

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

SOCIETY GOSSIP BY LADY MARY

Mrs. Potter Palmer Wins Social Race With Her Rival, Mrs. Bradley Martin.

SEEKS TO COAX ROYAL SMILE.

Both Have Spent Years of Efforts and Thousands of Dollars Seeking To Get Recognition.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 23.—There can be nothing but supreme joy in the heart of that unrivaled American society grande dame, Mrs. Potter Palmer, these days. For in playing the host to King Edward, she realized the greatest ambition of her many years in the social stage. She has "arrived" and henceforth the doors to the most exclusive circles in England are open to her.

We have all watched Mrs. Palmer's efforts to capture the king. She has been at it a long time and most of us were sure that she would ultimately "win out," as you Americans say. It has been generally recognized that of the many American society women in the English Smart Set, the Chicago social queen was the ideal entertainer. Her purse seemed to be bottomless and a dinner or a ball at Hampton House, her London residence, was sure to be the very last word in pleasure and enjoyment. But try as she might she had never been able to get the king under her hospitable roof. Mrs. Potter Palmer made no bones about admitting that that was her supreme ambition. It is the ambition of every woman here who makes any pretence to social leadership.

TOO OSTENTATIOUS.

For a long time English society has been amusing itself by watching the progress not only of Mrs. Palmer but of her fellow countrywoman, Mrs. Bradley Martin. The latter has not yet had the pleasure of entertaining his majesty, but you may be sure that it is not because the late New York woman has not tried. Those who know the king say that Mrs. Bradley Martin has overdone the thing—that her hospitality is much too ostentatious and gorgeous to please level-headed Edward. There was considerable speculation as to whether Mrs. Palmer or Mrs. Bradley Martin would be the first to win the king's favor. It was a race between New York and Chicago with the western city a prime favorite. It was no short distance dash of a single season but a contest of endurance—and considerable tact—stretching over many years.

"SOME SILLY GOSSIP."

Some very silly gossip has gone the rounds of the Smart Set regarding Mrs. Palmer's efforts to hob-nob with his majesty. One particularly attractive one, which nobody who knew the American widow believed, credited her with a willingness to pay the sum of \$50,000 outright for the privilege of feeding the English ruler with her own hand, figuratively speaking. This sum was to be paid to Mrs. George Keppel, one of the impetuous favorites of the king, whose word is more or less law with her sovereign in matters of that kind. Curiously enough Mrs. Keppel is now at Biarritz with the king and was one of the guests at the dinner which Mrs. Palmer gave in honor of his majesty and incidentally Mr. Asquith, the new prime minister of Great Britain.

But Mrs. Palmer is not the only American who is dancing attendance upon royalty at the little French watering place. In fact the American element just about owns the place, despite the pre-eminence of the English sovereign. The majority of the smart residences under the shadow of the Palace Hotel, which in seasons past were occupied by wealthy English chums of the kind have this year been taken by Americans.

GOES KING ONE BETTER.

Whitely Reid, the American ambassador, has aroused considerable comment in the king's set for his efforts to establish his majesty. The diplomat surrounded himself with all kinds of state and courtly and the great suite of rooms he occupies on the first floor of the Palace Hotel were far more luxurious than those of his majesty on the ground floor. His one idea seemed to be to go the king one better. To be the most beautiful furniture in a house renowned for its lovely and historic furnishings. Among the priceless articles are many of those which were used by the Empress Eugenie when the hotel was a private house. Mr. Reid offered a large sum of money for the empress' bed, a beautiful example of the Louis XIV period. The deal did not come off, however, because the hotel authorities were unwilling to part with their treasures.

CRONIES OF THE KING.

Jean Reid, who is a great favorite with the king, recently had the honor with her father, of dining in the private apartments of his majesty. That is a signal for only the most intimate of his cronies and it was a privilege to meet him thus when he is not "on his dignity." Edward is liking for Anthony Drexel to increase his day. When the latter arrived at the French resort recently, one of his first callers was his majesty. The two are constantly seen about together and some of the gossip has gone so far as to predict that the American millionaire will be knighted in the very near future. What, of course, is absurd. Just what the king sees in the American to admire so greatly is not known but in some quarters it is said that the banker is a great help to Edward in a business way. At any rate the Philadelphia is a royal spender and is never tired of putting his hand in his capacious pocket to assist the "hand-out" of the English aristocracy.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN BETTER.

Now that Joseph Chamberlain is getting along so nicely, and some of his

Lives in Tent and Wears What He Likes

Charles McAvoy Finds Literary Inspiration in the Most Primitive Form of the Simple Life—Nothing Could Induce Him to Live in a House—Cooks His Meals and Does All His Literary Work in the Queer Little Tent in Which He Lives Winter and Summer—Hates Conventions and Poses.



Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 16.—Charles McAvoy, who is looked on by George Bernard Shaw's disciples as likely to be the coming prophet of the "new drama," proved to be about the most original and unconventional young man this century has produced recently. Moreover he turned out to be a son of Ambrose McEvoy, once of Virginia, who invented the submarine mine and manufactured many of the explosives that were used by the confederate army.

It is probable that McEvoy is the only dramatist in the world whose home is a tent. Shortly after he left London, some five years ago and moved out into Hertfordshire, he tried living in a caravan, as gypsies use, but even this proved too "confining" for him, and so he went "back to the land" in earnest. It may be added that McEvoy dresses with a view to comfort only, and that since he went to live in the country he has substituted entirely by writing pseudonymous serial thrillers or "blooms," as he calls them, for publication in boys' papers—his plays not being the kind of thing from which he expects to make much money at present. When he makes money enough out of his plays no doubt he will stop writing "blooms."

PRIMITIVE TASTES.

It is doubtful, however, if he would consent to live in a house if he were as rich as Rockefeller, and improbable, likewise, that he would be in the least willing to dress up to his position. The accompanying photograph gives a good idea of his accustomed garb (it is only slightly more conventional when he visits London) and this is quite in keeping with his theory, as expressed to me, that "just as a tent is preferable to a house, a suit that you can lie on the ground in to one in which you can't."

McEvoy's original views of the means of his first getting into print, and eventually launching him on a literary career. For an article on "collars," which the young dramatist wrote some five years ago, while nominally learning to be an electrician, and which he sent to the London Echo, was duly published. "Hats" and other articles on "Bout" and "Wantage," the latter of which McEvoy was given the editorship of one of the less important departments of the paper.

McEvoy confessed that, prior to the production of his own maiden effort he had visited the theater less than 20 times, and added that most of those visits were made while acting as "hand" for the regular dramatic critic of the London Echo. It was while working on that paper, too, that he discovered that there was a market for "blooms," and a bare living to be made out of writing them if you happen to have the knack. For something like five years McEvoy has earned his living by "hand" and a beggarly rate "per line," and he believed that he could do just as well writing that he could do just to earn money and preserve the "naturalness" of his style.

"You see, I can do them without any effort except that of the wrist," he said earnestly, "and that would not be the case if I had to be 'literary' and clever. I am sure that to be brilliant one has to do tricks, and that in my case artistic ability would result. When I read over my 'blooms,' however, I see that, whatever else they may be, they

most sanguine friends are predicting his return in the near future to the political arena where he is so sorely needed by his party. I understand that there is grave fear for the health of his devoted wife. This brave woman, who you will remember was Miss Endicott of Boston before her marriage to the most popular man in England, has never left the side of her stricken husband during the two years or more that his life has been despaired of. Everybody declares that the veteran politician owes his present existence to the splendid nursing of his wife, but she, poor creature, has broken down in the effort. She has now taken to a

at all events are written simply and naturally."

McEvoy declares frankly that the play which "made" him never would have been written had it not been for Bernard Shaw, and of it he says that the younger man never would have done as he did and sought the acquaintance of the older had he not suddenly discovered that they were near neighbors. This discovery was made by McEvoy shortly after he had escaped from London and gone to live at his father's cottage in Hertfordshire. Shaw, who makes a point of spending as much time in the country as possible, was living at Harmer Green, close by, and McEvoy saw and recognized him at the railway station which both used for their frequent trips to town. To the boy who was writing plays in tents and on hillside, Shaw represented the "master" and the temptation to try to know him was too strong to be resisted, so after much hesitation McEvoy wrote him a letter which he says he would have given much to have back as soon as it had dropped in the box, and asked Shaw's permission to come to see him. That letter was not of great importance, and the next morning his author unexpectedly found himself face to face with Shaw at the railroad station.

RE MEETS THE SOCIALIST.

"I suppose," said McEvoy, "that I must have looked so exceedingly guilty that he knew in a minute who I was, anyhow, he came up at once and asked me if it was I who had written to him. By this time I had become aghast at my own presumption, so I said so and asked him to consider the letter as written, and tried to get away, but he wouldn't hear of it. 'My dear fellow,' he said, 'I was delighted to get your letter,' and said McEvoy 'to cut a long story short, he asked me to dinner that night, and we soon got to be very good friends.'"

Meanwhile, both Shaw and McEvoy had moved away from Hertfordshire, the scene of their first meeting, and were neighbors again in the famous "White Horse vale" of Berkshire, where to one who has read "Tom Brown's School Days" will need no further reminder. Here it is, not far from the famous "Blowing Stones" and in the center of one of the most glorious stretches of country in England, that McEvoy's father and son are now living. The young dramatist lives in a Thorsen-like cottage, "except for his horse," as he says, "for which Thorsen never would have approved."

PICTURESQUE WANTAGE.

Wantage, the first home in England of Richard Croker, is the town nearest to McEvoy's camp, and hence his visits to his cottage—which is once or twice a week—does not disclaim it; but for the rest his existence is a truly Spartan one. The tent he occupies is not even an "A" one, but just a framework with covering enough to shield its occupant from the elements, yet the young dramatist occupies it from one week-end to another and without regard to the state of the weather.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

His diet hardly deserves to be called that. It begins with morning coffee, which he makes after he has risen and started a fire, and thereafter embraces bread, cold meat, onions and beer. This is his "menu," that is, if McEvoy remembers to eat, which he quite often doesn't. He says he always has an ambition to do a lot, but quite often spends his day on horseback instead, or in feasting his eyes on the panorama of the "downs," and doesn't get a stroke done. On the other hand, when feverishly from dawn till dusk, forgetting he has a stomach, and at the end find himself as he expressed it, "quite faint and weak."

GETS CLOSE TO NATURE.

A fixed belief that "real people" are not often encountered by the playwright or novelist who lives what McEvoy scornfully describes as "the literary life" was one of the reasons why the dramatist has in choosing his unorthodox existence. "How much of real life does the man who spends his days in rooms and his evenings in literary clubs surrounded by his own kind?" he demanded. "These tramps, these gypsies of mine, are real

still a very sick man."

Every lover of dogs is envying Mrs. Lulu Harcourt the exquisite little Chinese dog which she has just purchased for \$7,500. It is a half-brother to "Stoessel," which the empress dowager of Russia takes about in her sleeve everywhere, believing it to be her pet. Of those who are experts in dog lore are to be believed the American woman's specimen is far more perfect of its kind than her imperial majesty's.

There are only about five or six of these dogs in London, but it is the ambition of every smart society woman to possess one. These are the latest craze.

people, and so were those I met when I worked in my father's shop and used to go on board of ships and into foundry yards. These are the sort of people I am trying to put on the stage."

MEVOY'S PLAYS.

In "David Ballard" there was comparatively little of what is commonly called "action," the dramatist getting his effects mainly from what he himself terms "the clashing of real characters." "You see, that is my conception of a good play," he said, "and what I believe, in large measure, the play must have a tragic in the life-like study of a group of personalities, all thinking their own thoughts, and both amusing and tragic in the way they react on one another."

AS A PLAYWRIGHT.

Thus McEvoy spent practically the entire summer of 1906, and in this way he also gathered the material for his new play, "Gentlemen of the Road," of which you are likely to be hearing soon. When Shaw had read "David Ballard" he said, "This must be acted," and he promised to bring the piece to the notice of the Stage Society at once. When produced the play attracted so much attention as a grim, powerful study of real life that the author has had no difficulty in finding production for most of what he has since written. His latest four-act drama is an unconventional study, a contest between the call of the blood and the power of conventionality—with convention victorious, of course, McEvoy to be the unexpected thing. It is to be produced presently at the Manchester repertory theater, which is making a specialty of McEvoy's plays.

RATHER RETIRING.

Charles McEvoy seems rather afraid that his queer manner of life may be thought a pose, for it was all I could do to get him to talk about it, and an even harder job to get his consent to the publication of the accompanying photographs, taken by a friend of his. One of them has been referred to already as showing McEvoy, in typical garb, and save that a linen collar temporarily replaced the neckcloth shown in the picture it was thus that the young playwright was arrayed when finally I ran him to earth in London the other day and submitted to a bombardment of unwelcome questions. His hat, which he would take an authority on the humors of garb, like its wearer, to describe adequately, really looks more like a pan-cake, indented and provided with a rim, than anything else, and its owner twiddled it thoughtfully between his hands as he talked.

SPARTAN EXISTENCE.

McEvoy declares that he doesn't "deliberately seek discomfort," and remarked that if he finds a well-cooked meal on his mother's table when he visits his cottage—which is once or twice a week—he does not disdain it; but for the rest his existence is a truly Spartan one. The tent he occupies is not even an "A" one, but just a framework with covering enough to shield its occupant from the elements, yet the young dramatist occupies it from one week-end to another and without regard to the state of the weather.

ROMANTIC LIFE STORY.

The meaning of those words is that Ambrose McEvoy, the greatest, perhaps, of the inventive geniuses who ranged themselves on the side of the Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and the author of a score of scientific discoveries whose fame is world-wide, ended his days in comparative poverty 3,000 miles from the land he adopted as a boy. Ambrose McEvoy's life story is as romantic as a novel. It seems that the inventor of the submarine mine went to Baltimore, Md., with his parents from County Wexford, Ireland, as a child in 1828. When he was only 12 he Cuba, but was sent to the coast of Virginia near Cape Henry, where he was taken by a wealthy family there, one of the few who were permitted to visit him there on such unwholesome topics as religion and the stage. Then came the outbreak of the war, when McEvoy was one of the first to throw in his lot with the south and eventually he reached the rank of captain and

numbered Lee, Jackson and Mosby among his intimate friends. Another of his acquaintances, by the way, was a physician named Whistler, who also served with the Confederate army, and this friendship led to a later one between Ambrose McEvoy and the physician's famous brother, James McNeill Whistler, which lasted for over 40 years.

SHELL FUSE INVENTION.

McEvoy's first invention was a fuse to be used in shells, and was shown by the young soldier to Lee. "Go and see Brook," was the general's terse comment, the reference being to Colonel Brook, who now is head of the Virginia Military Institute, and who then was in charge of the ordnance department of the confederacy. Brook instantly saw the merit of McEvoy's idea, adopted it forthwith, and shells of the type suggested thereafter were turned out in millions at the Richmond arsenal. It was many months later that McEvoy turned his attention to the problem of submarine mines which he solved so brilliantly.

Ambrose McEvoy came to England at the end of the war, married and settled down. As the only man who knew anything about submarine mines he did not lack for attention from the British admiralty, and England is defended today by his mercurial circuit closer. Another of McEvoy's later inventions was the "Spar" torpedo, which remained in general use until the advent of the "Whitehead" and the famous "Elschwig" were also devised by him.

BREACHES OF FAITH.

It seems unlikely that the full story of the British admiralty's dealings with Ambrose McEvoy would make pleasant reading. He told his family of devices refused by "my lords" and finally his own patent on them had run out, and of similar breaches of faith. Apparently the results were disastrous for the inventor. Orders came to him from other countries which led him to leave England, and by the time Charles McEvoy was 12 the wolf had looked in more than once at his father's door. And as a consequence the young author of "David Ballard" who had hoped to go to Cambridge, was compelled to relinquish that dream and go into his father's business as soon as he left school.

"ANTHONY UNDERSHAFT."

Ambrose McEvoy is the original of Anthony Undershaft in George Bernard Shaw's play "Major Barbara." Mr. McEvoy died in 1905, but some time before then, his younger son had met and made a fast friend of the author of "Man and Superman." As young author of David Ballard, he said, "If America knew how her veterans are living and dying all over Europe, your country people seem to think a good deal. I wonder if they ever think of that?"

INVENTED A MINE.

Incidentally, there is good and sufficient reason for believing that if the young author of "David Ballard" had not decided to invent plots for plays instead of inventing engines, or what he might himself have achieved results in the latter direction which even his sons would not have disdained. For the submarine mine at this moment is defended by a submarine mine which practically owes its construction to Charles McEvoy. The unfinished plans for it were his father's legacy to the young man. The result was a considerable glorification of apparatus, complete, cut for the essential thing—the circuit which Ambrose McEvoy had not worked out. To his son, then, was early apprenticeship in his father's shops now stood him in good stead, for the task of breathing the breath of life into Ambrose McEvoy's unfinished schemes, and without the secret of a solution which practically made the whole invention his own, and so the Chilean government got its apparatus complete.

HAYDEN CHURCH.

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French Connoisseur Picks Up a "Masterpiece" for a Mere Song.

HIS DAY-DREAM SHATTERED.

To His Surprise He Discovers That He Has Purchased a Badly Painted Portrait of Garibaldi.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, April 24.—M. Le Roy, a Frenchman of modest means, and a connoisseur of pictures, has just been thinking rather deeply of the old saying, "All is not gold that glitters." As a matter of fact, he has been thinking some other thoughts also, but they are not for publication. When you have read this story of an experience of his you will understand why.

Recently this worthy Frenchman, who—in strict confidence—thinks rather highly of his ability as a judge of art, took a trip to Florence. It was in the nature of a fortnight's holiday, but M. Le Roy had determined to combine business with pleasure and bring home something to make his trip worth while. For several days he made the rounds of the picture dealers which are all too numerous in the Italian city, without discovering any masters going cheap. Finally, however, his practiced and educated eye, fell upon a real Titian. Of course, the dealer had not the least idea that it was an example of the great colorist, but then he, poor man, was not a connoisseur. Attempting to hide his excitement as best he could, M. Le Roy inquired the price of the picture and discovered to his intense joy that it could be had for a very modest sum.

WOULD NOT TRUST HIM.

The dealer offered to send it, but the Frenchman would not permit him to. He paid spot cash and left the store in a hurry with his treasure under his arm. At every corner he looked back to see if he was being followed. He really expected to be called back and told that a most ridiculous mistake had been made. But no such thing happened and he reached his hotel in safety.

Once inside his room Mr. Le Roy locked his door and uncovered his "find" for another look. Yes, there was no doubt that it was a Titian. It must be worth at least—he could not offend himself—five hundred francs. He was enough to put him on Easy Street the rest of his life. He pictured his new possession purchased by the French government and placed in a position of honor in the Louvre.

DOCTORED THE PICTURE.

At this point he realized that all was not plain sailing yet. There is a strict law in France forbidding the exportation of examples of the recognized masters from the kingdom. But our French friend is a man of infinite resources and he finally hit upon a very clever expedient. Taking his paint box he painted lightly over his Titian a portrait of the king of Italy in uniform. By this trick he figured that he would surely escape the vigilance of the officials.

And his judgment proved correct. Arriving at the frontier the next day he showed his picture and the officials passed it without remark. It offered the pride of the Frenchman who possesses considerable pride in his art as well as in his judgment. As soon as he arrived in his beloved Paris he went to his room and started removing his picture of the king of Italy and restoring the Titian to sight.

THE AWAKENING.

With a screw of wadding dipped in alcohol he worked patiently and expertly. Imagine, if you can, his surprise and disgust when there showed up a picture which he recognized as a masterpiece, but a badly painted picture of a man whom he recognized as Garibaldi. His precious Titian had disappeared along with his "hasty sketch" of the Italian monarch. He was, however, that a portrait of Garibaldi should appear under a painting by Titian, who lived so long before he was forced to the conclusion that "the biter had been bit."

Which all goes to show that all the suckers are not American.

JUST IN TIME.

Some Salt Lake City People May Wait Till It's Too Late.

Don't wait until too late. Be sure and be in time. Just in time with kidney pills. Means curing the back. Before serious urinary troubles set in. Doan's Kidney Pills will do this. Here is Salt Lake City testimony to prove it.

O. E. Moody, living at 29 south Sixth West St., Salt Lake City, Utah, says: "I do not think there is another remedy on the market today which will cure backache as quickly as Doan's Kidney Pills. My back had given me trouble for six months. If I stooped over I became stiff and lame, and it was with difficulty that I could arise. Sharp pains would start at my kidneys and radiate throughout my body, causing me much suffering. Deciding to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial, I procured a box at the F. J. Hill Drug Co. They gave me relief at once, so I continued taking them and was absolutely and permanently cured of the trouble. It is a year since I used Doan's Kidney Pills and I have not had a return of the complaint since." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.