

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

English Dames Object to King's Choice of Friends

His Majesty Insists That Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, His Old American "Pal," Shall Sit at His Right Hand in All House Party Photographs Taken.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—There have been no more of the country houses where the king has lately been visiting because his majesty, on once settling aside a precedent—a thing he rarely does—has asked Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, to sit on his right hand in the usual photograph of the party has been taken. This is a position always assigned to the hostess. As usual in such cases it is not the hostesses themselves but their guests who have criticized and suggested that the lady of the house has been "slighted." The truth is, young and ambitious women who pine for the notice of King Edward, whose recognition immediately proclaims a woman the fashion and a social leader, are so envious of the position the American duchess holds in his favor that many of them are ready to go to any extreme. To them it is incomprehensible that she should be preferred to them with their youth and beauty. King Edward may have his faults, but he is not fickle and once he makes a friend she is a friend forever unless she does something out of the ordinary to break the bond. Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester is a past mistress in fact and is never likely to do anything foolish. At any rate, the fact remains that she is as great a chum today with the king and for that matter with Queen Alexandra as she was thirty years ago.

Society is looking out anxiously for the next batch of photographs at royal house parties to see if Consuelo will hold the same position as in the recent ones which have furnished so much gossip in Mayfair as well as in the country.

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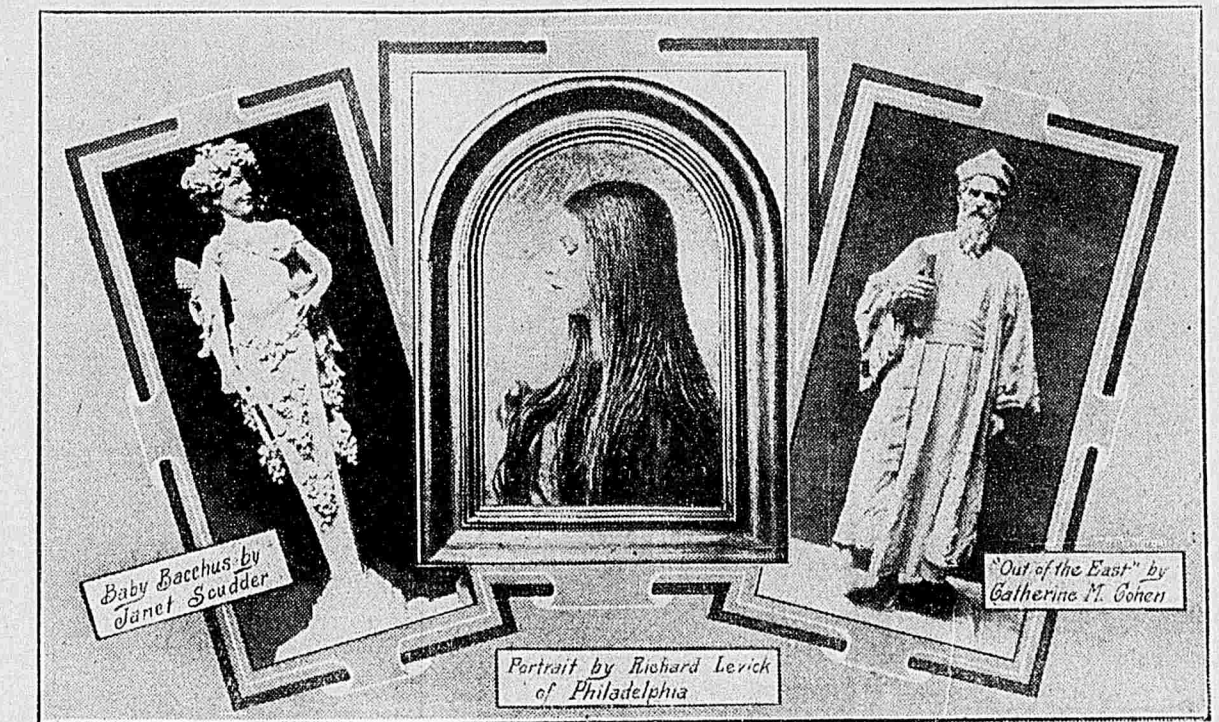
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MANY AMERICAN ARTISTS IN FLORENCE

Ancient Art Center of the World Now Holds a Colony of Brilliant Men and Women from the New World Who Are Doing Things Worthy of Their Surroundings—Who the Americans Are and What They Are Doing.



Special Correspondence.

FLORENCE, Nov. 17.—America plays no small part in the art life of Florence. To begin with, Mr. Berenson, the authority on art, has a villa just outside the city at Ponte a Monchio. Then George de Forest Brush spends part of his year in Florence, having there both a villa and a studio. The studio of Hiram Powers may still be visited and the Casa Guidi, used for art exhibits, is in charge of an American, Mrs. Cobb, wife of the late Arthur Murray Cobb, the artist.

To do the American studies one must seek the Via dei Servi, that deep, dark, narrow old street to which the tourists flock in search of the house of Tommaso. Its houses are really old palaces, and their fronts are washed by the Arno over whose waters they often project fascinating little terraces and balconies commanding views of river, bridges, mountains, snow capped and violet, of domes, bell-towers, and famous buildings, perhaps unequalled in beauty in any city of Europe. They are quite honey-combed by the studios of the artists of all nations, who rejoice in a good north light and find inspiration in picturesque surroundings.

If you mount the steps of No. 30 you come to the studio of Richard Leveik of Philadelphia. Like Benjamin West, a Quaker, turned painter. Pass through the large drawing-room with its huge open fire-place and artistic furniture and pictures into the studio, rich in the output of a versatile and gifted artist. Early this spring there was much to be seen, for Mr. Leveik was just ready for his exhibition which followed in the Casa Guidi, in particular, of a collection of most lovely etchings, monotypes and black and white drawings done by a process of his own and reproducing much that is lovely architecturally in Florence.

Wandering about Mr. Leveik's studio it is easy to conclude that he has studied and traveled in many lands. As a matter of fact, he began his studies in Dresden. At the famous Julian studio in Paris he won prizes and worked under Lefevre and Cormon. He was, for a time, at the academy in Philadelphia, then studied in London and ended his student life in Munich. London hung one of his pictures, the portrait of a peasant of Brittany, on the line of the academy. To perfect his art, Mr. Leveik wandered from land to land living for a year in Morocco and consorting with Arabs, a year in Italy, where he made excellent fruit in his paintings and sketches of that country, charming in color and poetic in sentiment. Norway claimed him also, as well as Holland, Germany, France and Italy.

In spite of this cosmopolitan experience, Mr. Leveik believes America to be the place for a boy to grow up in, and thither he means to go to educate his only son. Though his versatility expresses itself in water, pen, pencil, oil, in etchings, lovely portraits of women in graceful gowns and poses, gauzy scarfs and picture hats, he has his own favorite line of work. "Once," he will tell you, "I took a voyage of many months going to America in a sailing vessel to study the sea. Into these pictures," he indicated two pictures of Venetian waters, "these scenes were reproduced. I painted what the sea has told me. I never do my work with a view to selling only. I believe that an artist must be true to his ideas and mine is to modify hard realism by an interpretation of the idea behind the canvas. Poetry is the highest of the arts and poetry should play its part in a picture."

MISS COHEN'S WORK. Mr. Leveik's next-door neighbor is an American, and from Philadelphia, the sculptress, Miss Catherine Cohen.

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LADY MARY.

M. Cohen well known by her bronze of Lincoln, her "Dawn of Thought," her "Vision of Rabbi Ben Ezra Expounding the Law," by her seal of Gutzwiller, her portrait of Mrs. Robner, her bust of Dr. Thomson of Philadelphia, whose daughter married Julian Story, and that of Gen. Beaver in the Smithsonian, Fairmount park.

Like Mr. Leveik, Miss Cohen was in the Julian studio, studying later, however, in America with St. Gaudens and MacMonnies. She has had a studio in Philadelphia and in New York. She is an ardent American and lives abroad only because of her health. She is the daughter of the well known Henry Cohen of Philadelphia, her mother being Mrs. Matilda Cohen, founder of the famous committee of 13 which arranged for the art exhibit at the Centennial, giving America her impulse towards the art future she is now striving to achieve.

Miss Cohen herself is an honorary member of the "New Century club" at Paris and has exhibited three times in the Salon. An interesting bit of work is her design for a medal for the Automobile club of Italy. At Christchurch she was the patron of all who motor in that land and this medal is to be placed in each machine of the club for protection. It is to be hoped that Miss Cohen's saint will be as successful in controlling chauffeurs and protecting harmless pedestrians as he is lovely from an art standpoint.

DETROIT ARTIST.

On the opposite side of the narrow Via del Bardi Julius Rohlschoven is a studio, the house of which he occupied in other days in London. His large apartment is decorated in true art fashion and this spring its boast has been the splendid large canvas, picturing a kind of Vanity Fair of the world, known as an exhibition at the exhibition in Milan. Mr. Rohlschoven, as the world knows, is from Detroit, the son of Frederick Rohlschoven and one of the American best of German art. His art career began with notice from another artist when working at his father's business of goldsmith. He took art lessons at night at the Cooper Institute during the day, and finally won the success Americans love.

The Centennial brought him east with his father, and New York success encouraged him to become a painter. He worked under Lefevre and Cormon. He was one of the 15 young students who followed Duveneck to Italy. After Paris came London, and the position as watercolorist of many a touch, of which was a portrait painter, and author of such productions as the fine one at Milan.

HARNISCH OF PHILADELPHIA.

Prof. Albert Harnisch, also of Philadelphia, dwells in the upper end of the Via del Bardi, his studio boasting a delightful garden. In the days of Pius IX Mr. Harnisch played his part in the fine old society of V. W. Story and those of the Browning set. His great regret is that the tourists no longer visit the studios as then.

"In my Roman days," he told me, "dozens would flock into my studio bearing my statues and statues of America, and largely into Belgium. They brought life and inspiration, and the artist, perhaps, gave them more than the statue or picture in return. One who came to me for a bust of himself was the father of Pierpont Morgan. Of others, I have done a bust of Mrs. McGraw of Ithaca, of Professor Willard Fisher of the same city, and one of General Worthington of Jacksonville, Illinois. These are perhaps, the best known."

EGYPT HIS SPECIALTY.

Just off the Via del Bardi in a little court stands the house of the well-known painter of Egypt, Mr. Henry Newman. He has three homes, a boat on the Nile, a villa near Florence and this town apartment. He comes to the latter for a few months each year and is at home on Fridays when his friends may see what pictures he has brought from Egypt, usually but one or two, since they are purchased as quickly as painted. Mr. Newman is a lover of all things artistic, especially of things Japanese and his home is wonderful in its possession of vases, ivories, carpets and all things to excite the envy of the artist. His pictures are as well-known as he is and young America is proud to possess the noted painter of old Egypt.

UNIQUE ART CAREER.

Across the bridge to the Borgognesanti you find James H. Shearman of Brooklyn, brother of the late Thomas H. Shearman, writer on single tax, superintendent of the famous Plymouth church Sunday school and counsel for Henry Ward Beecher in the Tilton trial. Mr. Shearman's art career is unique. After his children were born and educated Mr. Shearman resigned a lucrative position as a designer and, coming to Rome, suddenly jumped into fame as a watercolorist.

In the Via degli Artisti is the studio of Professor Larkin G. Mead, perhaps the artist of longest residence in Florence. When about 25, in the year 1861, he came to Italy and has since made his home in Florence with the exception of six months when he acted as vice-consul in Venice. His art career began with a charming story.

J. P. Morgan Invades the Ranks of Book Collectors

He and Other Americans Responsible for the Sudden Withdrawal of Fine Libraries That Were to Be Auctioned Off in London—Queer Craze for Nietzsche—Reading Books to Workmen at Lunch Time.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—Some big private collections of books have been put up at auction lately, and then have been suddenly bought in again by the owners. Several other collections which were known to be ripe for the market have likewise dropped out of sight again in the same mysterious manner. For instance, a fourth edition of "Hamlet," for which the owner had announced his willingness to take \$2,000, was withdrawn on the day of sale. On speaking to one of the auctioneers about this curious situation, the explanation was furnished by the fact that the agents of wealthy American book-lovers have been active recently in buying up privately as many literary treasures as they could put their hands on. J. P. Morgan has acquired a large percentage of these and he is said to be averse to having works which he intends to purchase put up at auction. He would rather pay considerably more for a book by private treaty than at a public sale.

A London bookseller who makes a specialty of "new-thought" books tells me there is a queer run on books by the morose, cranky Nietzsche, who ended his days in madness, and on the other hand on books by the robust, amiable Chesterton. Strange to say, the people who most enjoy the gloomy pictures of life portrayed by the German author, are the very ones who delight in G. K. Chesterton. I asked for an explanation of this paradox in taste.

NOVELS WITH A PURPOSE.

"I can only account for it," said the bookseller, "by the fact that the person who has had a good dose of Nietzsche, needs Chesterton or Mark Twain to take the taste out of his mouth. I must admit that in the last few years there has been almost a revolution in thought in England. A few years ago, readers were more fond of cheerful books than they are now. At present everybody is buying books which contain problems of some kind, ranging from marriage to psychology. The novel with a purpose has come back with a vengeance. I constantly asked the question, 'What social problem does this book deal with?' before a reader decides to buy. It was for this reason that we recently set out some tables in our shop on which were spread literary banquets of 'I do not regard the present attitude,' continued the bookseller, 'as a healthy one at all. Of course, novelists must study the trend of events, but it seems a pity that literary production should depend so largely as it does now upon the use of bizarre themes in order to make books go. A few successful novelists still deal with the old-fashioned 'humanities' and love stories of the domestic kind, but sales of such works are dropping off.'

ASSAULTED HIS CHIEF.

A curious little story has just come to light concerning Guy Thorne, author of a number of thrilling serials, and of the much-advertised book, "When It Was Dark," and other tales. Shortly before Thorne "struck ill" in real authorship he found it necessary to apply for a position on one of the big London dailies, which we might indicate by saying that it claims the largest circulation of any independent paper published in England. The now successful author was appointed an assistant editor on this paper, and it seems that the editor persisted in putting up on the young man's work of a more or less ignominious character. One day, the editor sent his assistant out

EVA MADDEN.

with the request, "Just fetch me a glass of water, please." Thorne presently returned with the water, but instead of giving it to his chief, dashed it over him, with a remark to the effect that, henceforth he could wait on himself. It is hardly necessary to say that there was a vacancy in Mr. Thorne's department from that time on. This experience will account perhaps for his hatred of any sort of newspaper work, and also for his bitter feeling towards newspapers in general despite the fact that most of his success has come from the publication of serials in a large number of papers.

TRIUMPH OF THE SLUM.

The East End of London has recently achieved a literary reputation for itself. In the first place, out of the East End slums has come a "senior wrangler" of Oxford. It must be mentioned in passing that it is the "wranglers" who take all the honors at the university, and never before in the history of that great institution has a first honor man come from the London slums. Another triumph for the East End consists in the fact that new libraries have recently sprung up in various parts of that benighted section, and a movement, called "The Home Reading Circle" is making great progress. Readers who join this circle are expected to make studies of certain books, and to write essays on the subjects they treat. The various circles are controlled by the National Home Reading Union, which gives certificates to the readers who show the greatest mastery of their subjects. The president of the union is Princess Louise, who makes a point of signing all the certificates of merit with her own hand.

AWAKENING IN EAST END.

The literary awakening of the East End in this manner is the outcome of the work started there by the late Sir Walter Besant, who helped to build the People's Palace in the Whitechapel road, and whose works are immensely popular in the neighborhood. Since Besant's death, a number of influential authors, including Israel Zangwill, Pett Ridge, Jerome K. Jerome and others have taken a keen personal interest in this movement. The strange thing goes to the East End today and imagines that he will find a class of ignorant people similar to those who lived there before Besant's time, will be much mistaken.

READING CIRCLES.

Another interesting idea along the same lines is the reading of books during the meal times of the working classes. A number of workers, for instance, who are occupied in the same building, will have their lunch at the same table, and it is becoming a custom for someone to read during lunch-hour a book which has been chosen by the circle committee. Instead of everybody talking about nothing in particular, they listen to the book, and discuss it when they meet again at the usual weekly gathering. The subscription to the circle is 25 cents a year.

CHARLES OGDEN.

CAMELS AND CAMPBELLS.

An Irishman and a Scotchman were discussing the horrors of living in a prohibition state, when the Irishman remarked: "Sure, an' ye might get used to it after awhile. Ye know they say a camel can go eight days without drinking!"

"Ho, mon!" retorted the other. "It's little ye know about the Campbells when ye say that. There is na one of them could go eight hours without a drink of something!"

Which ended the discussion.—New York Times.

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