

Bacon, unconsciously writing for the modern merchant, said: "Riches have wings, and sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more."

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The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

BARON "DOCTORS" THE PARIS POOR.

Before He Was Twenty-One Rothschild Determined to be A Physician.

7,000 PAUPERS DEPEND ON HIM

Babies, However, Are the Special Object of This Philanthropist's Attention—Hospital and Facilities.

PARIS, Nov. 8.—Every weekday morning throughout the year a stylish automobile spins rapidly through the narrow, overpopulated streets of the Montmartre district in Paris. The passers, working men and women, cast friendly glances after the car, sometimes bowing to its occupant. "It's our little doctor," they say. "Little doctor!" the chance visitor to the neighborhood is apt to say. "He may be a doctor, but I should call him decidedly large and stout."

Then one remembers the meaning of endearment that the word little may convey in France, where children, when they wish to be particularly affectionate, speak of their "little father" and "little mother." The gentleman in the automobile is an idol of the Montmartre populace, and the reasons for this adoration could be given by any one who might stop, provided he were poor and unhappy.

"Who is he?" will come the answer. "He is Monsieur the Baron de Rothschild, who takes care of our wives and children, and who has built a hospital on purpose for us. Go up in the Rue Marcadet and you will see."

And there, indeed, you will see the results of a work which should stand as a model for the millionaire philanthropists of all nations.

It is not often that a member of a family world-famous for wealth comes to the genuine affection of the poor. The secret sentiment cherished by those suffering from all the ills of the flesh against those who know no privations is apt to overrule sentiments of gratitude even for great services rendered. But by his work among the lower classes the Baron Henri de Rothschild has really come to be one of the most sincerely beloved men in the French capital. Remarkable as this result is, he has attained it by means still more remarkable.

Before he was 20 years old he decided that ordinary means for helping the poor—such as contributing to charities, giving alms, distributing soup tickets—were insufficient, and even inefficient. He saw that diseases of all kinds, resulting from improper nourishment and deplorable conditions of existence, required the most immediate attention. He saw wretched babies condemned from the very beginning of life by hereditary or acquired taints. And he dreamed of helping to raise humanity by relieving these sufferings. Contented with the wealth which he had, refusing to go into business like the rest of his family, the Baron Henri de Rothschild studied medicine with the intention of practicing among the poor none.

FOUND MANY OBSTACLES.

Graduating at the early age of 22, he had started in at once on his career. But he found serious obstacles in his way. At the public hospitals he was huffed by the instinctive dread which the poor have of such institutions, and

he was regarded suspiciously as one trying to make experiments on them. In their homes the breach was perhaps even wider, and he was furthermore exposed to calls from impostors, who sought a pretext for levying money. Even where his kindness was not abused, it rarely seemed to profit. To get into close touch with the poor and remain so appeared impossible under such conditions.

Then came to the baron the idea to which he owes all his success. He decided to have a hospital of his own, where he could see every one who desired his medical assistance and give treatment gratis. Starting quietly with a modest establishment in the Picpus district, he soon found the calls upon him multiplied. The Montmartre poor attracted his particular attention, and among them he continued his work. Today his magnificent private hospital in the rue Marcadet, known as the Poly-clinique H. de Rothschild, has between 6,000 and 7,000 persons dependent upon it for regular medical attendance, without counting the numerous others who go thither in an emergency. No less than 16 physicians and specialists of all kinds are attached to the hospital, paid by the baron to devote themselves to the service of the poor.

Although his Polyclinique has now been running several years the art of the baron is in no way dulled; perhaps it has rather increased, for he is beginning to see the beneficial results arising from it. Every day from 10 a. m. until noon he is in his consulting room, receiving his patients, examining the notes of his physicians, or else visiting the inmates of the hospital.

It is perhaps in the consultations that the baron takes the keenest interest; for he has realized that it is not only in the extreme cases requiring absolute quiet and constant care, but more often in local affections demanding relief which is really obtained that the working classes want help. Clad in the long white blouse of a hospital physician, the baron walks rapidly from room to room, questioning the patients, prescribing and giving instructions to his assistants. Gifts of medicine always go with the advice, and in frequent cases wines, bouillions and dainties follow.

BECOMES A BARON AGAIN.

His work done, the Baron strips off his blouse, jumps into the automobile awaiting him at the door, and speeds away, the wealthy Rothschild once again, to attend to his worldly duties or to indulge in his favorite sport, automobilism. And yet throughout the day the memory of his poor seems to remain with him.

Born rich and having recently inherited a vast fortune from his aunt, the Baronne Nathaniel de Rothschild, the Baron Henri is nevertheless simplicity itself in his tastes. In a fine and magnificently furnished residence between the British embassy and the Palace of the Elysee in the Foubourg St. Honore he lives unostentatiously. Automobilism is perhaps his only extravagance, in addition to attending the poor, which latter occupation demands a fortune, managed as he manages it. His speeding races with W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who is an intimate friend of his, brought him fame as a chauffeur a few years ago, and he has since run in numerous long-distance races, generally taking an assumed name to avoid notoriety. He ran in the Paris-Vienna race as Doctor Pascal, the title of one of Zola's novels.

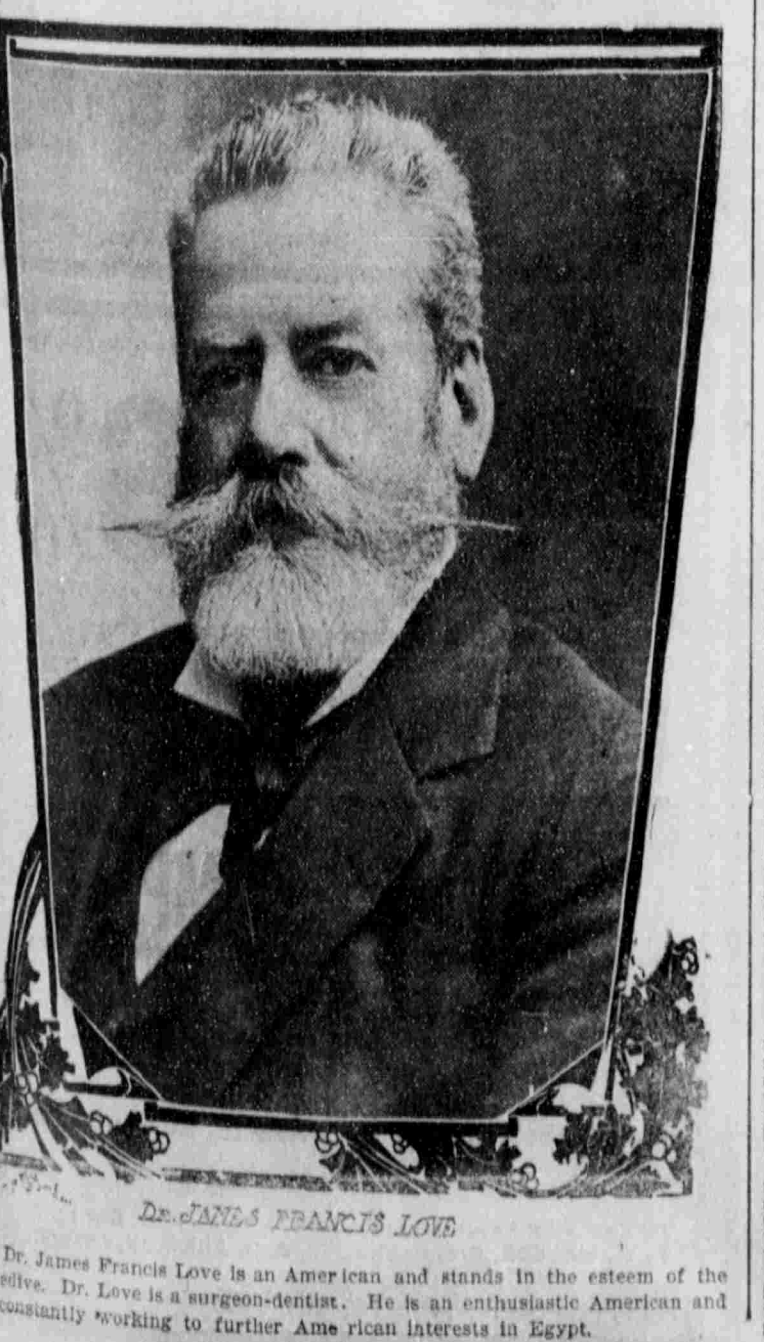
The subject which has interested the baron most in his professional studies and which he has made the specialty of his hospital is infantile disorders. Welcome as are all the suffering poor, a mother bringing a sick baby is always given a particularly warm greeting. In fact, the baron takes this department so deeply to heart and is so convinced that through it a vast service can be rendered to coming generations that he goes to the point of offering rewards to mothers for bringing their babies regularly to be inspected. Every baby on the hospital lists is supposed to be presented each Wednesday to be weighed, and the mothers who have observed this regulation receive gifts of provisions which encourage them to continue.

LUXURIES FOR BABIES.

Only when a baby is in perfect health.

(Continued on page 14.)

KHEDIVE OF EGYPT'S PHYSICIAN.



Dr. James Francis Love is an American and stands in the esteem of the Khedive. Dr. Love is a surgeon-dentist. He is an enthusiastic American and is constantly working to further American interests in Egypt.

American Duchess Wants New Furniture

Has Directed Auctioneers to Sell All Accumulated by the Former Owner of Kylemore Castle—Its Place to be Taken by Articles of Her Own Choosing Regardless of Expense, to Harmonize With Her Decorative Scheme.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 8.—It appears that the rich and costly furniture which the late proprietors of Kylemore left at the castle when the estate was transferred to the Duke of Manchester is not good enough for the American duchess. She has given instructions to a firm of Dublin auctioneers to clear the lot out and sell it at what it may fetch without a reserve price. The furniture is early Victorian and the duchess finds that it does not harmonize with the scheme of decoration which she has decided on. The

exceeded anything she had ever seen in her travels, and she made several unsuccessful efforts to introduce the species into the royal gardens at Windsor and Buckingham palace. Queen Alexandra has just had one of the bushes brought bodily from Kylemore, and the Duchess of Manchester's own gardener has come over to see it planted at Sandringham. The gardener, like a large section of his countrymen, is possessed of the popular superstition that Irish-grown plants cannot flourish in English soil, and he frankly told her majesty that he could hold out no hope of a successful experiment in this case. Asked by her majesty why this particular species should not flourish at Sandringham, the old gardener, in his richest

often would come down from London, and after having lunch join Lady Curzon in a drive through the country. The princess would be known on such occasions as "Miss MacPherson of Aberdeen." During these convivial meetings Queen Alexandra learned much from her daughter of the style and character of Lady Curzon, with the result that her majesty in turn commenced to cultivate an affection for her which time has only helped to ripen. Her ladyship's present illness has caused as much anxiety to the queen as if she had been one of her own daughters. She was daily in communication with Windsor castle and every morning brought letters of sympathy and hope from Princess Victoria. The contents of these and the cablegrams from her mother were the only personal correspondence which Lady Curzon's doctors allowed to be delivered at her bedside during the most exciting moments of her illness.

THE EX-PRIEST PRESIDENT.



Carlos F. Morales, the ex-priest, is a believer in the strenuous life and he is maintaining his supremacy in San Domingo with powder and ball. Although Morales promised immunity to many of his subjects, he has failed to keep his promise and talk of revolution is heard.

best furnishing houses in London and Paris are now being drawn upon to refurnish the castle from floor to ceiling, and it is estimated that this alone will cost as much as the duchess intended originally to expend on the whole transformation of the castle. The scheme of decoration is white and pink and the furniture will have to be made especially to suit this. The same scheme will obtain in the new house which the duchess has acquired in Grosvenor Square, London, and which is now in the hands of builders and decorators. Pending the finishing touches being put on the two residences the duke and duchess propose making a trip to the United States and afterward visiting India and Australia.

The beauty and enormous size of the fuschia bushes of Kylemore have excited

the admiration of all who have ever visited the neighborhood. The late Queen Victoria admitted that they had Galway brogue, answered, "Shure, your majesty, there's more virtue in the rocks of Connemara than there is in all the fine castles of England."

FRIEND OF THE QUEEN.

From a friend of Lady Curzon's I have just heard how the friendship between the American Vicereine of India and Queen Alexandra, which has been so much commented upon, came about. It seems that the simplicity of her character and a visible absence of "side" commanded by Lady Curzon first to Princess Victoria, the queen's daughter—who is herself a sort of free-and-easy sort of person. Before the Chicago girl's departure for India and in the intervals when she was able to appear in England, Princess Victoria was constantly soliciting the companionship of Lady Curzon. When the Curzons lived at the "Priory" at Reigate and princess

LIONS FOR NEW YORK ZOO.

In order to avoid a winter voyage, the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland does not propose to send out until the early spring the two young lions which it is going to present to the New York zoo. The society has not definitely decided whether to send out the two cubs, now two months old, or wait for another pair whose birth is daily expected. The desire of the society is to send the healthiest cubs possible and as the youngsters that are expected will be the progeny of a couple which have lived out of doors for three years, night and day during winter and summer, it is anticipated they will be exceptionally hardy and able to bear climatic changes. In any case two lions will be sent out in the spring under the care of one of the best keepers, King Edward's brother, the Duke of Connaught, and the duchess are much interested in the presentation which the society proposes to make and when the birth of the young lions was announced they went specially to the gardens to have a look at them. Ever since, the duchess has been making regular enquiries about their progress and she has been kept constantly informed of the state of their health.

MARK OF ROYAL FAVOR.

The announcement that the king and queen will visit Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at West Dean park, Chichester, in November, is regarded as an exceptional mark of royal favor, for it is a most unusual thing for the sovereign and his consort to be guests of a commoner at the same time. A few months ago the king spent a week-end with this popular couple and the queen has been entertained by them when she was Princess of Wales. Of course Mrs. James plays an excellent game of bridge. She is also a clever amateur actress and shares with the king his fondness for yachting. Mr. James, by the way, is of American descent. But probably what the king most enjoys in their hospitality is the absence of unnecessary bunkeryism. Another house which he will probably again soon visit is Rufford Abbey, the Nottinghamshire seat of Lord and Lady Salisbury. He recently told a friend—and that friend told others—why he finds a charm in Rufford Abbey that is conspicuously absent from several other aristocratic country houses which he visits. It is because at Rufford Abbey his host and hostess treat him much as an ordinary guest, and he still observing those points of etiquette which are always associated with royalty. At most places where he is entertained a gorgeous flunkey is at every door through which he is likely to pass, to open it for him with a profound obeisance. At Rufford he is allowed to open doors himself, and can stroll about

the house or the grounds without having it thrust upon him at every turn that he is regarded as a special object of reverence and adulation.

LADY MARY.

"MAN WITH TWISTED LIPS" FOUND IN REAL LIFE.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 8.—Americans may have learned from a few cabled lines that a real life parallel to that famous Sherlock Holmes story, "The Man with the Twisted Lip," has just turned up in London, but it is doubtful if they have been told how strikingly the true story resembles that which was imagined by Dr. Conan Doyle.

"The Man with the Twisted Lip" was, of course, a professional street beggar, who, however, out of "business" hours lived in a South London suburb in quite a stylish way. He had a wife, who supposed him to be "something in the city," to which he went daily. He operated in the vicinity of the London stock exchange, and his little game was to feign paralysis. He pretended to sell matches, but really relied on the gratuities which his pathetic appearance drew from passers-by—and which made up quite a handsome income.

Cecil de Smith, as the man calls himself, who was arrested, the other day, by the London police as an impostor, also lives in a South London suburb in a comfortable way. He, too, was supposed by his wife to be pursuing some respectable calling in the city, where he went every morning. But in reality he, too, was a professional beggar, and, incredible as it seems, frequented the neighborhood of the stock exchange and worked on the sympathies of pedestrians by posing as a paralytic with matches to sell!

As usual, however, in point of queerness the true story leaves the imaginary one far behind. Mr. Doyle merely made his beggar realize enough to keep up a respectable menage. But when Cecil de Smith ceased at the end of each day to be the street mendicant he became a veritable high-roller. One of his suburban neighbors, who testified against him in court, the other day, declared: "We used to think he was making lots of money on the stock exchange. I never saw such a person for clothes! He'd have new suits, new overcoats, and nothing but the best would suit him. In the evening, after he had returned from 'office,' he would dress up to the 'nines,' with a shining silk hat, and off he would go to the west. He would dine at one of the restaurants in Leicester square, and spend the evening at the Empire or the Alhambra."

Though de Smith did not find it necessary to distort his features as did Neville St. Clair in Doyle's story, it would be hard to imagine a more pathetic object than he made as he dragged himself about Throgmorton and the neighboring streets. Wretchedly clad, and devoid of countenance, he moved slowly with his head wagging on one side, and dragging one leg painfully after him. When he wanted to cross the street, kindly-hearted policemen invariably stopped the traffic for him. He got coppers, and occasionally larger sums from all sorts of people—particularly poor people, for one of the detectives testified that scrub-women were among his best patrons. He is supposed to have made \$40 a week.

Dr. Doyle's beggar became one, of course, through finding out as a newspaper man how much money such impostors make. Thus far Dr. de Smith has failed to tell how he started—in fact he pleads "not guilty" in spite of the definite evidence against him. He has not yet been sentenced as it is believed he has been convicted previously, and the Scotland Yard are looking into his record.

HEN THAT LAYED A THOUSAND EGGS

Common German Fowl With a Big Record Has a National Reputation.

HER PICTURE ON POST CARDS.

Quaint Customs of Remote German Village Where Poultry Raising is The Chief Industry.

Special Correspondence.

BUNSWICK, Nov. 8.—It is not true, as was reported recently, that the little city of Gandersheim in south Germany was decorated and given over to rejoicing in honor of the most prolific of all German hens. The report was based on a misconception, but it is none the less a fact that the hen was responsible for the attention of the outside world being called to the festivities and the existence of such a place as Gandersheim.

It occurred in this way. Gandersheim was indulging in one of its annual fetes in which mankind at large takes no particular interest. On the same day a Gandersheim hen laid an egg. That, too, would have attracted no notice but for the fact, as attested by ample documentary evidence, that she had previously done the same thing exactly 999 times. Now a hen that has laid a thousand eggs becomes a legitimate object of news interest. She emerges from the obscurity of the ordinary domestic fowl and attains fame. Putting this and that together correspondents jumped to the conclusion that Gandersheim, in recognition of the honor conferred upon her as the birthplace and abiding place of such a wonderful bird, had donned holiday attire, and so stated in their dispatches, some of which may have reached the United States.

A PHOTOGRAPHED FOWL.

As the "Hen of a Thousand Eggs" the Gandersheim fowl has since become widely known throughout Europe, and scores of tourists visit the place for no other purpose than to gaze upon such a distinguished specimen of her species. Her owner, Herr Probst Schuldiener of Gandersheim's Pro-gymnasium, has had her photograph imprinted on post-cards—a distinction conferred on no other hen—and these are eagerly sought by visitors to the town. Like many who devote themselves with singleness of purpose and concentration of energy to some industrial occupation in which they far outstrip all competitors, there is nothing about this Gandersheim hen that would indicate to the casual observer her proud pre-eminence. She is just a plain, everyday sort of business hen, with white feathers and a black tail.

She passed through the various stages of chickendom without affording any evidence of the possession of genius. It was through mere accident that she escaped being killed and eaten. In due time she laid her first egg and announced that fact to the poultry yard by cackling in the usual fashion. A second, third, fourth and fifth egg followed in quick succession until a dozen had been reached and at the same rate came another dozen. Then her owner awoke to the discovery that this hen

CASTLE FOR CLAY'S AMERICAN BRIDE.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 9.—It is highly probable that Miss Astor, who today becomes Mrs. Spender-Clay, will succeed the Duchess of Manchester in the occupancy of Tanderagee castle, the latter's beautiful residence in the north of Ireland. When Kylemore is ready for occupation the Manchesters will use it exclusively as their Irish home and they therefore see no need to keep Tanderagee on their hands. Reports have been in circulation that the king had his eye on Tanderagee as a royal residence, but although it is recognized as one of the finest mansions in Ireland, it does not appear to come up to his majesty's requirements.

Lady Hingham, who is Captain Spender-Clay's sister, is in the very thick of smart society, and it is she who is anxious to see her sister-in-law established in Ireland. The Duchess of Manchester will want a big price for Tanderagee to recoup herself for the enormous cost of Kylemore, but apart from Pauline Astor's immense fortune Capt. Spender-Clay is wealthy enough to be able to set up a castle on his own account.

It is pretty well understood in society that the captain will not remain always a commoner. Through his connection with Lord Burton which brings him into close association with the king and the Prince of Wales he can command sufficient influence to raise Miss Astor to the dignity of, at least, "her ladyship" one of these days. As a preliminary it is expected that the captain will enter politics, and it is not improbable that a safe seat will be found for him in the north of Ireland at the next election.

VERY HIGH OFFICIAL POSITION.

In many respects Fred Hassereuk was the most influential German-born citizen of American, and he was an ardent supporter of Abraham Lincoln. His home was in Cincinnati, and that city went wild with excitement when it became known in 1861 that President Lincoln had appointed Hassereuk minister to Peru.

Six months later a New York merchant, returning from South America, called at the White House in Washington and told President Lincoln that he had brought a message from Hassereuk, who had said:

"Tell Abe Lincoln that he is mistaken in supposing that he has the highest office in America. I've got it myself—6,000 feet above the level of the sea."

THE PORT ARTHUR DEFENSES.



Barbed wire has been used extensively by the Russians at Port Arthur, and it has been of immense value to them as well as decidedly detrimental to the Japanese in their assaults.