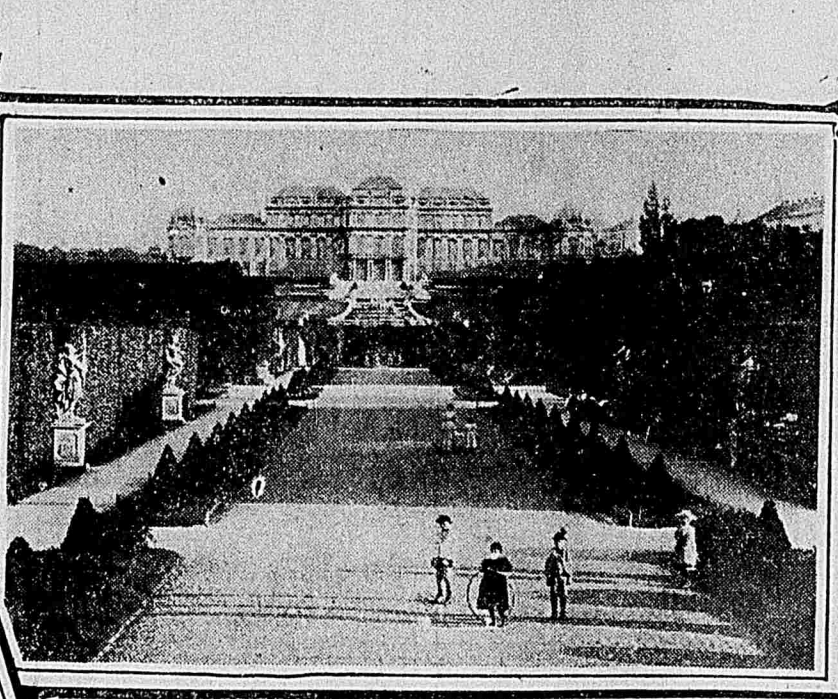


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Franz Ferdinand And his Family



New War Lords Home



Market Square, Lichfield



Mr. Samuel Johnson

Once Insignificant Consumptive Now One of Europe's Big Masters

(Special Correspondence.) VIENNA, July 13.—Fifty millions of Austrians, comprised of nine distinct races, four great religions, and according to the political text-books, twenty-seven distinct political parties, are watching with intense anxiety the death-struggle between the Hungarian independence party and the Austrian Crown. The expression "Austrian Crown" no longer implies the Conservative, placable and complacent Kaiser Franz Joseph, who has sat for 60 weary years on the dual throne of the Habsburgs. Austrian affairs today are in less yielding hands. For two years past, the ruler of the dual monarchy has been the old Kaiser's nephew and heir, Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Este, who though only a few years ago known as an insignificant and consumptive recluse, has suddenly risen—just as Cecil Rhodes did from a similar state of health—to be regarded with almost superstitious dread for his courage, resolution and astute policy. Austrians today are quoting Napoleon's dictum, "Europe can stand only one great ruler," and asking, now that the German Kaiser has practically abdicated from that role, whether the throne is to be passed on to prove that one great ruler.

ARCHDUKE FERDINAND'S AIMS. The personality and aims of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand are the subject of embittered dispute between his clerical allies and his Liberal foes. But on one point all are agreed: Since he seized the reins of state, Austria-Hungary has thrown overboard the self-effacing meekness which she has shown since her defeat by Prussia in 1866. However mistaken the aims of the archduke, however hazardous the plans he is supposed to harbor, they are at least not the aims and plans of a weakling; and they are being carried out with skill. The annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, executed in 1908, and the subsequent plans for France and Russia, is sufficient proof of that.

Today Archduke Franz Ferdinand is making in his mind a much greater problem, the problem of arming Austria-Hungary to the teeth, the problem of resisting the centrifugal tendencies of the empire, the problem of carrying out an active, resolute foreign policy which may bring her back to the proud position claimed by the Habsburgs. Finally, III, who first adopted the famous motto: "Austria will be the last surviving of states upon the earth."

ARCHDUKE HATED IN HUNGARY.

In Austria, Archduke Franz Ferdinand is not popular as an individual, and he is hated in Hungary. The burghers of Vienna tell a story which illustrates the claim, the unsympathetic side of his character. When his father, the prince, read his account books, he found that his three sons stood beside his bed. The youngest threw himself on his father's body in a passion of grief; the second, Otto, the horse-master, rushed to his stable and wept at his sorrow on the neck of a favorite hunter. The eldest son, Franz Ferdinand, calmly read his father's will, gave orders for a funeral in accordance with the dead prince's wishes, and cold-bloodedly sent for his major-domo to subvert the family account books. This story is told by foes as characteristic of the heir's callousness. But admirers interpret it as proof of a certain calmness of head, a certain dogged devotion to tiresome duties which inspire the archduke in all his doings; and which enabled him to bear with patience the painful and humiliating apprenticeship which he was forced to undergo before being judged by his uncle Franz Joseph to be capable of managing the affairs of the monarchy.

THE OLD EMPEROR'S THEORY. The old emperor's theory was that an heir was an under-secretary. When by

the tragic death of the Crown Prince Rudolf, Franz Ferdinand became heir to the throne, he was at once set to work. His future emperor was treated as a junior clerk. At first the archduke merely carried out orders. A little later, he was entrusted with the conduct of minor affairs. When some trifling question was raised about the transfer of a picture from the Hofburg palace to the imperial art gallery, when some minor problem of military discipline arose, the emperor made a practice of initiating the report under discussion with the syllable "Erz," meaning that the "Erzherzog" (the archduke) could settle the matter at his discretion. For ten years, the heir worked at these tiresome tasks. At last, confident in his powers and experience, and feeling that the weak policy of the old emperor and of his Minister Goluchowski, would bring the Empire to ruin, he was said to have matured impatiently: "When will his majesty send me his boots for repair?" A tale-teller brought the story to Franz Joseph's ears. An estrangement followed. But a few years ago, the archduke, conscious of failing powers, reasoned that his heir was in the right. He first entrusted him with the military, later with the foreign affairs of the vast empire. It was a decision of tremendous amount. On the day it was made, Austria ceased to be a quiescent decadent state, and entered upon the active, aggressive policy which has since kept Europe in continual tension and continual dread.

THE REFORMS DEPARTMENTS. The archduke's first act was to reform the great departments of state, where ever since the days of Maria Theresa, a few great families have held all the power and empires. He set himself haughtily in manner and autocratic by instinct, the archduke nevertheless knows well that blood is no proof of brains. To the horror of the aristocracy, he cleared out of the ministries of war and foreign affairs all of their bluest-blooded and most incompetent officials. The emperor's old comrade and favorite, von Beck, was driven from the war office, and replaced as chief of the staff by a man of no particular origin but of fierce energy, General von Helmuth von Helldorf, whose first act was to send about forty decrepit generals on pensions to their country estates. From the Austro-Hungarian bureaucracy at St. Petersburg was brought Alois von Aehrenthal, a scion of an obscure Jewish banking family, who immediately began that active foreign policy which was destined to set Europe in turmoil and nearly bring about a first-class war. It was Aehrenthal's trenchant reports about the disorganization of Russia, with whose minister Izvolsky he had quarreled, which commended him to the archduke. The ambassador declared roundly that Russia no longer counted as a European power. Events were to prove him right.

ARISTOCRACY LAST HIT.

Vienna's aristocracy stood aghast at some of the new appointments. A scandal arose when the new chief of staff recommended the son of a cattle merchant for command of a smart guards' regiment on what seemed the absurd ground that he was a brilliant tactician. But the archduke was not to be deterred. He was a reformer. From being unpopular with the army, he became its hero. He would lead it, so it was announced, in case of war. Young ambitious officers of talent saw that they stood to gain from the new regime; and the old English toast, "a bloody war, and quick promotion," was heard for the first time in the mess rooms of Vienna. A project was drawn up for adding a new battalion to every Austro-Hungarian regiment; and finally the archduke set about the tremendous task of creating a great Austrian fleet.

This naval reform was the most difficult of all. Not only is there no

(Continued on page twelve.)

Department of Horrible Examples Established in Berlin to Aid Art

Exhibition Includes Freak Materials—Uncomfortable Chairs—Rubbish Sold as Letter Weights—Household Objects of Incongruous Shape and Substance—Plaster Faked To Look Like Marble—And All the Other Things That Help to Make Home Hideous

(Special Correspondence.) BERLIN, July 13.—There is one aspect of German life which is a perpetual joy to the inquiring foreigner, and that is the tender solicitude of the official mind for the fare of the public. In these days of analytical literature, some one will doubtless write an essay on the effect on the Anglo-Saxon mind of the pictorial panegyrics of soap and cocoa with which he is daily confronted; in Germany public notices take the place of advertisements in the streets and their influence is patent in the cleanliness and order of the empire's great cities. Whether it is to distinguish the "bench for adults" from the "bench for children" in the parks; whether to improve the absent-minded public in a busy postoffice not to forget stamp and address on letters; whether to illustrate by diagrams of truly ghastly verisimilitude in a street car the danger of leaving the vehicle when in motion, at every turn the eye is met by a "Warning" or a "Verbot."

FOREIGNER IS TICKLED.

It tickles the foreigner who does not grasp the vermillion tortuousness of the German mind and he pats himself on the back in the proud consciousness that "we" are a free people. In point of fact the only difference between the Anglo-Saxon and German official mind is that the former takes the broad view and "warns" against the general probabilities, as instanced in the familiar "Keep off the grass," while the German provides for every remote contingency, every potential lapse from the primrose path, in some such awe-inspiring prohibition as "It is forbidden to spit, smoke, sleep, be drunk, disorderly or insulting, to be accompanied by children, dogs or bicycles."

If the matter be looked into below the surface, there will be found a good sound bedrock of common sense at the bottom of this solicitude for the people's weal and sometimes it has the happiest inspirations. Anyone who has seen a German woman getting off a trolley car will appreciate the timeliness of the warning placards demonstrating pictorially the right and wrong ways to alight. And anybody who has any acquaintance with the enormities of German taste in objects of everyday life will recognize the deterrent value of the collection of articles in bad taste which has been opened at the national industrial museum at Stuttgart.

OPPOSES BAD TASTE IN HOME.

Gustav Pataurek is the name of the David who has so valiantly entered the field against the Goliath of bad taste in the home. The ground idea upon which all museums in Germany is based is the elevation and guidance of public taste by the permanent exhibition of objects representing the highest artistic perfection. This, however, is only the positive side of the question; the negative side has hitherto been sadly neglected. People are only shown what to imitate and not what to avoid and, moreover, considerations of expediency and

economy and the passing influences of the moment combine to nullify the good impression consistently produced by the museums. It is just in industrial art, which is the domain of the decoration of the home, that the grossest offences against the canons of good taste are perpetrated and so Professor Pataurek, as director of the Wurtemberg industrial museum, was the right man to arrange the first museum of bad taste the world has ever seen.

For ten years he has waged his war against the spread of bad taste and while director of the Northern Bohemian Museum at Prague he tried in vain to get permission to make the exhibition of the museum the reverse of the medal by opening a collection of horrible examples. But trade influences were too strong; his superiors did not venture to risk the innovation so it was not until he became the independent director of the beautiful museum at Stuttgart that Prof. Pataurek was able to carry out his life's mission.

WAR ON SHAM AND SHODDY.

The Museum of Art Indiscretions, as the professor calls his collection, has attracted considerable attention not only from the originality of the material but also from the all-embracing nature of its aims. Its founder has declared war on everything smacking of sham and shoddy, against canvas masquerading as leather, painted wood as marble, cheap linen as silk or satin. He is ruthlessly severe in his condemnation of imitations in modern statuary or the masterpieces in statuary produced in the great workshops and centers of industry of the past. The catalogue of the museum is an amazing work. It betrays the exhaustive study of years into a score of trades and it classifies and subdivides the exhibits with a precision and command of technical terminology which is simply masterly. The museum is divided into three groups illustrating lapses from good taste in material, in construction and in decoration.

The first group illustrates what Prof. Pataurek calls "Freaks in Material." These are objects of things which pretend to be what they are not or are made of materials which are quite irrelevant to the destined use. We all know those china power-vases made to look like hollowed out tree trunks, those little boxes made of metal to represent hampers or those ash-trays, the pride of many a saloon-bar, constructed with infinite labor out of so many hundred cigar-bands and postage stamps. All these articles fall under the professor's ban and may be seen in the glass cases at Stuttgart.

SENSELESS COMBINATIONS.

Then there are the senseless combinations of materials, such as of silk and linen, which will not wash, articles manufactured out of "freak" materials (such as human hair), all the varieties of imitations from canvas to linoleum used for imitating leather and objects made from substances foreign to their nature. This subdivision comprises inter alia chocolate busts of the Kaisers, such as are often seen in pastry-cooks' windows in Germany, and vases, statues and busts in wood or plaster, faked to resemble marble, granite, etc.

The second group, "Faults of Construction," includes all articles which do not fulfill the object for which their appearance proclaims them to be intended, such as metal vessels for holding hot fluids, with non-isolated metal handles which get so hot, when the vessel is fulfilling its purpose, that they cannot fulfill their purpose, i. e., be held, vases or china figures of unstable build and furniture of such grotesque shape as to be impracticable for ordinary purposes. As examples there are chairs with such sharp

corners as to be highly uncomfortable, seats or stools made of sharp-staged angles. This section, too, contains endless specimens of the nondescript rubbish sold as letter-weights, empty shell-cases, marble slabs with metal figures, imitation helmets; then again all the varieties of pin-cushions in the shape of velvet animals and so on—in fact, anything in the nature of far-fetched eccentricity.

EXAMPLES OF INCONSISTENCY.

One case shows examples of inconsistency between form and purpose, thermometers fashioned like riding-whips, key-reversers holding pen, ink and pencil. One of the most interesting corners of the whole museum is in this group—the collection of what the professor has generally dubbed "trash." There are all sorts of subdivisions. The trash thrown on the German market by the ton as a speculation on the patriotic or religious feelings of the people; souvenir trash; the rubbish bought up cheap by the bourgeoisie for presents (especially wedding presents); club trash (all the cheap jack badges, etc., issued in connection with the myriads of societies and associations in Germany); actually trash as an example of this Prof. Pataurek has got together a case full of the various monstrosities of taste resulting from the great Zeppelin airship furore of last summer—and finally advertisement trash, the cheap, artistic kind. The last section of this group is devoted to plagiarisms, such as imitations in modern German china of Copenhagen, Sevres or Dresden ware.

BRUTALITIES OF DECORATION.

The third group, by comparison, makes the two other groups seem quite frivolous. It is devoted to interior decoration in Germany, under the influence of the art nouveau movement, is in a state of chaos as far as homogeneity of style and form is concerned. The professor tries to show where lies the golden mean between extravagance in decoration and the exaggerated simplicity of the ultra-modern school. He devotes one section to what he labels "Brutalities of Decoration," and that is, the employment of superfluities as represented in many modern books, for instance, with a maximum of margin and a minimum of print, coarse, rough paper and senselessly simple binding. Another section pillories the employment of religious or patriotic motives in every-day objects such as handkerchiefs printed with portraits of the emperor and empress or liver sausages packed in paper bearing the picture of Bismarck.

There are furthermore examples of imported, discordant foreign styles as well as illustrations of the prevalent mania for historical or ethnographical motives in furniture. As an instance of the chaos existing in people's minds in this matter, Prof. Pataurek, with marvelous industry, has got together a complete collection of modern inkpots in styles ranging from the Egyptian and Assyrian ages down to the present time. One large case deserves a word of special mention. It is labelled "Childhood Aliments of the Secession," and contains numerous examples of furniture and upholstery which were all the rage when the new art movement first broke out, but are now, a dozen years after, as dead as the dodo. Prof. Pataurek is not content to rest on his richly-earned laurels, but earnestly advocates that his brilliant and logical example should be followed by all museums. He suggests that every art museum should have attached to it, as a matter of course, a collection of horrible examples, thus achieving to the full its confessed object of raising the standard of public taste.

H. SKERRETT.

Dr. Johnson's Memory to be Honored by His Native Town

(Special Correspondence.) LONDON, July 15.—Shakespeare excepted, it is doubtful if there is another great writer of the past whose personality appeals as strongly to readers on both sides of the Atlantic, and to Americans in particular, as does that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the irascible scholar and poet, renowned "Lexicographer," and hero of the most remarkable biography ever written.

DR. JOHNSON'S FAME GREEN.

That Dr. Johnson's fame is green in the United States is evidenced yearly by the thousands of American visitors to London, who go to see what is said to be the former home of the philosopher in Gough Square, just off Fleet street. This done, the travelers generally step down the corner to partake of breakfast pudding at "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," the ancient tavern which claims to have been Johnson's favorite inn and, if possible, to sit in the seat which is declared to have been his. On the strength of this legend and largely because of American patriotism, the old hostelry in Wine Office Court has been for years a little goldmine to its owners; but as a matter of fact, there is no actual evidence whatever to connect the "cheese" with Dr. Johnson. Boswell doesn't mention it.

On far surer ground are those American admirers of Dr. Johnson who visit Lichfield, the little city in Staffordshire where he was born, and which was his home for over 30 years. Lichfield, by the way, is fast becoming a good second to Stratford-on-Avon, as a magnet to visitors from the United States, and next September is likely to see it thronged with our countrymen, for in that month Johnson's city will celebrate, in a way worthy of his fame, the 200th anniversary of his great man's birth.

BIG CELEBRATION THIS YEAR.

According to all accounts, the "Johnson Bicentenary Celebration," as it is called, will be uncommonly interesting and should not be missed by any American who is planning to be in England this summer. Preparations for it have been going on for many months. Dr. Johnson entered this mundane sphere on Sept. 18, 1709, and on Sept. 16, 1909, the commemorative exercises in his honor will begin at Lichfield with an exhibition of relics of the grouchy old philosopher in the venerable house in Market Square where he first saw the light of day.

OLD HOME IS NOW RESTORED.

Unlike a good many other "literary shrines" there is no doubt about the authenticity of Dr. Johnson's birthplace. Luckily for the lexicographer's admirers, the quaint, two-story house with pillars where old Michael Johnson kept his book-shop, became the property of the Corporation of Lichfield a few years ago. It then was in sorry condition, but has been reverently restored and now is practically as it was when Samuel Johnson lived in it. Part of the exhibition of "Johnsoniana" which visitors to the house will see next September is a permanent collection which has been formed and placed in the building since its acquisition by the corporation, but other relics of the sage are to be forthcoming from many quarters. While examining these, old philosophers in the venerable house in Market Square where he first saw the light of day.

academy, quitting Lichfield for London in company with David Garrick, who had been one of his two solitary pupils.

WILL VISIT "THREE CROWNS."

The second day of the Lichfield celebration will be devoted mainly to visits to places of interest associated with Johnson and his friends. One of these will be the old "Three Crowns" Inn, which stands next door but one to the Johnsons' homestead, and regarding whose claim to have housed the choleric scholar—and his biographer, too, there is no question. Dr. Johnson, in fact, almost invariably "put up" at the "Three Crowns" when he came down to Lichfield from London, and he first brought Boswell with him in the historic year of 1778. The old inn is said to be practically just as it was when Johnson and Boswell drank innumerable cups of tea there.

Having seen the "Three Crowns" the American visitors, the distinguished Johnsonians and other folk, will be taken to see three churches in Lichfield, each of which is intimately associated with Dr. Johnson. One of these is St. Mary's, where the great scholar was baptized; another, St. Chad's, close to Lichfield cathedral, which the doctor is said never to have failed to visit when in his native city, and the third, St. Michael's, where Johnson's father and mother are buried, and which the scholar visited when in his seventy-fifth year, after which visit he ordered the tomb-stone which marks their resting-place.

LECTURE AT HIS OLD SCHOOL.

On the afternoon of this day, there will be a lecture on "The Life and Influence of the Master" at the Lichfield grammar school, where Johnson was a pupil under Hunter, which pedagogue he described as "very severe and wrong headedly severe." Garrick also attended the grammar school, before becoming Johnson's pupil, while another former student at this school, second only to Johnson in fame was Joseph Addison.

On the evening of the second day of the celebration, there will be a performance by local amateurs of Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," which was dedicated to Johnson, who wrote the prologue for it and succeeded in getting it produced. Next day, other places which are associated intimately with Johnson and his friends will be visited. Among these will be Edial, where the illustrious "academy for young gentlemen," in which the scholar managed to sink most of his wife's little fortune, was located; others are the house of Lucy Porter, Johnson's step-daughter and fast friend, and Stove House, where dwelt "The Swan of Lichfield," otherwise Miss Anne Seward. This brilliant dame, herself an authoress, was the center of a distinguished literary coterie which included Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of the author of "The Origin of Species," Thomas Day, who wrote "Sandford and Merton," Mrs. Siddons, the actress, Sir Walter Scott, Howard, the prison reformer, and Dr. Johnson whom Miss Seward disliked.

HIS BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

September 18, Johnson's birthday, will, however, be the "big" day of Lichfield's celebration. On this date there will be a "great gathering" of citizens, visitors and children in the Market Square, where stand statues of the doctor and his faithful Boswell; at which time addresses will be made by distinguished scholars, hymns will be sung, and medals presented. Later the mayor of Lichfield will hold a reception at the Guildhall and the annual meeting of the Johnson club will be held. This evening will witness a Johnson supper at the old George hotel. Sunday, the 19th, will see the end of the Johnson celebration with a service at the cathedral, which has been described as the

(Continued on page twelve.)