A Page of World-Wide Interest From Lands Across the Seas

ROMULUS DID NOT FOUND ROME

In the Light of Recent Discoveries He and His Brother Are Shown to Be Mere Interlopers.

Special Foreign Service.

ROME, June 4.—None of the recent discoveries in the Roman Forum has been more important than that of the prehistoric tombs which proves conclusively that Romulus and Remus were by no means the first holders of the site of the Eternal City.

Through the execavation on the Sacred Way, the ancient "Sepuleretum," or cemetery of the prehistoric tribes who lived on the quirinal and other hills before the Romulean age is being gradually brought to light. By means of the tombs discovered, and the vases, ornaments, weapons, food, etc., which they contained, some slight knowledge can now be obtained of these ancient people, their mode of burial and also to a certain extent their mode of life.

These tombs must have been outside the walls of the town of the people to whom they belonged, and for that reason alone it is certain that they existed before the building of the Servian wall, and the incorporation of the seven hills into one city. But apart from this, the mode of burial, form of the tombs, vases, ornaments, etc., all prove their still greater antiquity. Both cremation and inhumation have been employed in these tombs, twenty-three of which have been opened. Eleven were of persons cremated and buried in well tombs, of which three were adults, the rest children.

The ashes of those cremated were placed in small hut urns, resembling the houses in which they had lived; these small urns were then deposited in large terra cotta vases, and the whole lowered to the bottom of a well,, about three feet deep, sunk for the purpose. The well was then filled with the ashes of the funeral pyre.

The graves dug for the reception of whole bodies were filled in with the earth out of which they had been cut, and the bodies were inclosed in primitive oak coffins, formed out of the trunks of trees, in the shape of boats. The graves contained vases with food for the deceased on his journey to the spiritual world. The contents of these vases have been analyzed and found to have consisted of meat, fish, milk, water, honey, beans, grain, perfumes, etc. In one grave eight vases were found; in others vases which had been used as drinking cups, one in black pottery, many of them dating from the Mycenean age, before the eighth century B. C. One tomb was that of a little boy, containing small brown bones and part of the skull, together with carbonized beans, grain and a small lance, probably a toy.

Another was that of a little girl, with three slabs of tufa covering it, inclined like a roof. It also contained vases with remains of the funeral feast. Beads have also been found in the tombs, of blue, black and white glass, a copper belt, amber ornaments, an ivory armlet, bones of a fish called the cephalus or great mullet, grape seeds, etc., the last being smaller than those of our day.

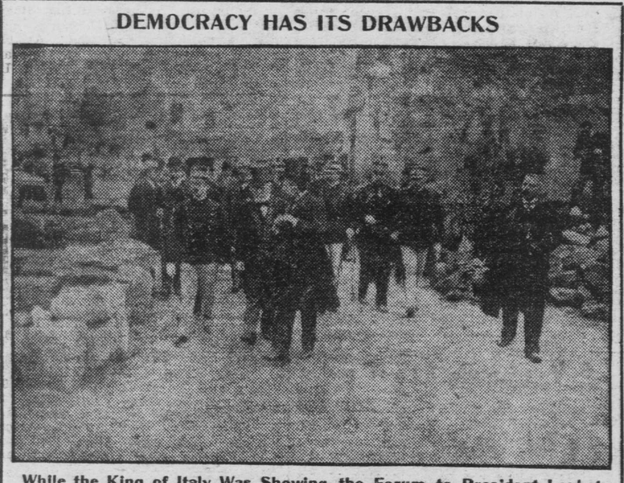
The valley chosen by the ancient dwellers on the Septimontium as their place of burial was a still, marshy, tranquil place. No trace has been found of any path leading up the hill, and yet after burial the relations of the deceased used to return once a year, on the anniversary of the death, to the tomb, where they dug small pits and poured in roast corn, milk, etc., but paved roads and wheeled vehicles were probably not in existence at such an early period.

The cremation tombs are earlier than the graves, and the earliest of all is considered to date from 1300 B. C., the others are mostly of the eighth and ninth centuries B. C. In the fifth or sixth centuries B. C., after the sepulcretum was abandoned, primitive houses were built over its site; three small tumuli composed of the ashes of small huts have been excavated at a slightly higher level than that of the tombs.

Another really magnificent discovery has been the foundation stone of the celebrated equestrian statue to the Emperor Domitian, raised during the first century of our era. A great block of tufa was hoisted and lying under it were several vases, absolutely preserved, with the colors as fresh as the day the vases were made. There is, however, a very remarkable feature about the vases, they are archaic, and belong to the era about 1300 B. C., and the largest and most beautiful is chipped at the mouth.

The theory is that either they were precious antiques at the time of Domitian, and for that reason used in the corner stone, or were copies of ancient vases then existing. This point has not yet been decided, but is of immense interest.

DEMOCRACY HAS ITS DRAWBACKS



While the King of Italy Was Showing the Forum to President Loubet Recently a Decidedly Embarrassing Incident Happened.

Special Foreign Service.

ROME, June 4.—While the king of Italy was showing President Loubet over Rome recently, the two heads of nations made it a point to be extremely democratic, but the result was not invariably all that could have been desired. For instance, while driving in the Corso, or when the king and president stopped to see any of the sights of the Eternal City, the population came very near them, so that on occasions not only what the royal party was saying was overheard, but vice versa.

The other day at the Roman Forum, where the king and president went to see the excavations, the royal party was disturbed by an Italian and Frenchman arguing with such animation that they evidently forgot in whose presence they were. Broken sentences were overheard, such as, "I tell you the king is;" "No, what nonsense! The president is quite three inches taller." "No, no; watch and you will see that it is his tall hat which makes the difference!" "Why the king is a pigmy and——" but at this point someone coughed and the men were forcibly reminded where they were. The king, however, feeling for the embarrassment of those present, as the words were loud and came in a silence when the excavations were proceeding, said with a smile to M. Loubet: "I think your countryman is right and that you have a little the best of it!" M. Loubet smiled and said: "It is surprising what an importance is attached to inches in this world!"

When about to start for Naples the president asked permission to take leave of his "two little friends," the youthful Italian princesses who had been suppressed by the queen, who thought that Princess Yolanda had been somewhat forward. The two little princesses rushed into M. Loubet's sitting room in high glee, Mafalda holding out her arms and her mouth to be kissed, and Yolanda taking hold of his hand. The president, after talking a minute, took a package out of his pocket and gave it to the latter. She thanked him prettily enough and then said with a sigh: "I am sure it is chocolates, and mamma will eat them; she will say they are bad for little girls!" M. Loubet, stifling his amusement, suggested that if that was the case perhaps it would be just as well to taste them at once, thereupon she tore open the paper to find, not chocolate, but tiny sweets made in all kinds of fantastic shapes. "Good!" she cried, "Mamma won't like these, so they are sure to be good for babies!" The chocolates mentionel by the little Yolanda, however, gave the president an idea, and he ordered sent to the queen an immense basket of them and in the center a small boy, also of chocolates, on which was written, "Good for Babies."

WALDORF ASTOR FIGHTS FISHERMEN

Expatriate Tries to Confiscate Part of the Thames.

Special Foreign Service.

LONDON, June 4.—Fishing rights in the upper reaches of the River Thames, close to Cliveden, have been for the last two years the source of much heated controversy between the Thames conservancy and William Waldorf Astor. The body which controls the river stocks it yearly with spawn with the aim of providing recreation for a number of persons who choose to spend their Sundays and holidays as faithful disciples of Izaak Walton. In former years Mr. Astor, while prohibiting fishermen from casting their rods from that part of the river bank which adjoins the Cliveden estate, graciously allowed them to fish from boats in the river itself. This concession gave but scant satisfaction to the innocent sportsmen and this year the Thames conservancy has been again appealed to. A deputation waited upon the lord of Cliveden a few days ago only to find out that he had decided to close the river—stream and bank—against all but his personal friends. As the law stands he is perfectly within his right in doing so, but the Thames conservancy, in spite of the fact that it is an absolutely fossilized and conservative body, can get its back up at times, and it is believed that Mr. Astor has prodded it into doing so. If all other means fail to move Mr. Astor the conservancy will apply to parliament to make new laws for the government of the River Thames.

It is somewhat significant that Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, who used to be frequent visitors to that part of the river, have not been seen there since it became known that Mr. Astor had excluded ordinary fishing folk.

RISTORI AT EIGHTY-THREE ENJOYS PLAYS

Famous Italian Actress, a Marchioness in Private Life, Is Notable First-Nighter, and Moves With the Times—She Indulges in Reminiscences of Her Early Years.

ADELAIDE RISTORI (MARCHIONESS DEL GRILLO).

As She Is Today at the Age of Eighty-three.

DONNA BIANCA DE GRILLO,

Adelaide Ristori's Daughter and Constant Companion.

Special Foreign Service.

ROME, June 4.—Think of being able to go to a first night and see, sitting calmly in a box, Adelaide Ristori! This is a privilege that dwellers in Rome enjoy, for the world famous Italian actress whom monarchs once vied with each other in honoring, has lost no whit of her interest in the stage of which she still is queen, and rarely misses a premiere. Although she is now over eighty-three years old, the Marchioness del Grillo (as Ristori is in private life) has had the good sense to move with the times and judge plays and actors according to modern standards, and so it is that when any new actress or play comes to Rome, the eyes of all her loyal subjects are turned at once to Ristori, and her pronouncements are accepted as law. I was especially interested the other evening to see her occupying her usual box, close to the stage, and listening with absorbed attention to Gabriel D'Annunzio's new tragedy, "The Daughter of Jario," to which she gave hearty applause. When one thinks of the long life of this celebrated actress, whose boast it was at the height of her fame that she had visited every country in the world which had a theater, the Italian contention that she is the most wonderful woman living does not seem a gross exaggeration.

She is now a little old woman, with pronounced features, sparkling dark eyes, and hair that is still abundant waving under a head-dress which she invariably wears. Her hands, covered with magnificent rings and with silk mitts, are as eloquent as ever, and as she uses them to emphasize her meaning, and her beautiful modulated voice rises and falls, one can realize even now glimpses of where her power lay in the past.

The marchesa acceded to my request for "a little talk, not an interview," with her usual kindness, and as I sank into a cozy chair in her sanctum, laughed at my request to know "all." "I am sure you do not realize what you are asking," she exclaimed with a laugh, "that means to go back the better part of eighty-three years, as my first appearance on the stage was at the age of three months. As I gasped she laughed again, and went on. "Yes, eighty-three years, and you come here and expect me to tell you all about it in five minutes."

"I have really personally felt about every emotion, and I look back on the different countries where I have been, according to the emotions which they chiefly yielded to me. In Norway once I was in deadly peril, though I knew nothing about my danger until it was over. We were flying along on an express when we came to so sudden a standstill that we were thrown from our seats. Just before the train yawned a gulf, a bridge had been left open by mistake, and we stood on the edge, stopped only just in time.

"My greatest triumphs were in England and the United States. In the latter I acted in English, and then with a German company, although I did not understand one word they said. It was intoxication pure and simple when I heard the thunders of applause, and my name called by thousands of people.

"My purest, unalloyed joy was in Italy, where I married, and where I used my poor powers to further the 'cause,' that is, the liberation and unity of my country. The supremest compliment of my career came from France, when Napoleon III. begged me to study at the royal expense in Paris for a year, and then take the place at the Comedie Francaise left vacant by Mme. Rachel. Just think what an honor, but I refused, as one of the conditions was that I should act only in France, and—I say it with pride—Italy needed me.

"The emotion I felt in Spain was of another kind, pure pity and satisfaction. A poor soldier had been sentenced to be shot, as I thought unjustly, and through my intercession Queen Isabella pardoned him. What joy that was! I could have kissed the hem of her robe so glad I was and so carried away by the thought that a human being was saved."

In Paris, all the world knows, Mme. Ristori created a furore, which modern actresses do not dream of. Either the times have changed, and even Frenchmen are more self-contained, or the actresses of today lack the "sacred fire." However that may be, Paris went mad over Adelaide Ristori. Her methods were copied, her way of dressing set the mode, and her gestures and poses were imitated without limit. One of her chief admirers and friends was Alexander Dumas, pere, who, to put it in the Marchesa del Grillo's own words, "bored his friends unmercifully about me, insisting that they should see me act. At last one turned on him, saying, 'Oh, leave me alone! I have not got six francs to waste.' Dumas, furious, replied, 'Waste! Here are six francs. Now go and see if they are wasted,' and as his friend went off in a rage he called out, 'Do as you like, I will leave them here on this post,' and he also disappeared in the fog. Fifteen minutes passed, when two dark figures were seen coming from opposite directions who met at the post. It was Dumas and his friend, both having reflected that it was a pity to throw away six francs! After a hearty laugh they went away arm in arm to see me play."

Mme. Ristori tells another story of Dumas. He one day said that her Italian cook was not as clever as she pretended, and that he could himself prepare macaroni just as well. "Being nettled by our shouts of derision," continued the actress, "he settled to come next day and try. He solemnly dressed himself in the cook's apron and cap, and thus equipped, walked down stairs to the kitchen, through rows and rows of grinning faces, all the people in the great hotel having gathered to see Alexander Dumas dressed as a cook. I expect they never forgot the sight. At last the famous dish appeared, and it was so bad that the author of its being was the only one who could eat it. It was not noticed, however, that he gave half to my cook. What the cook did with it I never knew; certainly he did not eat it!"

The Marchioness del Grillo is one of the most honored women in Rome. Her only son, Marquis Giorgio, has for years been one of Queen Margharita's gentlemen in waiting, the queen mother showing the utmost deference to his aged mother, going occasionally to see her, and always distinguishing her by her notice whenever they are in the same room. Mme. Ristori has also a daughter, Donna Bianca, who is of quite exceptional beauty, and is her mother's stay and comfort, accompanying her everywhere and scarcely losing sight of her for a moment. The old lady is a slave to three little mites, Marquis Giorgio's children, who tyrannize over her delightedly. They live also in the old del Grillo palace, and lighten up its gray massiveness with their pranks and happy laughter. If they can only play jokes on grandmama their joy knows no bounds.

The del Grillo palace is one of the smaller ones of Rome, and, like most of the others, is surrounded by small streets, but inside the majestic rooms have been filled with "modern comforts," which is so English an expression that the Italians have no equivalent and use the foreign words. One mounts a broad stairway to a turn adorned with marbles and flowering plants. From here one passes into an ante-room, and from there into the drawing room, out of which opens Mme. Ristori's sanctum. The chief feature of the drawing room is an immense life-size oil portrait of the great actress as "Queen Elizabeth of England." This is, perhaps, her best known picture. It was painted for her in New York by a young Italian, who a few days after its completion went with Mme. Ristori and her friends up the Hudson for a picnic. He seemed in the best of spirits but suddenly pulled out a revolver and shot himself dead.

"I could not bear to look at the picture for years after," the marchioness said. "I have had plenty of mock suicides committed in my presence, but the reality was so horrible as to leave an indelible impression."

The sanctum is the most interesting room in the house. It is small and comfortably carpeted and furnished. The walls are hung with all kinds of old-fashioned pictures of the actress in various roles, and as a young wife and mother, and even as a child. There are many portraits, too, of celebrities and royalties, who have personally presented their photographs. By the window, well in the light, stands the famous woman's desk, scattered over with elegant trifles in silver, letters and papers, and adorned by large photographs of Queen Margharita and Queen Elena, with dedications in their handwriting. Here the aged actress sits, meditating, reading and writing.

The marchesa speaks little of her husband, who died some years ago, and to whom she was passionately devoted. He and their children accompanied her everywhere, even abroad, so that all their reminiscences were common. Her husband died on her birthday, so that what should be a source of rejoicing each time it occurs is now a day of mourning, always observed in a strictly private manner.

The daily life of the celebrated actress is simple in the extreme. She rises somewhat late, after a cup of coffee in bed, and, if the day is fine, goes for a drive in a closed carriage, together with Donna Bianca. She returns after an hour or two, has her grandchildren in to amuse her, and about noon they all have lunch together, the children making this the most cheerful hour of the day for their grandmother. After lunch she rests and usually goes out again. She often has some one read to her while she sits sometimes knitting, sometimes dreaming. In the evening she seldom goe out, except to the theater, and there she is often to be seen, especially on first nights. She made a special effort when King Edward was in Rome, and went to the English embassy on purpose to be presented to his majesty, whose father had been one of her most fervent admirers, and who had presented her with a souvenir.

AN IRISH NEWS VENDER HAS NOBLE FRIENDS

Davy Stephens of Kingstown Pier Includes Royalty in His Visiting List.

Special Foreign Service.

DUBLIN, June 4.—If Davy Stephens ever writes a book, undoubtedly it will be called "Royalties and Other Distinguished Folk Whom I Have Met." In case cables have not reached America of the rather considerable fuss that has been made over Davy Stephens since he passed his sixtieth birthday, it may be explained that he is the old newspaper seller of Kingstown Pier, Ireland, whose list of acquaintances made in the way of business is so extraordinary a one. Crowned heads, titled aristocrats and illustrious commoners have joined in the birthday congratulations that have reached Stephens from all over the world.

Davy has been selling newspapers and periodicals for fifty-four years, the death of his father before he had reached his sixth birthday having compelled him to make an early start in helping support the family. Possessed of unfailing good nature and a ready Irish wit, he soon became popular with his patrons, and as increasing years developed his powers of humor and genial qualities he won the friendship of many distinguished men among them. His customers, many of whom he can claim as more than acquaintances, have included the king, the emperor of Brazil, Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, Prince Bismarck, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the crown prince of Austria, the shah of Persia, Napoleon III., the prince imperial, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Ormonde, Lord Castletown, Lord Duncannon, Sir Henry Irving and a host of other notables.

Among his most treasured souvenirs is a sovereign which was given him by Queen Victoria on the occasion of her last visit to Dublin in 1900. He first met the late queen when, with the prince consort, she landed at Kingstown, over forty years ago, and in all of her subsequent visits she invariably patronized his stall and spoke some kindly words to him which were far more highly prized than her liberal payments. He first made the acquaintance of King Edward when he was a very youthful Prince of Wales, and has met him so often since and received so many gold coins from him that he preserved only one as a souvenir of their acquaintance. The king loves a good joke and a good laugh and was invariably assured of both when, in stepping ashore from the royal yacht, he stopped at Davy's stall.

Of Prince Bismarck, who visited Ireland twenty-five years ago, Davy does not entertain particularly kindly recollections, for the "man of blood and iron" tossed him a handful of French coppers in exchange for the newspapers he bought and passed grimly on his way. Of a different sort was the unfortunate emperor of Brazil, who, after listening to some of Davy's funny stories, offered him the post of court jester. Familiarity with statesmen enables him occasionally to venture on jokes at their expense and he tells with high glee how, in the days of the land league, he frequently slipped extreme Nationalist newspapers containing caricatures of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster and Mr. Balfour into the hands of these gentlemen after they had crossed the Irish sea.

Sometimes Davy is called the "Umbrella Knight," and thereby hangs an amusing story. He was selling newspapers one evening in the saloon of the mail boat when she got under way and was rounding the pier head when he reached the deck. Not wishing to go to Holyhead just then he took a header overboard intending to swim ashore. But some of the passengers raised such a hubbub, fearing he would be drowned, that a boat was lowered and he was unwillingly brought back to the steamer. When he had been provided with a dry outfit he set about characteristically making the best of the situation and sang and danced in the saloon for the amusement of the delighted company, which included the then lord lieutenant of Ireland. The latter declared he would reward Davy with knighthood, and Davy obeyed with alacrity the command to kneel. Taking an umbrella from an adjacent rack the lord lieutenant administered a hearty whack with it across the newsman's shoulders, exclaiming, "Arise, Sir Davy!"

Stephen's news stall has long placed him in comfortable financial circumstances, and for the last twenty-one years he has crossed the channel regularly to see the Derby and exchange greetings with some of his illustrious customers. On this occasion he discarded his sou'-wester and working outfit for a silk hat, frock coat, white waistcoat and patent leather boots. Sir Henry Irving gave him a dinner on one of these annual visits, at which several notables were present, and Lord Arthur Hill introduced him to the lord mayor of London.

In a letter wishing him many happy returns of his birthday Lord Charles Beresford deplores the fact that they are "both beginning to suffer from Anno Domini." But Davy still rises at 4 o'clock every morning, winter and summer alike, to meet the incoming mail boat. The gallant admiral he counts among his best friends, and he is very fond of relating how on one occasion his lordship seized his papers and ran down the platform selling them. Davy admits that he never found a better deputy, and thinks that if Lord Beresford had stuck to selling newspapers he would have proved a very formidable rival.

CONSUELO'S CASTLE IS LEAKY

Built Upon the Bed of a River, It Must Be Constantly Pumped Out, Says Lady Mary.

Special Foreign Service.

LONDON, June 4.—Despair has settled upon the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Their beautiful London home, the ducal palace upon which they have spent $5,000,000 and no end of pains, is the source of their bitter disappointment. It is finished, the majestic pile occupying the whole of one small block is absolutely completed, and to the smallest detail its furnishings are perfection. Within, a large retinue of the most capable servants add the last word of comfort to the wealth of luxury there to be found, but to the Marlboroughs all this is as nothing. Pleasure in their London home has departed, for they have just discovered that they built not upon a rock, but instead—upon the bed of a river.

And into their home, now that all is finished, day by day and hour by hour, creeps water, so persistently, so unceasingly, that a pump must always be used to stem its encroachments.

How bitter is the disappointment of the Marlboroughs none can really imagine, for weeks and months were spent scouring the fashionable quarters in London for a suitable site whereupon they could build their ducal palace. And it was no easy victory, when at last they obtained permission, backed by many thousands of pounds, to pull down the famous and fashionable church in Curzon street so that they might erect, under their own supervision, a modern mansion of stupendous luxury. There were drawbacks to the site from many points of view, but what could they do? It was the best available, and no one ever thought of looking up the old physical geographies of the place.

Nor was this startling discovery made in time to save the palace or when the plans could have been altered. The bitterest pill of all comes in the fact that this monstrous trouble could all have been avoided. When a chapel stood on the very spot where the Marlborough's palace is now erected no one ever dreamt that a subterranean river had once run its course beneath its crypt, and at its deepest foundation there was no sign of such a resistless element. Had the same depth of foundation satisfied the Marlboroughs all would have been well. But it did not. To economize space, to give greater area to state rooms, receptions, bedrooms, etc., not one inch of the palace that appeared above the surface of the ground was to be given up for the accommodation of servants. Retainers there would be in plenty, but these were to be accommodated elsewhere. As in many another London house, the basement of this ducal palace in Curzon street is given over to kitchens, etc. And then below these, still further removed from the light of day comes another floor, which is divided up to form the bedrooms and sitting rooms of the domestics. Where ordinary people have their cellars, in their London home, the Marlboroughs lodge their servants. And having dug so deeply into the earth, they have touched not the bedrock, but an ever-moving strata washed by the ebb and flow of a river's tide.

The free use of the pump keeps the water from rising, but the necessity for the everlasting presence of this useful instrument worries the American duchess and her duke bitterly, for it makes the house damp, threatens to weaken the foundations and is likely to introduce germs into the place.

Why they should have had the misfortune to have pitched their tent upon this very spot is beyond their comprehension, for the site is not the most desirable in Mayfair.

The only really good outlook—that upon the gardens of Wharncliffe house opposite, has perhaps sufficed for much. As Wharncliffe house stands well back from the road, the gardens are only separated from the Marlborough palace by the width of Curzon street itself, so it might almost be their own. Last year, too, on the death of the owner the house was bought by no less a personage than the Earl of Crewe so that the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough had for opposite neighbors the Earl and Countess of Crewe the latter being the daughter of the Earl of Rosebery. But now yet another disappointment for Marlboroughs. Within a year of their purchase, Lord Crewe has put a notification in the proper quarter that he will be glad to dispose of Wharncliffe house. Folks are asking "why." Is it that the deep foundations which have brought about such disaster to the Marlborough house have upset any others in the neighborhood?

It is by no means a novel thing to come upon the beds of old rivers in London, for nowhere did so many streams, large and small, meet the main river on its course to the sea as around and about where London now is. Subterranean rivers now flowing under the metropolis are utilized as sewers, and the Edgware, which was a stream of considerable dimensions, watered parts of Mayfair on its way to join Father Thames.

Lady Curzon is the latest of the American society women in London to take to motoring. She has been whizzing about from Deal to the other seaside places in the vicinity of Walmer castle (of which her husband is now master) during the past week, and exploring all the interesting spots. It was only on the advice of her physician that she rejected cycling for motoring. Since the birth of her latest baby she has been in a delicate state of health, and it was explained to her that the exertion of cycling would have to be abandoned for some time. She loved her brougham and horses and maintained that if the cycle was to have a rest they would supply all she wanted in the way of outdoor exercise. But her mother insisted that she must be in the fashion and straightway provided her with a car at her own expense. It cost $10,000 and is one of the most luxurious vehicles in London. It is capable of maintaining a speed of twenty-five miles an hour and can seat four persons comfortably in addition to a chauffeur. Her ladyship has not yet mastered the intricacies of the machinery sufficiently to justify her in driving the car herself, but she is taking lessons and it is presumed that she will be an accomplished driver by the time Lord Curzon reaches England. She has been for the last fortnight attending a motor school in South Kensington, where she has for teacher one of the most expert American drivers in England. She has frequent spins around the neighboring squares where she is shown how to negotiate difficult corners. Unlike Lady Craven she shows no disposition to make herself acquainted with the entire mechanical part of the car. She is satisfied with the knowledge necessary to control and manage the driving portion. She says the rest requires expert engineering skill and is a man's work.

Following the example of Lady Curzon and other American society women, the Duchess of Manchester, too, has taken to motoring. She is an industrious student at the school attached to the Automobile club's premises in Curzon street, where she has been seen daily since her return to town. She and the duke are at present staying at Portman square, but there is nothing to show that the duke is much interested in the latest society craze. He usually accompanies the duchess to the school, but leaves immediately for one of his favorite clubs. He enjoys the reputation of being fond of bridge and can hold his own with the smartest man in town at whist. He backs himself pretty heavily on occasions. The duke, however, has drawn the line at playing for heavy stakes with women since he and the Prince of Wales lost all their spare cash one evening at a fashionable West end establishment.

English people can no longer claim to have a monopoly of the services of J. A. Sargent. His studio is being invaded by Americans during the present season, and he is obliged to refuse many remunerative commissions. His latest patron is Gen. Charles J. Paine, of Boston. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe will sit to him later on in the season. Sir Philip Burn-Jones is also receiving much American patronage. Mr. Phelps-Stokes and his sister, who have just returned from Egypt, are to give him a sitting before they return home in July, so also will Marcus S. Mayer and Albert H. Canby, both of whom have come to London for the season.

Count Ward has arrived in London after enjoying a continental motor tour. He has been looking around for a town house for the season, but could not see why Americans should be exploited by grasping landlords, so he decided to put up at one of the West end hotels. He has already commenced to entertain on a lavish scale, and it is understood that he will be one of the "lion" hosts of the season. The king's personal friends—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sassoon and the Countess of Lutzow—shared his hospitality a few evenings ago. A few days previously Georgiana, countess of Guildford, the dowager countess of Donoughmore, Lady Evelyn Hely-Hutchinson, and the Countess of Romney lunched with him. He afterwards treated them to a motor drive through Richmond park and out to Hampton court.

Mr. and Mrs. Parmalee Prentice have been looking over the fashionable real estate agents' lists since their recent arrival in London. They would not say, however, that they had any intention of setting up immediately a London establishment. All that could be gathered from them was that they desired to know the rents of houses to let in the fashionable quarters, Mayfair and Belgravia particularly. When the agents learned that Mrs. Prentice was a daughter of John D. Rockefeller they immediately pictured to themselves a mansion in Park Lane or Curzon street surpassing in size and appointments even the Marlborough mansion. After having given the agents a good "shaking up" with regard to rents and ground value Mr. and Mrs. Prentice proceeded in a motor through some of the most fashionable streets, taking notes as they went along of houses "to let."

Mr. Robert H. McCormick, of Chicago, and his charming young wife, who were in Rome all the winter months, have left for France. Mr. McCormick was in bad health when he arrived, but is now said to have quite recovered, and has gone to meet his father for an automobile trip.

Our Rome correspondent reports that the pope has received in private audience Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of San Francisco, who were presented by Mgr. Patrick Ludden, bishop of Syracuse, and by Mgr. Thomas Kennedy, of Philadelphia, rector of the American college in Rome.

Mrs. Christopher Magee, of Pittsburg, has left her magnificent villa in Rome for an automobile tour with her cousin, Mrs. Steward, in North Italy and France. Her house is one of the most favored by the American colony of Rome and by the aristocracy, being above all a rendezvous for lovers of music.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bright, of New York, have arrived in London and are staying at Claridge's hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Bright will remain in London for a brief time only, as they have planned to make a long tour on the continent in Mr. Bright's sixty-horse Mercedes car. There are only three cars of this description in existence. The Brights' travels will be principally in Italy, Venice being one of the first cities they will visit.

—Lady Mary.

SMALLPOX BREAKS UP A DUCAL PARTY

Roxburghes Leave Floors Castle When Disease Appears.

Special Foreign Service.

LONDON, June 4.—An outbreak of smallpox in the neighborhood of Floors castle, I learn, is responsible for upsetting arrangements which the Duchess of Roxburghe had made to entertain a small gathering of personal friends who had traveled to Scotland for the purpose of seeing her in her new home. Cornelius Vanderbilt and his wife were of the party, but on hearing of the outbreak they returned to London by the next train. The duke and duchess also cleared out immediately and at the moment the castle is deserted. Mrs. Vanderbilt, mother of Cornelius, had also arranged to go north, but she was advised by telegram to keep away.

The Vanderbilts will be in town for the season as the guests of the Duchess of Marlborough and will be present at the opening of the duchess' new town house.

A Winna.

There was a young lady named Minna
Who wanted to grow somewhat thinna,
So she followed a hunch
To do without lunch
And breakfast and supper and dinna.

—Chicago Journal.