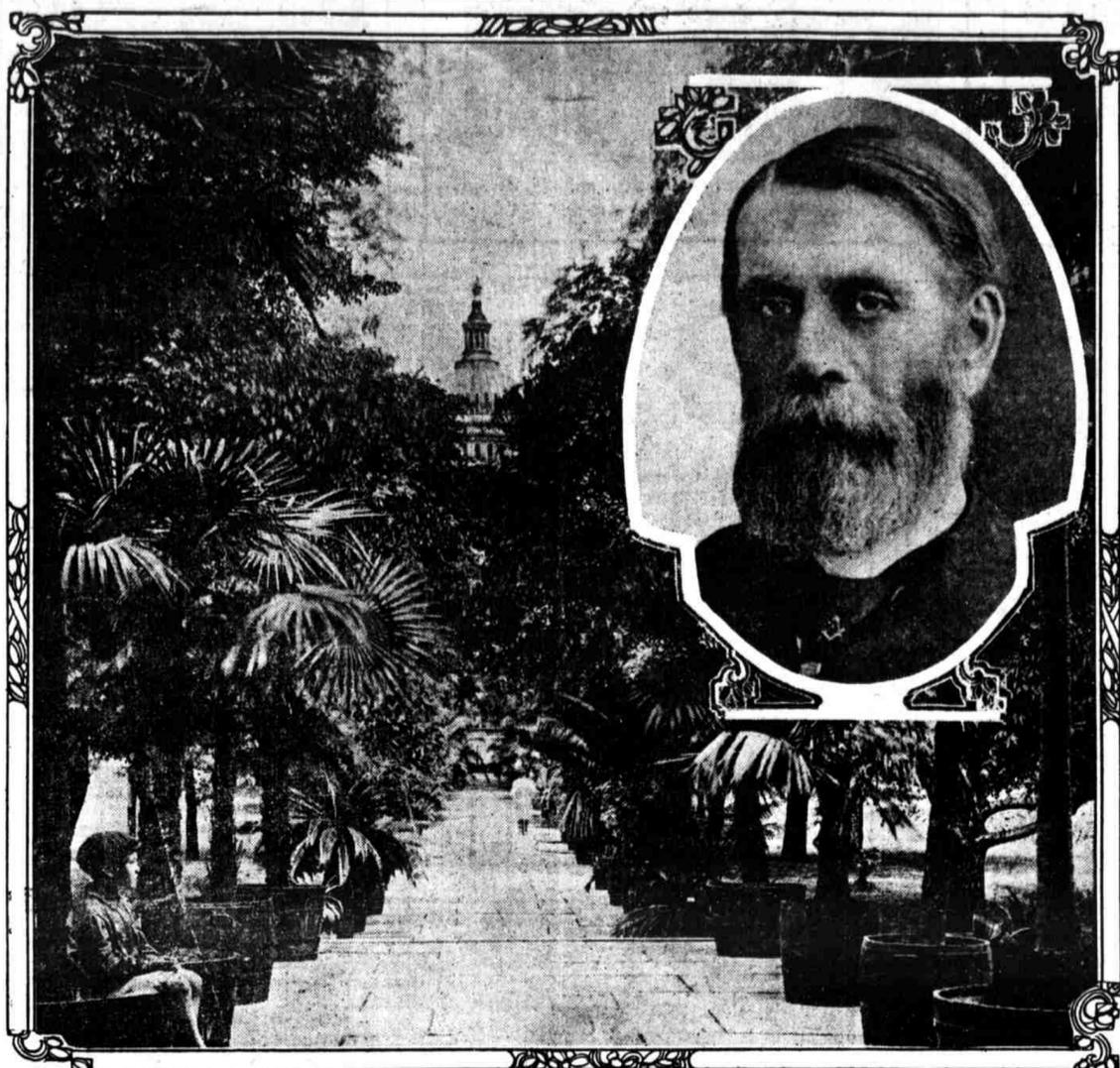


PHOTO BY G.V. BUICK

each other. Now that Smith is gone his old Scotch friend is his chief mourner.

Was Burns Collector.

Mr. Smith possessed what is believed to be the greatest collection of Robert Burns' works in the world. As he loved the writings of the immortal Bobby, so he died among hundreds and hundreds of volumes written by or about Scotland's greatest son.

He used to point with pride to the more than 800 volumes that filled the walls of the two-room brick cottage he lived in these many years. Not only were they lined up on shelves, but in corners, on tables and stuffed in drawers.

Besides the volumes he had biographies, critical reviews and commentaries, poems, and addresses, all dealing with the man whom all Scotchmen loved. Two hundred of the collection were given to the grand marquis Andrew Carnegie. The two Scotchmen, whose lives seemed to have run so far apart, were the best of friends; real friends, and they were equally opposed to each other. The death of the botanist will be mourned by Carnegie and by those who knew and loved his simple life.

One Fault in Collection.

There is but one thing to mar the collection of books, and that is it has no original of the very first edition, known as the Kilmarnock edition, because it was printed there in 1786. There were only 600 copies of that issue, and they have become so rare that a single copy now will bring over \$1,000.

Through this earliest edition is wanting, except in facsimile, there are two copies of the second edition, the one known as the first Edinburgh, printed there in 1787. One of these copies has been rebound, but the other is in its original binding.

Mr. Smith bought one of these in 1850 for \$9, but now it would bring several hundred dollars. The first Edinburgh facsimile is an interesting "Ragman's Roll," or list of subscribers. Five thousand were printed, though the subscriptions, of course, were far from that number.

An interesting volume is one printed in London in 1787, really the third edition. It is known as the "stinking edition," because of the error which the English typographer made in the well-known poem, "To a Haggis."

Signed By Labor Leader.

One of the most interesting of the collection given him by Mr. Carnegie is one printed at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1802. Under the portrait of Burns, which forms the frontispiece, is written in bold hand: "Dumb Labour, this day 1789, found its voice in Robert Burns." JOHN BURNS.

Glasgow, January 25, 1891. The inscription was placed there by the labor leader who is now a member of parliament. Though his name is the same he is not related to the Robert Burns family.

Mr. Smith was perhaps one of the best versed men in the world on Burns' works, and he was a great admirer of the famous Scotchman's poems, and had read every volume of Burns he could secure.

Board of Trust Named.

In his will Superintendent Smith bequeathed this remarkable collection of books to a board of trust, with the wish that they be "an aid to preserving the republic in pure democracy—with demagogues left out." The board will consist of five members: Theodore Norris, Blair Lee, Secretary of Agriculture; James Wilson, Champ Clark, David Hutchenson, Thomas Nelson Page, John Barrett, Oliver Robinson, Dr. Charles C. Marbury, and Albert Douglas.

It will be necessary for this board to meet before it can be known definitely what is going to become of the books, as the collector did not indicate in his will or otherwise what city should receive them. Inasmuch as his whole life has been spent in Washington, and as it is known that he loved this city more than any other in the world, it is believed that the board will make some arrangements for housing the books here.

MEXICAN REBELS NOW EXPECT TO GET AID FROM JAPAN

Complications Loom Up in Situation as Revolt Seemed Crushed.

(Continued from First Page.)

ists at Juarez plan to slip away and join Orozco in Sonora. Juarez is of little use to the rebels, because this Government is shutting off arms and supplies with a strict hand. The result of the stringent action of this Government is bitter feeling against Americans in Mexico on the part of the revolutionists. This feeling may break out into attacks on American residents at any time. Thus far, however, the rebels in Juarez have kept good order.

Orozco Planning to Seize Pacific Seaport To Get His Supplies

EL PASO Tex., July 7.—Hurrying into Sonora to capture a seaport and open what they declare will be an endless ammunition supply, the Mexican rebels are moving rapidly westward from the scene of their defeat Thursday, near Sihuahua.

Those of the rebel army sent by rail to Juarez are being prepared today to be entrained southeast to Casas Grandes to follow the advance guard of rebels under Gen. Emilio Campa, now well into Sonora. The rest of the main rebel army has been sent westward across country from Sams, a point just north of Chihuahua ostensibly to follow into Sonora, but in reality it is declared to make a circuit through the mountainous country which they know so well west of Chihuahua, and attempt then to slip south and get in behind General Huerta at Chihuahua, cut his communication with Mexico City and try to fight their way to join Argueda and his rebel army in Durango.

SOLDIERS HELD FOR THEFT OF DIAMOND

Treasury Watchman Extends Hospitality To Strangers To His Regret.

Martin J. Battle, watchman in the Treasury Department, will never again extend hospitalities to strangers. Battle recently lost a \$25 diamond pin because he extended the hospitality of his rooms at 1917 Pennsylvania avenue to William Welsh and Michael Stout, both members of the Third Field Artillery of Fort Myer.

On the night of the Fourth, Battle met the men after midnight and invited them to his rooms. He left them in one room for a short time, he says, supposing they were about to retire for the night. Returning and finding them still fully dressed he met the explanation that they would be late at the fort in the morning, and they then departed. At breakfast time Battle missed his pin.

Detectives Cox and Berman took Welsh and Stout into custody, and Welsh surrendered the pin. He denied that he had taken it from Battle's rooms and said Stout had given it to him. Stout declared he never had seen the pin before. The two soldiers are held in the First precinct station.

Baby Talk.

Old Friend (playfully)—And so you married a Boston girl? Can you always understand her when she talks? Mr. Gotham—Um—not when she talks to the baby.—Poster, in New York Weekly.

Marines Withdrawn.

CAIMANERA, Cuba, July 7.—All the marines belonging to the United States battleships who have been stationed at posts in the province of Oriente have been withdrawn and replaced by other detachments. The fourth division of the United States Atlantic fleet sailed northward last evening. The supply ship Celtic, the hospital ship Solace, and the fuel ship Cyclops remain.

Rebels Are Angry.

The rebels call this unfair and openly declare that "we are forced to fight two governments." The situation has become extremely dangerous on the border for American residents by reason of this attitude of the American Government.

Rebels Are Angry.

There is a fear that a clash may come from another source. Governor Colquitt has threatened to send the Texas militia here if the United States does not give him assurance of an armed invasion of Juarez in the event of another battle in that city that should result as the one did a year ago, when twenty Americans were killed or wounded in El Paso from flying bullets and shells. United States troops and many citizens fear that the militiamen, if sent here, being inexperienced and impetuous, might bring on a clash with the already sensitive Mexican rebels that would embroil the two countries. No actual orders have been issued to the Texas militia to come, but the State guard has been ordered to be in readiness.

If the Texas militia comes here, we regulars are going to have to go into Juarez to get them out of their trouping about anything," said an army captain today.

ACTOR HITCHCOCK AND WIFE QUARREL ON DECK OF LINER

Miss Zabelle Signs Papers After Husband Assaults Friend.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Raymond Hitchcock, the actor, created a scene yesterday on the liner Moltke, just before she sailed from Hoboken. It was started with the father of his wife, whose stage name is Miss Flora Zabelle, and it seemed to be about a man called Charlie, who later appeared on the scene. After a little "rough house" it ended with Miss Zabelle signing some papers which her husband and a lawyer who accompanied him had brought from Manhattan.

Miss Zabelle was traveling with her father, M. M. Mangasarian, a Chicago pastor. They had a suite of rooms on the ship, and were arranging their belongings when, about half an hour before sailing time, Mr. Hitchcock appeared.

He and Mr. Mangasarian became involved in a dispute almost at once. Mr. Hitchcock spoke loudly and excitedly, despite warnings by his wife and the lawyer, that everyone could hear. The burden of the actor's plaint seemed to be that he knew "Charlie" was sailing on the same ship. He claimed that "Charlie" was following Miss Zabelle around. Hitchcock's father-in-law indignantly denied the presence of "Charlie" on board, or that he was expected on board. Mr. Mangasarian declared he and his daughter were traveling together, and that Hitchcock's allegations were unfounded.

In the midst of these indignant denials a young man pushed through the group carrying two suit cases. Mr. Hitchcock greeted his appearance with a triumphant yell, and indicated that this was the "Charlie" he referred to.

"Charlie" seemed willing to mix right in, and Mr. Mangasarian rushed out for some of the ship's company. He was married a Boston girl? Can you always understand her when she talks? Mr. Hitchcock and "Charlie" went to a clinch, and would have gone farther had they not been pulled apart.

An officer of the ship soon restored quiet, except that Hitchcock added his demands to those of his lawyer that Miss Zabelle sign the documents. She consulted with "I'd sign most anything to get rid of you."

While the signing was in progress "Charlie" who had explained to the irritated onlookers that his presence was all an "accident." Then he dropped out of sight, and as the bell sounded Hitchcock and his lawyer raced for the last gangplank.

Former Commission Merchant Announces He Is About to Try Suicide.

Wade H. Moreland, the former commission merchant, who shot himself in front of his home, 55 Seaton place northwest, following a telephone message to his brother-in-law, F. J. George, that he intended to commit suicide, is hovering between life and death at the Freedmen's Hospital.

Physicians attending Moreland at the hospital, where he was rushed in an ambulance, said today that Moreland's condition is most precarious. A bullet lodged in his left lung, and hemorrhage is threatened. The man's condition is such that an operation to remove the bullet is inadvisable. Mrs. Moreland is reported in a condition bordering on the hysterical today, following a sleepless night, and relatives have restrained her from going to her husband's bedside at the hospital.

Lack of employment, a misunderstanding at home, and drinking combined to bring Moreland into the state of mind where death seemed desirable. Calling up at 10 o'clock last evening his brother-in-law, who lives at 442-Eleven-th street southwest, Moreland, cried over a telephone from somewhere in the business section of the city:

"It's all up with me; I'm going to do it."
"Going to do what?" asked George.
"Going to do away with myself," replied Moreland, hanging up the receiver.

George at once notified the police of the Fourth precinct, who started a general lookout for Moreland. George endeavored fruitlessly to find out from what place Moreland had telephoned. After searching in vain himself for about two hours, George returned home.

On arrival he was called on the telephone by his sister, Mrs. Moreland, who said that her husband was in front of the Seaton place residence brandishing a revolver. George advised his sister to try to get someone to take the gun away from him. Then George jumped into an automobile and drove for the neighborhood of the would-be suicide.

He arrived too late. Moreland, after firing two shots in the air, had run half a block down the street and then bracing himself against a lamp post, pulled the pistol at his heart and grazed the wall of the heart.

The emergency hospital ambulance arrived after a little, and it was decided to rush Moreland to the Freedmen's Hospital, which is much nearer the scene of the attempt at suicide. On arrival there physicians determined that the man's strength was too spent to permit a profit for the bullet.

Moreland was engaged in the ^{Sh} and game business in the ^{Arde} Market until a few months ago, when he sold out. Since then he has been spending his money freely. It is reported, and been vainly seeking new occupation.

Three members of George's family, his wife and two children, have been seriously ill for some days.

Feel Equal to Any Task

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