The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

THE MYSTERY OF POLAND'S BASTILE

Once There Prisoner's Next Resting Place is Likely to be His Grave.

AND THAT WILL BE "UNMARKED"

Inside Facts Concerning a Grim Fortress Wherein an Appalling Number Have Disappeared Forever.

Special Correspondence.

WARSAW, June 18.—Perhaps the most hated and certainly the most dreaded spot in all Warsaw is the Citadel, once a fortress but now a political prison, behind the walls of which many grim and terrible tragedies are enacted. Many a Warsaw family is mourning a husband, father, son or even daughter, who has been dragged away by the gendarmes at dead of night and imprisoned there. Many of them are lost forever; their fate is never known. It may be death, transportation to Siberia or exile.

Since the three days' reign of terror, Jan. 28-30, reports of wholesale butchery at the Citadel have horrified Warsaw. According to these reports men and women are hanged almost daily; the fishermen living hard by hear strange, muffled cries coming from the walls of the prison; the Russian officers themselves return pale and trembling from the scenes their duty forces them to witness.

How many men and women have been executed in the Citadel since last February, when the present movement against the czar's government reached Poland, nobody but the commandant and the governor ever will know. But we do know that though the barracks vacated by regiments lately sent to the front are used for political suspects, the Citadel is so overcrowded that the daily court martials cannot make room for the newcomers quickly enough.

"THE BASTILLE OF POLAND."

The few who return therefrom say little, for they dare not tell the truth. But their drawn faces, shattered nerves and bruised bodies speak for themselves. Little wonder that this Citadel has been called the bastille of Poland; little wonder that the Pole shudders at its red walls and grim ramparts. Not only is it the slaughter house of his race, but its guns, ever turned toward the city, are ready to vomit fire at the first signs of a general rising against the Russian stranger within its gates.

Built by Russian hands but with Polish gold, after the revolution of 1863, the Citadel forms the apex of the triangular shaped fortifications that stretch from the Prussian to the Austrian frontiers. It is to Poland what the fortress of St. Peter and Paul is St. Petersburg is to Russia. Should this country ever escape from the Russian yoke it will meet the same fate as the bastile during the French revolution of 1789.

Following the broad road which runs parallel with the river, the ordinary visitor to the Citadel finds himself confronted by a gateway which is flanked by fortifications and guarded by sentries. Let us suppose one has a pass signed by the commandant of the Citadel. The sentries look at it critically and finally let you through the gateway. At first you feel surprise at the homelike atmosphere around you. There are no gray walls or lowering towers. Warm, red brick pavilions, a gold-domed church, well-swept walks and green plots flanked by cannon balls arranged in pyramids are the first things that meet the eye. Soldiers are being drilled; a band, unseen but near, is playing airs from the "Geisha." a gendarme, looking smart in his blue tunic and red facings, casts a glance at you as he hurries with dispatches to the commandant's quarters behind the church. The place looks like an unusually well-kept garrison in Central Russia, and that is all.

That is all, I say, for the casual visitor. But suppose the visitor is a Pole arrested for having been foolish enough to take an active interest in politics, from a socialistic, democratic or even patriotic point of view. Then he will get a different impression of the stronghold overlooking the river, known as the Tenth Pavilion—the part of the Citadel reserved in ordinary times for political prisoners.

There is nothing to envy in the fate of a man who finds himself a prisoner in the Tenth Pavilion, especially if he really has had anything to do with politics. He gets there in this way: The police are suspicious about him or learn that meetings are held in his house; or some kind friend gives a gentle hint to the head of the gendarmes, whereupon he is shadowed. This goes on for a while till some night a low ring is heard at his door. If he has had any experience he will know it is a visit from the gendarmes, and if he has not he will soon find it out, for they are gentlemen who do not like to be kept waiting and are skilled, moreover, in the art of taking out a panel.

HOW MEN DISAPPEAR.

Once they are inside the search begins. The Russian gendarmes are the best searchers in the world. There is no "skimming" about their work; they never skimp matters. They pull up the flooring, tear down the wallpaper, tap the walls, rip up the furniture and bedding and look through every book and paper in the place. If the unhappy wretch they are raiding has not been warned of their visit in time to burn all his political papers and forbidden books woe betide him. All he can do is to look on in mournful silence. When everything has been overhauled his visitors tie up in a sheet all the books and papers found, and firmly invite their host to go with them. He—or

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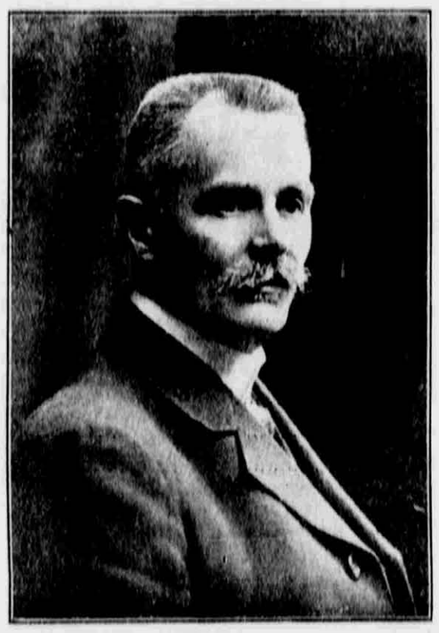
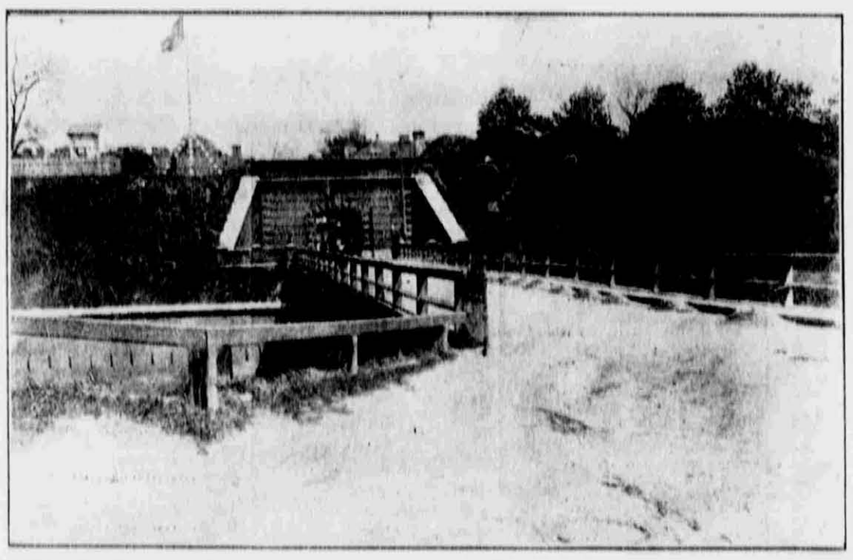


DIMITRY MIKOLAJEWITCH MARTINOFF, GOVERNOR OF THE WARSAW CITADEL.

He Hates the Poles and Is Hated By Them, And Has Been Much Upset By Three Separate Death Sentences Sent To Him By the Revolutionary Party Within the Last Three Months. It Is Believed That He Would Like to Resign His Lucrative Post, But the Fear of Incurring His Colleagues' Ridicule, Combined With That of Bombs, Keeps Him In a State of Indecision.



WARSAW'S DIRE AND MUCH DREADED CITADEL.

The Accompanying Photograph, Taken Especially for This Article, Is Said to Be the First One Ever Obtained of the Fortress. To Photograph It Is Rigorously Forbidden, and This Picture, Which Was Taken By An Intrepid Polish Woman, Had To Be Made Before Six in the Morning. It Shows the Entrance to the Citadel. The Ill-Omened "Tenth Pavilion" Is Situated Behind the Trees to the Right of the Gateway.

Americans in the Henley Eight, July 3.

Grand Challenge Cup for Which the Vesper Boat Club's Eight Will Compete Regarded By British Folk as the Emblem of Rowing Supremacy—Intrinsic Value Nil But Associations Everything.

SCENE AT HENLEY REGETTA DURING A RACE FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 26.—Interest in the Henley regatta—which opens on July 3—is especially keen this year owing chiefly to the presence of the American "eight" in the race for the Grand Challenge cup. Besides the "Vespers" of Philadelphia, two other foreign clubs will be represented in the struggle for this most coveted of rowing trophies—the Club Nautique du Grand of Belgium and the Berliner Ruder club of Germany—but though their inclusion intensifies the international aspect of the competition, it is the prospect of a contest with Americans that most powerfully stirs the Englishman's sporting blood. It is just because John Bull has a far stronger liking for Uncle Sam than for any other members of the family of nations that he finds a heap more satisfaction in beating him at any game than he gets out of beating any of the other fellows, and on the other hand he hates far worse to be vanquished by him.

EMBLEM OF SUPREMACY.

As Americans regard the America's cup as the emblem of yachting supremacy, so do English folk esteem the "Grand," as it is familiarly called, as the emblem of amateur rowing supremacy in eight-oared shells. Intrinsically it is not worth much. It is one of the two cups which were competed for when the Henley regatta was founded in 1839, without any expectation on the part of its promoters that it would develop into a national institution. It is the associations that cling round it—the memories of heart-breaking struggles that have taken place for it—that makes it priceless. Its inside, its rim and every blank space on its outside are covered with the engraved names of the clubs that won it up to 1895, and the names of their captains and secretaries. Since then the cup itself has been untouched by the engraver. Indeed there was no more vacant spaces for names left upon it, and in 1896 the stewards of the regatta added a silver base on which the names of the winning crews have since been inscribed.

NO FOREIGNERS HAVE WON IT.

No foreign club has ever won it. It was not until 1885 that America first tried for it with a crew from Columbia university. Ten years later Cornell sent over an eight-oared shell and crew. In their first heat their opponents—the Leander Rowing club eight—were left at the starting post and the Cornell boys came in for much criticism for rowing over the course alone instead of waiting and making a fresh start. But in the next heat they were beaten by several lengths. Yale sought to capture the cup next year, but her gallant youngsters were no match for the veterans opposed to them and they were beaten in the first round of the trial heats. Four years later the University of Pennsylvania made a magnificent effort to win the cup. In the first round her sturdy lads beat the London Rowing club crew by three lengths and in the second round the Thames Rowing club by the same distance, but in the final round the formidable Leander crew of seasoned men managed to pass the winning post a length ahead of them. So now, however, did Pennsylvania's representatives come to winning the trick that it caused a great fluttering in certain amateur dovecotes and the—for Englishmen—humiliating spectacle was witnessed of the head master of Eton college gravely proposing that in future foreigners should be barred from competing. Should the Vesper crew succeed in winning the cup in this sixty-seventh Henley regatta that suggestion will probably be revived, but there is little likelihood that such a course will be adopted.

TWO OTHER CONTESTS.

Besides the race for the "Grand" there are two other Henley contests for eight oars; three for four oars; one for pair oars and the race for the famous diamond challenge sculls which have three been captured by Transatlantic oarsmen. Ten Eyck of Worcester winning it in 1897, Hovell of Albany the year following, and Scholes of the Toronto rowing club last year. Because of the narrowness of the course only two boats can compete at the same time. Consequently all the events have to be decided by heats and the racing is thus spread over three days.

It is as a spectacle—the most brilliant inland aquatic spectacle in the world—that Henley regatta attracts the gay crowds that swarm to it. It is three parts picnic and one part race meeting. There is none of the feverish interest displayed in the contests which one witnesses at intercollegiate and other rowing regattas in America. The enthusiasm which American visitors manifest on behalf of American competitors always astonishes their British cousins. The latter do not go to Henley to "root" for their favorites. Lunching, flirting, idling—in a word, having a good time—is their object, and whoever wins or loses they get it.

THE COURSE.

The course extends over a mile and 550 yards of the beautiful stretch of water that flows from Henley bridge past Phyllis Court and Fawley Court to Hanoledon Lock. From the bridge to the bend over a mile below house boats stretch along one bank, and green grass and nigh trees line the other. On the river between are myriads of boats, so close that their occupants can touch hands as they move along in blocks or pull out of the crush by stealing a low from the boat ahead. An agile athlete might cross the river dry shod at places by stepping from one boat to the other.

There is a great variety of craft among the thousands of boats, and nearly all of them are of first class quality, as bright and pretty as varnish and paint can make them. There are skiffs, randans, cutters, long flat-bottomed, luxuriously cushioned punts propelled by lofty poles; steam launches, electric launches and motor launches galore, and all are filled by joyous people. It is a straw-hatted crowd, a crowd in which men with tanned faces and women with rosy cheeks form the majority, a crowd in which the customary sombre garb of masculine conventionality is displaced by boating flannels and rightly named "blazers." The dresses of the men are almost as picturesque as those of the women. Combined they display a perfect riot of costume in color. From whatever point one views the shifting kaleidoscopic scene—whether from the deck of one of the gorgeous houseboats or the top of a coach ashore—it is of dazzling brilliancy.

THE HOUSE BOATS.

Probably it is the house boats that most impress American visitors. They are bijou villas afloat, painted in all colors, crowned with flower gardens and bedecked with banners and streamers and within furnished in the most luxurious and picturesque style that English taste can devise. In some of them luncheon is served by liveried flunkeys to the music of mandolins and guitars. The cost of running a house-boat varies according to its size and position on the course. One may have to pay anything from $250 to $1,000 for the bare rent of one for a week, for they can't be hired merely for the three days that the racing continues. What with food, servants, decorations, music and everything else that is included in that comprehensive phrase "sundries," the man who dispenses hospitality from a house-boat during the Henley regatta and goes in for doing the thing in style with champagne "ad lib." and cigars of the best quality, will experience no difficulty in getting rid of $5,000.

CLEARING THE WAY.

With such a swarm of craft afloat, racing is rendered possible only by that prompt and willing obedience which English folk render to authority. The clearing of the course is one of the sights of Henley. A bell rings, and busy little launches in which are officials in blue begin "shooting" the boats towards the banks. In a surprisingly short space of time a clear stretch of water lies between them, with the thousands of boats that a few minutes before had been wandering at will over the river packed tight as sardines on either side. A gun is fired and the launches which have been filling the role of aquatic police clear out of the way. There is a pause and a silence falls on everything. Presently down stream something glistens. It is the flash of oars. A boat has started, but the best glasses near the finish can scarcely yet distinguish the competing boats. A faint sound of cheering is heard. The shouting grows and grows. Hats and handkerchiefs can be discerned in frantic connection. What appear to be streaks of light with rows of rhythmically swaying backs above them and the sparkle of smitten water on either side, come into sight.

THE RUSH AND ROAR.

The roar of sound swells in volume and the names of the contesting clubs can be distinguished. On come the boats, the place rearing up the water in the final desperate spurt. "Easy all!" cries the coxswain of the first boat in a shrill treble as she dashes by the mark and her oars lie still above the water. The other crew ceases to row almost at the same moment, and the little launch with the judges aboard that by desperate efforts has succeeded in following close behind the outsteen backs hard astern to avoid running into them. A heat has been finished. Not one in 10 of the pretty heads under pretty hats caught more than a passing glimpse of the race, but that does not matter. To them and most of the swains who accompany them the racing is one of the minor attractions of Henley.

The moment the racing shells have passed the river again becomes overstocked with the myriad boats and their laughing, chaffing occupants. Singers and players, many of them masked, resume their performances. Champagne corks begin to fly anew upon the house-boats. Fruit sellers in punts whose bows are heaped with baskets of strawberries, grapes and other luscious delicacies, thread their way amid the boats and do a brisk business. Henley resumes itself again into the brilliant aquatic pageant that has been temporarily disturbed by the necessity of making room for the racing boats. Good nature prevails everywhere. It is that which prevents serious accidents in the seemingly inextricable confusion that prevails. Henley reveals English folk at their best. They are seldom so gay, good tempered and good humored ashore.

PHILIP TALBOT.

HONEST CAB DRIVER AND GRATEFUL DUCHESS

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 20.—At the Cabmen's union for some time to come there will be little talked about but the nick that befell one of their number recently. Plying for fares in Pall Mall late one night he was hailed by the Duke of Marlborough, who had just emerged from the Marlborough club and drove him home. He was well paid for the job and as the hour was late he concluded that he would knock off for the night. On overhauling the cab after putting up the horse he discovered a pair of lady's gloves, nearly roles up. When he opened them out dropped a diamond ring.

He was certain that the gloves were left in the cab when he picked up the duke. Therefore they must have been left there by his grace. But the fact that they were ladies' gloves and that the ring had obviously adorned some feminine hand suggested to the sage John that in restoring them it would be well for him to exercise some discretion. Of course they might belong to the duchess. In that event if he took them to Sunderland House he might reasonably expect that the duchess would display her gratitude in a substantial American fashion. But if they didn't belong to the duchess—and the insight he had gained, as a night cabby, into some phases of high life, made him feel somewhat skeptical on that point—then if they fell into her hands it might lead to family questions and his only reward might be the knowledge that he had acted his honest part.

He concluded, therefore, that the safest course he could adopt would be to hand them to the duke personally. The duke is under secretary for the colonies and the district and honest cabby found him at the colonial office. The duke showed no embarrassment. He thanked the John profusely. As the things belonged to the duchess, and she prized the ring highly, he said he would leave it to her to determine what his reward should be. The duke took his address and the man started to go after making a profound obeisance.

"By the way," said the duke, "why did you bring the property to me here instead of taking them to Sunderland House?"

"Shure, your grace," answered cabby, who had not been born in the Emerald isle for nothing, "because I didn't want to be troubling her grace with trifles, an' I knew I should find your grace here for I've read in the papers it's early an' late you're always a-workin' for your country."

Next day he received from the duchess a letter of thanks and two crisp £10 ($50) notes. The duke appointed him his official "cabby" to drive him from place to place at stated hours. And the duchess, on learning that he was not one of the fortunate ones who own his own outfit, sent him through the duke a promise that she would contribute two-thirds the cost of a cab and horse if, at the end of 12 months, he had proved himself sufficiently thrifty and industrious to have saved up the other third of the required amount.

"I wouldn't now be on the high road to fortune," said the cabman, when telling some notes of his luck, "if I hadn't had sense enough not to tell the duke why I took the duggs to him instead of to his house."

ELECTRICALLY COATED LACES.

A method has recently been invented of depositing metal coating electrically, on laces and other fine fabrics. The process is still kept a secret, but it turns out the most surprising results, in effect changing the tissues exposed into the daintiest fabrics of gold, silver, or bronzes. The utility of the metallized laces cover various fields; they serve for table ornamentation and for centerpieces; architects use them in mural decorations; in applications on upholstery and for the hangings of panels in salons, boudoirs and rich dining halls. The makers of fine furniture incrust wood with them in the manufacture of screens and on surfaces of any kind, plain or carved. They are also used with striking effect in ecclesiastical vestments and in ball and evening dresses. Rich as they are in appearance and unparalleled in delicacy and beauty, they are very cheap. Anybody can afford them, and the extent of their use in costuming bids fair to be very great. Fabric discovered and is developing the industry, and "Agnes" says that it starts off with all the signs that it is going to become an important business.—London Telegraph.

THEY ALL HELPED.

This incident happened in the streets of London. A gentleman hailed a bootblack for a shine. The lad came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and before he could get his brushes out another larger boy ran up and pushed him aside, saying, "Here, you go and set down, Jimmy!" The gentleman was indignant at what he deemed a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out.

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply. "I'm only going to do it for him. You see, he's been ill in the hospital for more'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can."

"Is that so, Jimmy?" the gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy, and, as he looked up, the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it for me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly, go ahead," and as the bootblack plied the brush the gentleman plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, you see."

"What precentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster, "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean what part of the money do you give him, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet I don't keep none; I ain't such a sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneakin' it off the poor chap, I would."

The shine being complete, the gentleman handed the urchin a half-crown, saying, "You're a pretty good fellow; so so you keep sixpence and give the rest to Jimmy here."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim." He threw him the coin, and was off like a shot after a customer of his own.

"Works well, don't it?" commented Jimmy, ten minutes later, turning a cart wheel. "That makes seven and a tanner."—Tit-Bits.

BRITISHERS WHO POSE AS YANKEES.

Trying Ordeal to Which Whitelaw Reid's Hospitality Will Be Put

ON OUR NATION'S BIRTHDAY

An Imposition to Which Mr. Choate And Mr. Hay Submitted Without a Protest—London Gossip.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 20.—London is no stranger to the generous style of hospitality dispensed to the best American ambassador and his wife. Society has not forgotten the lavish entertainments given at Brook House on the occasion of Mr. Reid's previous official visit here, and is looking eagerly forward to their resumption at Dorchester House, the Italian palace in Park Lane, now occupied by the American ambassador. That it will not be disappointed goes without saying. Meanwhile many of those whose nationality gives them some claim on their representative's hospitality, and others who have none, are looking forward with the keenest interest to the Fourth of July at the American embassy. If Mr. Hay or Mr. Choate knew that a good third of the people who came ostensibly as Americans to shake hands with them on Independence day were Britishers from West Kensington and Haywater, not even on the fringe of society, but joyful at the idea of being able to boast that they had been to an embassy party—they never showed it. These self-invited guests gathered thick around the buffets devouring strawberries and cream and swallowing gallons of champagne cup. Many of them never went upstairs to be "presented" at all, but made straight for the refreshment room where they "refreshed" so scrumptiously that it is a wonder they lived to tell the tale. Mr. Hay and Mr. Choate endured these functions with dignity and diplomacy worthy of greater occasions. Poor Mrs. Choate appeared only once during her husband's regime, her daughter afterwards taking her place. It was stated that Mrs. Choate was "ill." There were people who knew better, and realized that the worthy lady was suffering from weariness. Little Miss Hay, as she then was, had a sense of humor as well as of poetry and she always looked amused on these occasions. How Mr. Whitelaw Reid will act in the trying circumstances before him on the Fourth is something which is interesting people who have long been aware of the character of the fraud which is practised every year at the American embassy.

AMERICANS DO MOST.

While English fashionable folk are grumbling at the hard times and practising economy, it is the members of the American colony who contribute most to the gayety of the season. Mrs. Potter Palmer is keeping everything lively at Hampden House, which, however, she has at present no intention of buying. Her little dinners are perfectly done and like most of her country women, she is a born hostess—genial, thoughtful and a good talker. Mrs. Frank Mackay is also a hostess of the moment whose invitations are eagerly sought for. Mrs. Ernest Cunard is another popular hostess. She and Miss Pulsford are capital bridge players, especially when it is a case of "no trumps" and Mrs. Cunard's dinners are almost invariably followed by bridge. Miss Van Wart's friends expect she will be a good deal of entertaining when she settles down. Her health is now much improved, but she is still by no means robust. She is one of the cleverest and most original of hostesses, and generally manages to have something small and novel to amuse her friends. Just before she was taken ill last summer

LADY GREY-EGERTON DIVORCE SUIT.

The announcement that Lady Grey-Egerton is suing for divorce from Sir Philip Henry Brain Grey-Egerton, can not cause much surprise on other side of the Atlantic. Lady Grey was Miss May Cuyler, daughter of Maj. Ward S. A., and great-granddaughter of "Mad Anthony" Wayne. Last year Philip was served with an order "to show, by means of a suit, why he should not be compelled in abandoning his wife." The Earl of Stamford ignored the order and Lady Grey-Egerton has brought suit for divorce.