

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S FACE PERPETUATED BY A FAMOUS DESCENDANT

Gen. Baden-Powell, Whose Family Tree Goes Straight Back to the Doughty Colonizer of Virginia, Turns Another of His Talents to Account

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Capt. John Smith, hero of the Pocahontas and of many another adventure quite as exciting and better substantiated, has a direct descendant living in England, who is more famous today than the doughty captain was when he set out for that memorable trip to Virginia 300 years ago. The descendant is no more than Gen. R. S. Baden-Powell, over whose successful defense of Mafeking John Bull was so excited that he threw dignity to the winds and danced hornpipes in the Strand. Practically every humble home in England has a panel picture showing the national idol, Roberts, Kitchener and the doughty Baden-Powell side by side.

Now "B. P."—for that other "B. P.," the British Public, always refers to Baden-Powell affectionately by his initials—is an astonishing sort of man. Next to Maj. J. Buller, who has now returned home to the United States, he is perhaps the best scout in the British army, and has figured in as many adventures and hair-breadth escapes as did even his great-great-great-grandfather, the r. Capt. John Smith. Besides his fame as a soldier, he is an excellent draughtsman, he paints well, he is noted as a hunter of big game, he plays a variety of musical instruments, he writes well, as the several books from his pen bear testimony, and he has been known as an amateur sculptor. Furthermore, he has no mean skill as a sculptor, so when he discovered not long ago that no bust existed of his famous ancestor, "B. P.," resolved to make one. He set about it as soon as possible, and the work is now almost completed. The accompanying photograph of it, which I was permitted to make the other day, is the first that has been taken.

The task of making a bust of Capt. John Smith was a difficult one in many ways, a fact that probably made it additionally attractive to Baden-Powell. To begin with, as the general remarked to the writer when discussing the subject, there was the question of expression.

"You see, he was a soldier, a sailor and an administrator," said "B. P.," "and it is rather hard to give hints of those three different callings on one face."

But the chief difficulty was the fact that there are so few authentic portraits of Capt. Smith. Some were in the possession of Baden-Powell's family, but better ones had been learned, were owned by Americans, and after correspondence he succeeded in borrowing some of these, and getting a good deal of valuable data besides. So, with nothing but these various prints and certain scientific and mathematical calculations of his own, Gen. Baden-Powell began a work which professional sculptors who have seen it declare to be good.

As the picture shows, the general has portrayed his famous ancestor as a



Miss Baden-Powell and the Bees She Keeps in Her Bedroom
From a Photo Taken for This Article.



B. P.'s Bust of His Ancestor, Capt. John Smith
From a Photo Taken for This Article.



Maj. Gen. R. S. Baden-Powell

bluff, hearty but determined and brassy-looking customer, as no doubt he was. The bust, which is about half again life size, has been modeled in clay, to be cast eventually in bronze. Baden-Powell says he has no idea what will become of it when completed, but it will be rather surprising if so interesting a work is permitted to remain on this side of the water.

"B. P." is descended from Capt. Smith on his mother's side. She was a "Smythe," and her father, Admiral Smythe, came down to direct line from the doughty colonizer whose life Pocahontas was reputed to have saved. Just when and why the spelling of the name was altered is not clear, but there is no question about the family tree.

The making of this bust of Capt. Smith is the most ambitious thing in the sculpting line that "B. P." ever has undertaken. Horses have been his favorite studies before, though he has produced one head—that of a South African negro—which is a fine work. It occupies a pedestal in his study. He models rapidly, as he does everything else, and the Smith bust, detailing as it is, has taken him only a little more than a month to make. Incidentally, every bit of the work that "B. P." has expended upon it has been done during the hours of 4 and 7 in the morning.

In South Africa the natives nicknamed Baden-Powell "The Wolf that Never Sleeps," the general goes slumber occasionally, but it is a good many

years since he has allowed himself more than five hours' rest out of the twenty-four, and the early hours of the morning are his favorite time for any special task, like this bust, that he has on hand. In fact the servants at his mother's house, where the general lives, declare that he gets through with a whole day's work before ordinary people begin to think of theirs. So at the outset he had his "mud-stuff," as he calls his sculpting paraphernalia, brought into his bedroom, the bust standing on a tripod close to the window; and here any morning for the last month the famous soldier and scout could have been found soon after dawn giving his first and freshest thoughts to his absorbing work.

In fact, such hours as he can snatch before breakfast are the only time that Gen. Baden-Powell can find for anything outside the regular routine. Though he is at home now, army matters absorb most of his time, and on the morning that I visited him he had to rush off in the midst of talk about Capt. John Smith and his own affairs, in response to a hurry call from the war office, where his opinion on some subject was required. He is in immense demand socially, too, and has just gone to Scotland for a month or two of grouse shooting. He expects that his present post, inspector general of cavalry, will keep him in Great Britain for the next two years.

It is doubtful if there is a more interesting house in London than that of the Baden-Powells, at 22 Princes Gate, Hyde Park—only a stone's throw from

the two mansions that J. Pierpont Morgan recently made into one to house his art treasures—or a more interesting family than that of which the hero of Mafeking is a member. "B. P.'s" collection of trophies, which the dwelling contains, alone would make it unique among London residences, but it also shelters many of the works of Baden-Powell's brother, who is a painter of distinction; the belongings of his mother, who is an amateur astronomer, and those of his sister, who keeps bees there on quite an extensive and altogether novel scale. The family have been in Princes Gate only a comparatively short time. They lived formerly in St. George's place, close to Hyde Park corner, but were driven from their home by the approach of one of London's new underground electric railways.

"B. P." is absolutely devoted to his mother, and this may be one reason why the many rumors of his "engagement" have all turned out to be false. Mrs. Baden-Powell, however, is idolized by all her children. She will be eighty next month, and left London the other day to spend her birthday in the Isle of Wight. Just before she went her children gathered round her and gave her a toilet service of pure gold. Soon after her marriage Mrs. Baden-Powell developed a keen interest in astronomy, and still keeps a telescope in her room, so that she can inspect the heavens when the notion takes her. She is a great reader, too, and an unusually good talker.

Francis Baden-Powell, "B. P.'s" elder brother, whose paintings are one of the features of the family residence in Princes Gate, is an artist of prominence, who frequently has got as much as \$5,000 for one picture. Most of his paintings are naval ones, the best known of them being "The Last Shot at the Spanish Armada." But by all odds the most picturesque member of the Baden-Powell household after "B. P." himself is his sister, who is famous as the only woman who has ever kept bees in a London drawing-room and induced them to make honey there.

Bees always have interested Miss Baden-Powell, and it was when about fifteen years ago, Sir Benjamin Brodie offered a swarm of them to her that she determined to try to keep them at the family's London house. Having their hives in the drawing room was an afterthought—worthy of a Baden-Powell. It must not be supposed, however, that the bees were loose in the drawingroom. The past tense is used in this connection because at Princes Gate Miss Baden-Powell has these queer pets of hers in her own apartment. They occupied the drawingroom of the family's other house. The wall of the house was pierced by a hollow metal tube which connected the hives with the outside world, and through this the insects passed out in quest of honey and in again with their loads. They got, and still get, their honey in the many London parks, and perhaps on account of the lack of competition Miss Baden-Powell's bees have from the first produced a lot more

of this delectable substance than insects belonging to friends of hers who live in the country.

Last year the Baden-Powell bees garnered over sixty pounds of honey, which was used either in the house, held or given to friends. And so close a study has Miss Baden-Powell made of her bees and the kind of flowers they affect that as each bee returns she can tell whether it has been to Hyde park, the Green park, or across the river to Battersea park in quest of supplies. The glass hives are arranged in such a way that the bees can be seen at work—at which "B. P." himself frequently watches them, and it was at his suggestion that they were provided with dwellings of various shapes in order that they might work their combs in different designs. In this way the bees have written "God Save the King" and "Baden-Powell" in honey, reproduced the Prince of Wales' feathers, and, quite recently, drawn the outline of a bicycle in the same substance.

No less striking than the Baden-Powell apiary, however, is its aviary. For if bees live in a bedroom make an uncommon sight, so does a tree with live birds on it in a hallway. One of the first things that strike the eye on entering the home of Gen. Baden-Powell is a small potted tree about the branches of which hop seven or eight canary birds. They are absolutely free, and fly about the hall at will, and are the first to be seen at part, however. These songsters also belong to Miss Baden-Powell, who got the first

Defender of Mafeking Is About as Extraordinary a Man as Was His Grandfather, Smith, and the Rest of the Family Is Equally Unusual

pair of them as young birds, the others having arrived since. And to make the surprise of the thing complete, the lady parted the branches of the tree and exhibited a small and dainty nest which contained two little blue eggs, "hatched" off the mother bird for this purpose.

Apart from these sights, however, the Baden-Powell house is given up almost entirely to relics of "B. P.'s" travels and adventures, and of the siege of Mafeking. Where the balls are not hidden behind spears, arrows and such like weapons, they are obscured by framed "addresses" from one would think every society in Great Britain. Also by frames containing specimens of the postage stamps (bearing his own head), which "B. P." issued during the siege, as well as the paper money also issued by him. There are photographs, too, of different scenes in the long order of Aladdin's palace, "sat tight." Finally, just outside the door to the drawingroom, one is confronted by an immense African lion, stuffed, which is dear to Baden-Powell's heart. It is the first lion he ever fell to his rifle, and was bagged in Bechuanaland.

"B. P.'s" bedroom, in which the bust of Capt. Smith still stands on its tripod, proved, as might have been expected, to be an apartment of Spartan plainness. A portrait of the soldier's mother stood on his dresser, while on the walls were several old prints illustrating the sport of "pig-sticking," of which Baden-Powell is especially fond, and about which he has written a book; but there were no other decorations. On the other hand, the major general's study is quite regal. It is richly furnished, with blue books and contain a few of the gifts which the nation showered upon the defender of Mafeking. There are "caskets" without number (most of them having contained "addresses"), swords of honor, helmets, flasks, walking sticks, most of them either entirely composed of or heavily ornamented with pure gold. It might be thought that the perfect collection. On the wall there is a portrait of the queen, signed simply "Alexandra." Over a lay figure is thrown the richly decorated a soldier's uniform, a tent, one of the soldier's trophies; and lying on a chair at one side of the room is the famous broad-brimmed hat with its feathers, which were worn all through the Mafeking siege. Official-looking documents lie on every side, and Baden-Powell's desk is piled high with them, with blue books and army reports and works on tactics, some of them written in foreign languages. The room is made even more impressive by the presence of a pipe organ, which is set into the wall on one side, and on which the soldier plays when "weary and ill at ease."

"B. P." is interested in his great-ancestor is shown by the presence on his walls of a splendid steel engraving of Capt. John Smith, and also a picture of the hero of Mafeking, "B. P.," among other historical works, is Capt. Smith's autobiography. I opened this, and found on the fly leaf its owner's autograph, "R. S. Baden-Powell," and this quotation, "When God has something harder than usual to do, he tells an Englishman to do it."

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"MARY ANN" OF REAL LIFE WOULDN'T BE A MILLIONAIRESS

Like Zangwill's Heroine, Mary Meyer, a German Servant Girl, Fell Her to a Huge Fortune, But She Has Refused It—Preferred to Go on Scrubbing Floors Rather Than Leave Her Sweetheart and Humdrum Life to Be a Fine Lady

BERLIN, Nov. 12.—Old Truth goes right on being stranger than fiction, no matter who the fiction may be. Germany furnishes the newest instance, a thing having happened in this country that is just as true as the "Mere Mary Ann" over again in real life—with a denouement, however, such as even that fanciful writer would never have dreamed of.

The plot of Mr. Zangwill's story and play are familiar. To Mary Ann, the "slavery" of a London lodging house, there comes unexpectedly a legacy of some millions, which the girl accepts, and leaves "service" to be made into a model "heless." Well, to Mary Meyer, who is a servant in a South German household, there also has come a legacy of some millions—but she has refused it and elected to remain a common domestic.

The first act of this sensational romance occurred a quarter of a century ago, when a young man of good family named Norbert Meyer contracted a secret marriage with the pretty governess of his younger brothers and sisters. He was twenty-five, and she was eighteen. He was dependent on his father for his entire income, and she had nothing but the clothes in which she stood at the altar. In these circumstances, the young couple had married for love alone had a hard struggle. Norbert's allowance did not suffice for the maintenance of a wife and the cost of an apartment, and soon he was plunged into debt. Things went from bad to worse until within six months of his wedding he was compelled to disclose the secret to his father and to apply to him for aid.

Gave Up His Wife

The father, a man absolutely without feeling, took a harsh view of the case. Starting from the assumption that the governess was an unscrupulous adventurer, who had plotted his son's social ruin, he declined to settle the debts unless his son immediately abandoned her young wife and promised to have nothing more to do with her. Young Meyer refused these terms at first, but necessity drove him to reopen negotiations with his father. His creditors were on the point of selling up his apartment and the public prosecutor threatened to take action against him for inciting debts with intent to defraud, and the phrase "in the German statute book" in addition to these dangers, his father announced that he

would be entirely disinherited unless he immediately came to terms.

In his desperate position young Norbert Meyer surrendered and informed his wife that he must desert her. In accordance with his father's conditions he offered to pay her the sum of \$7,500 if she would consent to a divorce on the ground of "mutual incompatibility of temperament."

Wounded in her pride and unwilling to force herself on a husband who was ready to abandon her, Mrs. Meyer accepted the bargain after one tearful appeal for loyalty. The sum of \$7,500 seemed to the ex-governess to be a solid fortune, and she consented to her to utilize the opportunity of securing better terms for herself. In due course the divorce proceedings were in progress on both sides and legal separation was arranged on the ground of mutual incompatibility. Mrs. Meyer had given birth to a daughter, who received the name of Mary, and is the heroine of this strange story from the banks of the Rhine.

Deserted by Her Mother

Mrs. Meyer conceived a strong dislike for the unfortunate baby simply because it was the child of the husband who had humiliated and deserted her. When the child was about a year old Mrs. Meyer entrusted her to the care of a peasant woman, to whom she paid the sum of \$5 a month for its maintenance. Soon this tax on her slender income became irksome to her, and she disappeared from the neighborhood, leaving her little daughter in the care of the peasant woman, who naturally refused to be burdened with the maintenance of a child which had no claims on her whatever. After waiting a few months for the reappearance of the heartless mother, the peasant woman handed over the little girl to the nearest public orphanage, in which she was reared and educated.

The life of the little pauper orphan was not a happy one. She grew up under strict and harsh discipline, wearing an ugly uniform as a token of her dependence on public charity for her maintenance. At the earliest possible age she was obliged to do household work, washing and mending her clothes. Scarcely had she passed her fourteenth birthday when she was sent out into the world to earn her own living as a domestic servant.

For the next seven years her life was a round of continuous drudgery. She was kitchen maid, housemaid, nursery maid and maid-of-all-work in turn in a succession of modest homes. Her earnings never exceeded \$5 a month, and were often considerably less. She never had more than two or three hours' recreation on one single day in a fortnight. Her lot was hard and her prospects in life hopeless. Finally, at the age of twenty-one, she obtained a position as domestic ser-



MRS. SCHMIDT, MARY MEYER'S MISTRESS

THE SERVANT GIRL WHO REFUSED TO BE RICH

vant in the house on the banks of the Rhine in which she is still living.

In Snug Harbor

Her master and mistress are a venerable old couple who contrive to contribute to the happiness of those dependent on them. It is not a large house, but it is situated in its own grounds, two acres in extent. Besides Mary Meyer, there is a cook and a gardener who helps about the house. There is an atmosphere of perfect peace and contentment round about the whole establishment. The old couple—we will call them Schmidt, for they strongly object to the publicity which they regard their servants as members of the household in quite a patriarchal fashion. The latter are treated with dignity and never have the feeling that they lose their self-respect through being domestic servants. Master and mistress share their joys and sorrows and take a personal interest in all the petty affairs of their lives.

Mary Meyer, who has now been employed in this exceptional household for seven years, earns a monthly wage of \$5. Her work is light, but includes sweeping and scrubbing floors. For the last two years she has been engaged to be married to the young gardener, who is only slightly older than herself. As a domestic servant she could hardly wish for anything better, but it was certainly to be expected that



MARY MEYER'S MASTER, HERR SCHMIDT

Who first told the domestic that she was a millionairess and tried in vain to induce her to accept her good fortune.



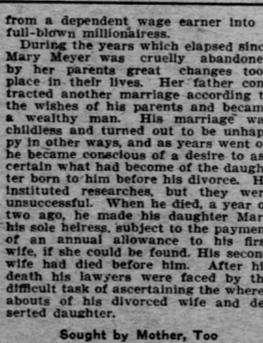
MARY MEYER'S MOTHER

Deserted by the girl's father, she in turn deserted his child, who was brought up in an orphanage. Years afterward, however, the mother, now rich, sought her daughter, meanwhile Mary's father had died, leaving a fortune, and his executors were also looking for the girl.



MARY MEYER

In his service Mary Meyer earns only five dollars a month, and has to scrub floors and do all sorts of menial work, yet her home has been made so happy that she refused to accept the fortune that meant leaving it.



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Was Entitled to Rich Legacies from Both Her Father and Mother—They Parted Just Before Her Birth, and Both Afterward Became Wealthy—She, However, Had a Rough Time Before Finding the "Place" She Now Declines to Leave

United by her deserted daughter.

While she was engaged in searching for the lost child her first husband's lawyers succeeded in tracing her, and from that time she co-operated with them in hunting for the girl who had become a double heiress. Step by step they traced her course in life, from the cottage of the peasant woman, long dead and almost forgotten, to the orphanage, through successive phases of her career as a domestic drudge to the home on the banks of the Rhine, where she had found happiness.

On a fine summer morning a few weeks ago the mother and the lawyers appeared at the Schmidt house and announced to the astonished lady and gentleman that their servant Mary Meyer was the heiress to two considerable fortunes. After the romantic story had been made clear to them, Mrs. Meyer was summoned and informed that her long-lost mother was dead in person. The meeting was not marked by any great cordiality. Mary Meyer, however, was the daughter of a lady, and her mother, on her side, was roughly disillusioned. It had been interesting enough to conduct the complicated search for the long-lost daughter, and the romance of the whole thing had appealed to her strongly, but it was an unpleasant shock to see the daughter wearing the attire and possessing the inferior manners of a mere menial. Her enthusiasm was killed in a moment and she left the lawyers to explain the situation to the girl.

Refused a Fortune

Mary Meyer now learned that her father had left his entire fortune to her, amounting to over a million marks. Her mother was willing to make her heiress to her own large fortune if Mary would come and live with her as her daughter. The prospects did not appear in the least alluring to the simple-minded domestic servant. Alone among her sex she had experienced no desire to be able to buy fine dresses and drive out in a gorgeous carriage with liveried coachman and footmen. Her mother's grandeur she perceived at once that if she became rich and went to live with her mother she would certainly be prevented from marrying her sweetheart, the gardener John.

Within twenty-four hours she had resolved to reject the wealth and to refuse her mother's offer. She felt happy mark her grandeur. She perceived at once that if she became rich and went to live with her mother she would certainly be prevented from marrying her sweetheart, the gardener John.

Meanwhile Mrs. Meyer also had contracted a second marriage with a man who gave her wealth and position. As years went on, she too, was troubled by her conscience regarding the fate of her daughter, but she feared to start investigations, for she felt that she could never confess to her husband how she had callously neglected her maternal duties. In course of time, however, her husband died, leaving her a comfortable fortune. She, too, had been childless in her second marriage, and when she was left alone in the world she felt a longing to be

ing and a real desire to reclaim her daughter. Mary Meyer would probably have been her first husband's heiress, but she remained aloof and did not attempt to influence her. So the wonder came about that the domestic servant, Mary Meyer, signed a document, a receipt, a legacy of her father's wealth and another document testifying that she had no desire to live with her mother or to be her mother's heiress.

Mary Meyer, who could be a millionairess, remains a domestic servant with a monthly wage of \$5. In a few weeks she will become the bride of John, the gardener, whose earnings amount to \$5 a week. She will inhabit a cottage of four small rooms and will have on the remotest chance of ever experiencing anything more cheerful than abject poverty. Mary Meyer is a mysterious to the hustling, pushing, strenuous wealth seekers of the twentieth century era. Most people regard her as a young woman of unsound mind. Others hold, on the contrary, that she is the best philosopher of us all, since she has seen the world and contentment in her humble sphere of life.

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BAN ON CIGARETTES

French State Monopoly Bars Those of American Make

PARIS, Nov. 12.—American and Havana cigarettes are now going to be scarce indefinitely in France, and devotees of the weed would better supply themselves well before coming over next summer.

If every box is open and not entirely complete the traveler is likely to have but little if any difficulty with the French custom house officials.

Foreign cigarettes, particularly the brands mentioned above, were getting too popular in the country as well as in Paris. The ordinary French cigarettes were losing purchasers by the thousands. The government, particularly the tobacco industry knew just what to do. With one simple sweep it forbade the sale of any more Havana cigarettes and the importation of any more from the United States.

The stock of Havana brands quickly failed, and there are but a few thousand packages left of Virginia "straight cuts" and the other well known kinds.

Inquiry at the offices of the administration elicits the information that this procedure was in perfect accord with the recognized right of the state monopoly.