

Strangers to Fear

King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena of Italy, Who Braved the Perils of Vesuvius—The King and the Tourists. A Polite Monarch.



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.

IN and about Naples during the eruption of Mount Vesuvius the king and queen of Italy have been prominent and picturesque figures. The peril into which the king has gone in his anxiety to afford all possible relief and safety to sufferers from the seismic disturbances has placed him in a most favorable light and enhanced his popularity as a monarch. When Pliny the elder saw the smoke over Vesuvius in 79 A. D. he set sail for the cities at the foot of the mountain in some of the vessels of the fleet he commanded with the view to rendering assistance. When King Victor Emmanuel learned of the desperate straits of the people living in the vicinity of Vesuvius he took a train from Rome to Naples and thence set forth in the direction of the volcano in that typical twentieth century vehicle, the automobile. While speeding his machine over the ash strewn country he was struck by a heavy shower of cinders and almost lost in a whirl of ashes, but he did not suffer the fate of Pliny and came back alive, though the fiery contents of Vesuvius had been spread so thickly in front of his motor car that he had to abandon it and walk.

Danger, like love, levels all ranks, but this is not the first time the ruler of Italy has shown himself to be democratic. His tendencies in this direction are due in part to his wife, Queen Helena, who was a princess of Montenegro and was brought up "without any nonsense." When she became queen she was shocked at the amount of waste and extravagance in the palace and showed her attendants that, without being less dignified, it was



TYPICAL SCENE IN NAPLES: "FIVE LEMONS FOR A CENT."

possible to live much more economically. The young royal couple are fond of living in a "palazzina" of modest dimensions and simple decorations, and it was here that the king once received the Premier Zanardelli. The interview was in the queen's drawing room, and the statesman, struck by its plainness, exclaimed, "How simple everything is, your majesty—no show, no luxury."

"Yes," replied the king, "but what would you say if you saw my apartments?" Since the eruption of Vesuvius drove thousands of people from their homes Queen Helena has been at the king's side aiding and suggesting in the task of affording relief. The dispatches have told how the people have kissed the king's hand and the queen's gown, exclaiming, "God sent you to us!" The more superstitious of the peasants have unbounded faith in the king's powers, and the story is told of a woman who cried, "If thou art our king order the volcano to stop."

King Victor Emmanuel III. was born in 1869 and married the Princess Helena of Montenegro in 1896. They have three children, the heir apparent, Humbert, prince of Piedmont, born in 1904, and two daughters, Yolanda and Mafalda. The king and queen are devoted to motoring and have had many adventures on such trips. He is but five feet three inches in height and the queen is tall. One day passing through a small village a breakdown occurred and a crowd was attracted to the spot. In the crowd were two English motorists. Secure, as they thought, in speaking in a strange tongue, they carried on the following conversation:

"Pretty motor car." "Yes, and the lady is pretty too." "More than can be said of the man. Did you ever see such a little man in such a big car?" "I am out of brandy. I wonder if he can supply me. Shall I ask? Perhaps he speaks French."

"I shall be most happy to oblige you," said the king in perfect English. Then he added:

"Can I be of any further use to you? My kingdom is at your disposal, and it is not so small as its monarch."

"The deuce!" exclaimed one, while the other merely gasped, "The king."

GORKY AND HIS MISSION

The Russian Poet and Novelist of Protest and His Career.

When Maxim Gorky, the Russian author and revolutionist, landed in this country he was at once overwhelmed with invitations to dine, in accordance with the American habit of discussing all questions, grave and gay, political or religious, literary, scientific or commercial, over the banquet table. At one such meal, when the Russian reformer ate with such well known Americans as Mark Twain, Robert Collier, David Graham Phillips, Robert Hunter and Arthur Brisbane, he appeared in his characteristic costume of a blue blouse buttoned high up in the neck, though most of the guests were attired in conventional evening dress. In this Gorky but followed out his ideas as a Socialist, for he believes in the leveling of all distinctions as to rank or class. His visit to America is in the interest of the movement in this country to help the Russian revolutionists by raising funds for the purchase of arms. Gorky and his sympathizers believe that the Russian people can only obtain a full measure of liberty through the use of force and that their



MAXIM GORKY.

friends in America should aid in supplying the sinews of war. "The blood," says Gorky, "we will give ourselves. We need money, money, money. I come to you as a beggar that Russia may be free."

Gorky himself has already given a fortune in aid of the revolutionary cause. This fortune he made through the sale of his books, which have enjoyed a great popularity not only in Russia, but in other parts of Europe and even in America. He now aims to make more money, through writing and lecturing, to devote to the same cause. On his visit to the United States he is accompanied by a handsome Russian actress known on the stage as Mme. Andreieva, and by his secretary, Herman Theodorevitch Bourneine.

Maxim Gorky is the author's pen name and means "the bitter one." His real name is Alexei Maximovitch Pleshkoff. His pen name is expressive of his character, for his writings tell of the suffering and misery of the Russian masses, and the author knows whereof he speaks, for he was a walf and an outcast himself. He has been called "the tramp novelist." He was born in 1868 in Niji Novgorod, and his father, who was very poor, died when the boy was five years old. Bootblack, seillon, baker's apprentice and kicked around by everybody, Gorky was raised in a pessimistic school, and when he took up writing it was as a poet and novelist of protest. He has often been under arrest for speaking too plainly and has passed much time in prison.

JAY GOULD, ATHLETE.

Grandson of Famous Financier, Who Has Won Honors in Tennis.

In planning his famous winter home at Lakewood, N. J., known as Georgian Court, the late Jay Gould's eldest son, George Gould, made ample provision for members of his family to indulge in athletic exercises. A devotee of polo himself, he gave special attention to providing every facility for playing



JAY GOULD.

this game and also tennis. He encouraged his sons Kingdon and Jay to become athletes, and they have well fulfilled their father's ambitions for them in this respect. Jay, who is now seventeen, has for some years shown a special fondness for tennis, and his practice on the courts at Lakewood has finally resulted in his capturing the national championship in court tennis. This he did recently by defeating Charles E. Sands, the former champion, at the Racquet and Tennis club, New York, and he has gone to England to participate in the British championship tournament to be held at the Queen's club, London. Experts in the game regard his playing as remarkable. He is not of large frame, but is very active, and his muscles have the suppleness requisite to success in tennis.

ALWAYS LOVED BILLIARDS.

Willie Hoppe Has Played the Game From Babyhood.

William Hoppe, who a short time ago won the 18.1 balk line billiard championship of the world and who since then has played in the 18.2 balk line championship tournament at the Madison Square Garden in New York, was



WILLIAM HOPPE.

educated to billiards from babyhood. Both his father and his mother are experts at the game, and about the first sounds that tickled his infant ear were the soft kissings of the ivory spheres and the chalking of cues. He used to play pool from a high chair, and at the age when most boys are playing marbles he could play a very good game of billiards. Last winter he beat the famous French player, Maurice Vignaux.

LEADS LIBERALS.

Ivan Ilitch Petrunkevich, Who May Head Russian Douma.

The Russian douma, which is soon to assemble, is the first body of the nature of a parliament to come into existence in the empire of the czar. Ivan Ilitch Petrunkevich has been selected by the Constitutional Democrats as their candidate for president of the douma. On account of the large majority in the body which they will possess his choice is considered certain.

From his early manhood he has fought for the principles of liberalism



IVAN ILITCH PETRUNKEVICH.

and has upon numerous occasions proved his abilities as a leader. He was born and reared in the province of Chernigoff and comes of a noble family. He was esteemed a brilliant student during his college days at the University of Moscow, and on graduation he spent ten years upon his estate, devoting much time to study of the needs of the peasantry and becoming prominent as a liberal in the zemstvo of his province. Indeed, he was so pronounced in his liberal opinions that the government at St. Petersburg caused him to be exiled, but he later obtained an estate in the province of Tver, where he became a zemstvo leader.

When the Emperor Nicholas II. came to the throne all the zemstvos sent addresses of felicitation to the young monarch, that of Tver among the rest, but the latter in felicitating the new ruler added that for the welfare of Russia he should give a constitution to his people. In 1896 the nobles and zemstvoists who had sent addresses were presented to the emperor, and Petrunkevich, who had been the principal author of the address of the Tver zemstvo, headed the delegation from his province. The czar read a speech prepared for him by Pobedonostzeff, then procurator of the holy synod, and in it thanked the zemstvos for their patriotism, but added that one among them, the zemstvo of Tver, had not realized his confidence.

"It has permitted itself," said he, "to speak of a constitution. That, gentlemen, is a senseless dream."

The intended rebuke made Petrunkevich the idol of the liberals. He was president of the zemstvo congress of 1904 which inaugurated the movement for a national assembly.

MME. ANDREIEVA'S CASE.

Strange Situation Caused by Visit of Maxim Gorky.

The case of Maxim Gorky, the Russian author, and Mme. Andreieva, the handsome actress, whom he introduced in this country as his wife, is almost stranger than the strange fiction from Gorky's own pen. He came to this country in behalf of the Russian revolutionists, and elaborate plans were made for his reception and the inauguration of a campaign in aid of the revolutionary party in Russia. These have been largely disarranged, and all because of "the woman in the case." Gorky was married to Katerina Paulowna Pjeshkova, the beautiful daughter of a Russian officer of noble family. Two sons were born to them. The elder is now eight years old and the younger five. As recently as 1903 the author and his wife and two children toured the Caucasus together. Not long after that they separated. Both are Socialists and accepted the teaching of some members of that economic school that when husband and wife no longer love each other they should separate. Gorky continued to support his wife and children and does so, it is said, to this day, although she is a woman of wealth. It is difficult to obtain a divorce in Russia, and if one happens to be out of favor with the church or the government the difficulty is increased. Gorky is out of favor with both and, it is said, has never been divorced from his wife according to the laws of the empire. After he separated from her, however, he lived with Mme. Andreieva, and she was recognized as his wife. His first wife fully under-



MME. ANDREIEVA.

stood the relations existing between him and Mme. Andreieva, but nevertheless was devoted to him. She showed this devotion after Gorky's arrest in January, 1905. She journeyed from official to official and on her bended knees pleaded for his release from the dungeons of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. She secured his liberation, saw him but a few moments, and then he returned to Iliza and resumed his life with Mme. Andreieva. Later came the journey to this country and the ejection of the author and his companion from hotels where they sought accommodations.

Stranger than all this, however, is the story that there is today a provisional republican government in Russia, that through it Gorky obtained a divorce from his first wife and that both are bound by oath not to reveal the facts. It is said that Russians in this country who sympathize with the revolutionary party understand the situation to be of this character, and therefore contemplate with serenity the misconception which they consider the general public to have concerning the relations between Gorky and the actress he proclaims to be his wife.

THE PRESIDIO.

Famous Military Reservation in San Francisco.

Much has been heard since earthquake and fire overwhelmed and destroyed San Francisco about the Presidio, the military reservation in the suburbs of that stricken city. During the Philippine insurrection it was the rendezvous of troops on their journey to the battlefields of the far east, and at one time 6,000 soldiers were quartered there. "Presidio" is a Spanish term, and its common acceptance in Spanish-America and in English speaking localities where Spanish names have been adopted is that of an army



MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE PRESIDIO.

post or barracks. The Presidio of San Francisco was established as an army post by the Spanish about 100 years ago. It was first occupied by American troops in 1849 and is now the division headquarters for the department of California. It is situated on a slope overlooking the city from the northwest and has one of the largest and most important military hospitals in the new world. The reservation embraces over 1,200 acres, and thousands of people fled to it as a camping ground after fire had devastated the city.

The Kicker's List Of the Departed

Names and Explanation Given in Each Case in Order to Deny Erroneous Report.

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An item is going the rounds of the press that is calculated to work injury to our reputation, and we therefore depart from our usual course to make answer. The item referred to avers that during the last ten years, or since we founded the Kicker, we have shot over 200 men down in cold blood. The exact number of men who have fallen by our hand—and no one laments it more than we do—is seventeen, and we here give a list of names and explanation in each case:

No. 1.—The first man to inhabit our private graveyard, which is the only



"WE WERE LOOKING OUT OF OUR WINDOW."

private editorial graveyard in the known world, loved to call himself "Ferocious Bill" and tell of how many human critters he had chewed up in his time. Early in our editorial career he objected to our speaking in friendly terms of Noah, the man who built and sailed the ark, and he entered the office one day to shoot us. We got ahead of him by two seconds.

No. 2.—The second was an individual whose cards bore the name of "Terrible Tom." According to his own story, he had killed twenty odd men before we happened to bump against him at a street corner. He drew to plug us, but his gun missed fire, and he was gathered to his fathers.

No. 3.—This man passed under the name of "Savage Sam," and he came a hundred miles to protest against our announcement that Nero was a good fellow at heart and would have been all right if his mother-in-law had let him alone. We both fired at the same time, but it was Savage Samuel who formed the basis of a funeral procession next day. No one ever came to inquire about him, and we incline to the belief that he was an orphan.

No. 4.—This gentleman rejoiced in the sobriquet of "The Grizzly," and the manner in which he would chank his teeth and growl made shivers run up the backs of all hearers. We recommended the vigilance committee to hang him, and he called and fired four shots at us before we could get ready for business. He didn't die for an hour or two, but he died happy.

No. 5.—"Bald Eagle," as he called himself, came into Giveadam Gulch one day to raise a scalp. Happening to encounter us on the street, he was making ready to raise ours when our gun went off by accident, and he fell from his broncho and died forgiving his enemies.

No. 6.—This person called himself the "Poet of the Rocky mountains," and after sending us over a hundred poems, none of which was printed, he called in person to see what was the matter. The two of us got into a controversy as to whether cabbages or poetry was of more consequence to our readers, and after he had fired two shots we had to arrange for his permanent stay in town. The funeral procession was a long and decorous one. The poet seemed to have another poem or two on his mind as he fell, but he had no time to write them out.

No. 7.—The true name of this pilgrim has never been ascertained. He simply wrote us a postal card from Utah that he was en route to remove us to a hotter land than this. We took it as a joke until he walked in on us one morning and began plunging away. After he had cut two buttons off our coat and barked our left ear we made arrangements for his obsequies. He had forgotten to hand up his card, and he expired too suddenly to go into explanations. We have him recorded on our books as "Sudden Jim," and a mountain rose blooms on his last resting place.

No. 8.—We were running weather predictions and congratulating ourself that we were hitting it once out of ten times when Major Harper appeared in our sanctum with gun in hand. We had predicted a balmy day, and it had snowed all his cucumbers under. He announced that we deserved death and began pegging away. As he was a cross eyed man we dodged him for five minutes, but he got our range under the desk at last, and we had to add him to our list. We could have married his widow a year later, but forbore. We trust that he awoke in a better land.

No. 9.—This gentleman's business card read: "Happy Jim. Happy all day long. H—H raised on short notice."

The note he gave us was short indeed. We had published the fact that George Washington never swore. "Happy Jim" rode into town and took issue with us. The way he took issue was to kick our door open and begin shooting. He nicked us in the shoulder and scratched us in the side before he realized what sort of a crop he was raising, and five minutes later he was flying around in another land, name not exactly known. He seemed to be a jovial cuss, smiling as he fired away, and we often wish that he could have been spared to edit our humorous department.

No. 10.—We were riding out toward Dog Creek one summer's day and feeling at peace with all mankind, when we met "Chaw Em-Up Pete." He was on his way to town to pay us a visit and deny point blank that a wiale ever swallowed Jonah. He began to whoop and shoot as soon as he saw us, giving us no time for explanations, and he fell before our second bullet like a green bay tree.

No. 11.—This gentleman was Colonel Short. He borrowed \$10 of us for half an hour, and when a year and a half had elapsed and we called his attention to the little matter he persisted that we doubted his honor. We finally acknowledged we did, and thinking that our guns were at the shop to be required, he began to blaze away. We saw a surprised expression on his face as he flitted away into the unknown. We hope that he is with the angels. If he is they want to look out how they lend him any cash.

No. 12.—This incident took place in a thunderstorm and at night. We were looking out of our bedroom window in the Kicker office at the display of the elements when some one fired on us in the darkness. We grabbed a gun and fired back. Next morning a stranger was found dead on the street. He has never been identified and is down on our list as "Thunderstorm Harry."

No. 13.—Just a common plug of a critter, who differed with us as to how to run a paper. There would have been no shooting and no funeral if he hadn't begun operations. His name was found to be "Rocky Mountain Jim."

No. 14.—Under this headstone reposes all that is mortal of Captain Joe Taylor. He visited the office and wanted us to come out strong for a war with Mexico. We didn't favor the idea, and Captain Joe called us a coward and got to work with his guns. His intentions were good, but his shooting poor. Only a few days ago his widow stood hand in hand with us as we bent over his grave.

No. 15.—This critter wanted to shoot us to let the people of Giveadam Gulch know that he was a terror from the head waters of Fighting creek. He wounded us in the shoulder, but we have planted sunflowers on his grave and forgiven him.

No. 16.—Another nameless critter of whom we have no record. We merely remember that he shot first and that there were eight carriages in his funeral procession.

No. 17.—This sleeper was around town for a week or more before he took his final flight. He got hold of an issue of the Kicker in which we stated that all red headed women had big feet, and he took umbrage at the item and came calling. We tried to laugh him out, but he insisted that the cold, silent grave was the fitting abode for us and tried to send us there. The coroner's jury was only a minute acquitting us. His name was found to be "Butcher Knife Jim," but the violets blossom on his grave just as sweetly for all that, and many an evening we have sat on the mound above him and felt so peaceful and good toward all the world that a Chinaman could have knocked our hat off and got clean away from the toe of our boot.

M. QUAD.

Twenty Years After.

He—I'm glad now that I didn't marry that woman. She's a confirmed old maid.

She—How fortunate that I rejected that man. Here he is a confirmed bachelor, a thing that I detest.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Strict.

"The discipline in the navy is very strict, isn't it?"

"So strict that they even dock a vessel that can't keep up with the rest."—Baltimore American.

Knew From Experience.



Mr. Goodman—Do you ever think of the good old saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive?"

Boxing Fiend—Yus. When I get the gloves on I do.

When It Breaks Down.

"I see you've got an automobile. I don't suppose it's hard to run?"

"Not nearly so hard as it is to walk. That's what makes me tired."—Detroit Free Press.