



SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, JULY 8, 1906.

ROMANCE OF MISS TERRY

A MYSTERY Her Marriage to Watts, the Painter, Followed by a Separation. WEDS WHEN SIXTEEN Children of Distinguished Actress Go by the Name of Craig.

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE CALL. LONDON, July 7.—Ellen Terry's jubilee has brought up the story of her marriage to Watts, the painter—the one thing in her life which has always been more or less of a mystery. That the marriage took place and that a legal separation was obtained by Watts many years after the pair had parted are about the only facts known to the general public.

Miss Terry was only sixteen when the then middle-aged artist fell in love with her golden hair, her dancing blue eyes and her graceful form. A woman who was at the wedding says it was a sight never to be forgotten as Ellen Terry walked, or rather skipped, down the aisle on the arm of a distinguished man, she looking like some fairy from the realms of the sprites as the sunlight caught her hair and her roguish glance flew from one friend to another.

Watts lived in a big house with two maiden sisters, who managed his simple but stately establishment with all the rigid decorum which only English people seem capable of maintaining in their everyday existence. It was the home to which Watts took his bride, a sunny-faced, undisciplined, forward child, reared in an atmosphere of Bohemia and totally unable to comprehend the serious people who undertook to order her life.

Watts had an abhorrence of the stage as a fit place for his wife, but Miss Terry had already tasted of the excitement and success of the theater and was not prepared to give it up altogether. She was now removed entirely from any association with it, and her time was purposely filled by her husband with a succession of visits among friends as conventional as himself and by humdrum duties when at home.

Watts was a man of great nobility of character, but he was not broad in his sympathies and was inclined to be harsh and stern in his judgments. He never understood Ellen Terry and had very little influence in restraining her. She played pranks all over the house to the open disgust and amazement of the servants, and she horrified the two maiden sisters every hour in the day.

At last matters came to such a pass that she determined to leave the house and return to her life on the stage. She managed to get her clothes out; then she arranged her farewell with the consummate mischievousness which characterized her. There was a big dinner party at the house, and staid and formal as the circle of people in which Watts moved. Every guest was in place, but the young wife had not appeared. A servant was sent for her and she came, pale and nearly faint, but gathered strength to get back to his hotel, where he shut himself up for the rest of the day.

Miss Terry's children, to whom she gave the name of Craig, are very unlike. The daughter, Edith, is quiet, rather plain, and spends her life making stunning stage gowns. She has a little house in the Westminster quarter with her life-long friend, a woman known in the London literary and dramatic world as "Christopher St. John."

It is well known that Miss Terry is poor because of the numerous establishments she has maintained. Her house in town at Chelsea and her country home in Surrey, her daughter's home, a flat for her son Gordon Craig and another for his wife and children. Gordon Craig is Miss Terry's pride and joy, though he has cost her dear money and worry. He has a pretty and charming wife and four lovely children, but he has practically deserted them, and his mother supports them.

Gordon Craig has many curious ideas about stage craft. Many will remember how Miss Terry jeopardized her success at the Imperial Theater a few years ago in order to introduce his innovations into the theater.

PRINCESS CONVICTED OF CHICKEN STEALING

Titled Russian Woman Must Go to Prison for Month for Her Crime. Caught Taking Birds From the Roost in the Yard of Her Neighbor.

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE CALL. MOSCOW, July 7.—A Princess has actually been sent to prison, and for chicken stealing at that. This is the second case within a few weeks of a European Princess being accused and convicted of theft. In the other case, that of the Princess Von Wrede, it will be remembered, the stealing of hotel spoons and other silver was put down to kleptomania and no arrest took place. But in the case of the Princess Palagela Taktakova, although kleptomania was pleaded, an arrest was made, and the Princess, being convicted, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The Czar was asked for a pardon, but it did not arrive in time, and the Princess had to stay in jail.

A feud between two princely houses had something to do with the case. The Taktakova estates in the Caucasus are the property of those of the Prince Constantin Zizianoff. There is bad blood between the two houses. For months the Zizianoff chicken-houses and those of neighboring estates have lost their best birds. These were all valuable game fowl.

No one suspected the aristocratic Taktakova. But one day a little daughter of Prince Zizianoff told him she had seen the Princess taking chickens from the roosts. Mounted men headed by the Prince stopped the Princess' carriage and found the fowls in a sack hidden under the seat. Her henhouses were found to be filled with other stolen chickens, and so when the trial came she pleaded "guilty" to being a kleptomaniac. But the Zizianoffs refused to accept the plea and pressed the case to the bitter end.

LONDON BLACKMAILERS REAP LARGE HARVEST

Dig Up Old Scandals and Make Their Victims Pay for Freedom. Shadow Sweethearts and Then Demand Money Upon a False Charge.

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE CALL. LONDON, July 7.—"Blackmailing is a lucrative profession for a large number of people," said a well known detective yesterday. "There are scores of blackmailers in the London streets today, but they are of various kinds. Broken down solicitors and ex-bookmakers are two of the principal classes from which come the blackmailers who do the most profitable business. But there are dozens of the loafers who pick up an uncertain living by blackmailing the working class. The knowledge of a jealous wife is worth much to one of these people. Some small indiscretion on the part of a workman which he has long since repented and expunged from his conscience may cost him many half crowns and innumerable drinks. The loafing blackmailer tells how he is starving and hints at a repetition of the story to the victim's wife and the trick is done."

"Besides this, it is safe to say that at this time of year there is near London no open space free to the public at night which does not harbor one blackmailer, and perhaps half a dozen. A scoundrel wearing a neckcloth follows couples of sweethearts, say, on Wimbledon common, and when in a lonely part calls the man aside and makes some kind of a charge against him. For the sake of avoiding unpleasantness to his companion, the man often pays the blackmailer's demand. "It is much the better plan to do as a detective friend did last summer to one of these fellows. He took him out of the girl's sight, and then hit him hard on the point of the jaw. That blackmailer was in no condition for further villainy that night."

EYE SHADES POPULAR IN ENGLISH SOCIETY

Resembles Lorgnette But Has Bar to Give Protection from Sun's Rays.

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE CALL. LONDON, July 7.—A very becoming and conspicuously useful shade for the eyes was one of the novelties Ascot held this week. It is the invention of a woman, who has called it the Missette, and already royalty and many smart women have welcomed it. In new photographs that have appeared of the King and the Princess, Her Majesty may be observed wearing the new shade up to her forehead, in order to shield her eyes from the glare of the ardent sun of Madrid. Princess Ena took the shade from London with her when she went to Spain.

In form and in the air of alert smartness it conveys, the shade somewhat approaches the lorgnette carried by many women; it has the folding stick of that useful object, made of tortoise-shell or gold, but is an altogether stead of them, there is a elegantly shaped bar of tortoise-shell or gold, lined with green ribbed silk, and it is this bar that is raised to the forehead and there allowed to rest, in order that the eyes may be protected from glare. Sun headache is frequently incurred by women at race meetings and cricket matches as a result of concentration upon an event in an open space. The new invention is not only capable of averting this, but of warding off wrinkles caused by the involuntary wringing up of the eyes in self-defense against the pitiless onslaught of a too brilliant light.

The jewelers are selling the new shade made of mother-of-pearl, of gold—plain, repoussé and gemmed—and of beautifully carved tortoise-shell.

SIXTY-NINE DANCERS GO WITH KING

Twenty Wives Also Travel With the Ruler of Cambodia. MONARCH VISITS FRANCE

Wears an Aged Hat Which Has Historical Significance.

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE CALL. MARSEILLES, July 7.—King Sisowath of Cambodia, accompanied by twenty wives, his sister, and sixty-nine sacred girl dancers, has arrived at Marseilles. The people of Marseilles do not call him by his proper name, for Prea Bat Samdech Prea Sisowath Chamchrochong Hariach Brahaminhor Phouvanaykraykeofa Sobapeyey is a trifle unwieldy for daily and familiar use, so the Marseillais call him Frank.

Frank or Chichois, the Marseilles diminutive for Francois, sounds a bit like Sisowath, and "Vive Chichois" is what the Marseilles folk have shouted all their throats cracked, all day long, while "Have you seen Chichois?" is the familiar greeting here this evening. King Chichois landed at Cap Pined in a shockingly bad billycock hat, a dress coat and waistcoat, white dicky, open-work silk stockings, dress pumps, and a sampot.

The billycock hat has a history. It was Norodom's hat and should have been burned with King Frank's brother and predecessor on the throne of Cambodia, but one of Norodom's thousand wives, who was to have been set at liberty after the death of the old King, offered to give up her freedom if the hat which Norodom had loved and worn for forty years were kept. So Sisowath has kept it, and it is to his honor that he set the lady free as well.

He always wears it on official occasions. It is rusty and greasy, misshapen and soft in the brim, and it cannot have been a smart hat when new. But King Sisowath wears a diamond knob the size of a small bellpin, fastened into the top of the crown, and an enormous diamond sun as cockade at the side.

Cockade and bellpin together are worth fully twenty thousand pounds. The hat without them would not be a bargain at fourpence. The sampot in Cambodia does duty for trousers or skirt, accordingly to the sex of the wearer. It looks at first glimpse, like a pair of large bloomers. Bloomers would not have mattered, but the sampot is really only a strip of silk twisted loosely round each leg, passed up between them and tied in a knot behind.

The writer obtained his Majesty's permission to visit his twenty wives, his sister, Princess Sampred, and sixty-nine sacred dancers. I found them in charge of four women guardians of the harem, all of whom are quite as hideous as fancy possibly can paint them, but, though their favorite perfume is castor oil, the ladies are charming, except Princess Sampred, who—she is the King's eldest sister, and he is sixty-four—is a Katisha of thirty-eight, which is old for a Cambodian lady.

Like Katisha, she has a saving sense of humor and a shocking temper. She is very like the King, but has black, lacquered teeth, and is one mass of jewels from head to foot. Her Highness was pleased to be gracious. She showed me the jewels which she had brought in a big iron box, and told me that she wondered how Frenchwomen could dress so much. "It is beautiful," she said, "but cannot be comfortable." She had made, dressing jacket, with imitation lace—worn only for state ceremonial—for, as a rule, she wears nothing above the waist—men's boots, and the inevitable sampot.

The other Princesses—Sisowath has left three hundred of his wives at home and believes in five hundred as a maximum, his sister told me—and the dancers are dainty little yellow-skinned beauties, the most graceful carriage imaginable. Between them the Princesses carry an immense fortune in jewelry, of which they are inordinately fond.

Her mother, frantic, hurried to the police and asked them to find her. Mrs. Bernstoff told them that she and her daughter went to the Wild West's farewell performance. As they were leaving the show grounds on the Prater, Aurelia, wrenched her hand from her mother's and was instantly lost in the crowd.

The police found their task easy. Mrs. Bernstoff received a letter yesterday from the fond Aurelia, reading: "Dear Mamma—You will be the cause of a great misfortune if you send the police after me. James wants me forever. If you do not give me up, I will poison myself with some stuff James has given me—the stuff with which the darling fellow poisons his arrows."

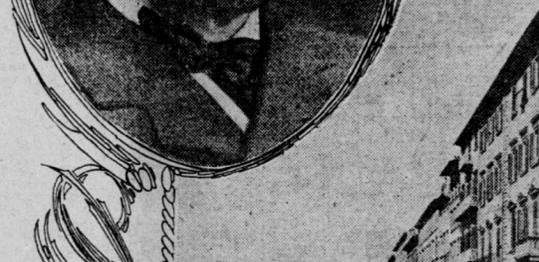
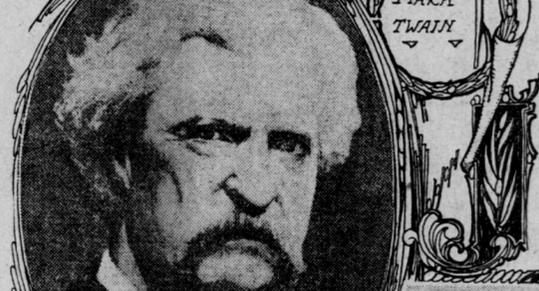
The mother, much alarmed, begged the police to end their search for Aurelia. They learned that the girl had often visited the Wild West show. As soon as he saw her, James Spotal, a handsome, strapping young brute, made love to Aurelia. At their recent interview he told her he wanted her to be his squaw. Then and there the romantic Aurelia determined to accompany her sun-bronzed lover to the end of the world.

MARK TWAIN HONORED IN FLORENCE ABOVE HEROES OF ANCIENT DAYS

One of the greatest heroes in the eyes of the people of Florence is Mark Twain. Florence has become Americanized through the presence in the city of notables from the New World; but none has left behind so favorable an impression as the American humorist. Every language school claims him as a pupil.

HUMORIST OF NEW WORLD MAKES LASTING IMPRESSION ON THE ITALIAN MIND

City Is Americanized by the Influx of a Great Throng of Yankees. Famous Old Town Almost Resembles a Possession of the United States.



AUSTRIAN MAIDEN ELOPES WITH AN AMERICAN INDIAN

She Falls in Love With Member of Wild West Show.

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE CALL. VIENNA, July 7.—Miss Aurelia Bernstoff, 16 years old, well nurtured and educated, possessed of a small fortune, has eloped with an American.

Fraulein Aurelia's mother refuses to be consoled by the fact that the man who ran off with her daughter is of ancient lineage. His forefathers formerly owned miles of prairie lands and forests. In a word, Aurelia, of a most romantic turn of mind, is infatuated with James Spotal, a young Indian in Buffalo Bill's Wild West show.

After three weeks' stay here the Wild West show left for Budapest. Miss Aurelia vanished at the same time. Her mother, frantic, hurried to the police and asked them to find her. Mrs. Bernstoff told them that she and her daughter went to the Wild West's farewell performance. As they were leaving the show grounds on the Prater, Aurelia, wrenched her hand from her mother's and was instantly lost in the crowd.

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for a long time in the "Sacred Rock" of the Prophet. The Prince, who is dark, with a long black mustache, wore a red coat and went about bareheaded and barefooted, with his hand constantly on the butt of a revolver, as though he anticipated an attack from some hidden foe. The Prince and his harem returned to Jaffa after a two hours' stay at the mosque. His retinue came up yesterday from the station waiting-room to the station waiting-room to the carriage there was also a covered passage. Breakfast was served on board the train as it steamed out of Jaffa. At Jerusalem the same secrecy was observed. The carriage even in which the Prince and his wives drove up to the mosque being covered over with white canvas. No place was visited but the Mosque of Omar and the Mosque-el-Aksa, the Prince praying persons that is now visiting here.

AMERICAN GIRLS TITLED

Among those who have married titles are the Contessa Rucellai, formerly Miss Brown; the Contessa Elisa Boutonolini, formerly Miss Van Shaick; the Marchesa da D'Ayeta, in America Miss Jones; the Marchesa Constantini, in Philadelphia Miss Miller; the Contessa Madeline Tuverna di Castiglione, nee Fry; the Contessa Enrichetta della Gherardessa, formerly Miss Josie Fisher; her sister, Contessa d'Aramon, and Contessa Cornelia Riccardio Fabricotto, formerly Miss Roosevelt Scovel, cousin of the President; the Contessa de Montjeux, well known as Miss Hilton; Contessa Raybandi Massiglia; Contessa Vivino Pallavicino, formerly Miss Fanny Woodhall; Contessa Pallavicino, nee Stone; the Princess Rosalita Ruspoli, and the Marchesa Edith Peruzzi de Medici, who as Miss Edith Story has a distinguished American connection; daughter of William Story, the sculptor, whose studio was destroyed in San Francisco, niece of Judge Story and sister-in-law of Emma Elmes.

Her home, 28 Via Maggio, one of the most beautiful and artistic in Florence, has been occupied this winter by the American Consul, Consul General Quarles, brother of Senator "Matt" Quay, whose widow also has been a winter resident, as well as Robert Quay and his family. Marion Crawford's niece, Mrs. Casson, may also be counted one of the American colony in Florence, though her home is just outside the city, at Settignano. A hospitable villa, one that entertained Charles Dudley Warner, is that of Gregory Smith in Florence, one of Vermont's governors and well known for his discoveries in acetylene. Among other American prominent society are Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Parks of Saratoga, Pa.

MRS. KEENE A LEADER. American society in Florence, however, has but once the residents say, focused itself about a leader. Mrs. Keene, the late Consul's wife, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, formerly a society belle of Louisville, Kentucky, by her charm, kindness and social ability, succeeded in pleasing all kinds and classes and during her regime, social life among Americans flourished.

Another American active in Florentine affairs is Thomas Ford, who as president of the Navy League has made it a prosperous chapter. Its vice president, Franklin Torry, may be considered a pioneer in American Florence. Owner of the famous Carrara marble quarry he has resided in the city for forty-five years and has endeavored to forward all national enterprises. His wife is the daughter of E. J. Berwind of soft coal fame, whose Newport mansion is celebrated. Mrs. Berwind, who has resided in Florence this winter, left a pleasant souvenir in the shape of a gift of \$1000 to the American church, of which Mr. Torry has the interest at heart. Just now he is in the city in the endeavor to erect a new American place of worship, suitable to the growing size and importance of the American colony in Florence. While the site has not yet been selected, the architect, Henry H. Vanables, D. D. announces that subscriptions are generously pouring in from American sources, one contribution of \$100 being from the Bishop of New York City.

YANKEE ARTISTS ABOUND. Of course American artists abound in Florence. Chief among them are James A. Shearman of Brooklyn, whose water colors have caught the real Italian atmosphere and color and whose studio should always attract the Americans; Julius Rohsboven, whose modern style pictures have been exhibited recently in Casa Guidi; Miss Blanche Warburg, the portrait painter; Henry Newman, J. G. Hagemeyer, Ernest Roth and Meeks, brother-in-law of Howells.

American criticism has two Florentine representatives in Bernhard Berenson and Loesser, and literature boasts Hutchings Haggood, author of "The Autobiography of a Thief," himself a criminologist of note; his wife, who as "Neth Boyce" has published "The Forerunner" and "The Folly of Others"; Mrs. Isabelle Hackett of Boston; Miss Virginia Johnston and W. D. Howells' young cousin of the same name.

In philanthropy Americans are busy in Florence, as wherever they settle. Franklin Torry, Mr. Meeks and J. G. Hagemeyer are interested in the society which supports the Quisisana Home at Viareggio, a seaside residence for sick children of Florence. The Contessa Rucellai and Miss Nellie Esterson are prominent directors of the Italian enterprise which would be called in America a "woman's exchange" for Italian workers. This society has branches all over Italy and their exhibition is one of the most complete at the Milan Exposition.

Among its American musicians Florence boasts the violinist Albert Spalding, who, at seventeen, made a debut this winter in a successful and fashionable concert directed by Saint-Saens. Among other American residents in Florence are Miss Gertrude Graham of Kansas City, Miss Hastings, Mrs. Hackett and Mrs. Hackett of Boston and the Rev. and Mrs. George Barber Stone, the former assistant rector of St. Mark's English Church; Miss Bangs of Boston, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. White, Mrs. Esterson, Mrs. Hackett of Boston, Mrs. James Shearman, Mrs. Mary Vicariis, Mrs. Elliot of Boston, and others to the extent, it is claimed, of nearly half of the two thousand English-speaking residents of Florence.

TWAIN THE REAL HERO. His name is Mark Twain. Apparently, in the eyes of modern Florence, the glories of its past vanish before him. Every language school claims him as a pupil. Apparently he had no time to eat his meals because of his incessant lesson-taking. He, or his most as well as Howells, both having written books about the city, and Longfellow lived in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella. But the American hero of Florence is none of these gentlemen.

Since the days of Amerigo Vesputti there has been no more effective American in Florence. "Signor Mark Twain" is the prince of modern Florence, the only wonder that there are no "antiques" of him in the windows with Dante and Savonarola. His name is Mark Twain. Apparently, in the eyes of modern Florence, the glories of its past vanish before him. Every language school claims him as a pupil. Apparently he had no time to eat his meals because of his incessant lesson-taking. He, or his most as well as Howells, both having written books about the city, and Longfellow lived in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella. But the American hero of Florence is none of these gentlemen.

Who came here before 1853 is not on record, but in that year appeared Nathaniel Hawthorne with his family, including his son Julian and his daughter, now famous as Rose Hawthorne Parsons, founder of the "Sisters of Relief." In the Villa Montauto Hawthorne wrote the first sketch of the "Marble Faun." His chief friend, after the Brownings, who lived in the Casa Guidi, was Hiram

Lowell, in his turn, appeared on the scene and also occupied the Casa Guidi, or Guidi Palace, where today "The Arts and Crafts" have a permanent exhibition in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murray Cobb, of Boston, the former a designer in ar-