

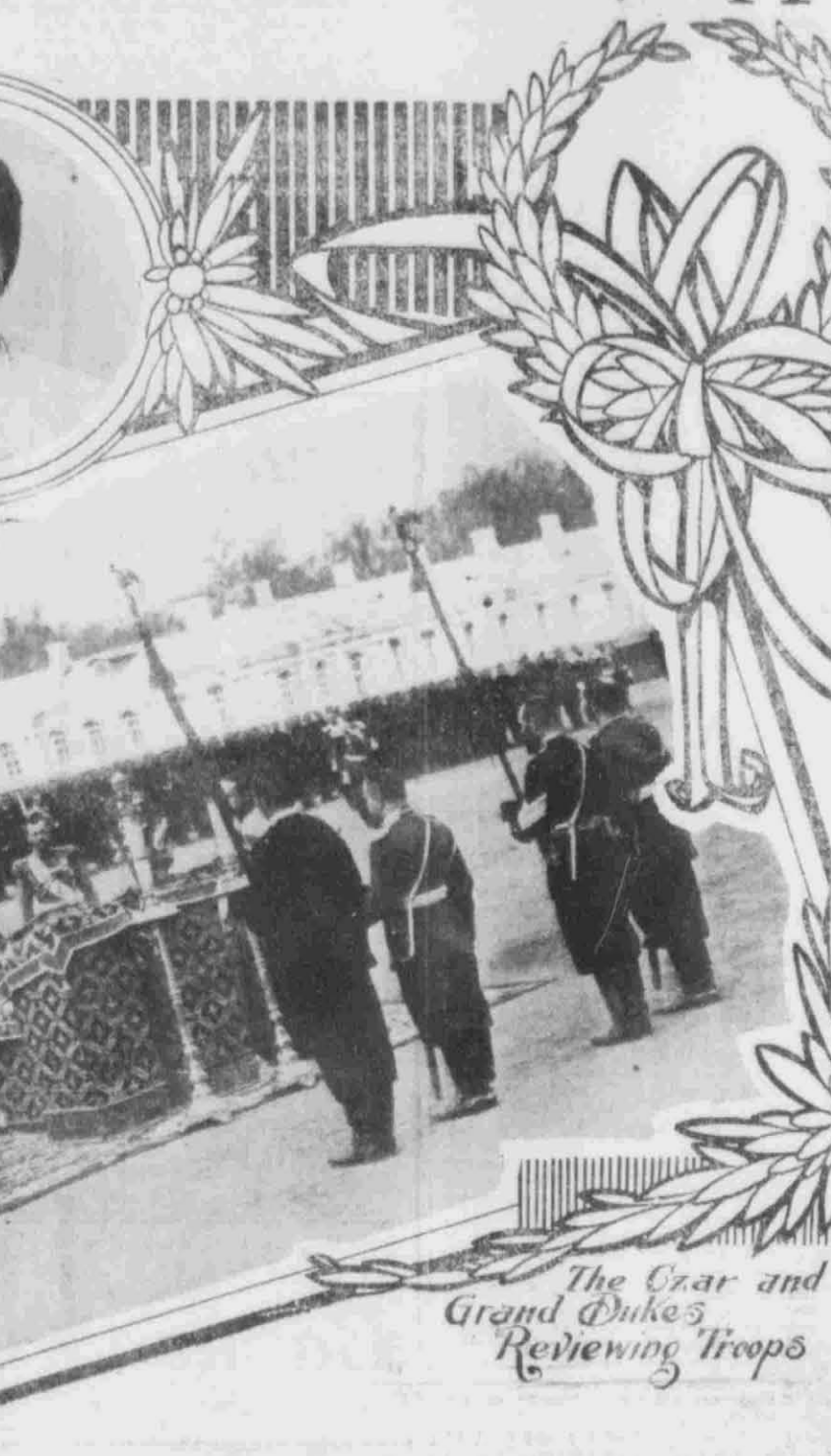
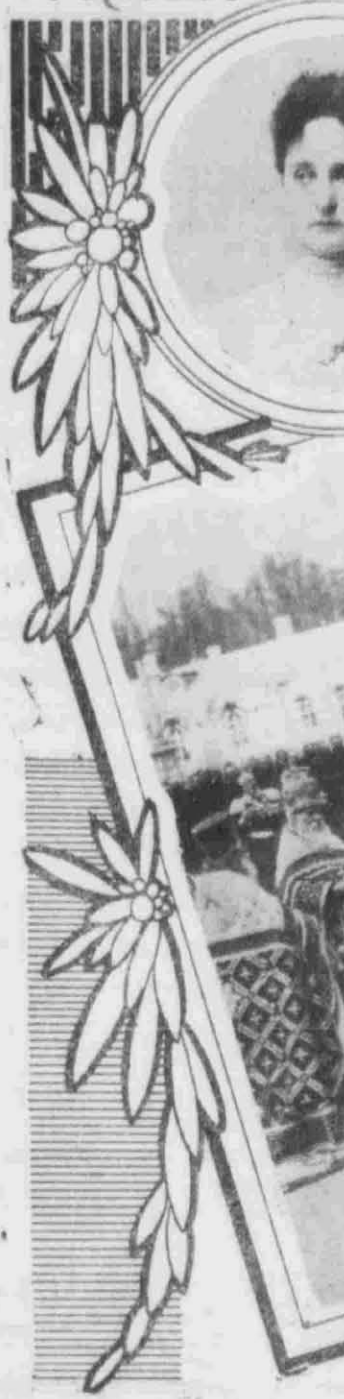
# The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

## Empress of Russia Most Unhappy Woman in the World

Special Correspondence.  
S. T. PETERSBURG, March 9.—Empress Alexandra of Russia, the czar's wife, is the unhappiest woman under the sun. Her life is nothing more than prolonged misery, and she prays fervently for death to relieve her from the crushing burdens of her pitiable existence at the imperial court of Russia. Her fate may well excite the deep sympathy of the civilized world, for although she is a victim of that unholiest system of government that still prevails in her husband's dominions, she is an innocent sufferer for the terrible wrongs perpetrated by others.

The Empress Alexandra is a high-spirited, liberal-minded, generous and loving woman. She is a woman of the most refined tastes and generous instincts; she loves the common people, and their sorrows appeal to her with tremendous force. She is in deep sympathy with the progressive movement in Russia and she abhors the crimes that have been committed during her husband's reign and are still being perpetrated in Russia day by day. Yet, far from being able to terminate them, she herself has been struck down and her happiness destroyed by that very system which she would gladly abolish in the interest of others. Both her mental and her physical condition are truly pitiable. She is suffering from the most extreme form of nervous depression and exhaustion. She cannot sleep and she cannot eat. The prolonged loss of appetite and systematic lack of nourishment have reduced her to a condition of physical prostration.

Empress of all the Russias



The Czar and Grand Dukes Reviewing Troops



Alexandrovna Kuskovska One of the Czar's Favorites

IS A COMPLETE WRECK.

After the long summer cruise in the Baltic sea, undertaken primarily in the hope of restoring her health, the empress was so weak that she could not walk ashore, but had to be carried in an armchair. Now she rarely ventures outside the palace, but is generally wheeled about the private grounds in a bath chair. She is only 26 years old, but she is a complete wreck. Much of her time is spent in fits of depression, during which she lies motionless in apathetic despair. Sometimes the terrible pain of her profound melancholy is varied by passionate fits of weeping, which horrify and alarm the members of her family and the ladies of her suite. At night she cannot sleep, but sees awful visions of the thousands of unhappy men and women who during her husband's reign and by virtue of the death warrants signed by his hand have died on the gallows simply because they held political opinions which were considered objectionable by the recognized and accredited representatives of law and order, as these terms are understood in Russia. When she falls into fitful slumbers her sleep, such as it is, is disturbed by gruesome dreams and nightmares, visions of blood and horror, and visions of an inferno created, not by the imagination of a great horror, but by the revolting realities of the predominant political system in Russia.

CONSTANT FEAR OF DEATH.

Day and night she broods over the condition of Russia and over the unhappy isolation of the imperial family. Often she starts up from her gloomy reveries in a sudden gust of fear that assassins who so often chosen the rulers of Russia as the victims of their cruel murders may be close at hand intent on terminating with one decisive blow that system of oppression which is incorporated in the czar's imperial person. At other times she stuns into the nursery to make sure that her beloved children are all alive, having been in her mental agony that they and already been felled by the dagger of a terrorist or destroyed by the fragments of a revolutionary bomb. She

realizes with an awful cleanness of comprehension that death looms over her husband and her family, so that every morning she cannot know whether she will be able to clasp them in her arms in the evening, and every evening she fears that they may be torn from her side before the sun rises again.

No words can adequately describe the profound depths of the unhappiness of this imperial woman. No tragedy conceived in the imagination of poets is so truly tragic as the fate of the Czarina Alexandra.

### SERIES OF DISILLUSIONS.

Her life at the Russian court, which has now extended for a period of 14 years, has been one series of ruthless disillusionments. Her childhood and girlhood were spent in the happiest possible circumstances. Her mother was Princess Alice, the favorite daughter of the venerable Queen Victoria of England, and her father was the royal Duke of Hesse, the little German state of Hesse. Her earlier years were divided between the delightful parental home in the vicinity of Darmstadt, in the genial atmosphere of southern Germany and in the keen refreshing air of

English liberty at Windsor. She was brought up with perfect simplicity, and as a child she was encouraged to forget the fact that her grandmother was a queen and her father a ruling sovereign. She played games and she rode and enjoyed with hearty good spirits all the pleasures in which a healthy girl can participate. Up to the age of 12 her happiness was unclouded. She had lived almost an ideal life, full of happiness and contentment, characterized by joyous gaiety and the light-heartedness of innocence.

Then she was married down as the prey of Russian oppression. The Russian government in its search for a suitable bride for Nicholas, the heir to the throne, decided that Princess Alice of Hesse was the most eligible young lady to be found among all the possible candidates. Her mother was Princess Alice, the favorite daughter of the venerable Queen Victoria of England, and her father was the royal Duke of Hesse, the little German state of Hesse. Her earlier years were divided between the delightful parental home in the vicinity of Darmstadt, in the genial atmosphere of southern Germany and in the keen refreshing air of

most a solid mass of diamonds and with all she managed not to look vulgar. For sheer talent, can any woman beat that? With her soft fluffy hair and her pretty coloring she gave the idea of a fairy princess, needing only the wand to make the illusion complete. There were diamonds on her tiny white satin shoes and her hands and arms all glittered with jewels. She was going down to supper as the Duke of Norfolk came in and he stood on the stairs apparently transfixed for the moment. Then he turned to Lord Londonderry, who was close by and demanded, "Who is the lady?" and was duly informed.

It is being said that the only state jewel of which Lady Granard is jealous is the Cullinan diamond. It certainly was the only gem which took the shine out of hers at the opening of parliament where, in the presence of the king and all the rest regarding her marriage. She said "she intended to please herself and she meant to be happy—at last." And happy she certainly has been.

### LOADED DOWN WITH JEWELS.

Lady Granard was undoubtedly the sensation of the great reception which the Marchioness of Londonderry gave for the occasion the other night. She was followed about the room by a mob of aristocracy which included duchesses and countesses and politicians, all pushing her either in their attempt to get a glimpse of her and her jewels. Eventually she reached a divan in the center of one of the magnificent rooms—Londonderry House is one of the palaces of Park Lane—and there she sat like a queen among courtiers. Beside her was Arthur Balfour, who, on being presented to her, bowed low and kissed her hand—an old-world chivalrous act—which seemed to arouse considerable transatlantic bells. She wears her jewels to the manner born. She gives the idea of having an infinite fund of them. By all accounts she is never without them. But why wear two necklaces at the same time? Surely her gorgeous one of diamonds, to match her dress with its row of big stones that flashed like electric globes, ought to have been sufficient without that other of sapphires—a wondrous thing of its kind, the gems having the very wave of the sea it seemed to be the blues and used to delight to hear of the practical joke Lady Randolph had perpetrated. She found out his penchant for certain common or garden dishes like tripe and corned beef and

sympathetic. He did not appeal to be interested in any way, and it seemed to her that life with this quiet little man as her husband offered no charms at all.

### WANTED TO MARRY FOR LOVE.

The pictures that were drawn to her of the magnificence of the court of Russia left her unmoved, for she was a pure natural girl who wanted to marry for love and to her the idea of making a political match was abhorrent in every sense. But finally her opposition was overcome. The persuasion of her relatives and her friends broke down her opposition. Reluctantly and against her own will she became the wife of Nicholas, and no sooner were they wedded than the death of Alexander III elevated her husband to the throne of all the Russias.

It was a terrible experience for the high-spirited and independent young girl to leave the surroundings of her youth to plunge into the corrupt and foetid atmosphere of the Russian court. From the very beginning she was disliked by the Russian court party, and she disliked them in return. Her unconventional habits and her progressive

tendencies made her an object of suspicion to all the grand dukes and duchesses and aristocratic magnates who formed the bulwarks of the reactionary system of government in the country. The old gang at court despised and ridiculed her; she was exposed to petty humiliations and annoyances. Her lack of knowledge of the Russian language, which she has since learned to perfection, at that time made her the subject of unkind jests and gibes. It is true that she was the czar's wife, but in the strange surroundings of the Russian court she was made to feel like an intruder and almost like an impostor.

### MARRIED A ROUTE.

All this would have been bearable if she had loved her husband and could have enjoyed a happy family life. But that love which was wanting before marriage never came afterward, for the revelation of Nicholas III's character came as a fearful shock and deep disappointment to this energetic and ambitious woman. She soon found that the czar was nothing more than a weakling, who was driven hither and thither by the different cross currents as though he were a feather in a whirl-

pool. Moreover, his open infidelities, penetrated with all that shameless disregard of morality which is characteristic of life in the highest circles of Russian society, offended her dignity and wounded her self-respect. The czar did not even take the trouble to conceal in any way his flirtations and liaisons with the little actresses of the popular theaters and the dancers of the imperial opera house in St. Petersburg.

The czarina resolutely opposed the immoral tendencies of the Russian court. Her own life has been blameless above the least reproach, and she excluded from her own circle all those women who could be identified as participants in scandalous affairs. She could not overcome the customs and traditions of centuries, but her influence was felt, and it promoted the purity of the imperial court.

### HATRED OF THE SYSTEM.

It was not only the personal immorality of the Russian court and of the highest circles of the Russian aristocracy that the Empress Alexandra opposed and combated. Year after year she struggled in a futile effort to liberate her husband from

about their food as the more mature, and they expect all or very nearly all the luxuries which their elders demand. They have no use for weak lemonade and cold coffee, stale sandwiches and the bath with which only a few privileged hostesses have just lately been under the impression was sufficient for them.

### LADY MARY.

#### REVIVING STRING LACE.

The old-fashioned machine work is seen again in the shops and women's exchanges in the form of charming handbags.

A single bag of the same shade as the string is used for the foundation, and upon it the dyed string is mounted, with a clasp of silver or dull gold. These bags are interesting to make, and will be something novel in the way of home-made Christmas presents. They are certain to be much worn.

### French Scientist Tells How

#### To Make Your Own Jewels

##### Special Correspondence.

PARIS, March 16.—Jewels in precious stones have been hard to come by as a consequence of the announcement recently made by Louis Pasteur, one of France's most brilliant men of science, that he had been able to discover a method of making sapphires artificially. If possible the declaration has caused a greater stir in the jewelry trade than in the world of science.

There is no doubt of M. Pasteur's good faith in the matter. He is no second Londoner with a secret receipt tucked away in a safety vault and an ever-increasing string of debts trailing behind him. Pasteur has made his contribution to the French Academy of Science and, strange as it may seem, has disclosed the means he adopted to produce his artificial sapphires to the public. So far as he is concerned he does not intend to profit directly or indirectly from his discovery.

It was just such a plan as that which was contemplated by Sir Julius Wernher in his dealings with Lemnate. M. Pasteur has already produced a large number of sapphires—stones of splendid quality and of the rarest and most sought-after colors, varying in weight from one-eighth of a carat to five. The best experts of Paris and Berlin have been unable to detect the slightest difference between these stones and real gems of great value, so that when three of the manufactured stones of one, two and a half and one and a quarter carats were laid beside three naturally produced sapphires of about the same weight, M. Meier, one of the acknowledged experts of this city, had to admit that it was useless to try to detect the real ones for they were all real.

the yoke of his reactionary advisers and to convince him that the safety of Russia lay in the adoption of those measures of political progress which had so long been introduced in western countries. The executions, the persecutions, the unjust punishment meted out to political offenders narrowed the soul of the czar and stirred up in her a burning hatred of the system which the czar was upholding. Time after time she intervened to wring from her husband a free pardon of political prisoners condemned to death or at least commutation of the capital sentence to terms of penal servitude. Again and again she raised her voice on behalf of unhappy exiles and caused their release. Year after year she reasoned and urged and pleaded with the czar to abandon his reactionary methods of government, pointing out to him that the perpetration of cruelty and injustice could only bring ruin on the Romanoff dynasty.

Her reforming tendencies brought her into collision with the entire environment of the Russian court. Her mother-in-law, the Dowager Empress Marie, denounced her as a wicked and scheming wench, and battles royal took place between the czar's mother and the czar's wife. All the grand dukes and grand duchesses were up in revolt against her. It was a case of one woman fighting against the established order of things, defended by all the powerful elements in the country. But the czarina never flinched. With clear intelligence she saw disaster approaching, and, undeterred by opposition and undismayed by calumny and ridicule, she steadily pursued her way and sought to reform Russia. Unhappy in her married life and disappointed in regard to the political development of the country which she had adopted as her own, her only consolation was offered her by her children.

### LIVING IN BONDAGE.

When the storm of revolution burst over Russia four years ago, the warnings which the czarina had uttered were justified. Her prophecies had come true. She stood among the statesmen and magnates of Russia had realized the awful consequences of systematically oppressing a great nation. Her relatives outside Russia, including some of the most influential members of the English royal family, and her own brother, now the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse, urged her to turn her back on the accursed country and to seek safety in a foreign refuge. But the czarina, who alone had seen the danger and who had sought to avert it, could not be persuaded to leave her husband's side. She remained in St. Petersburg to share the fate of her country, and many times that death at the hands of exasperated rebels would be the only reward for her courageous determination.

Since the first outbreak of revolution at the end of 1904 the czarina has been living in bondage. Her prison is gilded, but her incarceration is hardly less terrible than that of the Siberian exiles. There has been no moment in which the danger of assassination was absent. Plots and conspiracies to murder the entire imperial family were discovered and frustrated. Bombs were found in the imperial palace and poison in the food destined for the imperial table. Day after day news came from all parts of the empire of bloodshed and war between the old and the new order. Throughout the reign of revolutionary disorder in Russia the czarina continued to work with frantic energy for the introduction of progressive measures and for a conciliatory policy toward the nation.

It is one of the ironies of fate that this noble woman, who spared no effort to save the country, should be the primary victim of Russian tyranny. She has been a martyr to the cause of liberty and civilization. Her name will be handed down to future generations of Russia as that of a great and noble woman who performed her duty bravely and who with courageous determination, opposed all the forces of corruption and reaction in the Russian empire.

### SERGIUS VOLKHOVSKY.

## Returns to the Scene of Her Former Triumphs

### Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 10.—It was something of a surprise to Mrs. George West's friends to find that she was going back to Great Cumberland Place, the scene of her first great social success in London. The new house she has taken, as most people know by now, was Melba's, from whom she has purchased some of the exquisite things it contains, especially the Louis Quinze furniture which is unique.

Mrs. George West is a connoisseur in furniture and it is her proud boast that she owns many things which are matchless even among the belongings of millionaires. Among these are convulsions presented to her by almost every crowned head in Europe, not to speak of Indian princes and other potentates. One time or another she has been under her spell for among foreigners especially Mrs. West has always been a special favorite. It used to be a recognized thing when some particularly celebrated celebrity who was a royal guest had to be amused to pass him on to her at great social functions. However glum or bored he might look before he was 10 minutes talking to Mrs. West he was smiling.

She has not had a town residence for years. When in London she used to put up at her son Winston's bachelor abode, a little box of a place. Now it seems she is so extremely proud of her two daughters-in-law, Mrs. Winston and Mrs. George West, that she means to give them a grand time doing a lot of entertaining for them.

### LITTLE DINNERS FOR "RENTIES."

It was in the old days at Great Cumberland Place that Mrs. George West, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Winston, gave little dinners for "renties," now King Edward. He used to go to the Churchills to be cheered up when he had the blues and used to delight to hear of the practical joke Lady Randolph had perpetrated. She found out his penchant for certain common or garden dishes like tripe and corned beef and

tain kinds of curry and had a chef who was a past master in turning these out to the royal guest's satisfaction. Many times he would wire to her to ask if he might come and dine. The king and Mrs. George West kept up their close platonic friendship up to the time she remarried. After that, as all the world knows, they cooled off because of his majesty's downright aversion to a disparity in age on the wrong side. But metaphorically speaking, Lady Randolph snuffed her fingers in the face of the king and all the rest regarding her marriage. She said "she intended to please herself and she meant to be happy—at last." And happy she certainly has been.

### LOADING DOWN WITH JEWELS.

Lady Granard was undoubtedly the sensation of the great reception which the Marchioness of Londonderry gave for the occasion the other night. She was followed about the room by a mob of aristocracy which included duchesses and countesses and politicians, all pushing her either in their attempt to get a glimpse of her and her jewels. Eventually she reached a divan in the center of one of the magnificent rooms—Londonderry House is one of the palaces of Park Lane—and there she sat like a queen among courtiers. Beside her was Arthur Balfour, who, on being presented to her, bowed low and kissed her hand—an old-world chivalrous act—which seemed to arouse considerable transatlantic bells. She wears her jewels to the manner born. She gives the idea of having an infinite fund of them. By all accounts she is never without them. But why wear two necklaces at the same time? Surely her gorgeous one of diamonds, to match her dress with its row of big stones that flashed like electric globes, ought to have been sufficient without that other of sapphires—a wondrous thing of its kind, the gems having the very wave of the sea it seemed to be the blues and used to delight to hear of the practical joke Lady Randolph had perpetrated. She found out his penchant for certain common or garden dishes like tripe and corned beef and

most a solid mass of diamonds and with all she managed not to look vulgar. For sheer talent, can any woman beat that? With her soft fluffy hair and her pretty coloring she gave the idea of a fairy princess, needing only the wand to make the illusion complete. There were diamonds on her tiny white satin shoes and her hands and arms all glittered with jewels. She was going down to supper as the Duke of Norfolk came in and he stood on the stairs apparently transfixed for the moment. Then he turned to Lord Londonderry, who was close by and demanded, "Who is the lady?" and was duly informed.

It is being said that the only state jewel of which Lady Granard is jealous is the Cullinan diamond. It certainly was the only gem which took the shine out of hers at the opening of parliament where, in the presence of the king and all the rest regarding her marriage. She said "she intended to please herself and she meant to be happy—at last." And happy she certainly has been.

### "REALLY RIPPING DANCE."

All the smartest girls in town were at Mrs. Melville's really ripping dance the other night. Everyone was talking about the way it was organized and wondering how on earth the hostess managed to get two men to every girl. Never were tables so minutely turned and Mrs. Melville was congratulated on all sides. There were troops of Americans present, including all the embassy staff. A few people wanted to know who was the mature lady in the wickerwork blue satin dress, the skirt of which was so tight that she had to retire from the dancers before the first "figure" was completed. She was quite cool about it and said "it was her dream dress, her fault and not hers." It was she who presided another partner for the one she had deserted. Such audacity is a splendid gift. My informant did not know the lady's name but explained her recent was American. There were no chaplains and elderly and married men were not supposed to be admitted, though a few did sneak in. It would seem that Mrs. Melville has the down to bring young people together with, of course, a little electric and has taken some English mothers into her confidence, telling them that they do not know how to marry off their daughters. At least two engagements, however, in which I am not at liberty to mention, are said to be the outcome of this festivity, and others are on the tapis.

The lighting of the house was one of

the prettiest imaginable, quaint old-world candlesticks and lanterns being used.

JUVENILE ECSTASIES.

All Mayfair is discussing that "boy and girl" dances at the house of a well-known countess from which all the guests departed in a body about 11 p. m. because of the miserable refreshments that were provided. Some went to street coffee stalls, others to railway station refreshment rooms and a few others to restaurants to regale their partners with something to eat.

There is an idea among some people that scarcely any refreshments are needed at a dance for "boys and girls," the notion being that the enjoyment of each other's society and the dancing are enough for them to exist upon. However, this conception is now done for. As a matter of fact, the boy and girl of the age are just as fastidious

### SCORES GRAETNA GREENS

#### For Many Girls' Ruin

##### Special Correspondence.

CHICAGO, March 17.—"Summer resorts and excursion centers which are well advertised as Graetna Greens and as places where the usual legal and official formalities preliminary to respectable marriage are reduced to a minimum are also recruiting centers for the white slave traffic," is the declaration made by Mrs. Ophelia L. Anigh, superintendent of the Illinois state training school for girls, who speaks with the authority of one who for years has dealt with the efforts of white slavery. In fact has sent 12 white slaves to prison. In an article written for the Woman's World of Chicago in its campaign for suppression of the traffic in daughters of American homes, Mrs. Anigh denounces the graetna greens and run-away marriages, giving, from her experience, a startling explanation. "I earnestly urge all mothers never to allow a daughter to go to one of these places on an excursion, or under any pretext whatever, unless accompanied by some older member of the family," she says, "and even then there is something unwholesome and contaminating

about their food as the more mature, and they expect all or very nearly all the luxuries which their elders demand. They have no use for weak lemonade and cold coffee, stale sandwiches and the bath with which only a few privileged hostesses have just lately been under the impression was sufficient for them.

### LADY MARY.

#### REVIVING STRING LACE.

The old-fashioned machine work is seen again in the shops and women's exchanges in the form of charming handbags.

A single bag of the same shade as the string is used for the foundation, and upon it the dyed string is mounted, with a clasp of silver or dull gold. These bags are interesting to make, and will be something novel in the way of home-made Christmas presents. They are certain to be much worn.

"Let every mother teach her daughter that the man who proposes an elopement, a runaway marriage, is not to be trusted for an instant and puts himself under suspicion of being that most loathsome of all things in human form—a white slave trader."

Mrs. Anigh mentions some of the unnumbered cases which come under her personal observation where the startling fact was made plain that the girls who were "run away" were actually for girls victims for white slavery as they are for the bus and transfer companies.

in the very atmosphere of such a place. "Do you think that I overstate the perils of places of this kind? Of these gay excursion centers, these American graetna greens? I hesitate to say how many girls I have had under my care who were enticed into a 'runaway marriage' at these places and then promptly sold into white slavery by the men whom they had married, the man who married them for no other purpose than to sell them to the houses of the red light district and live in luxury from the proceeds of their shame."

Let every mother teach her daughter that the man who proposes an elopement, a runaway marriage, is not to be trusted for an instant and puts himself under suspicion of being that most loathsome of all things in human form—a white slave trader."

Mrs. Anigh mentions some of the unnumbered cases which come under her personal observation where the startling fact was made plain that the girls who were "run away" were actually for girls victims for white slavery as they are for the bus and transfer companies.

about their food as the more mature, and they expect all or very nearly all the luxuries which their elders demand. They have no use for weak lemonade and cold coffee, stale sandwiches and the bath with which only a few privileged hostesses have just lately been under the impression was sufficient for them.

the yoke of his reactionary advisers and to convince him that the safety of Russia lay in the adoption of those measures of political progress which had so long been introduced in western countries. The executions, the persecutions, the unjust punishment meted out to political offenders narrowed the soul of the czar and stirred up in her a burning hatred of the system which the czar was upholding. Time after time she intervened to wring from her husband a free pardon of political prisoners condemned to death or at least commutation of the capital sentence to terms of penal servitude. Again and again she raised her voice on behalf of unhappy exiles and caused their release. Year after year she reasoned and urged and pleaded with the czar to abandon his reactionary methods of government, pointing out to him that the perpetration of cruelty and injustice could only bring ruin on the Romanoff dynasty.

Her reforming tendencies brought her into collision with the entire environment of the Russian court. Her mother-in-law, the Dowager Empress Marie, denounced her as a wicked and scheming wench, and battles royal took place between the czar's mother and the czar's wife. All the grand dukes and grand duchesses were up in revolt against her. It was a case of one woman fighting against the established order of things, defended by all the powerful elements in the country. But the czarina never flinched. With clear intelligence she saw disaster approaching, and, undeterred by opposition and undismayed by calumny and ridicule, she steadily pursued her way and sought to reform Russia. Unhappy in her married life and disappointed in regard to the political development of the country which she had adopted as her own, her only consolation was offered her by her children.

When the storm of revolution burst over Russia four years ago, the warnings which the czarina had uttered were justified. Her prophecies had come true. She stood among the statesmen and magnates of Russia had realized the awful consequences of systematically oppressing a great nation. Her relatives outside Russia, including some of the most influential members of the English royal family, and her own brother, now the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse, urged her to turn her back on the accursed country and to seek safety in a foreign refuge. But the czarina, who alone had seen the danger and who had sought to avert it, could not be persuaded to leave her husband's side. She remained in St. Petersburg to share the fate of her country, and many times that death at the hands of exasperated rebels would be the only reward for her courageous determination.

Since the first outbreak of revolution at the end of 1904 the czarina has been living in bondage. Her prison is gilded, but her incarceration is hardly less terrible than that of the Siberian exiles. There has been no moment in which the danger of assassination was absent. Plots and conspiracies to murder the entire imperial family were discovered and frustrated. Bombs were found in the imperial palace and poison in the food destined for the imperial table. Day after day news came from all parts of the empire of bloodshed and war between the old and the new order. Throughout the reign of revolutionary disorder in Russia the czarina continued to work with frantic energy for the introduction of progressive measures and for a conciliatory policy toward the nation.

It is one of the ironies of fate that this noble woman, who spared no effort to save the country, should be the primary victim of Russian tyranny. She has been a martyr to the cause of liberty and civilization. Her name will be handed down to future generations of Russia as that of a great and noble woman who performed her duty bravely and who with courageous determination, opposed all the forces of corruption and reaction in the Russian empire.

### SERGIUS VOLKHOVSKY.

When I asked about his discovery and how it came about, M. Pasteur laughingly said: "It is a thing I started to work out while still in my teens. I was a student of chemistry. I have since graduated in that science and now that I have become interested in the poison of tuberculosis I am taking up that branch of the study of medicine and expect soon to receive my diploma. Well, to go back, the successive discoveries made in the production of rubies by artificial means interested me very intensely. You will remember it was as far back as the year 1831 when Beudantic succeeded in making the first ruby. It was far too small to cut, but it was a real ruby in quality and caused a great sensation at the time. A little later, I think it was in 1848, St. Claire Deville and Caron reproduced rubies in considerable quantities, but their results were not so satisfactory. The stones were only of the thickness of rose petals—far too thin to cut and, therefore, not practical."

Pell and Godin obtained rubies by the same method. It was as far back as the year 1850 that they were first made. The real ones for they were all real.

### French Scientist Tells How

#### To Make Your Own Jewels

##### Special Correspondence.

PARIS, March 16.—Jewels in precious stones have been hard to come by as a consequence of the announcement recently made by Louis Pasteur, one of France's most brilliant men of science, that he had been able to discover a method of making sapphires artificially. If possible the declaration has caused a greater stir in the jewelry trade than in the world of science.