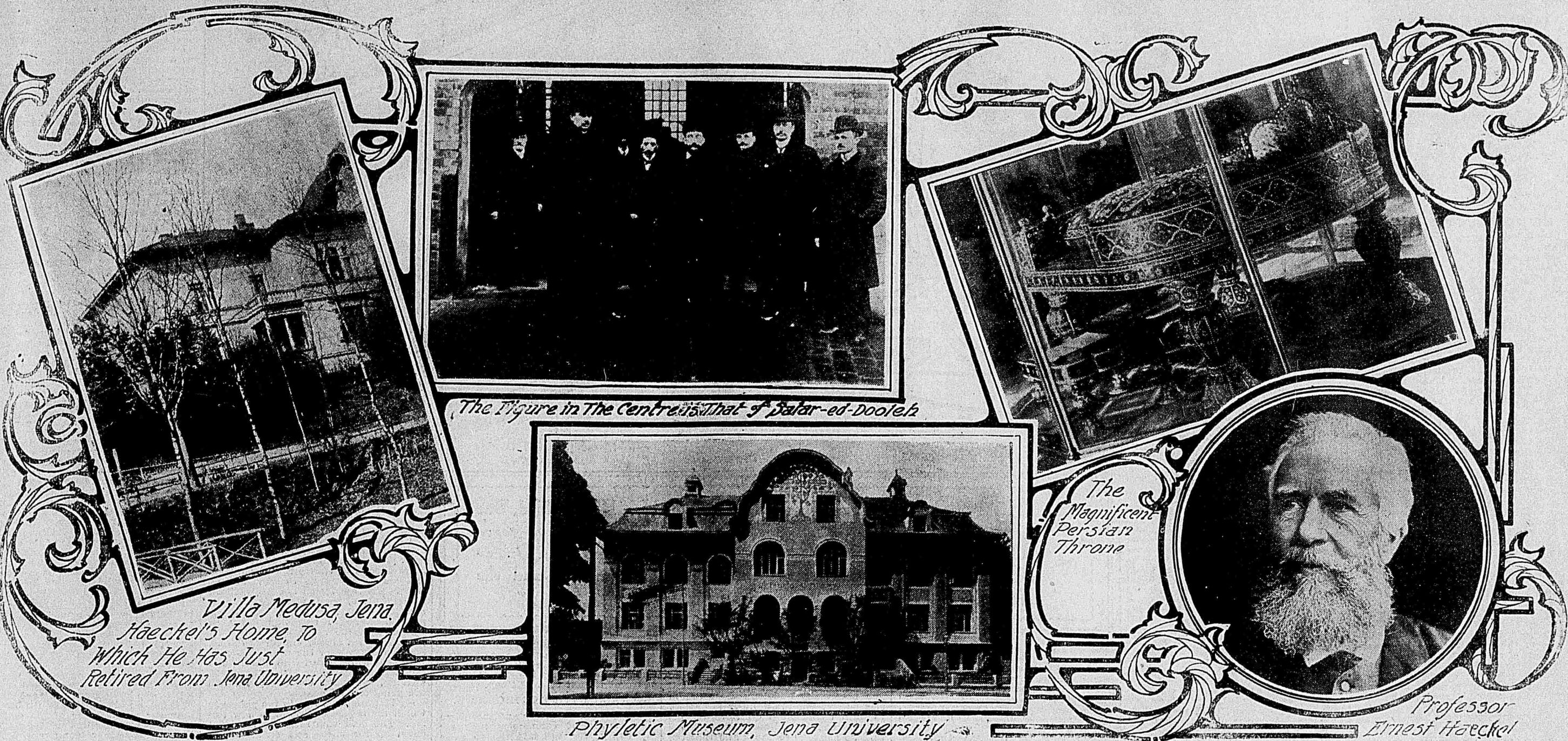


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Civilization Upside Down, Declares Exiled Persian

(Special Correspondence.)
WARSZAWA, April 26.—Salar-ed-Dooleh, the Shah of Persia's younger brother, aged 27, having been exiled from Persia by the shah because of his liberal opinions, has been ordered to spend two years on Russian soil. His exile was accomplished in such secrecy that even the gossips in Teheran knew nothing about it—but it was followed a few days later, by the revocation of the constitution—these two events meaning real eastern reaction. Being tired of the life in St. Petersburg and Warsaw, he decided on Warsaw. Salar-ed-Dooleh, young, good-looking and energetic, has never been to Europe before. He speaks no European language but a little French, but says he is determined to learn both French and English well. He takes a great interest in everything he sees, though he lives in great retirement, never leaving his rooms until night-fall. He does not at all understand the western fashion of publicity and objects to being photographed. The representative of one Warsaw paper spent eight hours outside his hotel in the vain hope of being able to get a snap shot of the prince, who managed to hear of the vigil and refused to move from his room till the would-be photographer had gone away. Like many other exiles, Salar-ed-Dooleh is often short of cash. When he first arrived in Warsaw he put up at the Bristol, the best hotel in the town, and the same money he used to such ways, was astonished when they explained how much the sum meant in Persian money. He said he was not in a position to pay so much and sent for his consul, Mr. Warheim, who managed the affair and advised him to move with his suite to a boarding house.

By this time all sorts of gossip about the distinguished visitor had been circulating about the town. Prince Salar-ed-Dooleh had paid his hotel bill, the public bath down by the Vistula on his Sabbath day because he had not paid his bill, and the hotel manager refused him accommodation.

I OWNED HIS JEWELS.
So the prince's interpreter had a great deal of difficulty in finding a boarding house which would take so large a family in. And when they did it was not long. The same money, which he had so easily parted with, was now difficult to come by—and they were obliged to go. At last they found refuge in a quiet pension, the Hotel de France, and, having placed some of his magnificent jewels in a bank, the prince has now a little more money at his disposal. But his position is not an envied one, though he has been promised money from Persia. It does not come, and wherever he goes he is treated as a prince, because he is a prince.

In his suite is a valet who talks a little French. When at the hairdresser's the prince expressed himself much pleased with the arrangements and the way in which the hairdresser cut his hair. On going out he told the valet to give him a tip of two roubles (about a dollar). The valet turned back and gave the man one rouble.

"But I heard the prince tell you to give me two roubles," the hairdresser protested.

"No, he only said one," was the retort, "the other is for me," and he went out of the shop, laughing.

Though very home-sick the prince is fairly pleased, so far, with his first night in Europe. When asked what he thought of the woman he smiled and said:

Haeckel, Famous Fighting Scientist, Retires From Jena University

Has for Years Been the Most Militant and Powerful Disciple of Charles Darwin—By Means of His Writings and His Lectures He Wielded an Enormous Influence Throughout the Civilized World.

(Special Correspondence.)
JENA, April 29.—There just has resigned from his professorship at the University of Jena possibly the greatest living man of science, Ernst Haeckel, expounder of the monistic theory and long the most militant and powerful disciple of Charles Darwin, retires to semi-private life, but those who know him well are sure that his pen still will be busy, and that he will lay about him with the same vigor that always has characterized his controversial style. For Haeckel is one of those fighting Germans who live and thrive on battle and to whom heated controversy is music.

Although Haeckel recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, he is so full of irrefragable energy that he can only lay down his work with life itself. Like great actors, he has more than once threatened to "leave the stage," but only to return again and again for a last performance. In 1899, in the preface to his "Riddle of the Universe," he bade good-bye to his many admirers, throughout the civilized world. But that "last performance" proved to be the "last but one," being followed five years later by the "Wonders of Life" and some shorter works.

WORK A PLEASURE.
As a matter of fact, for Prof. Haeckel, like the artist that he is, work is pleasure. Thus his retirement at the beginning of April from the professorship at Jena, which he has held for 48 years, will mark only a change in the form of his activity and not a cessation of his labors. He proposes to devote his "leisure" to writing a history of biology. It is not yet certain whether this work will be confined to the progress made in that branch of science during the last century in which it was transformed, or whether it will cover the whole story from its tentative beginnings in antiquity. One thing, however, is quite clear: it will be a work of exceptional interest and value, in which will be given to the world for the first time a mass of correspondence between Darwin and all the great biologists of the age and the author. It thus will constitute a resume of all their achievements, as well as of the author's own work, during the most important period in the development of that science.

PHYLETIC MUSEUM.
While the preparation of this book unquestionably will constitute the most important part of his new task, Prof. Haeckel, in concert with his distinguished pupil and successor, Prof. Ludwig Plate of Berlin, will complete the organization of his Phyletic Museum at Jena. This institution, founded by Prof. Haeckel and handed over by him to the Jena University last year, is intended to promote an interest in and knowledge of the theory of development. This is done by the exhibition of natural objects, as well as of pictures, arranged systematically, showing the development and the relationship between the various forms of plant and animal life, completed by an anthropological collection establishing man's place in nature. This museum is further intended to promote an appreciation of the aesthetic aspects of biology by the exhibition of numerous pictures and models, as well as by Haeckel's beautiful collection of valuable corals, one of the finest in Europe. It also will contain manuscripts, documents, and correspondence and comprise a library of all important works on the theory

of development and of the monistic system of natural philosophy.

The significance and educational value of this museum is rendered evident by a work which Haeckel published on the opening of the institution: "Our Ancestors: Critical Studies in Phyletic Anthropology," in which he gives the genealogy of man from the primate to the modern man, the artist, and the philosopher. As a young "privat-docent" or university lecturer, he won a prize at a meeting of German athletes for a six-metre long jump and in his 72nd year he could be seen with a knapsack on his back making a tour on foot through the Harz mountains, beloved of Heine.

Haeckel possesses an invincible good nature, which the attacks of a life-long life time spent in intellectual strife have not been able to sour, an engaging simplicity and lack of self-consciousness and a keen sense of humor. The goodness which is such a striking feature of his nature as well as of his ideal is shown not only in his gratitude and attachment to relatives and friends, but in his sympathy for the less fortunate of his fellows. This was evident even in boyhood, when he frequently gave his pocket money to the poor and took care to an ailing fellow pupil at the national school to which he was sent by his well-to-do parents.

In dedicating his "travels in India" to his mother, he says: "It was you who from my earliest childhood cherished and developed in me a sense of the infinite beauties of nature. At an early age you impressed upon me the value of the time and the happiness of work. You have followed my many changing movements with an unflinching thought and care that can only be expressed in the words, 'Mother's love'."

His warmth of affection is evident in the gratitude which he constantly has manifested for the princely house of Saxe-Weimar, which afforded him a secure refuge at the Jena University during a period of storm and stress in his career, and for other benefactors of the old school strained every nerve to silence the most eloquent German advocate of the theory of evolution. One day an ardent and irate theologian complained to the Grand Duke Karl Alexander of Haeckel's lectures and begged that they should be prohibited. "You believe," said Haeckel, "that I am a man of straw? What he says?" "That he is," was the reply, "and what he says is all the worse for that very reason." "But then," retorted the grand duke, "in that case he is doing nothing more than what you are doing yourself!"

FRANK SIMPLICITY.
Haeckel's frank simplicity and openness of character are well illustrated by the remarks he made at his last lecture at the Zoological Institute of the Jena University on Feb. 10, when he said:

"I must frankly confess that I have never been a good teacher. Often when I had taken special pains to prepare myself on a subject in which I was particularly interested, I fell into a melancholy state of depression because I could not find the right words. I have seldom been able to teach as I would have liked to do. I am firmly convinced that my successor, Prof. Plate, one of my most capable pupils, will not only fill my place but surpass me."

This public statement in the presence of the students who had just honored him with a manifestation of boundless admiration and attachment helps to dispose of the unfounded charge that Professor Haeckel is disposed to assume the attitude of an infallible pontiff of science, who lays down the law for his fellows. The same modesty

ready but glad to admit and correct his own errors.

NO MORE BOOKWORM.
Nothing could prove more clearly that he is no more bookworm than a glance at the tall, handsome figure and bright, clear blue eyes of the man who all through life has cultivated his physical powers. As a young "privat-docent" or university lecturer, he won a prize at a meeting of German athletes for a six-metre long jump and in his 72nd year he could be seen with a knapsack on his back making a tour on foot through the Harz mountains, beloved of Heine.

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King Edward Draws Line at Attending Crowded Houses

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, April 27.—Society is discussing with considerable interest the possibilities of the season. For several years the great stylish hostesses have been curiously lax in doing their duty, leaving the greater part of the burden of entertaining to American women. The prevailing idea is that we shall again have to look to the ubiquitous lady from the other side to make things festive for us during the next three months. She is truly our great stand-by.

Metaphorically speaking, all eyes are centered just now on the Drexels' mansion in Grosvenor Square, where, if half what is said comes true, will take place the most brilliant ball of the season—the much-talked-of house-warming. The date fixed for it is in June and several royalties, including the king, have promised to put in an appearance. It was to have come off sooner but was postponed to facilitate matters for the royalties, so many of whom have been out of England during the spring. The Drexels are given to having squashes; nevertheless they are very aristocratic squashes. Only the immediate royal set will be invited to meet the king at the great event in June, his majesty objecting greatly to a crowd when he chooses to go to his friends' parties. Every house in Grosvenor Square is a palace on a small scale, but the Drexels' new residence is universally pronounced the most superb in the quarter. It is one of the few private residences which has a ballroom floor suspended on chains. There is a gallery for the musicians—a private band of picked players from the finest orchestras in London. Mr. Anthony employs the performers for his own exclusive use the whole year round.

SELECT CONCERTS.
Mrs. Drexel is also to be among the great concert-givers. These functions will take place in her wonderful music-room, which contains a specimen of almost every modern and antique instrument of any interest. The concerts are to be given in the manner of those given by Mr. Astor and Mrs. Mackay in Carlton House Terrace with the names of half a dozen "stars" of the Melba and Caruso order on the program.

Concert Lady Stratford will give yet another ball during the later season for her daughter and niece. The one she organized a couple of months ago was one of the most successful events of the before Easter season and was a god-send to the young people for whom a little is ever done at that period.

People seem to have at last given up hope that the Duchess of Roxburghe will do anything. She grows more and more exclusive and reserved and may now be said to recognize only the royal set. She is more aristocratic in her notions than the Roxburghe themselves, which is saying a great deal. For Americans who are not on the royal visiting list she has no use whatever. Altogether she is an American after the heart of the Princess of Wales, whose great friend she is. The Duchess of Roxburghe always gives a series of the most chic and aristocratic little dinners each season either at a swaggar hotel or some great mansion which she rents.

SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSING.
Mr. Selfridge is often the first man in the great Oxford street shop in the morning and frequently the last person on the premises at night. His appearance has proved somewhat embarrassing to some of his personal friends who do not know whether he wishes to be recognized by them or not. A little

woman who met him at a dinner party a week ago told me she went to the shop the other morning to buy a cheap little hat, never dreaming for a moment that she would come in contact with the millionaire. Lo and behold, there he was and she thought she had better wish him the time of day. He came right up to her and asked her what she wanted. She is anything but well off and she promptly said, "I want a cheap hat." Thinking her "cheap" meant a hat for two or three guineas, he said, "You are in luck, for we have only just opened a consignment of Paris models this morning."

"My dear man," she answered, "I can't afford a Paris model; a guinea is my price." "All right," he said, laughingly: "come with me, and you shall have your guinea's worth." "But you mustn't waste your time for me," she said. He rejoined that she need not worry about his time. He waited while she was being served, told her what he thought suited her and what did not. She ended by taking what he suggested.

"I did not know from Adam what it was really like or how I looked in it," she said, "but when it did come home, I found it suited me all."

FOUR TONS OF BAGGAGE.
Mrs. Adair and her popular niece, Nellie Post, resolved on vacation from their friends on their return home, their long trip. Within 48 hours of their arrival the queen and her sister, the empress dowager of Russia and every other friend of theirs had called at Adair Place.

Mrs. Adair had to pay nearly \$1,500 for excess luggage. It weighed quite five tons. She is only receiving it now, as the customs officials could not get it examined sooner because of the holidays, during which they were exceptionally busy. It includes some exquisite bric-a-brac, quantities of Japanese and Chinese furniture, curious wonderful carved ivories and goodness knows what else. The kimono which for the last few years she has worn, and which she presented with by Oriental embroideries are said to be ravishingly beautiful. Wondrous embroideries of matchless coloring and amazing workmanship decorate them. Every woman who has seen them, has broken the tenth commandment again and again. One which Miss Post values especially is of a primrose silk fabric, handsomely painted by a Japanese artist with butterflies, while spots of golden thread throw up the general effect. The whole scheme is worked out in tones of gold and orange and it is here you see how extraordinarily gifted the Japs are in the art of getting results with one color and its shades.

Mrs. Adair has brought the king's unique collection of carved ivory pipes. For Queen Alexandra there is a set of Oriental china. The queen of Spain is to receive a Satsuma vase of exquisite beauty, and jeweled most artistically. The ladies of the Connaught family are to be presented with kimono and for Lord Kitchener there is a set of ivory chessmen carved after the manner of those in the possession of the czar. These are said to have cost several thousands of dollars.

Mrs. Adair is now quite in her element as she intends to have an addition built to Adair Place in which to put all her new Oriental treasures. It is to be constructed at the back and is being designed and carried out by a real Japanese architect. He will also see to the decorations and the placing of the furniture. It being Mrs. Adair's determination that all the details are to be absolutely accurate.

Mrs. Adair and her niece have been greatly feted during their trip which they enjoyed tremendously. Every one is glad to hear that Mrs. Adair's sight is considerably improved. She means to do a good deal during the season and may not let her home in Curzon street after all, as she had previously intended to do.

LADY MARY.