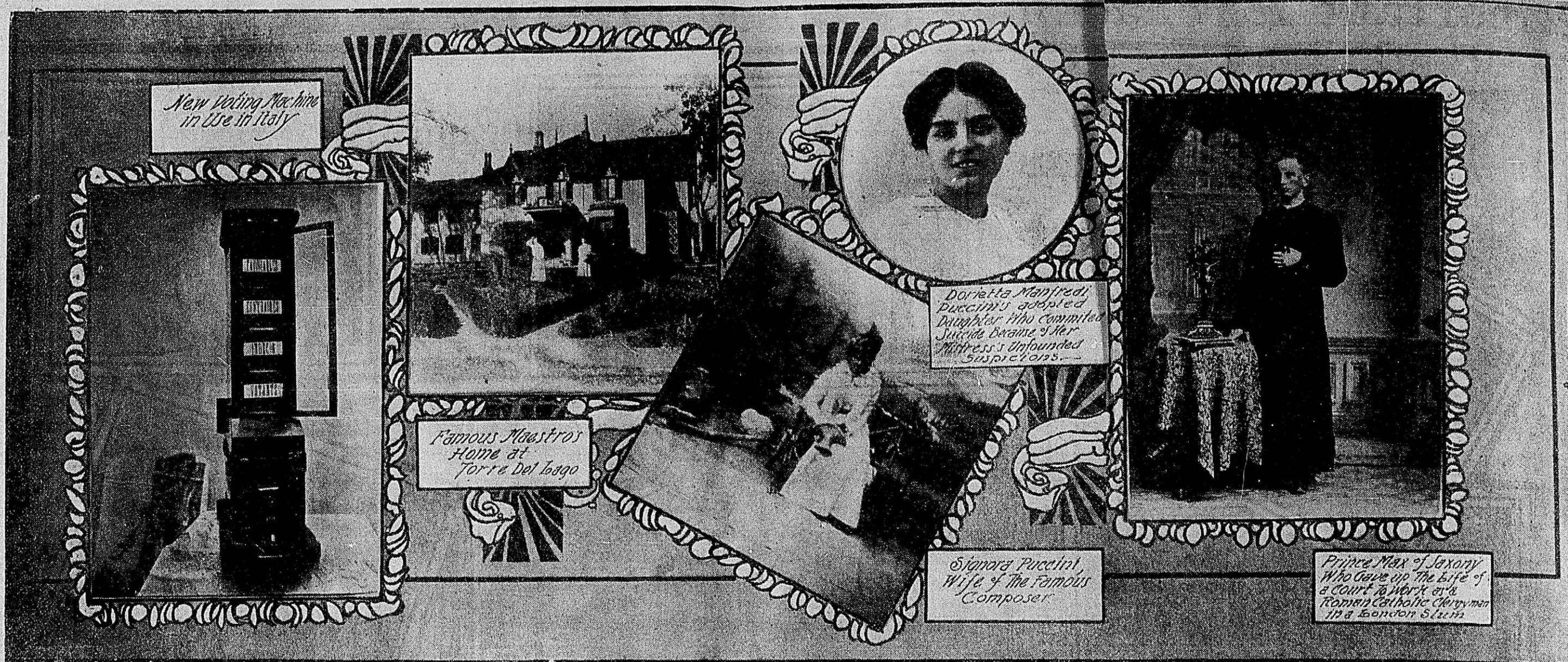


# The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



## A Decided Coolness In London Social Set

(Special Correspondence.)  
LONDON, Aug. 14.—Everyone is wondering what on earth is the cause of the coolness between King Edward and Mr. and Mrs. Drexel. When the Drexels gave their one big party of the season at their new home in Grosvenor Square the king had promised most emphatically to be at their house warming, and when he was invited six full weeks before the function he found that "his engagements did not permit of his accepting." A week or two later the Drexels discovered that they could not go to Cowes and lent not let as has been stated—the "Margaretta" to Lady Paget. This was done in order that the Drexels might avoid meeting the king at Cowes where they were bound to encounter him in the gardens of the Royal Yacht club.

All sorts of stories are being told as to the why and the wherefore of all this. One set of gossip is sure that the king tried to raise a small loan from Anthony Drexel, who is one of the very few American men who have ever been pals of his majesty and that Mr. Drexel did not see his way in the matter. Others believe it was because Mrs. Drexel declined to allow Margaretta to meet the daughters of a very smart woman in the magic royal circle. There was nothing against the girls, but they were a trifle "rapid" and Mrs. Drexel is careful to the last degree about companions for her daughter. However, the king never bears malice and no doubt before long he and the Drexels will be as friendly as ever again.

At the moment the Drexels are at Dalross Castle in Scotland. They went there the week after their bull. This magnificent seat will be their headquarters for the autumn as, contrary to their custom, they do not intend to go abroad during the early shooting season.

Margaretta Drexel has refused a good round dozen offers of marriage this year. Those who know her best still say she wants to be a nun, though her family scoff at the idea. On the other hand it is suggested that one man who right through has been more persistent than all the others will conquer. As she expressed it the other week in speaking of him:

"I shall have to do something desperate to get rid of him."

"Which means you will marry him," was the reply.

### SHANNON'S SUCCESS.

James Jebusa Shannon has always been a success with women both as a painter and a man. Especially does his style appeal to American women, his wonderful skill with draperies pleasing their artistic souls. Since he has been permitted to write the magic letters "A. A. (Royal Academician)" after his name he has been inundated with offers of commissions from the women blessed with dollars. But Shannon, like his compatriot Sargent, has been almost fastidious as to his sitters. If he has to do "pot boilers" in the shape of portraits, well, they have to be worthy of him.

Wild horses won't drag from me the name of the well known American woman, a resident here, who offered him \$10,000 and on his refusal of that another \$5,000 to paint her portrait. But he was not, as we say, "having any." He told her he might entertain the idea if she went in for three months' figure culture, dieted carefully and took a rest cure. She was very indignant and said she would go to Sargent, who would be delighted, she knew, to immortalize her. Sargent would not paint her at any price. Years before he became an Academician he turned thousands of dollars away because he would not paint any woman unless she possessed the qualities which he felt would do credit to his brush.

Women say these two men gaze at them after the manner of a judge of horses seeking his favorite points in a racer. Sargent will, however, paint a woman for her good or evil characteristics if he realizes that they lend themselves to pictorial results. Some years ago he painted a picture of a girl, Miss Langtry, who was then the most striking picture he ever painted. Others who saw it agree. No doubt this was why the Jersey Lily was so indignant. The characterization was perfectly unique.

### ROMANCE IS RUMORED.

As an example of the quick wit of the American girl it would be difficult to find anything better than that shown by Miss Shannon, the other day at the wedding of Madame Nordica. Every woman wears artificial curls here—at least every woman who pretends to dress her hair in the latest style. Curls are pinned on with the same sincerity as one fixes a diamond butterfly in one's headress. Miss Shannon, who has fine locks of her own,

like everyone else pins on a few curls. In the reception room after the marriage of Madame Nordica one of Miss Shannon's curls dropped on the floor. Lord Rosebery's second son, Neil Primrose, picked it up and handed it to her.

"How good of you!" she said. "Perhaps you will add to your kindness now by pinning it into the proper place."

Everyone around roared with laughter at the reply. During the rest of the afternoon the Hon. Neil devoted himself to the smart American and now their friends on both sides are weaving a romance out of the very prosaic incident.

### SCOTCH CASTLES IN DEMAND.

Are the Yankees to take possession of Scotland? is a question which is agitating the land of the thistle very greatly this autumn. Property agents here say never have they had so many applications "from" Americans for leases of desirable Scotch seats and shooting lodges as during the present season. They say that only a place is designated a "castle" if it will go "like hot cakes" and fetch almost any price from millionaires of the unsophisticated order who conclude "castles" means a retreat or royalty either in the past or present. If there is some poetic legend attached to the castle or a ghost, this means that another \$5,000 or so can be attached to the price. A West End agent tells how a rich American assured him that he would pay any price for the Stratthmore family. If it was available for three months the great attraction being the mysterious locked room in which a monster several hundred years old is supposed to live. This is one of the houses which is never let. The Stratthmores being among the proudest families in Scotland. They would rather starve than that the historic house should be tenanted by strangers.

At one time Mrs. Leiter was anxious

to secure Glamis for three months but the offer was declined. She had to content herself with Dingwall Castle, a place quite as interesting in its own way and nearly as historic. In fact, every rich American who aspires to be in the swim over here has his or her eye on a Scotch seat and hopes to buy it some day. Far more beautiful and equally historic places could be bought in England or Ireland for half the price but Americans won't look at them simply because it is "the swell thing" to shoot in Scotland during the autumn. If Scotch lairds could be induced to part with their old mansions it is estimated that something between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 would flow into the country. But notwithstanding Scotchmen's love of "luxuries" they are a proud and conservative race with a deep and sincere love for their historic homes. This is why no power on earth nor all the money in America would induce them to sell their family seats.

### LADY MARY.

For a long time the Irish party has been criticized for the support it gave to the English Tories in connection with their education policy. The reason for this, of course, was that it happens to suit the Tories just at present to support the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches in their position in the controversy on religious education, and the Irish, representing as they do, a country which is overwhelmingly Catholic have given their support to their English co-religionists on this question alone. On other questions there has never been any compromise and the Irish all along have recognized that the English Catholics, who must not be confused with the Irish Catholics, resident in England, are about the most conservative and Tory portion of the English population. The English clergy, however, seem to have got the idea that they were entitled to control the Irish in England on every subject and at the High Peak election a strong effort was made by them to compel the Irish voters in the division to support Mr. Profumo, the Tory candidate, who is a virulent opponent of home rule. That effort failed thanks to the timely intervention of T. P. O'Connor and John Dillon who were at once taken to task severely by the English political priests. John Dillon replied at a dinner in London a couple of nights ago, and served notice on these clerics that the Irish party would not be dictated to by the clergy in secular matters. Mr. Dillon clinched matters by quoting a saying of Pius IX. "The pope is the pope in matters of faith and morals, but not in matters of faith and morals."

## Irish Serve Notice On British Catholics

(Special Correspondence.)  
DUBLIN, Aug. 7.—One of the charges which has frequently been leveled by its enemies against the Irish party in the house of commons is that it is too much under the influence of the clergy of the Roman Catholic church, but the events of the last few days ought to make it impossible ever to bring this charge again. A very petty quarrel in fact has broken out between the English Catholics and the Irish party over the attitude of the Irish in the recent election in the High Peak division of Derbyshire.

For a long time the Irish party has been criticized for the support it gave to the English Tories in connection with their education policy. The reason for this, of course, was that it happens to suit the Tories just at present to support the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches in their position in the controversy on religious education, and the Irish, representing as they do, a country which is overwhelmingly Catholic have given their support to their English co-religionists on this question alone. On other questions there has never been any compromise and the Irish all along have recognized that the English Catholics, who must not be confused with the Irish Catholics, resident in England, are about the most conservative and Tory portion of the English population. The English clergy, however, seem to have got the idea that they were entitled to control the Irish in England on every subject and at the High Peak election a strong effort was made by them to compel the Irish voters in the division to support Mr. Profumo, the Tory candidate, who is a virulent opponent of home rule. That effort failed thanks to the timely intervention of T. P. O'Connor and John Dillon who were at once taken to task severely by the English political priests. John Dillon replied at a dinner in London a couple of nights ago, and served notice on these clerics that the Irish party would not be dictated to by the clergy in secular matters. Mr. Dillon clinched matters by quoting a saying of Pius IX. "The pope is the pope in matters of faith and morals, but not in matters of faith and morals."

There has been a lot of complaint recently about the composition of the grand juries in the northwest of Ireland and it is alleged that these bodies, which of course have a great deal of power and influence, are packed by the Tories. Unfortunately in the northwest the political division corresponds pretty closely with the religious one, and that will be my apology for using the terms Protestant and Catholic in connection with the figures. In County Tyrone the Catholics form 64.7 per cent of the population, but the authorities could only find one man of that church eligible to serve on the grand jury, while in Derry City, where they number 55.2 per cent, places were found for five Catholics. In each case the grand jury was composed as usual of 23 members.

F. X. CULLEN.

No matter how long you have suffered, Foley's Kidney Remedy will help you. Mrs. S. L. Bowen, of Wayne, Va., writes: "I was a sufferer from kidney disease, so that at times I could not stand straight. I took Foley's Kidney Remedy. One dollar bottle and part of the second cured me entirely. It will cure you. E. J. Hill Drug Co., ('The Never Substitutors')."

## SLOT MACHINE TO STOP BALLOT BOX STUFFING.

(Special Correspondence.)  
ROME, Aug. 7.—European ballot box stuffers, who, by the way, are as expert as any of Boss Tweed's henchmen ever were in the palmist days of corruption in New York politics, will soon find their occupation gone. An Italian civil engineer, Signor Gogiano, has invented a voting machine which, it is claimed, is absolutely "unget-at-able" and incorruptible. He calls this invention the Psephograph. So complete and satisfactory has this machine proved that it has been adopted by both the Italian and the French governments.

The Psephograph is a little over a yard in height and is provided with as many openings as there are candidates in the field. The voter presents his card to an official, who has charge of the voting booth and receives a small metal chip about the size of an American dime. He is then given permission to enter the booth and steps behind two screens, which render him invisible to both the public and the overseer alike. There he finds the voting machine facing him.

After carefully scanning the different slots, above which is a space containing the names of the candidates, he selects the one he wishes to vote for and drops his chip in the slot corresponding to it. The fall of the chip causes an interior lever to rise, this movement making the number of persons voting appear on a little tablet on the outside which is always visible, and in the interior registering the vote for the chosen candidate. When the voting is over the official in charge lifts aside the metal covering on which is registered the number of persons voting and the number of votes obtained by each candidate is revealed. By this system 37,000 votes were cast in two hours at a recent election in Turin.

## The True Story of Tragedy That Broke Puccini's Heart

The Great Composer Was the Storm Center in the Drama of Jealousy Caused by His Wife's Unfounded Suspicions.

(Special Correspondence.)

MILAN, Aug. 16.—It does not often happen that a drama occurs in the life of a composer more tragic than many of the stories on which his musical compositions are based, but this has been the case with Puccini, who is now overwhelmed by the grief and shame brought on him by the lack of self-control displayed by his wife.

The story goes back several years, and begins in a small and miserable house in the village of Torre del Lago, near Pisa. In the village the maestro and his wife and daughter live the better part of the year, and here Puccini is loved, respected, and looked up to by the inhabitants, who consider that they own him. He enters into their joys and sorrows, helping them in their poverty and encouraging them in their prosperity, so that when Riccardo Manfredi died suddenly leaving a wife and large family almost on the borders of starvation, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that the composer should take one of the children, Dorietta, into his house. The poor mother called down all the blessings of heaven on his head, and set about feeding the remaining children with added strength and courage.

Little Dorietta was then 13, a strong, slender child, neither pretty, nor ugly, who developed a perfect idolatry for her benefactor. On his side, Puccini at first noticed the new-comer very little, but her evident gratitude and desire to please soon attracted his attention and almost insensibly he would have made her one of the family had not Signora Puccini firmly put her foot down, and insisted on her taking her place as general maid in the house. Good food, kindness, and a healthy amount of work had their effect, and at 20 the Puccini family realized with a start that Dorietta was a beauty.

### DEMON JEALOUSY AT WORK.

The daily life went on as usual after this discovery, but in reality all was changed through the awakening in the breast of Signora Puccini of the demon of jealousy. Many people in Italy hold jealousy to be a kind of intoxication, rendering its victim as irresponsible as would an excess of alcohol, and far more dangerous. Signora Puccini began to treat the girl with inexplicable harshness, speaking in innuendoes, and humiliating her before her master, who, naturally, not having a key to the situation, took her part, and as his wife waxed unreasonable, showed greater indulgence and fondness for Dorietta, whom he considered more in the light of an adopted daughter than a dependent. Dorietta, bewildered and not understanding either, appealed on several occasions to Puccini and demanded vehemently what she had done to be so treated.

One day Puccini returned from a short stay at Milan to find Dorietta going about the house in a high fever, when it was evident that she ought to have been in bed being nursed with every care. Angry at such negligence, he made a scene, ordered the girl to bed, sent for the doctor and sternly demanded of his wife what she meant by treating anyone in his house in that manner.

"That manner!" cried she, "the house is disgraced by her presence, and you are no better than she. She is your daughter, but she is not mine. From that time on not one in the family or out of it, for that matter, had any doubt what it was that Signora Puccini had been about to say."

Quarrels between husband and wife grew frequent, the girl fell ill from chagrin and shame, and the village gossiped. "Oh," how it gossiped. For the sake of domestic peace and to protect Dorietta the maestro sent her back to her mother, but this only made matters worse for the poor girl. Friends of the day before showed her the cold shoulder, others talked and pointed at her, the men leered or tried to make love to her, and she could not put her foot out of doors without hearing what was said about her, while Signora Puccini did not spare comments.

### EVERY MOVE SHADOWED.

On his side Puccini was subject to the most acute annoyance. If he left the house there were a thousand eyes to spy upon him. It was enough for him to turn in the direction of Dorietta's home for it to be said that he had gone to see her, while if he went in the other direction to shoot, of which he is passionately fond, he was going to meet her and so on. The maestro left Torre del Lago and went to Milan, but the poor girl was obliged to stop on in her misery.

"Mother," she exclaimed one night, "I am going to end it. I would have done it before had it not been for my dear benefactor." The poor mother, who comforted her as best she could, but her spare time was little, and her pretty daughter was left to brood over the injustice of the world, which at 20 had treated her so atrociously. No one will ever know just the circumstances, but one day as her mother returned slowly to her poor home, tired with her day's work, she heard moans of pain coming through the open door. She hurried into the house, a premonition of what had happened to her. She found her daughter lying on the floor, her head against the wall, sobbing, "they have killed you between them and if there is a God in Heaven you shall be revenged!" Dorietta was dead. She had been shot. The doctor was called and said immediately and laconically "suicide"—and gone. At 20 the maid of the world had driven her to take her own life.

### WIFE READS CONFESSION.

That day was a terrible one in the Puccini household. The word "murder" was used, and as the maestro had been genuinely fond of the girl, his grief for her was added the agonizing thought that while both he and she were innocent, she had really, he was told, been driven to her death by the malice of her household. Signora Puccini was shocked, perhaps remorseful, but maintained her attitude that the suicide was only a confession of guilt, and that her

own conduct could not have been other than it was. It was a house divided against itself, and separation, for the moment at least, the only solution. Meanwhile the mother, alone with her dead, swore, as she took her last look at her daughter's face, that poor as she was she would make the slayer, as she bitterly called her, suffer as her daughter had suffered and she has kept her word.

The doctors gave her a certificate that Dorietta died as pure as she was born, and with this to rely on she brought a suit for libel with malicious intent to injure, against her daughter's late mistress. So deep seated was Signora Puccini's resentment that on being told of the suit she sneered, remarking that the mother must be as mad as the girl, and was only showing up to all the world her evil courses. Puccini grew shrinking from the publicity, but in his heart agreed that the broken-hearted woman was within her rights in desiring the public recognition of her daughter's reputation.

Village opinion by this time was only too pleased to again adore the maestro, and condemn his wife whom the villagers dislike, so the mother had no difficulty in finding witnesses to the modesty of her daughter and the innocence of her affection for her master. Signora Puccini did not contest the suit, not even being represented by lawyers, so that it went against her, as it would have in any case, and she now finds herself with a sentence of five months' imprisonment hanging over her head besides a large fine, as the result of a want of self-control and allowing her imagination to get the better of her. Even should she appeal and escape prison the reputation of Dorietta is vindicated and Signora Puccini is branded as a slanderer.

Puccini has suffered tremendously, both mentally and in his work. He found Torre del Lago the only spot where he could work at his best, but even there he must have tranquility and peace of mind and this has been impossible for some months. The place is poisoned for him and I doubt if he will ever care for it again. It is said that he is contemplating a long trip abroad.

### CONSTANCE HARRIMAN.

### CURED HAY FEVER AND SUMMER COLIC.

A. S. Nussbaum, Batesville, Indiana, writes: "Last year I suffered for three months with a summer cold so distressing that it interfered with my business. I had many of the symptoms of hay fever, and a doctor's prescription did not cure me. I took several medicines which seemed only to aggravate it. Fortunately I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly cured me. My wife has since used Foley's Honey and Tar with the same success." F. J. Hill Drug Co., ('The Never Substitutors').

### TEACHERS AND SUMMER EXCURSIONS EAST.

Chicago and return \$55.00. St. Paul and Minneapolis, \$52.00. Dates of sale August 13th, 14th, Sept. 10th, 11th, final return limit Oct. 31st. Diverse routes via the Chicago & Northwestern Ry. For particulars address C. A. WALKER, General Agent, 38 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## BELOVED PRINCE-PRIEST MUST FORSAKE CALLING.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Aug. 14.—It will be sad news to many a poor man and woman in London to hear that "Father Max," as he was affectionately known by them, or, to give him his full name, Prince Maximilian of Saxony, has developed consumption and in order to save his life, has been ordered by the doctors to leave his work and take the open air cure. For four years he worked devotedly in one of the poorest parishes of London. In violent contrast to this were the earlier years of his life. He is a brother of the present King of Saxony, and began his career as a lieutenant in the Saxon guards. But court life was thoroughly distasteful to him. He inherited a deep religious feeling from his mother, the Archduchess Louise Antonietta of Tuscany, and when he turned to the church much was happening at the court of Saxony to disgust and depress him. His brother, King Frederick Augustus, married the unfortunate Archduchess Louise of Austria, whose divorce and subsequent matrimonial affairs occasioned so much scandal, and one can guess how glad the young prince would be to cut himself loose from such surroundings.

He, therefore, threw up his commission in the guards, and began his studies with a view to entering the Roman Catholic church under Bishop von Leonard of Bavaria, and was ordained in 1896. When he took up his work in London, the late Queen Victoria, although a strong Evangelical, showed her approbation of the life he had chosen by presenting him with a gorgeous set of priestly robes. In 1901 he was called to the Chair of Theology at the university of Freiburg (Switzerland), where he has lectured on this subject until this late sad development has put a sudden stop to his work. In 1893 he was made Archbishop of Olmutz.

Prince Max is still on the sunny side of forty.