

# ALWAYS THE WOMAN!

Recent Tragedies in Real Life in Which the Frail, but Beautiful, Have Had Part--Peculiar Case Is That of Countess Maria Tarnowska, for Love of Whom Six Men Have Ruined Themselves.

In the last few weeks the press of the entire world has reverberated with the news of several sensational cases in each of which a woman was the central figure. This sentence, just as it stands, might have been written at any time in history. Given a sensational piece of news—apart from the cataclysms of nature—and a woman's name is sure to be mixed up in it.

The cynical observer is ever ready to say, "There is always a woman in the case."

Of the most recent explosions in the great old world, explosions of which the report has been loud enough to be echoed even on this side of the Atlantic, most of the feminine causes are of doubtful beauty. That is to say, there may be at least two opinions about their beauty. Doubtless the generals and statesmen who fought duels over the Baroness von Siemens find her beautiful; unquestionably the man who was slain and the man who slew for love of her believed the Countess Tarnowska a dream of loveliness; probably the late Lord Sackville saw wondrous pulchritude in the face of Pepita Duran; King Leopold admired the Baroness Vaughan, and Mme. Steinhell had a group of intellectual men who wor-

hibited in the Paris Salon last year. Her first husband was one of the Siemens brothers of Berlin, who are famous as inventors and manufacturers of electrical machinery. Her second husband was Prince Malcolm Khan, ex-attaché of the Persian Legation in Rome, from whom she is divorced.

It was not pleasant to a woman in such an exalted social position to be called a spy, but that five distinguished men should rush like d'Aragnans to risk their lives in defense of her good name must have been balm to her wounded feelings.

Another woman to furnish copious material for the tongues of Europe in the last few weeks is the Countess Maria Tarnowska, whose trial for murder has been taking place in Venice. She is a daughter of the aged Count Nicholas O'Rurk, a Pole of Irish descent, and she is the mother of two pretty children, a boy and a girl. The man who was murdered was Count Paul Karmarowsky, who was fascinated by her. He was killed by a young Russian student named Naumow, who had also fallen under the spell of her fascination, and the charge against her was that she and a lawyer named Prilukow—also infatuated with her—had woven a diabolical plot and used Naumow as a tool to get rid of Karmarowsky.

Whatever doubt there may be as to

would have just the effect that it did have. This confession she has repudiated at her trial. The Venetian women wanted to lynch her when she was being led to court.

**Lord Sackville's Romance.**

An utterly different type was Pepita Duran, and the tragedy that followed in her wake was moral rather than physical. She was a Spanish dancer in 1852 when she met Lord Sackville, an English diplomat of note. They lived together till 1871, when she died, leaving two sons and three daughters. He sent the children to boarding school and retired to Knole, the magnificent old mansion that was his ancestral home. When Henry, the oldest son, was nineteen years old, his father told him that he could not inherit either the title or the estates, and that he would have to get out and earn his living away from England. He became a farmer in South Africa, but he was not satisfied, and returned to England, where he tried to prove that Lord Sackville had married his mother. This so offended the noble lord that he would have nothing more to do with his son.

**Husband in the Way.**

The reason Lord Sackville had not married Pepita Duran was that she already had a husband in the person of Juan Antonio Gabriel de Oliva, a dancer, who refused to get a divorce and did not die until 1888, thus disapproving Sackville, who would gladly have married Pepita and legitimized her children if only the Spaniard would have got out of the way.

On Lord Sackville's death a few years ago the title and estates went to a cousin of the noble lord's children, Henry, the South African farmer, went to England and claimed the title. The case has just been tried before the House of Lords and was decided last month, the House ruling that Lord Sackville had never married Pepita Duran and that therefore the claim of the plaintiff had no grounds. This for the young man was a tragedy, moral but none the less real.

The recent death of King Leopold of the Belgians brought into the limelight another woman—the Baroness Vaughan—whom the aged king had wedded not long before he passed away. She was a girl of humble extraction—her brother is a waiter, her sister a seller of vegetables—with whom he had lived for many years and who had borne him several children. For her this king made his daughters' lives miserable, virtually putting the young women out of his house; to her he left a vast fortune that ought, in the natural course of events, to have gone to his daughters. He ennobled her, he made one of her sons a duke, the other a baron, and he built palaces for them. Thus his infatuation for this woman cast a cloud upon the memory of a king who in many respects was really great.

**Mystery of Faure's Death.**

The recent trial of Mme. Steinhell in Paris for the murder of her mother, though it resulted in an acquittal, opened the door of a cupboard in which a skeleton had long lain hidden. It revealed that among the host of admirers of this wife of a complacent artist had been President Faure of France; it did not, however, unveil the mystery that surrounded the sudden death of that statesman, but rather drew it more tightly, for it was more than hinted that Mme. Steinhell had been present in the president's death chamber.

One of the great tragedies of modern history has never yet been explained authoritatively. It is known that the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the beautiful young Baroness Marie Vetsera were killed together in a hunting lodge at Mayerling twenty years ago. The one man still living who saw what happened that night is the Prince of Coburg, who is ending his days in such a disordered state of mind that nothing in the way of a revelation can be expected of him.

Archduke Rudolph married Princess Stephanie, daughter of Leopold of the Belgians, but they soon tired of each other, as they had little in common. Rudolph tried to have the marriage annulled, but the Emperor Francis Joseph forbade it. Rudolph was then passionately devoted to Marie Vetsera, a lovely girl not much more than sixteen years old. How their romance culminated in tragedy will never be known, but a certain doctor, a friend of the Belgian Princess Stephanie, Rudolph's wife, and Louise, wife of the Prince of Coburg, has just given the following version:

**Story of the Tragedy.**

There was a merry party at Mayerling, according to this doctor, and Prince Rudolph, excited by wine, boasted that Marie Vetsera had the most beautiful neck and shoulders of any woman in the world. Some one disputed the statement. Whereupon the archduke roughly tore the girl's bodice from her. Resenting this indignity in the presence of these reveling men the young baroness struck the crown prince in the face with a champagne glass, inflicting a severe cut. Instantly he shot her through the heart. One of the company seized a bottle of champagne and struck Rudolph over the head. The prince fell dead from the blow.

The list of women possessing a fatal charm might be continued indefinitely. Here in America, for instance, we have had the recent cases of Senator Platt, Stanford White, Harry Thaw and many others of men whose lives or careers were wrecked or damaged by infatuation for some woman.

It is a matter of history that the women who have wielded the most potent charm over men have fascinated by other means than mere beauty.

# MANAGERS of the NATIONAL LEAGUE CLUBS



**JENNINGS' PHILOSOPHY.**

Hughie Jennings, manager of the Detroit Tigers, was seated on the bench and Beckendorf was hitting the ball to the infield at San Antonio. Delahanty was playing deep second and Bush was located near third. Beckendorf hit the ball hard. It started for second. There seemed little chance of Delahanty reaching it. "Let it pass," yelled Beckendorf to Delahanty. "Get it!" yelled Hughie. "Never mind that. Let it pass." Don't call that this year. What you want to yell is, "Now get it!" It may look as though a man hasn't a chance to get a ball, but you never know till he tries to get it. It may hit a stone in the infield or the bag and bound well for the infielder. A man never knows what he can get and what he can't get. Often the easiest kind of grounders prove the hardest, and those that seem impossible prove easy.

These cities are rivals in many ways. There is constantly a battle between them for business. Their great manufacturers and wholesalers have salesmen on the road fighting daily for trade, but the struggle they put up in the commercial world never is fiercer than the fight for honors in the great national pastime.

Clarke, Wagner, Leach and Adams of Pittsburg; Chance, Brown, Tinker and Evers of Chicago, and McGraw, Matthewson, Witte and Raymond of New York, may be called the "drummers" who are out to bring the baseball honors to their cities and so on down the line.

Of course, all hope to win, but the season, which began April 14, will not be far advanced before some of the managers will know that they have little chance. The wisecracks of the baseball world agree that the fight, as in the last three seasons, will be between Pittsburg, Chicago and New York. Some give Cincinnati a chance, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that the final test will be between the old rivals, the Pirates, Cubs and Giants.

The Pittsburg Pirates are practically the same team that won the championship last year. Manager Fred Clarke, one of the greatest baseball generals that ever led a fight, has stood pat on his 1909 lineup with the exception of first base. Here he has Sharpe instead of Abstein. Of course he has some youngsters who will give a chance, but the hard work will fall upon the old timers.

Manager Frank Chance of the Cubs likewise is standing pat. His infield and outfield is the same as in 1909, and there is little likelihood of any change unless Beahm, purchased from Boston, takes Emmy Scheckard's place in left field. If Johnny Kling goes behind the bat the catching department will be strengthened. In acquiring Harry McIntyre, the spit ball artist, from Brooklyn, President Murphy added strength to the twirling corps that may play an important part. McIntyre has been a stumbling block for Pittsburg even when backed up by the weak Brooklyn team. With the Cub stars behind him McIntyre should do even better against the champions.

John McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, has not lost hope of beating out his rivals, Clarke and Chance. The Giants, like Pittsburg, were weak at first base, and McGraw tried hard to find a youngster who could cover the initial sack satisfactorily. He failed and will again depend upon Fred Melke, the Springfield, Ill., boy who forgot to touch second base and lost the championship for New York in 1908. Of course great dependence will be placed on Christy Matthewson, probably the greatest pitcher who ever threw a baseball.

Clark Griffith does not agree with the Cincinnati fans who say the trouble with Catcher McLean will put the Reds out of the running. The scrappy manager declares he will be in the race from start to finish and expects to land the team well up in the front rank.

Charley Doolin, the new manager of the Phillies, declares he will put the Quaker city on the map so far as the National league is concerned. In recent years the American league team in Philadelphia has won the honors for the city. Doolin says he will deprive Connie Mack of the honors he has held in Quakerdom.

Roger Bresnahan of St. Louis, "Bill" Dahlgren of Brooklyn and Fred Lake, manager of Boston, are laying no claims to the pennant, but each says he expects to do better than last year. However, the fans figure that the "cellar championship" again lies between these three teams.

**League President's Salary \$500.**

President Henry Sievers of the Nebraska league was first given a salary of \$400 for the year. It has now been raised to \$500, but out of it he is paying all of his traveling expenses and the expense of his secretary. He is simply a loyal devotee of the game, though never player himself. He managed the Grand Island team when it picked up such men as George Graham of Omaha, "Paddy" Ryan of the Portland (Ore.) team and Kelly Welsh a few years ago.

**Clarke Bars Spit Ball.**

Manager Fred Clarke of the Pittsburg club is the first National league club leader to take action against the spit ball. Clarke has ordered his pitchers not to use the spitter. "I think the spit ball will pass out of the major leagues entirely within a very short time," says the leader of the Pirates.

**Angel Food for Pitcher.**

Cy Hardgrove, who is having a trial with the Indianapolis team, pitched 14 double-headers last season for the Monmouth (Ill.) club. Cy won 12 of the bargain snaps and was presented an angel food cake by a fair lady fan.

## How I Win

By William Donovan  
Detroit's Great Pitcher Who is Known as "Wild Bill"

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I win, I believe, because I have experience added to speed and curve. How else I do not know. I give the credit to experience and knowledge gained by long service, because when I was new in the business I had more speed and more curves than I have now, and was not so good a pitcher. That being the case it looks as if experience wins.

Another big help in winning baseball games for a pitcher is working with the team. It may be a confession I am making, but here is truth. Of course I might claim that when I get in a tight place I use my brain and escape, but I have to confess that lots of times, when I get into places like that I just signal the fielders to play back, shoot the ball straight at the batter's bat, and trust to luck and his eagerness to hit the ball hard to save me.

Experience is, I think, my greatest stock in trade. Almost everyone has some speed and some curves, but it takes a lot of years and a lot of hard studying, to know how to use them to the best advantage. Also a pitcher must make something of a study of human nature, so he can know from the way a batter acts what condition of excitement he is in and pitch to him accordingly. There are a hundred little moves a batter makes that may inform a pitcher of his weaknesses just at that time. Lots of times I have seen a fellow who hits a high ball hard, for instance, set himself to hit a low one, and noticing his change of batting style, pitched high and got him. This power of observation comes mostly from experience, so it is not claiming any undue credit to claim to have some of it.

Thinking over things that have helped me win, do you know I think the one big thing in my success, such as it has been, has been in trying to help others. I never dug very deep into that part of it, but I've noticed I



BILL DONOVAN

have been luckiest when trying to help out a catcher, for instance. A pitcher can make all sorts of trouble for a catcher, or he can make his work comparatively easy. Sometimes I have noticed that my catcher was having troubles and working too hard, or wearing himself out, and for a time tried to ease up on him by changing the style of pitching. It may be only a superstitious fancy, but it seems to me I always had good luck when I tried to do the catcher a good turn that way. Another thing that has helped me much since I have been with Detroit has been working with fellows who understand my limitations and know what to do. Good fellowship, a manager who understands his men and works them intelligently, and everyone working to win without regard to his own record all help.

I think another thing that has helped me win has been to always try to do my share in batting and fielding. Some pitchers get an idea they don't have to do anything but pitch. I want to help by hitting and by fielding, and to get into the game all the time. I find that the pitcher who won't help himself that way cannot expect as much help from the other fellows as one who is willing.

**Lets Sox Go to Church.**

Manager Hugh Duffy excuses the White Sox from practice on Sunday mornings, that they may attend church. Duffy is himself a regular church attendant. Only a few players have craved themselves of the opportunity. Most of them prefer to "sleep in."

**Pirate Twirler's Jump Ball.**

Eddie Bridges declares Cleon Webb, one of Pittsburg's young pitchers, has a ball that will fool any of them and is as good as any thrown by a pitcher. "Seems to jump up into the air, just as it reaches the batter," is the way Bridges describes it.

# The Important Problem

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**It Seemed So.**

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shipped at her shrine. We here in America can know these women only by their photographs, and these photographs are especially interesting, as they reveal that scarcely one of these women about whom tragedy has revolved bears features that will stand comparison with the classical standards. Yet, after all, no man has a right to say unqualifiedly this woman is beautiful or that woman is ugly. Fortunate that this is so!

It is surely a unique distinction in these days to have five challenges to duels issued in defense of her name. And this distinction the Baroness Eleonora von Siemens can boast. There was a great sensation in the Italian Chamber of Deputies on March 4 when Enrico Chiesa, a Socialist representative of the Extreme Left, in interrupting General Prudente, the Under Secretary of War, formally accused several generals of having betrayed the secrets of the national defense through the Baroness von Siemens, a foreign woman with whom they were on friendly terms. At the close of the session five men challenged Chiesa to fight duels. Among these were General Felice di Cossato, General Prudente, the Duke di Litta and Count Giacomo Morando. The challenges came so quickly on top of each other that the seconds and umpires had much difficulty in arranging their priority. This was at last settled and two of the duels had been fought. Nobody has been killed up to the present writing, but General Prudente wounded Chiesa in the face and Chiesa gashed General di Cossato in the left cheek. Apologies have made the other duels unnecessary.

**Proved Power Over Men.**

The Baroness von Siemens is a very rich woman, who has a fine house in Rome, where she entertains many members of the highest society. She is a Swiss by birth, with a fair skin, exquisitely rosy cheeks and great velvety brown eyes. Carolus Duran painted her portrait, which was ex-