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NEXT MONDAY MORNING.

Next Monday morning, at fifteen minutes after 12 o'clock, the How-Dye-Do Special Train will leave the Main Street Station in Richmond bound for North Carolina. It will be made up of four Pullman sleeping cars, two dining cars, and two baggage cars, and before it returns to Richmond will travel at least a thousand miles. It will be loaded with representatives of all the commercial bodies in this town, of many of the progressive merchants and bankers and manufacturers and capitalists of Richmond, who will take with them into North Carolina the good wishes of all the people of this imperial city set upon these everlasting hills. Mayor Richardson as the official head and spokesman of his people, will be with the Boosters, and will give a dignity that his high official position will impart to all his utterances on this excursion into the great empire lying to the South of us, and nearer to us in situation and sentiment, than any other of our neighbors.

The Special Train will make friendly visits at sixteen of the flourishing towns and cities of the Old North State, where the voyagers will be received with a hearty welcome by the men who have built them up and who regard this expedition of the business men of Richmond with great favor. Having completed the run in North Carolina, the Special Train will move upon Roanoke, and touching at Lynchburg, Charlottesville, Orange, Culpeper and Alexandria, will pause for a night at the Capital of the Nation, and thence return to Richmond.

Nothing like it was ever attempted before. The Times-Dispatch has thought that it would be of the largest benefit to Richmond if the Richmond people were better known to their neighbors. It believes that there is a great deal in the close personal human touch, and so it will go down into North Carolina next week with all its banners flying and with the happy prospect of bringing a lot of good people together.

MORE MISSIONARIES THAN MONEY.

Next Sunday, or the Sunday after, or some Sunday soon, a special collection will be lifted in the Presbyterian Churches of the Southern General Assembly to help the Committee on Foreign Missions out of the rather awkward and embarrassing position in which it has been placed. The Committee, which is the Church in this case, is in debt to the extent of $121,871. It has been running behind for five years. In 1907 it was short $27,613. In 1908 the debt had increased to $40,687; in 1909 the Committee was still further in debt to the amount of $86,951, and this year the Committee, which is the Church—don't forget that!—is casting about for $121,871 with which to meet its past due obligations, besides enough additional funds to carry on its activities in the foreign field. During this debt-making period, the annual receipts of the Church for foreign missions has increased from $276,000 to $452,000, and, without explanation, the ordinary business man would say that the Church was doing more business than its capital would permit; but this is not so, as Dr. Cecil explained in a very satisfactory and business-like way to his congregation yesterday.

A very large part of the contributions made in recent years was made for specific purposes, and could not be used for the general work in the foreign field, but under the terms of the gifts had to be applied to the special purposes for which they were designed. Any business man, or business lawyer, will say that the Committee pursued a strictly business course in so using these gifts. Banking on the Church or upon the pledges of the Church members, which is the same thing, in a sense, the Committee has gone ahead with its work, increased its force in the foreign field—it is nearly twice as great now as it was five years ago—and it cannot be claimed that the Committee in lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes among the heathen was doing anything that an ordinary business man would not have done in the circumstances. Debts of honor are always paid, and the subscriptions which are made for Church purposes may be regarded, we should say, as debts of honor of the most binding character.

When the present Assembly year began the Committee—which is the Church—had on its books pledges from congregations and individuals amounting to more than $340,000, and it looked like "good business" for it to go ahead with its operations on the larger and better plans it had drawn. At the close of the year the Committee found that of these pledges $147,000 had not been redeemed. The Committee could not help that; but it would seem that as a matter of common honesty the people and the congregations which put down should now put up. If they owed so much in a business way they would sell all they have before they would allow anybody to say that they had not "made good." It would appear, therefore, that the debt of the Presbyterian Committee on Foreign Missions is up to the Presbyterians and to such of their well-disposed friends and neighbors who may feel disposed to be neighborly in a matter of such vital importance. It was with the object of making this matter very plain to his particular people that Dr. Cecil preached to them yesterday from the text: "How much owest thou to my Lord?" The question will be answered next Sunday or the Sunday after, or some other Sunday to be hereafter appointed for the answer.

Of course, this is not a proper subject for the meditations of a secular newspaper; it is "none of our business," we know that; but it has a great deal of human nature in it, and concerns millions of people in this and other lands. One of the cloth, but not of the Presbyterian persuasion, though really of Presbyterian raising, said yesterday he believed that all the churches, or denominations, as you please, were very much in the same condition as the Southern Presbyterians—their activities in mission work have exceeded their means, and he attributed this situation to the Laymen's Movement in considerable measure; from which it would seem that the laymen also have a great work to do. They have been so effective in getting men to promise, that they should make it their special business now to make them reform.

IS ANYBODY "FINANCING" WILSON?

Has Woodrow Wilson organized a "Campaign Boom," whatever that is? Has he established press bureaus in New York and Trenton? Are they "costing a lot of money?" "Who is putting up the money for his campaign boom, and why?" These are the questions asked by the Anderson Daily Mail, and it insists that they shall be answered, and it bases its right to know exactly how it is on this ground: "Publicity as to campaign contributions is recognized now as good Democratic doctrine, and we have been told so often that Governor Wilson is the best Democrat that ever was. Let him, or his friends, then, tell just what is being spent in order to make him the nominee of the Democratic party for the Presidency—and who is spending it. Full and accurate information along this line would clarify the situation considerably." The Anderson paper says further: "The liberality with which money is being spent for Wilson looks suspicious, to say the least, and an explanation is in order."

How did The Mail ever get the idea into its head that money was being spent by Governor Wilson or by his friends to secure the nomination? Does it know of a single dollar that has been spent in its own State or elsewhere for such purpose? We do not. Does it believe for a moment that any money could be spent in an illegitimate way for such a purpose? that the nomination could be purchased for any candidate if all the money in the country were at his disposal? We do not. If it be true, as The Mail says, that Governor Wilson "had declared in favor of everything except the subtreasury plan," and "is the most enthusiastically unanimous public man that has loomed up in quite awhile," does anybody in his cold, sober senses believe that people who have money to spend would put it up to secure the nomination of a candidate like that?

If the Anderson paper has any positive and direct information that a syndicate has been organized with the object of securing the nomination of Governor Wilson for President, and that it is spending piles of money to carry out its purposes, it should name persons and places and agencies, or it should refrain from any further suggestion that Governor Wilson and his friends are employing any unfair or dishonorable means to promote his political fortunes.

JACOB'S PILLOW AT BETHEL.

Last Monday it was stated in a special cablegram to the New York Sun from London that Canon Wilberforce had said in a sermon at Westminster Abbey the day before that the Stone of Scone, otherwise yclept the "Stone of Destiny," was the same that Joseph used for a pillow at Bethel. We accepted the statement in good faith, because far be it from us to question any affirmation that Canon Wilberforce would make upon any question of archaeological or theological value. Of course, we knew that Joseph's father, Jacob, had used a pillow of this general description, and that while he slept he had a dream of a ladder that reached up from his lowly resting-place into the heavens by means of which the angels descended and ascended. We had no means of knowing how the good Canon had found out that Joseph was at Bethel, and also used a stone for a pillow, and we never thought for a moment that the New York Sun, which is very apt in Scripture, would have confused Jacob with Joseph. The incident appears, however, to have caused some searching on the part of our readers, as is evidenced by a note we have just received from Mr. W. C. Smith, of Pulaski, Virginia, who encloses the editorial paragraph from The Times-Dispatch with only this marginal note, "Jacob—Genesis 28." On a post-card from Fredericksburg, where the Book of Books is still read with appreciation, Mr. J. H. Henderlite writes as follows:

"Twice recently your editorial columns have spoke of the stone used by Joseph as a pillow. Of course, there is no question among the sober-minded as to its identity with the Stone of Scone (originally from North Carolina); but had the editor an other sponsors of the Bethel-Scone-Carolina tradition made it Jacob's pillow, instead of his son's, we might have doubted."

This subject is here noted again because of the interest that it appears to have excited, and the fact that the statement accredited to Canon Wilberforce by the New York Sun has been called in question. We have no means of knowing whether or not Joseph ever spent a night at Bethel—all of our books of reference are silent on this point; but if Canon Wilberforce can establish the fact that the Stone of Scone was really the rock from which Moses brought forth water in the wilderness, we have no right to say he could not also prove that Joseph actually slept at Bethel with a stone for a pillow.

THE LESSER CROPS GOOD.

Wheat, corn, oats, hay and potatoes may have fallen somewhat short of their last year's yield and of their average for a number of years, but some of the lesser crops which mean a good deal to many people, are well up to the standard or above it. The Cleveland Leader says that "from the point of view of the man who said that he did not care for the necessaries of life if he could have the luxuries, the season now nearing its close has been a very fair one in agriculture."

The buckwheat crop is about as big as usual. The yield of maple syrup in the spring was all that could have been desired. It has been a fine year for melons. The apple crop, according to our contemporary, is above the average in size and in quality. In several States there was a remarkable yield of cherries in the early summer, which offset the deficient crop of later berries where drought prevailed. Louisiana expects the largest sugar output in her history. Taking the country as a whole, grapes promise a fair yield.

Tobacco is grown in great bulk, and it is reckoned among the great crops of the country, in money value and in its importance to extensive producing districts, but it can scarcely be called one of the absolute necessaries of life. This year the crop is very short, therefore constituting an exception to the rule of good crops of the luxuries of agriculture. Among the minor crops which, on the contrary, report very fair harvest results are rice and flaxseed.

On the whole, the year has been a fairly good one in respect to little crops which are not essential—they have fared better than the big ones about which so much interest centres.

DANGEROUS TO DWELL IN.

In the matter of diversity in vital statistics, India assuredly takes the lead. The natives of that weird country, especially those of the northern provinces, not only die from unusual natural causes, the plague, for example, and famine, but are frequently cut off by wild animals and poisonous serpents.

Dwellers in those blessed lands which know no jungle terrors will hardly credit the amazing totals which the British departmental officers have made public in this connection. In 1910, according to the statistics, more than 250,000 people were killed by wild animals and snakes. This is the highest record since 1907. The number of cattle killed by these creatures of the jungle was nearly 93,000, a tremendous loss for the native owners, whose goods and chattels are small.

Of course, reprisals were made by the natives. Hunting parties were often sent out, man-eating tigers were tracked and trapped, marauding elephants were repelled. It was against the snake that the men of the rice fields waged most war. In 1910 the natives killed more than 10,000 elephants, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves and hyenas and nearly 91,000 snakes.

CHEESE AS FOOD.

Cheese contains all the essentials of human food, declares a recent bulletin of the Federal Department of Agriculture. The common idea that cheese, even when green or unripened, is hard to digest is not justifiable. The milk solids in cheese are easily digestible, and constitute "an almost perfect food." With the addition of rennet and the development of lactic acid in cheese making, a few chemical changes occur, but these do not transform digestible solids in milk into indigestible solids in cheese. The digestive disturbances attributed to peculiarities in the cheese itself are probably due simply to overeating or to the custom of eating cheese only at the end of the meal when one has already had more than enough food.

Skim-milk cheese, when sold as an entire milk product is a fraud that is a real injury to the dairy business; but skim-milk cheese, stated and sold as such, is entitled to consideration by consumer and producer alike. It is digestible. It has a food value. When made to have an agreeable taste, it could be sold cheaply to poor folk. Cottage cheese is another cheap, palatable product, much of which could be added to the dietary at a great economy in the total cost of food. Indeed, all sorts of cheeses, even the highly flavored and so-called condimental cheeses, have a high food value.

America has much to learn from the Continent. Many European people eat to a large extent of cheese, either alone or sprinkled on vegetables or cooked with other food. The Italians have many foods, such as macaroni, with which cheese is mixed. They have cheese grated and constantly ready as a flavoring very much like our use of pepper and salt. The Swiss eat much cheese, which, with bread, forms the greater part of the diet of this very healthy people. The Swiss farmers who have settled in Wisconsin continue to show the athletic attainments and the physical endurance of their ancestors. The Germans use much of the highly flavored skim-milk cheese. Such cheeses are wholesome. Their flavors are derived from beneficent micro-organisms. The consumption of cheese by the American people should be increased from the viewpoint, both of economy and of its superior food value, according to the Journal of the American Medical Association. A pound of cheese has almost the same food value as two pounds of lean meat or eggs or the same quantity of ham. It is superior in food value, and it furnishes nitrogen without the increase of acid in the system. For this reason it may be the food of those inclined to gouty affections to whom meat is not allowed.

TOWEL STEALING.

No longer will free towels be supplied to patrons of the Southern Pacific Railway, either on its trains or boats. The explanation of the company is that $21,000 worth of towels were lost last year. So great a loss cannot be accounted for, in the opinion of the company, save by theft. Its employees apparently are not suspected. It does not hesitate to lay the charge at the door of travelers. It may be that it has means of surveillance over its employees. Perhaps it thinks, with reasonable probability, that a man who would steal towels from his employers would steal other things and get caught.

The Washington Star seems to know something about the matter, and it says in an editorial article:

"It is known to be the practice of many travelers to help themselves not only on trains, but in hotels, to all sorts of linen, and many of them afterward display their spoils boastfully as though it were in some way smart and clever to steal from a hotel or a railway company. These people would never dream of taking towels or other articles from the houses of their friends while visiting, but they have no compunctions whatever about stuffing goods of value into their traveling bags while they are 'on the road.'"

This is a further development of the souvenir collecting mania of which we hear much. One way of showing that one had traveled was to get hotel labels pasted on one's baggage. Another was to slip spoons, mugs and the like into one's pockets. There was plain talk about this habit, and it is out of fashion.

There is little to say about the case—the evil is obvious. A sleeping car or stateroom towel, with, say, PPCC woven in the texture, can hardly appeal to any except those who wish to add to their linen stock without expense. Neither hotel proprietors nor railway companies can protect themselves against petty thieves without returning to the promiscuous and dangerous roller towel. One thing is certain—the people who steal towels are cheap people, who are not accustomed to riding in Pullman cars, and who believe that what they can get out of any well-to-do corporation they are entitled to.

SOCIETY IN TEXAS.

Society editors in Texas are really artists—perhaps they might be called linguistic florists. Out in the mesquite grass and onion fields of the Lone Star State are hidden talents that should shine in better places. For instance, the society editor of the Coleman "Voice" shows decided "artistic temperament" in the following soulful description of a "social function" in Coleman:

"A most brilliant function to impart its pleasing grace to the people of Coleman was the reception on Tuesday, when Mesdames Wyman and Wilson entertained in compliment to Mrs. C. F. Ryan, who is a bride of a few days. The affair was most pleasant in theme, assuming, as it did, the extending of an introduction to Mesdames Wyman and B. Wilson's friends, who are delighted to number Mrs. Ryan among their acquaintances. In each apartment of the home of Mrs. Wyman the chosen motif of adornment was highly attractive and reflected most artistic taste. Beautiful ferns and La France roses with pink petals gave soft fragrance, and a delicate color graced the parlor, where the heartiest greetings of the hostesses were extended, presenting each guest to the honored, who stood in line. In the punch room the bridal tone was developed, the table being banked with fragrant white roses, amid which the sparkling crystal bowl nestled, fern foliage enhancing the beauty."

If that isn't a symphony, what is it?

MUSIC IN THE THEATERS.

Some five or six years ago David Belasco concluded to curtail the orchestra in his playhouse. The policy proved successful. Since then he has dispensed with it entirely.

This is impossible, of course, in vaudeville houses or in theaters where musical comedy and opera are produced. It is possible with plays requiring no music and most of the dramas of the last and present seasons can well do away with the orchestra.

After Belasco had been a pioneer in this matter, Frohman followed his example, and at last Chicago has dropped into line.

There is no doubt but that the orchestra's playing between the acts adds a certain degree of pleasure, but, after all, it is a matter of habit, which, in many instances, delays the performance and lengthens the time of the play.

It has become the fashionable fad in late years to enjoy a light lunch after the play is over. When a man lives in a distant suburb and when he cannot leave the theater until 11:30, it makes a big difference.

There are other reasons advocated by the theatrical reformers for discontinuing the orchestra, but it is unnecessary to discuss them in full. It is enough to assert that wherever the experiment has been made it has succeeded.

Many leave between acts for a smoke or something. Those in the boxes devote the intermissions to conversation. Few pay any attention to the orchestra—in fact, some chattering females try to drown it out. The music is regarded as a part of the evening's routine proceedings. The ushers interest many.

It is different in the case of a musical comedy. With opera the orchestra is obviously indispensable. With vaudeville, with its varying musical acts, it is also a necessity.

The well-equipped orchestra, well-balanced and organized on a concert scale, is different, for such an orchestra always commands the attention of music lovers.

The managers now in the East and West and everywhere else are paying less attention to the orchestra. They are giving more attention to the play than to the musicians. In some cases, moving pictures have been substituted for music between the acts, for people can talk and at the same time take in moving pictures.

THE TARIFF AND SUGAR.

The assertion of the refiners that the present high prices of sugar are mainly due to the practical prohibition of the importation of beet sugar from Europe by the clause in the Payne-Aldrich tariff which requires the imposition of countervailing duties upon bounty-encouraged sugar seems to have some foundation. The value of beet sugar imported from Europe under this tariff fell, according to Government statistics, from $8,203,309 worth in 1908 to $43 in 1910. Russia is said to have a surplus of a million tons of sugar on hand at the present. We might, therefore, still have cheap sugar, but for the benevolent interposition of the "best tariff the country has ever had."

Mrs. Maggie Reilly, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, was arrested the other day and fined $5 and costs, which she willingly paid, for burning all the good clothes of her husband, which she heaped up in one of the rooms of their house, saturated with coal oil and set on fire. It was a "durn-yer resort," as she admitted when haled before Acting Mayor Thomas, and which she explained by saying that she "guessed she had stopped her husband gallivanting about with other women, at least for a time, as he would not make a hit in his working clothes." Yet some people say that women would not know what to do in political emergencies, if they had the right to vote. More muscle and long life to Mrs. Maggie Reilly!

It must be trying for a girl to fall in love with an actor, thinks the Boston Globe. Leaving out the misery of seeing him make love on the stage to other women, there must always lie at the bottom of her mind a doubt whether he may not still be just acting when he makes love to her. No matter how unintentional his plagiarism, a line from a play that should turn up in his conversation would sting her—and the better actor she knew him to be, the oftener she would get stung.

Chicago has the record for the meanest man. A burglar out there recently broke into an orphan asylum.

Employes of Colonel Jacob Astor's place at Rhinecliff, New York, sent his bride a bouquet of roses on the occasion of their wedding. That bouquet has already cost Colonel Astor $980, and it will cost him as much next year, and possibly for several years. Accompanying the roses was a card bearing the names of the donors. To each of the signers Colonel Astor has given an increase of wages, amounting on the average to $10 the month. As the Savannah News remarks, "it is a wise employe who hands out a bouquet to his employer opportunely."

Let Kansas be revered in bright future ages when women rule the world! In Kansas women have made great progress toward political supremacy. There are now forty-nine county superintendents, five county clerks, five county treasurers, ten registers of deeds, two probate judges and one mayor, all women, in the Sunflower States. All those who hold elective office, except the one woman mayor, were elected by the votes of men alone. Ten years ago there was not a woman holding elective office in the State. The question of full suffrage is to be submitted to the voters at the next election, and it is asserted that every indication points to its adoption.

The Hon. R. L. Borden, the hero of the hour in Canada, is a very likely looking man; better looking, in fact, than Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whom he licked to a frazzle in the election on Thursday. His name is a good old North Carolina name, and he doubtless possesses many of the sturdy virtues of his kinsmen in the Old North State.

"I never knew a William to be a bad boy," says The Colonel. Why, therefore, his refusal to dine with Old Lorimer?

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Daily Queries and Answers

Pitch.

Tell me about musical pitch. T.

For a long time standards of musical pitch varied greatly. Seeking uniformity, the French Academy proposed in 1859 its "diapason normal," according to which the A next above middle C has 435 double vibrations per second, and this was soon adopted in France, Italy and Germany. It was not until 1892, however, that American instrument makers accepted the French pitch. The human voice has a pitch about one octave higher in females than in males, and its range is about two octaves, rarely three octaves. The lowest musical sound ever produced by the human voice seems to have been the note G below the bass stave, and the highest was B, an octave above the treble. Lucrezia Ajugari, who sang for Mozart in 1770, reached C of 2,048 vibrations per second, and sang as low as G of 192 vibrations, the compass of her voice being nearly four and a half octaves.

Phonetic Spelling.

Can you give me any information on the subject of phonetic spelling? If possible I would like to know the origin of it? L. D.

Phonetic spelling is of very ancient origin. History traces the use of the art with definiteness back to the time of Cicero, about 70 B. C. The invention is sometimes credited to Cicero himself, and sometimes to his secretary, Tullius Tiro. The philosopher Seneca is said to have added much to its efficiency. Centuries later it was used by the Christian Fathers.

The first use of phonetic spelling, as we understand it, was introduced by John Willis in 1602. During the following twenty-five years about ten publications appeared, each with new characteristics, but the only one that gained a lasting reputation was that of Jenny Rich in 1654. During the latter part of the eighteenth century some fifty others were introduced. Isaac and Ben Pitman are to-day recognized as the founders of the present extensive system of phonetic writing. In phonetic writing a great many words are indicated by word signs, but generally just the consonants are written and the vowel sounds indicated by position.

Ten Largest Cities.

Will you kindly print a list of the first ten cities of the United States as per the late census?

Would also like to know the population and rating of Detroit and Buffalo, if not included in the above. H. F.

The population of the ten largest cities in the United States is as follows: New York, 4,766,883; Chicago, 2,185,283; Philadelphia, 1,549,008; St. Louis, 702,247; Boston, 670,585; Cleveland, 560,663; Baltimore, 558,463; Pittsburg, 533,905; Detroit, 465,766; Buffalo, 423,715. Detroit and Buffalo are the ninth and tenth cities in the United States in point of population.

Grammatical Question.

Please inform me which of these sentences is correct: The mail has not come yet, or the mail has not came yet, and why? BUCKROE.

The first is correct. "Came" is used alone in the past tense. It is never used with any form of the verb "to have."

ROMANCE OF ROYALTY RECALLED BY DEATH

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

CANON DUCKWORTH'S death, at the advanced age of seventy-seven, serves to recall a royal romance of many years ago, when, as a young clergyman, he was tutor of Queen Victoria's youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. He fell in love with his twelve-year-old pupil's most fascinating and gifted sister, Princess Louise, who, according to court gossip, was not altogether insensible to the admiration of the handsome young curate. The matter reached the ears of Queen Victoria, who took the princess to task, without success. Duckworth, mindful of the fact that he owed obedience to the Queen, not only as sovereign, but also as head of the church, surrendered the very innocent but rather romantic correspondence that had passed between himself and the princess, and retired gracefully from the scene. By rights he should have become a bishop. But his preferment would have caused too much talk. So he was given, first of all a lucrative rectorship in London, to which were subsequently added a canonry and sub-deanship of the Abbey of Westminster, carrying with them a most picturesque residence, and all sorts of prerogatives and emoluments. The discretion which he manifested about the whole affair was keenly appreciated by the reigning house, the members of which treated him with the utmost regard, Queen Victoria, and King Edward in turn, appointing him as their chaplain. He never married, passing through life a very popular figure in society, with this halo of a royal romance resting on his head, which was as handsome in his old age as in his youth. Princess Louise married within a year of Duckworth's retirement from court in 1870, the then Marquis of Lorne, now Duke of Argyll.

As Mrs. Edmund Wickham, widow of the English army colonel of that name, is again engaging the attention of the public in connection with her pretensions to imperial rank, as alleged lineal descendant and principal heiress of the sovereign dynasty of Paleologo, which was occupying the throne of the Byzantine Empire at the time of the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453, it may be just as well to state that no mention will be found in the Almanach de Gotha, or in any other standard work of reference, either foreign or English, of the title of Princess Paleologo, assumed by Mrs. Wickham, nor yet of her four sons, each of whom styles himself a Prince Paleologo.

She lives in London, in a modest house looking on to Hyde Park, and possesses an imagination that is the most Oriental thing about her besides her title, since, if one is to believe her, no less than three dramatic attempts have been made upon her life. She insinuates that she and her sons constitute a peril to the dynasty now ruling over Greece, since the people of that country would naturally prefer being reigned over by a scion of the imperial Greek dynasty of Paleologo than by an alien house, such as that of King George. In fact, she hints that the latter would be relieved to hear of her death, the inference being that he, poor man, may have instigated the attempts upon her life, concerning which nothing is known by the English police. She styles herself "Eugenie Cristoforos, Princess Paleologo Nicephorae Commenae, hereditary Princess of Mitylene, of Enos, of Lemnos, and of Chios," and declares that her father was one of the candidates for the Greek throne in 1863.

This is rather an unfortunate admission. For those who will take the trouble to refer to the circumstances of the election, will find that the Greek people did not choose a foreigner for their ruler until they had made a most exhaustive investigation, and had absolutely convinced themselves of the impossibility of discovering any authentic descendant of the last Christian emperors of Constantinople, or any bona fide representative of the former reigning dynasty of Paleologo; that Emperor Constantine Paleologo himself was killed at the storming of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453; while some members of his family are rumored to have escaped, and to have found refuge in Western Europe. Historians are unanimous, however, in declaring that these refugees became extinct shortly afterwards; and this impression prevailed until some twenty-five years ago.

It was then that Mrs. Wickham suddenly put forward a claim to the effect that she was the lineal descendant and principal heiress of the Paleologo dynasty. She accumulated an immense amount of documentary evidence from the English parish registers, from the British Museum, from the Royal College of Heralds in London, and from the National Library at Paris, tending to show that she was descended on the distaff side, from a certain Theodore Paleologo, who died in 1636, and lies buried in the old parish church of Llanduiph, in Cornwall. This Theodore Paleologo claimed to be the great-great-great-grandson of Thomas, an alleged second and younger brother of Constantine VIII., the last Greek Emperor of Constantinople. Concerning Thomas's existence, however, historians are silent.

For a long time Mrs. Wickham's pretensions were derided, but suddenly, at a moment when the relations between St. Petersburg and Athens were exceedingly strained, she was invited to submit the documentary evidence which she had gathered together concerning her lineage to the Holy Synod at St. Petersburg. One of its members, the Metropolitan of Moscow, eventually wrote her a letter, in which he recognized her pretensions to be a descendant in the female line of the last, but one of the Byzantine Emperors of Constantinople, and styled her "Imperial Highness, the Princess of Eugene Paleologo," while her eldest son was described in the same missive as "the future protector of the glorious traditions of the Orthodox Byzantine Empire."

The Russian government, however, had nothing to do with this extraordinary document, and neither Mrs. Wickham nor her sons are on the visiting list of the Russian embassy in London; while it is needless to add that neither their princely title nor their Byzantine name are recognized at the Muscovite embassy in England, or by any of the European courts.

In fact, it is difficult to describe the extraordinary action on the part of the late Metropolitan at Moscow in the matter of addressing the letter which he did to Mrs. Wickham, to anything else than a wish to make the reigning house of Greece feel uncomfortable by showing to King George and to his son, the Crownprince, that the Pan-Slav Society had a candidate, not only for the throne of Greece, but also for that of the Sultan, in the event of the Turks being driven out of Europe. Everybody in Russia is aware of the hope entertained at Athens that Greece is destined to inherit Constantinople, and that the reigning house of Greece should rule on the shores of the Bosphorus. This would not suit Russia's plans or projects. In one word, the late Metropolitan of Moscow, who was imbued with Pan-Slav ideas of the most pronounced type, wished, in recognizing Mrs. Wickham as a descendant of the Byzantine imperial house of Paleologo, to hold her in reserve, as a card to play against the Hellenic Crownprince Constantine's pretensions to the Greek throne of Constantinople.

It is hardly necessary to point out that even if Mrs. Wickham was ever so much an authentic descendant from the mythical younger brother of the last Emperor of Constantinople, the very fact that her descent is through the female line, robs it of any dynastic value. For otherwise there are, as I have shown in these letters, provincial butchers and grocers, who, able to trace their descent through the female line to former Kings of England, such as Henry VII. and Edward IV., would be entitled to style themselves Princes of Great Britain and Ireland.

The name of Paleologo, by the by, is by no means uncommon in Greece, and among the Levantine families of Greek origin at Constantinople and Alexandria. There was a few years ago an Alexander Paleologo in the service of the Egyptian government, who owed his note to the beauty of his wife, while another Maurice Paleologo is minister plenipotentiary in the diplomatic service of France, after having acted as one of the delegates of the Department of Foreign Affairs, at the Dreyfus court-martial at Rennes.

There is also a Jean Paleologo, an artist, formerly of Paris, but now of New York, who for a number of years past has been earning his living in an honest fashion as a portrait painter and illustrator, content to be known merely as an artist. He has never to my knowledge styled himself prince, or made use of any such title, although endowed therewith by some foolish friends, against his wishes.

I am glad to have had an opportunity of writing this, as I have lately been in receipt of a number of letters from readers, particularly in New Jersey and Illinois, asking me for information about the Paleologos.

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