

# The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



The Dead Savior and His Mother. Principal Figures in the Plot Discovered in an Under-ground of able.

Pauline Elchhorn and Her Mother. The latter is the one who discovered the mine.

A. J. Ives Fishermen Who Took No Stock in Radium.

Charming Pitch Blende From the Rubbish Heap out of Which Radium is Obtained.

Raw Material Extracted From Abandoned Old Copper Mine.

## Fate Deals a Hard Blow To Mrs. Elmer Black

(Special Correspondence.)  
LONDON, June 23.—Rarely have the fates dealt so hard a blow as has recently fallen on Mrs. Elmer Black. When she went to Paris from here some weeks ago to purchase the wonderful wardrobe which will never be worn here, she was the happiest American woman to be seen, full of what she was going to do, full of her prospective success; full of her little daughter's future. Just as she had returned to London the cable telling her of her husband's sudden illness was put into her hand, and a few days ago his death was announced.

The gown in which she was to appear at one of the early courts of this month suggests a fairy tale. "It was a thing of moonlight and jewels, someone said in describing it. Of satin charmeuse covered with silk net finer than a cobweb it was festooned with tulle almost covered with gems. The skirt, scant and skimpy after the order of the hour, had an immense train draped from one shoulder. In one corner near the hem was a veritable bouquet of jewels—an entirely new idea. This frock had just been unpacked and she was trying it on when the cable intimating her husband's illness was handed to her. She literally tore it off; dashed to the telephone to inquire when the next steamer was leaving and found she had exactly an hour to pack and get to station if she wanted to catch it. Before the given time had expired she was on her way!

Her visiting gowns, Ascot frocks, river and garden party dresses were in their own way as delightful as the court creation, all being miracles of perfect taste, style and originality. The story goes that Mrs. Black had had no end of offers for her court gown as, of course, she will be unable to wear it this year. By next season it will be as much out of date as if it had been made in the middle ages. In at least one case the price tendered was a fancy one considerably in excess of the actual cost.

**TOO LUXURIOUS FOR BONI.**  
Count Boni de Castellane finds his yacht, the Valhalla, too expensive a luxury and has been trying for some time to sell it. It is one of the most palatial yachts at sea and one of the few that has a swimming bath. It was originally purchased by the French court from Col. Baycock, an enormously wealthy Englishman who had it built for himself at a tremendous cost. Having tired of it, he sold it for a fancy price to the count a couple of years before he was divorced. The then Countess-Anna Gould had her boudoir furniture in it made of silver and mother of pearl. Her own bath was of the same materials. The count would not refuse any reasonable offer now for the beautiful vessel, he, too, being tired of it.

By all accounts Boni is tired of everything and of himself most of all. He has drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs and cannot replenish it. Although he is in perfect health and looks robust as a cart horse, he tells his friends he wishes to heaven it were the end of all things. And they only laugh at him.

**DREXELS' HOUSE FINISHED.**  
At last the Drexels' much talked of house in Grosvenor square is finished and Mrs. Anthony Drexel and her daughter are moving signs of satisfaction. For these ladies have tramped London for Adam mantelpieces and other things for which their artistic souls craved. Margaretta Drexel, like

all self-respecting American girls, has taken a course of lessons on antique furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac, china and so forth and prides herself on being a great connoisseur. That she has first rate knowledge is an admitted fact. While the interior of the Drexels' mansion in Grosvenor square is being rebuilt for the improvement they have made in it practically amount to this—the beautiful Margaretta and to go about London with her maid searching for the things she desired, her mother going in other quarters on a similar mission.

It is said that the ball the Drexels are giving after Ascot will be par excellence the ball of the London season. It will be the first big function at the new mansion, and, therefore, the house warming. It is thought the king may be present. At Marlborough last August, just after the Drexels purchased the house, his majesty promised of Anthony Drexel, who is about the only American man of whom he has ever made a "pal," that he would come to the house warming. The Drexels are extraordinarily generous people and hitherto have been somewhat catholic in the selection of their friends. The king's presence at the ball will, in one way, be something of a drawback. For one thing, he has big crushes and many people would have to be left out. Some of the Drexels' friends are hoping, therefore, that the king will be unable to go.

**GORGEOUS PRESENT TO THE DUC.**  
Quite the most unique perambulator of modern times, and far more gorgeous than that of any crown prince or princess, is that which Mrs. Shonts presented to her grand son, the little Duc de Chaulnes. It is a miniature state coach in rosewood inlaid with exquisite plaques after Watteau. It is upholstered in white satin and the mouldings are of ivory gilt. In this baby duc takes his daily outing arrayed in priceless lace and the loveliest infantile garments of the season. Mrs. Shonts may often be seen walking beside her grandson's carriage with the elaborately attired French maid whose uniform is correct to the last detail.

It is said the Duchess de Chaulnes and her mother may come over to join Mr. Shonts and his elder daughter who arrived a little while ago from Aix. Marguerite Shonts has always been a favorite here. She may not be beautiful but she has a great deal of charm and pliancy and she is an excellent hostess for a young girl.

**YOUNG GIRLS' PARTIES.**  
Young girls' parties are the rage among the most interesting functions of the season. They are always admitted affairs no mere male being admitted. In the first instance, these gatherings were instituted by Margaretta Drexel and her cousin Annetta Stewart who may be regarded as the social leaders of the young society girls here. At these tea-parties the guests are expected to array themselves in their smartest clothes and most fetching hats, with jewels to match. There is a perfect "spread" as well as the usual refreshments. The guests are expected to arrive in motor cars and aprons of blue or rose pink muslin. Some special subject is usually set for discussion which has previously been intimated on the invitation cards and the guests and their hosts thrash it out for all it is worth. Sometimes it is the latest play, its virtues and its morals, then it is a new book, again some topic of current interest, political, literary or social. Princess Patricia of Connaught who, of late, is getting the reputation of a man-hater, has already attended several of these gatherings and expressed her entire approval of them. Her royal highness is now organizing one of her own at Clarence House which is to take place after Ascot. It will be an all fresco affair.

It is told that in one case a number of young men managed to gain access to a girls' party by arraying themselves in petticoats and frills. They were, however, soon recognized and on the grounds of good behavior were permitted to remain. Their advent added considerable mirth, but abolished seriousness at the particular festivity.

## Planning to Get Vast Wealth From An Old Rubbish Heap

(Special Correspondence.)  
ST. IVES, Cornwall, June 24.—On a hill just back of this ancient, quaintest and most picturesque of English towns is a huge rubbish heap that is said to be a fortune because of the radium in it. When that statement was first made and cabled to America it was probably treated with the same sort of facetious scepticism that a similar yarn coming from America would receive here. But now that the existence of the most infinitely costly of all minerals is vouched for by that distinguished scientist, Sir William Ramsay, the unsightly rubbish heap has become an object of serious interest. To denounce its pretensions to hidden wealth as a humbug would be tantamount to applying the same epithet to Sir William, which would be exceedingly libelous—over here anyhow.

Sir William Ramsay is credited with having discovered the mysterious, lava-of-nature-defying substance that is said to be a fortune because of the radium in it. He has been interviewed the other day about the story from America that a comparatively cheap substitute for radium had been discovered there which also wrought miracles of healing. He said there was nothing in it. And that settles it so far as the British public is concerned.

The big rubbish heap is the accumulated refuse of the Trenwith copper mine that was shut down in 1856. For over half a century it has existed, an ugly scar on the face of a lovely landscape which has yielded slowly to nature's healing hand. The rubbish heap was worked great quantities of pitch blende, from which alone radium is obtained, were found among the copper ores. But science then had not even dreamed of the existence of radium and its wonderful properties. The pitch blende was found to be a waste product of the copper mine, and its value was therefore, ordered to be chucked it, aside whenever they came across it. This they did, never suspecting the value of what they were throwing away, with the result that when the mine was abandoned great quantities of pitch blende were mingled with the other refuse at the pit head dumps.

**A PROCESS OF HIS OWN.**  
From this pitch blende Sir William Ramsay has extracted radium by a process of his own, which is said to be far more expeditious than that commonly employed. He declares the stuff to be "fully equal, in its productiveness of radio active materials and uranium compounds, to any pitch blende which ever came under my notice from any part of the world." On the basis of the analysis he has made of the specimens submitted to him every ton of it, he says, might be expected to yield a quarter gramme of radium. A quarter gramme isn't much—no more than a little pinch of salt—but at present prices it is worth \$12,500.

From the rubbish heap about 40 tons of pitch blende have been obtained thus far and barely half of it has yet been overhauled. Before the mine was shut down \$570,000 worth of copper was taken from it. Some of the sanguine capitalists who have got hold of it think it quite possible that the rubbish heap alone may yield that much worth of radium. What they may obtain from the mine itself is problematical. Sir William Ramsay says that a yield of two-thirds of an ounce—rather more, I believe, than now exists in the world and worth at present prices more than \$500,000—may be looked for annually in the near future.

On what he bases that expectation I don't know. The mine is only 200 fathoms deep and up to within about 100 feet of the top it is filled with water. And that water cannot be pumped out and the mine explored until the new reservoir for St. Ives, now well under way, is finished. The water in the mine is radio active. When the mine is pumped out it is said that the water will be bottled and sold, and doubtless it will be discovered then that it possesses wonderful medical virtues of some sort, though for many years the St. Ives folk have been drinking it without discovering that it had any extraordinary properties. Perhaps that may be attributed to the fact that their

drinking water passed through two other abandoned mines on behalf of which no claims to radio activity have yet been advanced. That there is much pitch blende still in this mine itself is certain. Above the water level a virgin lode of it has been struck and considerable quantities of it have been brought to the surface.

Those who are exploiting the old mine have other projects in view besides the production of radium. They talk of building a big hotel and starting hydro and radium baths and similar establishments such as have blossomed forth at Erzgebirge in Bohemia where the world is principally dependent for its present supply of radium. In so they expect to "make" St. Ives—make it a fashionable resort. And then its unique charms will be lost.

**LITTLE SIGN OF MATERIALIZATION.**  
Happily there was little evidence of the materialization of these various schemes when I climbed the rubbish-crowned hill at the back of the town. Some half dozen little raw, corrugated iron structures, a score of laborers, paid something like farthings the hour, were busy for the stuff that yields radium worth \$750,000 an ounce, where all the indications above ground of the realization of the dreams of wealth begotten by the discovery of radium. Closed at hand a couple of donkeys were browsing contentedly. Rosy cheeked children were playing before some old stone cottages. From the base of the hill far up the quiet old town, beyond that lay the Atlantic, as blue as the Mediterranean, overhead an azure sky; behind, gorse-clad moors; and everywhere an air, as invigorating as new wine. Any spot less lovely than this, the Golden Cairn, that hill it would be difficult to imagine.

Of course it is the discovery of radium that makes St. Ives of news interest to America. Therefore it had to give first place to the story of the "rubbish heap." But this westernmost bit of English land has riches far surpassing those of the old mine for the Transatlantic wanderer. The banquet of rare beauty of nature's making, providing, quaint scenes of man's making, so-mellowed and colored by time narrow, artful, colorful, and a climate that both in summer and winter has rare tonic properties. There are few places in this old land that provide in more generous measure that complete change of air, an environment craved by Americans who have grown tired of the strenuous life.

There is nothing remotely strenuous about St. Ives—old St. Ives it should perhaps be called to distinguish it from the new St. Ives that in recent years has grown up on the hilly slopes back of the ancient village for the accommodation of summer visitors. Old St. Ives is still much as it was 300 or 400 years ago. Its ancient builders knew nothing about art and as little about town planning. Nothing was probably further from their thoughts than producing picturesque effects. Their purpose seems to have been to jumble their dwellings as close together as possible, leaving their narrow streets and still narrower, cobble-paved alleys to twist and turn in any direction so long as they never meandered more than a few yards in a straight line. Part of the old town is well called "the Warren." It is a void of anything approaching system as the burrows of rabbits.

Having built their town in this higgledy-piggledy fashion the St. Ives folk settled down to fishing, ship-building, smuggling, privateering and such more or less reputable industries as the times afforded. And for a long time the rest of England knew nothing of St. Ives.

**MECCA FOR ARTISTS.**  
But they had built their houses of stone which endured and time added wondrous touches of color to them. And one day there came along an artist chap and he said "Borekka," or something equivalent thereto, and started painting for all he was worth. Then he told an artist friend of the good thing he had found, and that friend told another friend and more artists came. And then to its amazement, old St. Ives discovered that it was beautiful—rather was considered beautiful—by

these artist chaps, for what there is about their old houses, their fish boats or themselves that painters should have over the St. Ives fisher folk cannot understand. They had many vacant lofts, though, where they had been wont to stow away spars, sails and fishing gear in days when their own industries were more prosperous and these they let to the artists as studios. There are now over three score studios in the old town and seldom is one of them vacant for any length of time. From this it will be seen that the St. Ives art colony is a flourishing one. At the present time it includes several American artists. Among them may be mentioned Paul Dougherty of New York, Lowell Dyer of Boston, F. H. Shill of Philadelphia, J. S. Bristol of New York, A. G. Pabst, G. G. Symonds, J. N. Barlow, E. Hammond of Boston, Miss Cockcroft and Mrs. Arthur Luck of New York.

The artists have their own club and favorite "pub" or shanty as it would be called in America. The "Sloop" it is named. It is a quaint old inn, fronting on the beach and well worth a visit. You can get "soft drinks" there if troubled by an uneasy conscience with respect to alcoholic beverages. The little, low-ceilinged, oak-beamed wainscoted tap room is adorned by sketches contributed by artists, some of whom have had pictures in the Salon and the Academy.

Artists are everywhere sworn foes to stiff conventionalities. Their presence in such numbers lends a Bohemian atmosphere to the town. It is a place where you can take life easy; do a pretty much what you please and dress as you please! Last summer I saw two women artists in St. Ives—two art students more probably—who were shod in sandals and very obviously wore no stockings. Some fishermen's wives who were commenting on them appeared to be greatly scandalized—not so much by the show of legs as by the proof they afforded of the practice of a parsimonious economy with respect to hosiery.

But it is the fisher folk who impart the most picturesque charm to the town. They are a hardy, simple folk whose mental outlook on life has been little affected by modern progress—or indulgence in radio active waters.

**THEY LIVE TO CATCH FISH.**

Catching fish is their sole occupation. When there is no fish to be caught, as is often the case they do nothing—save contribute to the take-life-easy tone of the place which is so grateful to faded Americans—because they say there is nothing else they can do. And as the fish have been scarce of late years they have had a hard time of it.

Catching fish is also the chief occupation of the sea gulls which abound here. But when their fishing is poor, the gulls often come ashore and may be seen in large numbers following the plough and competing with the crowd for the worms turned up. The hint seems to be that the fishermen, or on the powers that be who might help them to help themselves. There is lots of land around St. Ives that might be made available for small holdings, and, say, the acre or two of ground a fisherman and his family would not find it difficult to tide over bad seasons.

The fishing industry as conducted here, is doomed. Boats with tanned sails look fine in pictures, but they cannot compete with craft, however ugly, driven by steam or motor engines. And American admirers of the primitive and picturesque should, therefore, come here before the inevitable change takes place and the old order giveth way to the new.

There is much to be seen in this part of Cornwall even better worth seeing than the old town itself. Cornwall is unique among English counties. Fertile fields and valleys it has, but it is in the main a rugged region, a land of granite hills and wind-swept moors. And it is in the little district between St. Ives and the Lands End that its beauties are most lavishly displayed. "Nowhere else in the 'delectable Duchy,'" writes Pollock Stokes, and man who knows Cornwall best, and

## Grand Niece of Agassiz Discovers Art Treasure

(Special Correspondence.)  
FLORENCE, June 21.—What may turn out to be one of the most interesting art discoveries of modern times has just been made at Fiesole, near Florence, by Frauline Emy Elchhorn, the grandniece of Jean Louis Agassiz, the famous Harvard naturalist. Following a clue found in some ancient books she has unearthed a forgotten chapel in the grounds of the English Nursing Sisters, known officially as "The Little Company of Mary," and unofficially as "the blue nuns." The chapel contains a series of exquisite mural paintings, including a remarkable "Pieta" thought to be the work of Giotto. It has been used by generations of peasants as a stable.

Frauline Elchhorn lives at Moran in the Tyrol, with her mother, a writer and composer, whose "Songs for Children" has just been published in London. She was studying at Florence for her university degree when she came across the passage describing a chapel containing some remarkable pictures, which, she became convinced, must have stood somewhere in the grounds of the blue nuns.

It was necessary to obtain the permission of the bishops of Fiesole and San Miniato and of Mother Edith, the superior of the "Little Company of Mary," before beginning her explorations. "These secured," she sought, the assistance of Herr Vernehen, a noted connoisseur and restorer, and they began their search of the grounds. After many failures they tackled a little group of buildings on the hill above the convent. The peasants, who have kept their animals in these houses for hundreds of years, laughed at the idea of anything worth finding being concealed there, but Frauline Elchhorn was struck by the ecclesiastical architecture of one of the stables and under her direction it was cleared out and cleaned, and excavations were begun. The result was the discovery of the little underground chapel containing the wonderful mural paintings.

**DISCOVERY OF THE "PIETA."**

The most important of course is the "Pieta," which covered one of the long walls. It contains six figures. The dead Christ is held with almost fierce love and agony by His mother, who presses His body close to her own in her woe. Bending over Him in an agony of grief are the three Maries and St. John. On the ceiling is a picture of Christ the Teacher in company with several figures, two of which it is believed are St. Catherine of Siena, and St. Barbara. On the wall opposite

loves her most, "will you find a greater coast-line, a wilder, more picturesque moorland, or such a wealth of prehistoric villages, cromlechs and stone circles. This is the sacred sanctum of the Cornish Celt. Here you will find him still clinging to the granite hills, still listening to the song of the sea and the moan of the moorland wind. The same dreaming, mystic creature as his forefathers, who regard those mighty cromlechs whose massive outlines still so impressively cut the skyline of the hills, and besides which our oldest cathedrals are but as yesterday." "Grand and interesting as this coast is," he writes in another passage, "the moorland behind it is in some ways more impressive. The ocean winds have given it an ideal, health-producing climate, and the 'soft earth' borne on the bosom of the great Gulf stream, has clothed its rocks and tors with a tapestry of many colors, and given it a wealth of natural flowers not to be seen

the entrance may be traced the remains of a "Resurrection," and above the door is an exquisite "Annunciation."

The paintings are all terribly dilapidated of course, but enough remains to enable the restorer to reproduce them almost in their pristine beauty. Miss Emily Stephens, an English writer and artist resident in Florence, has copied a portion of the "Pieta," and although she had to work by candle light in the gloomy little vault, she has succeeded in producing an excellent copy of the Christ and His mother.

I had the good fortune to hear the whole story from Frauline Elchhorn herself on the scene of her discovery. Guided by Sister Agnes of the Little Company of Mary, we left the romantic old convent, where so many Americans have been nursed back to health, and, passing along an avenue hedged with white, red and yellow roses we mounted by a straggling path through the May grown wheat. Florence lying white and beautiful in the sunset valley below us, until we reached the group of small buildings on the hill.

**FIND A VACANT GRAVE.**

Lighted by a candle, held high by Sister Agnes in her black habit and pale blue veil, her eager face framed by its white hood, we pass through a narrow passage and down into a small room of about eight feet in length, scrambling over the upturned earth of the excavators. There we behold a small arched roofed room and on its walls the pictures we had come to see.

Next day Frauline Elchhorn reports the discovery of a grave, empty, but the investigations, and Frauline Elchhorn's appearance. The history of the spot, as told me by Mother Edith, Sister Agnes, who has shared in all the investigations, and Frauline Elchhorn, is that many centuries ago, the followers of St. Girolamo, dwell in caves on these hills. Their dress was a habit of black and red with a black mask. About the seventh century the chapel is said to have been built for these hermits to pray in for the dead.

In the time of Cosimo de Medici the Jews dwell in this strange community. Count Guido Montegrally, who came Cosimo's spiritual guide. To be near him Cosimo built the famous Medici villa, now occupied by Mrs. Agassiz, whose son is a leading Californian. Count Guido made a vow to go to the Holy Land, but being prevented, he built this chapel in the style of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, to atone for his unfulfilled vow. Frauline Elchhorn and Herr Vernehen believe the grave to have been his.

We cannot say as yet, who is the investor of this strange community. It is almost certain, however, that he is of the school of Giotto. Frauline Elchhorn told me.

**EVA MADDEN.**

The American is assured of a warm welcome from Cornish folk everywhere. America is for them the land of promise. Since the decay of their own mining industry they have gone there in large numbers. Hardly a family is to be met anywhere that has not a relative in America. But the charm of their own wild land calls them back when they have made their little piles of gold and often before. Nowhere else in England are to be met so many people who have been to America, and worked there. And that adds something to the unique delights which Cornwall possesses for the American sojourner.

**E. LISLE SNELL.**