



Hospitality and Smiles Dispensed To Strengthen Party Ties And Win Recruits.

WILES OF SOCIAL "CLIMBERS"

Ex-Empress Eugenie's Friendship for Sir Thomas Lipton-Exclusive London Gossip of the Smart Set.

Special Correspondence. ONDON, Feb. 13 .- With the opening of parliament political hostime their functions dispensing hospitality and smiles in the interests of their respective parties. Petticoat politicians are far more numerous here than in America. I be lieve, and they play the game differently. Their motto is "Feed the beasts,' the beasts being the men, of course Bounteous repasts, served by matrons of high social distinction are found often to be more effective than masculine oratory in strengthening partisan loyalty and winning over desirable recruits.

eran general by the kisses she gave him. She used to count out most care-fully to him the compensations. Small posts she repaid with five, bigger ones with 10, and really handsome ones fetched as many as 20. With Mrs. Lulu Harcourt it is a question of the gift of the gab and a certain tenacity and determination of purpose which is bound to succeed. Be-sides it is her boast that she only re-commends "deserving" individuals.

RICH "CLIMBERS."

RICH "CLIMBERS." There are plenty of rich "climbers" who calmly take up a "court Guide" or a "peerage" and making a list of names therefrom calmly proceed to is-sue invitations to their distinguished owners. Sometimes no notice is taken of the receipt of such letters; occasion-ally people accept, for the fun of find-ing out what "the show" will be like; again, hard-up peers and peeresses are sometimes very thankful to rub should-ers with rich people, however vulgar, who can give really good "spreads," and they and their hostess become fast friends. The climber thus gets her foot well on the social ladder. It is to be exercised in the issuing of such invita-tions. Evidently the rich American who sent the Duchess of Roxburghe on invitation for a dinner party possessed neither tact nor common sense and knew nothing at all of the character of her countrywomen. The duchess is now

more exclusive than royality itself. She has appropriated all the traditions of the Roxburghe family and gone them "one better." When the duchess receiv-"one better." When the ducness receiv-ed the invitation in question it was placed by her secretary in another en-velope and returned with the words, "There must be some mistake."

Woman Accused of Six Murders, Innocent.

Strange and Tragic Story of Jeanne Weber, a Breton Peasant, Who Endured Martyrdom and was Held up to Public Execration as "The Ogress of the Goutted'Or" for Three Years Before She was Released from the Clutches of Law.

Special Correspondence ARIS, Feb. 13 .- One of the most extraordinary and perplexing

cases among French criminal records of recent years is assuredly that of Jeanne Weber, the meek and timid little Breton woman whom the popular voice branded with the terrible name of "The Ogress of the Goutte d'Or," and who, after three years of martyrdom, has at last been released from the clutches of justice, or, rather, of a judge d'instruction.

Apart from the intrinsic interest which attaches to every human trag-edy, especially where there is an add-ed element of unexplained and inex-plicable mystery, this case has served to throw a disquieting sidelight on the cumbrous machine of French ju-dicial procedure, and particularly on the cumbrous machine of French Ju-dicial procedure, and particularly on that mediaeval and inquisitorial figure, the judge dinstruction. The magis-trate thus entitled is a kind of com-bination of judge and jury, his es-pecial mission being to "get up the criminal case" against the accused and decide whether there is prima facile evidence of guilt sufficient to send him to the assizes. As this functionary does not officiate in open court, but in his private room, to which the public is, of course, denied admittance, and as the only "spectator' is the clerk. It is easy to see how ill the accused person may fare at the hands of the judge d'instruction if the latter be in-clined to play the inquisitor. Such proves to have been Jeanne Weber's fate at the hands of M. Belleau, the judge d'instruction of Chateauroux. FATE DOGGED HER FOOTSTEPS. dicial procedure, and particula

10 months the accused woman lay in prison awaiting her trial at the Seine Assizes

TRIAL LASTED TWO DAYS. TRIAL LASTED TWO DAYS. At last, on Jan, 29, 1906, Jeanne We-ber was placed in the dock. The trial lasted two days. The medical experts upon whose evidence the prisoner's fate depended—for there was not a shred of direct evidence—declared it impossible to say whether the children's death was due to accident or a criminal hand, So far as they could tell after a minute investigation of the bodies there was no trace of violence. To the judge's question whether the children's death could have been caused by suffocation, by the pressure of a

children's death could have been caused by suffocation, by the pressure of a hand, the experts answered no. The question whether death could have been caused by strangulation was not put, as Dr. Thoinot, who examined little Maurice Weber five days after his visit to the hospital, was unable to find the slightest trace of the alleged black line around the neck. Finally a fourth expert stated that the viscera contained no trace of pol-

man and half-witted, and from man and half-witted, and from the beginning had taken a violent dislike to Jeanne Weber. Louise, the younger, had on the contrary taken to Jeanne at once and loved her with all a child's affection for its mother. Even Jean-ne's worst enemies had, it may be re-marked, never attempted to disprove her kindness to children, to whom she always appeared quite devoted.

ONCE MORE ARRESTED.

It was Germaine Bavouzet who re-vealed the secret of Jeanne Weber's identity to a woman in the village, by whom it was diligently repeated. Groups of gossipers collected, Jeanne's guilt was as clear as daylight to every inhabitant, the police were informed and once more the hand of fatality descended with crushing force on its hapless victim. Drs. Audiat and Bruneau of the neighboring town of Chateauroux were directed to hold a post mortem exam-

ted to hold a post mortem exam

EXPERTS DIFFERED.

Jeanne appealed to Maitre Henri

Robert, one of the most eminent coun-sel of the Paris bar, who had defended her at the first trial, to watch over her interests once more and he at once promised to do so, convinced as he, was of her invesses. Mattre Hered

Robert's first step was to demand that the two Paris experts, Drs. Thoinot and Socquet, should be instructed to carry out an independent autopsy on the re-

mains of Auguste Bavouzet. This was done some weeks after death. The con-clusion arrived at by Drs. Thoinot and

Socquet was to the effect that their colleagues of Chateauroux were not justified in their diagnosis of strangu-

ation, and that from certain character istic signs in the intestines there were every reason to believe that death was due to typhoid fever.

Here then were two sets of medico-legal experts whose reports were dia-met cally opposed to each other, the one set certifying that death was due to violent and the other to natural

In this dilemma, the court of Bour-

ges, in whose furisdiction the accused was, decided to submit the opposing re-ports to three of the most eminent med

ical authorities in France: Prof. Landa of the faculty of Bordeaux; Mariet, doyen of the faculty of Montpelifer, and Brissaud of the faculty of Paris.

cach in his turn, the reports and then meet together and draw up a final re-

WEARY MONTHS IN JAIL. These must have been weary months for the wretched prisoner of Chateaur-oux, months of mental torture and des-

pair. When all was over and her inno-cence finally established, Jeanne Weber lifted the vell of secrecy behind which she had languished and told me a

port thereon.

but I have other proofs. I have the proof that you killed other children at Paris. I have the proof that you killed your own child, Marcel." "My son! Ah, no. Accuse me of what you will but not of the death of my dear little one. That is a calumny which was disproved at the Paris assizes, and you have no right, M. le Judge, to recall it."

UNIQUE CHARITY it." "I care nothing for the Paris as-sizes. In my eyes you are guilty, and the court committed a grievous mis-carriage of justice which I shall do my best to repair by sending you to the calleve." Tired of Running Philanthropic

best to repair by sending you to the galleys.' "That was the judge's invariable re-tort: "That does not matter to me. You are guilty and you shall go to the gal-leys."

TOO MUCH FOR JUDGE.

One Composed of Men Servants and

The Other of Clerks-Stakes \$250,000 on Her Idea.

Special Correspondence. ONDON, Feb. 13 .-- It is an accepted axiom of modern day

philanthropy that charities which pay their way accomp-

lish the most good. London is over-

stocked with charities that subsist on

what they can wheedle out of the

public. Their promoters expend a

prodigious amount of energy in bes-sling. Keeping their money-collect-ing machinery going swallows up a large percentage of their incomes. But of self-supporting charities there

would

whiel

something

and

is a woeful lack. That alone w suffice to assure a warm welcome Lady Hope's latest enterprise, w is the result of long personal costly experience of philanthr

be imagined.

costly experience of philanthropic ventures that are kept alive by more

COVERS A WIDE FIELD.

CLUB FOR SERVANTS.

Connaught House covers a wide

Ventures at a Loss, Lady Hope Builds Hotel. TO HOUSE TWO NOVEL CLUBS

TITLED WOMAN'S

It is a species of campaign in which the Conservatives have all the best of It. They possess an overwhelming majority in the house of lords. The wives of the hereditary logislate accept the political faiths of their hus-bands.

American peeresses, who might b supposed to furnish exceptions to this rule, don't. They are all wedded to Conservative noblemen and are the stanchest supporters of hereditary dis-tinctions, and all the other things thetions, and all the other things which differentiate a monarchy from a republic. Nearly all the coroneted dames are Conservatives, and with po-litical hostosses titles count for much. They make it easier for a Conservative to get into society with the big "S" than for a Liberal. And particularly where a man has a wife who is ambl-tions fo meet a duchase or a contrast tious to meet a duchess or a countess consideration is not unlikely be the determining factor in deciding what party he shall support. Even if the house of lords were abolished, or their political powers greatly curtailed, the peeresses would still count as valu-

The Liberals cannot muster a single duchess or marchioness to entertain in its behalf, while the Conservatives can count on half-a-dozen of each-and more at a pinch.

AMERICAN MAINSTAY.

The mainstay of the government in playing the society game is an Ameri-can woman, to whom I have frequent-ly referred in this correspondence—Mrs, "Lulu" Harcourt, wife of the first com-missioner of works, who is a cabinet minister. If her husband were only a lord she might accomplish a great deal lord she might accomplish a great deal ford she might accomplish a great deal more, but all that a woman can who lacks a title she may be depended on to do. She is in great form for the fray and, like the wise woman she is, she has provided herself with some wonderful frocks straight from the Rue de la Paix and new jewels from the Rue de Rivoli. I hear of a white satin princess frock cut with the still popuar empire waist that sounds entranc-ing. Stiff, rather hard fabrics are /et again "the thing" in Paris, but Mrs. Harcourt has had the good taste to have hers rrimmed with point de Veniss and the buttons which adorn the bodice are of brilliants with pearl centers.

DECIDEDLY POPULAR.

She has extraordinary popularity with woman is so brief a time manage to get a manage of the cabinet. She is very suc-cessful in getting appointments for her friends. It is something to her credit in getting appointments for her friends. It is something to her credit out to go back very far to recall the amazing manner in which a few society women managed things of the kind beit with the war office and his ma-test's government a few years ago. There used to be a story that a wel-ber following of young men from a vet-She has extraordinary popularity with

TRIBUTE FROM KING.

In the telegram which the king sent to Consuelo Duchess of Manchester on hearing of the death of Mrs. Yanaga, he said, "I think to your mother, more than to any other American woman, was due the success of the American woman woman in England. Her charm was inexpressible and her picturesqueness, especially when attended by her old negress, was delightful!"

especially when attended by her old negress, was delightful!" Mrs. Yznaga was really the first wo-man from across the Atlantic to take British society by storm. Even she in her own well bred way, knew how to advertise herself. Her old negress at-tendant was her trump card. In the most elaborate and distinctly gaudy draperies, the black woman went about with her. I am told they used to be almost mobbed in the street and when they arrived in private houses When they arrived in private houses Mrs. Yzanga used to be asked to bring in her "slave" that the smart crowds in her "slave" that the smart crowds of those days might admire her. It was said that it was this personal at-tendant who gave to Queen Victoria the idea of having Indian servants in her suite. Indeed in the best set in England the black servant became "the fashion" and was utilized as a butler, footman, "tiger" or page and consid-ered eminently decorative. King Ed-ward killed the boom when he came to the throne, as one of the first things he did was to pension off all his late mother's Indian attendants, and send them home to their native land. SNARES FOR LIPTON

SNARES FOR LIPTON.

SNARES FOR LIPTON. The ex-Empress Eugenic is very fond of Sir Thomas Lipton. The story goes that she is moving heaven and earth to marry him to a certain relative of her own, but the wily baronet won't see it, a fact which is very distressing to Eugenie who has let it be known that she intends to provide very hand-somely for the lady in question. Eu-genie having herself a great admira-tion for the col., thinks that everyone else should have the same. As a mat-ter of fact Lipton loves money only for what it can give him. Eugenie loves to hoard it. The richest grocer in Eng-land has said more than once that he has still one ambition—that it is "one day to fall in love" and he does net hesitate to say that whoseover brings about that achievement her he will marry if he can, be she born in the very humblest walk of life. But he is much too far seeing a man to have told his old friend Eugenie this fact. Just now the empress is staying with bin in Cevion, where he has a ustatia t now the empress is staying with in Ceylon, where he has a palatis a. LADY MARY. villa.

BUSINESS INSTINCT.

The sexton of a "swell colored church" in Richmond was closing the windows one blustery Sunday morn-"While wildows one britery summay morn-ing during service when he was beck-oned to the side of a young negress, the widow of a certain Thomas. "Why is yo' shottin' dose winders, Mr.Jones?" she demanded, in a hoarse whisper. "De air in dis church is suffo-catin' now!"

"It's de minister's orders," replied the sexton, obstinately. "It's a cold take no chance on losin' any o' de iambs of dis fold while dere's a big debt overhanging' dis church. Harper's Weekly,

FATE DOGGED HER FOOTSTEPS.

Fate, indeed, has dogged the foot-steps of poor Jeanne Weber since the month of March, 1905. She was then living with her husband in the Goutte living with her husband in the Goutte d'Or, an industrial quarter in the north of Paris. Their life was that of the working population. Jeanne had been a domestic servant. She was now 30 years of age and her little boy, Mar-cel, was just old enough to go to school. On March 2, Georgette, her brother-in-law's little deughter, suddenly fell ill and as suddenly died. Nine days later another little niece, Susanne, died in the same sudden manner. A fortin the same sudden manner. A fort-night after that a third niece, Ger-maine, died, and three days later Jeanne's own little boy, Marcel. It was noticed that in each case—was it

Jeanne's own little boy, Marcel. It was noticed that in each case-was it by a strange fatality or was it by a diabolical plan?-Jeanne Weber was alone with the dying children. In one case the father was away at work and Jeanne sent the mother for a doc-tor; in another the mother was absent and the father, hastily summoned, was sent back to his work with the assur-ance that the little sufferer was al-ready better. Again, the children's end was identical: The face turned purple, the limbs were contracted, the eves were starting from their sockets and they foamed at the mouth. Fin-ally, on April 5, Jeanne's little nephew, Maurice, was attacked while his aunt was with him. This time, however, the mother was at hand and ran with her child to the nearest hospital. To the mother's horror the doctor and his assistant both diagnosed a commence-ment of strangulation and doctared as the mother's horror the doctor and his assistant both diagnosed a commence-ment of strangulation and detected, so they said, a black line around the neck. The whole quarter, which had been commenting in its own rough and ready fashion on this startling series of deaths in the Weber families, now with one voice accused the unhappy Jeanne Weber of being a murderess. The public prosecutor took up the cuse. Jeanne was arrested, and three experts. Drs. Brouardel. Thoinoi and Descouts, were instructed to hold a post moriem examination on all the deceased children except Marcel Weber, whose death had been certified as hav-ing been caused by diptheria. BIG SENSATION.

DOCTOR NOT PRESENT.

Strangely enough, the assistant who had diagnosed a commencement of strangulation in the case of Maurice was not present in court. He wrote from provinces to the judge to say that he was away on his holidays and remembered nothing about the Weber rase

Toward the close of the second day the advocate general, sneaking in a the advocate general, speaking in a court crowded to its utmost extent, said: "There were and there still are said: "There were and there still are in this case strange and bewildering circumstances which defy explanation. We are living in the twentleth century. If Jeanne Weber had lived 400 years ago she would have been tried as a witch and burned at the stake." In reading these words one is involun-tarily reminded of the fate of poor Ca-les, the Toulouse tradesman who way locked up in the prison of Chateauroux, the judge d'instruction, M. Belleaur be-ing charged to collect evidence and report whether there was a case or not.

las, the Toulouse tradesman, who was as, the Tollouse tradesman, who was accused of polsoning his son, found guilty and brokn on the wheel in 1762. The great Voltaire, convinced of Calas' innocence, labored for three years to prove it, and at last procured the dead man's rehabilitation.

VERDICT NOT POPULAR.

The deliberation of the jury was short, almost immediately they return-ed a verdict of "Not Guilty," and Jeanne Weber was free. A murnur-it was nothing more-of

A murmulative based through the court. It was clear that the verdict was not a popular one. I remember hearing a young workman beside me say: "It will go hard with her if they catch her alone on a dark night!" Humbly, meekly without a word and

Humbly, meekly, without a word and without a tear the little Breton woman received her acquittal and disappeared from view. The curtain descended on the "Ogress" and the affair was quick-by forestar. ly forgotten. Some 15 months later the child of a

woodcutter named Bayouzet, in woodcutter named Bayouzet, in the little village of Villedieu, near Chat-eauroux, died suddenly and in decided-ly suspicious circumstances. The little one's face was convulsed and it foamone's face was convulsed and it foam-ed at the mouth. The village doctor apparently was unable to state the cause of death, but as there was no reason to suspect any one of a crime, the burial permit was delivered with-out difficulty. Only one person had been with the child in its last moments, and that was a woman who had come to the village a year before and had been installed in Bavouzet's cottage to fill the place of the woodcutter's departed wife. This woman left the cottage after the child's death and did not return till the burial was over.

IDENTITY DISCLOSED.

she had languished and told me a heart-rending story of her sufferings. M. Belleau, juge d'instruction, is doubtless an excellent man, but he seems to have been forminated by two ruling ideas in this affair: The first, that Jeanne Weber was guilty, and the second, that it was his sole mission to prove her so and thus, succeeding where his colleague of Paris had failed two years previously, cover bimself with glory and perhaps secure promo-tion in spite of advancing years. deceased children except Marcel Weber, whose death had been certified as hav-ing been caused by diphtheria. BIG SENSATION. The affair created a tremendous sen-tration. For weeks columns of matter daily appeared in the newspapers about inted his voice in her defense, for her suilt appeared beyond question. Her public voice declared her to have been a faithless wife; that she had been the does tried and acculited, the words, her actions, every-thing was slited and scrutinized. The public voice declared her to have been a faithless wife; that she had been to be innocent, wrote and offered her a home. The offer was accepted, the se-ret of Jeanne's personality being authous ther, though no one could quite say what; her notorious affection for children was only a pretext to got

"Every time I was taken from my cell to be examined by him in his room at the Palais de Justice." Jeanne told me, "I protested that I was innocent, whereupon he would retort: "It is true, I have not the formal proof that you killed little Bavouse,

JUDGE'S RETORT.

Ieys."
TOO MUCH FOR JUDGE.
When Maitre Henri Robert wrote to had undertaken Jeanne Weber's detense, M. Belleau flew into a passion and sent for the prisone.
"What," he said, "you have dared to hold will be to be the prisone."
"What," he said, "you have dared to hold will be to be After some hesitation they reported that death had been caused by a crim-inal hand. They testified to the pres-ence of a dark line about three-quar-ters of an inch broad, running round the neck but at irregular intervals. ters of an inch broad, running round the neck, but at irregular intervals; and to a second violet line running from below the left temple to the middle of the right temple, such a mark as might have been caused by a bootlace. They summed up by de-claring that violence certainly had been used on the child's neck and pos-sibly on the heart as well. This damning report sealed Jeanne This damning report scaled Jeanne Weber's fate. She was arrested on sus-picion of being the murderess and was

or less reluctant doles. At her own expense she has built and just opened for "business" Conand just opened for business con-naught House, a great pile of red brick buildings in the English me-tropolis. It affords a measure of the extent to which she possesses the courage of her convictions. To dip courage of her convictions. To dip into one's pocket for a cold quarter of a million and to stake that com-fortable fortune on one's ideas of a paying charity is certainly going it strong. Dealing in possible revenues from a charity is like trading in "cop-pers" on the New York stock ex-change—about as big a gamble as can be imagined.

JUSTICE IN NO HURRY.

"What does that matter to me?" he is reported to have replied. "Justice holds you and will not be in a hurry to let you go. Whatever may be the con-clusions of the report, even if it affirms your innocence a thousand times over, I shall declare it to be in error, and I shall declare it to be in error, and I shall send you before the assizes, where you will be condemned, you may count upon that."

Connaught House covers a wide field. In one aspect, and probably the most important from the financial standpoint, it is a huge hotel run on the pay-for-what-you-get plan. Two hundred bedrooms have been provid-ted and a dining room seating more than 300 people has been installed on the ground floor. On the face of it, the new hotel is like any other—out for the monay—but even the most cursory of examinations will convince anybody that there is indeed a wide difference. The rooms are let at such extraordinary low rentals and meals in the restaurant are provided at such But Belleau's pitiless tyranny was at last beginning to cause a public scandal. Throughout the length and breadth of the land the judge's in-human conduct raised indignant pro-tests. Several newspapers took up the case. It had become known that the final report of the medical experts was favorable to the prisoner. It had occupied them two months, and toward the middle of December it was handed over to M. Belleau, the pronouncement of the experts being that little Auguste Bavouzet died from natural causes. Belleau still refused to relinquish his prey. But Belleau's pitiless tyranny was

the restaurant are provided at such astonishingly small prices that the obvious question is. Who is going to pay for it all? Lady Hope says if At length the court of Bourges, gal-At length the court of Bourges, gal-vanized to action by the force of public opinion, sent a peremptory order to the juge d'instruction at Chateauroux to rewill pay for itself and lease the prisoner immediately, and on the afternoon of Jan. 6 Jeanne Weber's long martyrdom ended.

WELCOME TO FREEDOM.

WELCOME TO FREEDOM. Before the prison gates a great crowd had collected, a part being bostile and out to see the "ogress" of whom such tous to see the "ogress" of whom such therefore, decided by the authorities, in order to spare her this supreme in-fliction, that she should be taken along on underground passage connecting the prison and the Palais de Justice and be tous from the latter building. A crowd is quick to scent a ruse and when poor Jeanne Weber came forth hings in front of her. When, however, Jeanne Weber, sad med timid and with her eyes red from weeping, appeared, a wave of compas-sion seemed to pass miraculously over the crowd. Not a hand was lifted, not a voice was raised in insuit. Many of the spectators murmured, "Poor wom-ant" HAD ONE FRIEND

HAD ONE FRIEND

HAD ONE FRIEND But Maitre Henri Robert did not intend that his generous aid should cease with Jeanne's release from prison. There is a Paris judge, M. Baujean by name, who is famous for his charitable life. He is the presi-dent of various benevolent institu-

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