



The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Marshall Field's Grandson Becomes a Pet of Royalty

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, Aug. 4.—The queen renewed her acquaintance with the other day with Master Beatty, Mrs. David Beatty's little boy, when he came with his mother to have tea with her. He is said to have more personality for his age, which is about 5, than any child in London. Lately he has been initiated for an hour every morning into the art of shaking hands with and receiving royalty. To his teacher he said after he had been taught how to bow to the queen, "But I don't bow like that to my mother who must be better than the queen because she is my mother."

The queen took such a violent fancy to this grandson of the late Marshall Field that she said when he was big enough she would like him to be one of her pages. It seems the idea was quite approved by the future millionaire. Master Beatty is to enter the British navy when he is of suitable age. He is in love with the sea and ships. He has a wonderful collection of toy battleships, submarines and motor boats, some of which are worth \$100 each.

Although this boy is practically given everything he desires, he is never doddled. He never wears shoes or stockings except when he visits royalty and then he expresses himself in unparliamentary language about the inconvenience. One of the open air children, like the Duchess of Manchester's family, he sleeps with wide open windows in all weather and in the open during the day. His food is as simple as if he were the son of a laborer, milk, vegetables and fruit chiefly constituting it.

A WONDERFUL COTILLION.
It was the determination of Baroness Eckhardstein to outdo every hostess in London, American as well as English, when she gave her wonderful cotillion the other night. And she succeeded. It is the talk of London; later it will be the talk at German Bads and at country houses. It will go down in history as the most original, dainty, brilliant and expensive entertainment which has ever taken place in London.

Baroness Eckhardstein is the only child of the late Sir Blundell Maple and she is still the biggest partner in the famous furnishing house in Tottenham Court road. After the excitement of her matrimonial troubles in which her husband played so despicable a part, she practically retired from London society. Last month she suddenly took it into her head to return to society and she and her great friend, Lady Clementine Waring, put their heads together to invent striking and picturesque games for a cotillion. No cotillion had ever been introduced before and to be used; everything must be new and original, "done exactly as Americans do these things," said the baroness. They played over their work, drawing pictures, etc., all one day and the following morning found the baroness on her way to buy the favors in Paris.

The figure in which the ballroom was in total darkness for nearly five minutes was found fault with by the princess. But all were lost in wonderment at the beauty of the vision which entered into it. It was the hostess herself seated in a Sedan chair which was a blaze of roses in electric light in every color from ivory to deepest crimson.

A number of the youngest and prettiest grandmothers were in another figure driven with reins of roses by half-a-dozen young men from the Bachelors' club. In another scene rose petals rained from the ceiling and threatened to smother the guests. Nothing caused

greater amusement than the Salome dance performed by Mr. Xavier Dancocks. It was an amazing caricature of Maude Allan's famous dance. Instead of the head of the Baptist he danced round a large cake, out of which he took mouthfuls when the spirit moved him.

There was a royal ball going on the same night given by the Duchess of Portland in Grosvenor square, but the guests who had invitations for both hurried off as soon as they decently could to the far more amusing cotillion given by the baroness.

DANCERS ARE AUTOCRATIC.
Every season has its novelty in the matter of dances. This year it was the Russian dancers who carried all before them. They commanded any terms they chose to ask and it goes without saying Americans were their greatest patrons. Exciting and autocratic as the czar himself, they laid down the law to their would-be patrons in regard to the particular room in which they would dance and in respect to the size of the stage on which they would perform, stating accurately the dimensions in inches. They told Mrs. Potter Palmer their requirements, but as she was extremely busy making arrangements for the party she forgot to see that the stage in her ballroom was what was necessary. Late in the afternoon of the day on which the party was taking place one of the prospective performers came along to note that everything was in readiness. The instant he looked at the stage he shook his head ominously. Then out came his measure. The floor proved to be quite three feet too narrow. Most certain they would not dance, he said. Not for Mrs. Potter Palmer or the queen herself would they jeopardize their reputation. Mrs. Potter Palmer was at her wit's end. She offered an extra \$500 if they would only try to meet the exigencies of the case. He scoffed at the idea. Not for \$500 would they do such a thing.

Mrs. Potter Palmer saw the only way out of the difficulty was to have a stage erected in a room on the terrace overlooking the park. She telephoned to a great firm of decorators, and before an hour was over an army of carpenters was at work. By rushing things for all they were worth, the stage was ready by midnight and the room in order. No guest had the remotest idea of what the hostess had gone through in the previous hours. The Russian dancers had been put forward as a special attraction and Mrs. Potter Palmer knew if their performance failed through she might say good-bye to the success of her party. But the worry and anxiety nearly killed her. She announced that very night that the end of the season had come for her and that her would no longer entertain nor go out again in London this summer.

LATEST IN WALKING STICKS.
It was Mrs. Stoddard, wife of Mr. Stoddard of Meadowbrook polo team fame, who first introduced here the new walking stick. It has to be the identical tone of the gown of the owner, which means that if she aspires to be chic she must have at least a dozen of these fascinating contraptions. These walking sticks are dyed charming shades of blue, mauve and green, and the handles are of great beauty, generally studded with the gem which corresponds with the body color. For example, a purple stick will have amethysts in its top; one of blue will have turquoise, and so on. These sticks are now as essential as the jeweled hand bag to match the owner's gown. They are being bought up as rapidly as possible by those going abroad and for use in the country.

LADY MARY.

Black Juries Hold Power of Life or Death Over White Men in British Colonies

New Peril Added to Dangers to be Encountered in Tropical Countries—Negroes Swayed By Sullen Hatred of Superior Race, Inflict Severe Penalties—Noted Novelist Take up Cudgels for Victims of Brutal Blacks on Gold Coast, and Declares He Will Not Rest Until the System is Changed.

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, Aug. 5.—Americans who have lived in the southern states or who have enjoyed any sort of colonial experience, will appreciate the apprehension that has been caused in England by the discovery of a new danger to white men in the English colonies in the tropics. It has been described as "the new black peril" and is no other than the possibility of the trial of a white man by a jury composed exclusively of blacks.

That it is far from imaginary is proved by the fact that two Englishmen were recently tried and convicted on the West African gold coast under these circumstances and one of them is serving out his three years' sentence today in Portland prison with no apparent prospect of release.

The other Englishman, after undergoing six months' imprisonment, was only released a few weeks ago, thanks to the determined efforts made on his behalf by Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P., the novelist. A third Englishman would almost inevitably have shared the same fate as the other two had he not succumbed to blackwater fever on the very eve of the trial.

The most amazing feature of this amazing case is that the men were not even present when the offense for which they were tried was committed and the question of their being accessories to it was not even raised.

CASE CREATES SENSATION.
If the reader can imagine how the news of the trial of a white citizen of the United States by a jury of negroes in the south would be received in America he will gain a faint idea of the extraordinary sensation that has followed the discovery of the gold coast incident. It was discovered that Sir Gilbert Parker, despite his wide colonial experience, with the condition of affairs disclosed, that he has brought the whole question of the trial of white men in British West Africa to the attention of the house of commons, and the government has ordered an enquiry to be made. An amazing situation is revealed for the first time by the replies made to Sir Gilbert in parliament by Colonel Seely, the under secretary of state for the colonies. In the gold coast colony apparently it is not confined to the court to decide whether or not a white prisoner shall be tried by a jury of whites, a jury composed of four blacks and three whites, or a jury composed exclusively of negroes.

BLACKS TRY WHITES.
"Since this astounding case was brought to my attention," said Sir Gilbert to the writer, "I have learned certain facts which give me reason to believe that the practice of trying white men by black juries in British colonies is not confined to the gold coast but obtains as near America as the West Indies. I shall bring the whole question before parliament again and shall not rest until such procedures have been amended."

"I think I may claim to know a little about the colored man," he said. "I have studied the aboriginal in Australia and Hawaii, the Malayan, the Asiatic Indian, and the negro in South Africa—the black man, in short, in all parts of the world. I say deliberately, however, that I would ten thousand times rather be tried by the severest

judge living, by a jury drawn from the lowest and most drunken ruffians in seven dials (one of the roughest East End districts of London) than I would submit to trial by a negro jury. The English white man administers justice with equity and even with benevolence on white and black alike. A thousand years of civilization have incited these qualities. With a jury of blacks, say what you will, there must ever be the temptation to give way to a dull, snuffing, instinctive hatred against one of a superior race."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.
The case under notice first came before the public through the simple announcement that Herbert Gladstone, the home secretary acting on behalf of Sir John P. Rodger, the governor of the Gold Coast colony, had ordered the release of Vivian W. Denton. It is doubtful whether a more extraordinary case has ever been brought to the attention of the British authorities. In certain aspects the story reads like a chapter from one of Rider Haggard's romances, or from Seton Merriman's "With Edged Tools" rather than a plain transcript from life. The facts may be briefly recapitulated as follows: Denton, Albert W. Watson and Leopold Leeder were three Englishmen employed by the African Gold Dredging and Mining company on the British Gold coast, west Africa. Denton being the dredgemaster and Watson and Leeder two of his winchmen. On Aug. 17 last a box of personal effects, a revolver and \$200 were stolen from the white men's camp at the mines, the theft being committed while the three men were at dinner less than 30 yards away.

JOHNSON THE CULPRIT.
Suspicion fell on William Johnson, a black giant employed as farrier at the camp, who was found to be missing. Johnson was discovered but after confessing to the robbery, escaped from his captors, swam a river and disappeared in the bush. Johnson was pursued by a party of negroes, recaptured, and it is alleged that he made a fight for liberty and was badly beaten. No white man was present at the capture. When he was brought in the negro promised Watson from whom the money had been stolen that he would lead the white men the next morning to the place where, he said, he had "cached" the stolen booty. After he had taken them a long distance from the camp Johnson halted suddenly and pointing to the ground declared that if they would dig there they would unearth all the booty. Laborious digging, however, revealed nothing more valuable than a big bull-frog. Johnson was taken to Axim and tried by Justice G. K. T. Purcell, one of the pulse judges at the Gold coast. Although it was proved that Johnson, in addition to having committed the robbery complained of, was an escaped convict he was let off with one day's imprisonment.

WHITE MEN ARRESTED.
Immediately afterwards Denton, who had been a witness for the prosecution, and Watson and Leeder, were charged with brutal assault on the negro. The warrant for his arrest found Leeder 60 miles or more from Sekondi, where the trial was to take place. Leeder had to be taken over 50 miles up the river in an open canoe, with the rain coming down in torrents all the time. When he arrived at Sekondi prison, he was lodged in a cell which had been vacated by a Frenchman who had died of

blackwater fever. After sleeping in the bed for one night, Leeder had to be removed to the hospital, where he died of blackwater fever within a week.

TWO DECLARED GUILTY.
Denton and Watson were tried at Sekondi on Sept. 7 last, before the same white judge who tried Johnson and by a jury of seven blacks. The jury had been out hardly 10 minutes when they returned with the verdict of "guilty." The sentence was three years' imprisonment. After spending several weeks in Sekondi prison, both men were sent home to England, to be free from the additional cruelty of prison life in a malarial country. Several weeks more in Plymouth prison followed. Then Watson was transferred to Portland prison and Denton to Parkhurst, where he has just been released. Sir John Rodger, having commuted his sentence to six months in view of the fact that he was not present when the alleged assault was committed.

Denton, who is the son of a Trinity House pilot, is a short, clean-shaven, clean-cut man of 31. He looks little the worse for his extraordinary experience. I saw him just after his release at his house at Grayesend.

"I'm not easily moved," he said, "but I hope never to repeat such an experience as that of hearing the verdict of seven negroes. What is more, I never wish to see the Gold Coast again."

WORKING FOR WATSON.
The release of Denton spurred the friends of Watson to fresh efforts on behalf of the man still languishing in jail. Stopford Brooke, M. P., the son of the famous literary critic and chaplain-in-ordinary to the late Queen Victoria, at once took up Watson's case. He has secured from the colonial office the promise of an interview with Sir John Rodger, who is at the present time in London on furlough.

During his stay in London Sir John with Lady Rodger, have been occupying unpretentious rooms in a boarding house in one of the side streets of Piccadilly, almost next door to the house in which the countless of Yarmouth (nee Alice Thaw) lived during the second trial of her brother for the murder of Stanford White. Here, despite the unassuming character of his lodgings, Sir John maintains the reticent aloofness of the governor of a British crown colony, denying himself to all interviewers and refusing to see any except immediate friends.

The only person from the outside world who has been able to see Watson since his imprisonment is the minister of the East Side Baptist church, which Watson attended before he accepted the ill-fated offer of employment on the Gold Coast. At Watson was interviewed by the minister in Portland prison a few days ago under strikingly dramatic circumstances. Throughout the interview the minister stood in what he described afterwards as a long horse-box protected by iron bars, Watson standing in another, but separated by a third, in which the warden stood.

WATSON BREAKS DOWN.
When informed that his friend Denton had been released Watson broke down completely. The prisoner who inquired anxiously after his wife and two children in London remarked to the minister that though physically in good health he should not live to

International Tennis Matches Are Suggested for Women

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, Aug. 5.—"Why not a Davis cup for women?" is the question that is being asked by lady lawn tennis players in England now that the championship matches at Wimbledon are over and it has been decided definitely that the match for the "American Cup" of the lawn tennis world shall be played for in America again this year. The women champions in this country want a chance to prove their skill against the lady exponents of the game across the Atlantic in a series of international matches. This plan has two enthusiastic supporters in Miss Dora Boothby, the woman champion, and Miss Morton, the finalist in the English championship. In talking about the effect of such games Miss Boothby said:

"I am quite sure we could get up a strong team of English ladies to play against America or any other country. If the matter was taken seriously in hand we have frequently talked it over among ourselves, and several of our best players have told me they would go to America to play, and as gladly welcome American ladies who come to England to play against us. We might meet them either in a meeting would do lawn tennis good, and as the men have their 'Davis Cup' competition, why should not the ladies of the various countries have a similar tournament? The preliminaries could soon be arranged and the final aspect of the affair settled on the same lines as the Davis Cup."

"Of course we cannot expect such a proposal to be accepted immediately, yet I think the time has come for us to have these matches; and if the ladies of America will take the matter up we might meet them either in America or England in 1910."

STRONG ENGLISH TEAM.
"Stronger than ever" is the verdict on the team of men who will visit the United States this year to represent England in the match for the Davis cup. It is now has been definitely decided that the match will take place in Boston some time about Sept. 22, and the English committee have been hard at work trying to improve on the team which went over in 1908.

Then M. J. G. Ritchie (England) and J. C. Parke (Ireland) represented the British Isles. This year the same two players will be assisted by A. W. Gore, the champion of 1908, and K. Powell, a brilliant young left-hander, who is regarded as the coming champion. How keen Englishmen are about the Davis cup is shown by the fact that the Lawn Tennis association has already asked 12 of the leading players if they are prepared to go and play for the trophy in America. Gore, Ritchie, Parke, and Powell—two of the younger generation of players—have expressed their willingness to do so, and the final choice will remain among them.

Gore, this year's champion at Wimbledon, is the veteran of the party, having been one of the crackbacks in lawn tennis for something like 20 years. He won the championship for the first time in 1901, was successful again in 1908; and in 1909 beat Ritchie, winner

of this year's all comers' competition at Wimbledon.

CHAMPION GORE.
Gore is a player who improved slowly. He was 33 years old when he became champion in 1901, and he expects to pay his second visit to America as one of the chosen representatives of British lawn tennis at the age of 41 years. He spends laborious days as a wine merchant in the city of London and lawn tennis, strange to say, is the only game that has any fascination for him. He has a terrific drive. As an old Cambridge Blue he has a weakness for wearing light-blue socks in his championship matches.

ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.
M. J. G. Ritchie, too, is one of the old guard. This is plainly evident in his play, which is founded on the "base-line" system. He has been in the front rank of players for years. He has won most of the Continental championships; yet, until this season he has always fallen just short of the highest English honors. Probably there is no man in the world who plays more lawn tennis than Ritchie. During the English season he takes part in all the leading tournaments, finding relaxation by spending his Sundays on the river. He has a houseboat at Walton-on-Thames and rows in several of the Thames regattas.

As soon as the English season is over Ritchie hies himself off to the continent, where he is a familiar figure at Ostend, Vienna, Hamburg, Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo. He has gained prizes at every one of these tournaments, and has won the German championship five times in the last six years. The leading American players are familiar with his style. Recently, however, he has become a convert in a slight degree to the American service of Beals Wright, while retaining his old driving power, and soundness in his base-line play.

PARKE HAS SOBERED DOWN.
J. C. Parke, the Irish champion, proved a disappointment in America last year. He was dashing and erratic, but since then he has sobered down a lot. His service in particular shows increased certainty, while his speed in court has also to be reckoned with. Parke is so anxious to play in the Davis cup that he replied to his invitation by return of post. He wants his revenge on the men who beat him. He is one of the finest rugby footballers in the British Isles, and has played for Ireland against England, Scotland and Wales.

LEFT-HANDED POWELL.
Kenneth Powell, the youngest of the quartet, is a left-hander. He was captain of the Cambridge university team while in residence there; and is a strong advocate of having lawn tennis played at the English public schools just like cricket and football. This, the way, is done now in Germany and Austria. He is a capital doubles player, and for this reason will probably be put into the team for the Davis cup. He is a partner for either Gore or Ritchie for a partner. Powell is really a fine all-round athlete and made a name for himself as a hurdler at Cambridge. He ran for the British Isles in last year's Olympic games at the Stadium, London.

L. RICHARDS.
Prisoned man being released before the expiration of his sentence, two years hence. Meanwhile Englishmen, especially those with colonial experience are thoroughly alarmed at the new peril which they declare must be added to elephantiasis, sunstroke, yellow, malarial and blackwater fevers, as well as the host of other evils which threaten English life near the equator.

R. N. GASK.