

Saturday News Special Service From Lands Across the Sea

YANKEE WOMAN KING'S FRIEND.

Mrs. Kate Moore. Without Youth Or Beauty, is Royally Entertained.

NEVER WAS CONVENTIONAL.

Makes Many Bad "Breaks" But Her Good Nature, Bright Humor And Genuineness Win.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 13.—To the list of King Edward's women friends a new name may be added, that of Mrs. Kate Moore, who by his majesty's express desire, was presented at court last week. She was introduced by Consuelo Duchess of Manchester. Like her sponsor, who has long been one of the king's most intimate friends, Mrs. Moore is an American woman, but unlike her sponsor, she has never acquired the grand air, which goes far to render it superfluous nowadays even in court circles. She has long lived in Paris, where many fancy malapropisms are told of her. She is a woman of keen natural intelligence, good humor and great kindness of heart. The fact that she has never been conventionalized makes her more interesting. Her downright naturalness invests her with something of the charm of originality among people who all seek to mould themselves on the same artificial lines.

WHERE HE MET HER.

The king met her last winter at Biarritz, where she has a fine villa and a most accomplished chef. His majesty frequently "honored her with his presence"—to use the phrase employed by the Court Journal—at dinner and at lunch. The fact that on each occasion, these repasts were sumptuous feasts with dishes brought expressly from Paris, no doubt had much to do with the partiality shown by the king for his hostess. Also the fact that, though no longer young and charming herself, she had several pretty women at hand each time to help entertain the royal guest who, despite his gray hair, still retains, as everybody knows, his youthful susceptibility to feminine beauty. She managed things so well, and showed herself to be such a genuine whole-souled sort of woman, that the king expressed a desire to see more of her in London. It is now understood that she contemplates setting up an establishment here. If she is backed by the king's approval, she will step at once into the front rank of our great hostesses, and will prove a serious rival to Mrs. John Mackay.

LILY AND ROSE TYPE.

For some reason unexplained, English people never expect to find American girls fair. Dark hair, dark eyes and a somewhat alack complexion is the coloring they associate with all the women who hail from the United States. The fact that the three most interesting debutantes of the moment represented in Miss Harman, Miss Margaret Baxter and Miss Evelyn Bigelow are exactly the reverse of this is something of a revelation when all these things are taken into consideration. Miss Harman is a decidedly attractive young woman, and even in that remarkable crowd of beauties, held well by her own. As she made her bow, it was noticed that several of the royal tuxes exchanged remarks as she passed, which suggested comments on her good looking dress of the three—a fluffy coat, yet so distinctly original as to make immediate attention for its wearer. Everyone was asking her who her dressmaker was, as she was no wonder, in-out a really striking dressmaker's frock is a past mistress in her art. There is nothing so difficult, for all such dresses must be simple in order to be in good taste, and the trouble is to obtain the being also natty pambly. They nearly always give the idea of being designed for the broad-and-butter Miss, who as a matter of fact, does not exist today.

AN AMERICAN "BACK."

Miss Margaret Baxter's back would proclaim her anywhere an American. There is something in the American American woman's back which makes her nationality unmistakable. So straight and upright is it, so sharply and above all so "independent"—so eminently suggestive of her capacity for settling on in this world without assistance, it positively proclaims her character with greater directness than her face. Although Miss Baxter is a debutante under 20, her bearing and her figure suggest a decided personality. Her mother has taken a charming home in Charles street, just off Berkeley square, and announces a succession of parties right up to August.

CAUSES ALARM.

The illness of Mrs. Ronalds, the popular American hostess, is causing serious anxiety and although her friends are being told that she is better, her case is regarded by the doctors as a very serious one. The physicians have been despondent that she should have been down and not make any appearance in society this season, but in this the objects, and is hoping against hope that she may be strong enough to take up her accustomed place. Meanwhile her daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, has been the busiest woman in London in connection with her ballet about which everyone continues to talk. She had for a collaborator, Mr. Wilson, who is stage manager at the Alhambra, and the music is by Francis Thomas. It is a dainty and poetic bit of composition and quite out of the ordinary. She has had the dresses all made and designed in Paris and has been over there several times lately in connection with the matter, and stayed with her mother, who is furnishing up their new house there "quite regardless" in Empire style. Her very artistic tastes, and with the bride, has been hunting up tapestries and bric-a-brac.

Charles Gauthier and Maurice Innocent



The French Palais de Justice



Emily Sturges



AMERICAN TWINS CAPTURE LONDON

Dress Identically Alike. Have Twin Maids, and Twin Dogs for Pets.

THEIR IDENTITY PUZZLES ALL.

Are as Inseparable as Mary and Her Little Lamb—Spicy Gossip About Royalty.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 13.—From many points of view the most interesting American girls just now in London are the Ogden Mills twins, who are so closely related to the American ambassador's wife. Though they cannot be called beautiful they are decidedly goodlooking, and having mastered the secrets of chic dressing they thus accentuate their charms. Separately these two girls would not attract any particular attention, but together and invariably dressed alike, from the tips of their toes to their very Parisian hats, everyone stares at them and everyone asks who they are. Ever since they were born, Mrs. Ogden Mills has insisted that they shall be dressed alike to the minutest detail. Each of these girls has ten same set of friends and no one ever thinks of giving a present to one without also presenting the presents to the other. They had a birthday recently, and their friends had some trouble in duplicating presents for these fair twins. Mrs. Ogden Mills wished to procure two neckties of the new stone, ultramarine for her daughters, and had no difficulty in finding one perfect gift of the kind, but in all London her jeweler could not get it duplicated. The important date was approaching, and the jewelry was at his wife's end. At last he exclaimed to Mrs. Mills that the only thing to be done was for him to go straight to Paris and see what he could find there. She accepted his suggestion, paid all his expenses, and after a great search his exertions were rewarded by acquiring the desired necktie which, however, with the various expenses, cost Mrs. Mills about twice its real value.

ABOUT THEIR HUSBANDS.

The twins say that when they marry their respective husbands will have to live in the same establishment, as no power will ever induce them to separate from each other. Their maids are also twin sisters and exceedingly alike, and their dogs, are dressed exactly the same. The Misses Ogden Mills are both experts in the art of motor driving, and among their recent birthday gifts were two exquisitely appointed cars, one painted and upholstered in white. Their taste is exactly the same family, for instance, their special favorites, two foxterriers, are brothers, while their little Japanese spaniels are sisters.

OPEN RIVER SEASON.

The very first persons to inaugurate the river season this year were Mr. Waldorf Astor and his bride, who the other day had the Thames to themselves, at least that portion of it which lies for three miles on either side of Cliveden. Out they started in a motorboat without attendants, and each seemed quite competent to manage the boat. The Astors it was not heard of on the water for nearly two hours. The bride was charmingly arrayed in the white serge with the most fascinating of white velvet motorcaps on her fair hair.

THE NEW MRS. ASTOR.

It will be interesting to watch the new Mrs. Astor's progress as a hostess, for I am told on the best authority that she means to be a leader of society. The Astors have not been especially ambitious in the past for social success, but that is no reason why the bride should not shine. She will practically have her father-in-law's mansion in Carlton House terrace at her command, as well as Cliveden, so she certainly has every facility for entertaining. Mr. Astor, senior, threatens to retire into private life and will in future spend much of his time at his new place outside Tunbridge Wells—a matter of fact, it was a very great disappointment to him, the best proof of which is he would not be present at the wedding. His objection was that his son was marrying a woman who already had a husband, and Mr. Astor is "dead" against divorce.

LONG UNDER WAY.

The work has been a long time under way, but at last the task of remodeling Buckingham Palace, which the king has himself on command, is in the throes. As well as the usual redecoration and furniture rearranging, harmonious color schemes have replaced the old-fashioned interior tones and the old-fashioned furniture which previously reigned the effects of the splendid measures they contained. The rooms are now really beautiful instead of being a mere collection of things they were. "Quite the best of it," says a courtier who has recorded his opinion of the palace in his journal which was recently published, "I never enter the place," he wrote, "without wondering at the extraordinary changes which there prevail, exactly what used to be seen in the second-rate salons of bourgeois of France and Germany." That "exquisite taste" lasted all through Queen Victoria's long reign, but now it is greatly opened, more especially in her later years, to make changes particularly where her own household fixings were concerned. Truth to tell, the grand old lady with all her virtues, was woefully deficient in artistic taste. That King Edward possesses, and thanks to him, Buckingham Palace is now a residence befitting a sovereign.

SOCIETY INNOVATIONS.

A number of well known society leaders including the Duchess of Rutland, the Duchess of Marlborough,

VICTIMS OF FRENCH "JUSTICE." WHERE THEY HAVE SERVED AND HOW THEY HAVE FAILED TO CLEAR THEMSELVES

Slip of Memory Causes Prison For Life.

Only Direct Evidence Against Jean Chales, Who Was Accused of Killing a Woman in France, Consisted of Some Blood Stains in One of His Pockets Which Were Accounted for by the Accused Himself.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, June 13.—"If I were wrongfully accused of a crime in France," said an American resident of Paris who has carefully studied French jurisprudence, "I should flee the country rather than await trial. That is how much confidence I have in justice here!"

The remark was called forth by the case of the innocent convict Loizevant, recently liberated conditionally with his guiltless practically established and universally admitted, though he must remain disgraced until a lengthy process of revision has cleared his character. It might have applied to scores of cases no less striking, no less deplorable, if perhaps less notorious. For the law of France still holds that an accused man is guilty until he has proved his innocence; none except the man's vindictive personal enemies may believe him guilty of the crime with which he is charged, but the accusation once brought, he falls victim to the questionable principle of presumptive culpability. The supreme safeguard of the Anglo-Saxon liberty, presumptive innocence, is thus reversed to become the most serious menace to the Frenchman's life and honor.

From the numerous cases which might be cited to illustrate the horror of this system, that of Emile Loizevant, while being the most recent, is likewise the most characteristic of the irresponsibility with which the rigors of French law are applied.

NOT SYMPATHETIC.

Loizevant was accused of having murdered the wife of the tax receiver in Ribemont, not far from Laon. There was no evidence against him except the testimony of a man notoriously dishonest. Other witnesses had nothing further to say than that they did not consider him "sympathetic." Loizevant, called upon to present proof that he had not committed the murder, could only reply that he denied anybody to prove that he had committed it. The consequence was that on the sheer presumption of his guilt he was condemned to be guillotined. When the "dossier" of the case was submitted to the president of France, as is the custom before a man is put to death, M. Loubet expressed amazement at the flimsiness of the evidence, and, refusing to countersign the death warrant, he changed the sentence to hard labor for life. The case still remaining before the public and the General Association of French Tax Receivers having intervened in Loizevant's behalf, M. Loubet again modified the sentence to five years' solitary confinement. Loizevant had served only two years and a half when his prison doors were thrown open and he was allowed to go free. But in the eyes of the law he is still a murderer and a convict, and must remain so until he can accomplish the impossible and prove that he did not do what nobody can prove he did.

LADY MARY.

Three other cases which are being

acted, together with that of Loizevant, are those of the ex-convicts, Havis, Charles and Gauthier, all as innocent as human evidence can make them, yet all victims of presumptive guilt.

ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

Louis Havis, a Belgian, was arrested in 1875 in the Oise department, charged with having murdered a man named Hamelin, whose body had been found in the Oise river, near the famous Chauteau of Compiègne. The only witnesses were two disreputable women, who alleged that they had seen Havis throw the body into the water. The fact that the spot where they declared Havis had committed this act was 300 feet beneath where the corpse was found in the river, so that it would have had to drift up stream, was not allowed consideration. Havis was condemned to penal servitude for life. After 25 years of hard labor he was recently released, his term having been shortened on account of exemplary conduct.

Returning to the outside world he found that one of his accusers had died and the other acknowledged that both had perjured themselves in order to incriminate him from spitefulness. Havis immediately applied for revision; and extraordinary as it may seem, the reopening of his case was refused. Such permission would have interfered with the stability of an error, even though the original sentence might have been confirmed; and the judge, who considered his reputation at stake, would not admit of a question.

VICTIM OF BLUNDER.

Jean Chales may claim to be the victim of one of the most extraordinary blunders ever committed to his own prejudice by a man pleading for his head. Accused of killing a certain Mme. Duranti, in Agen, he had been arrested, released from lack of evidence against him, and exonerated by the strength of village gossip. He was called upon to explain the presence of bloodstains in one of his pockets. As it happened, he was a notorious poacher, whose fact had been to do with his arrest that anything was wrong with the murder. He answered simply that he habitually used his pockets to carry the game he had bagged. This statement being inscribed by the official stenographer, a chemical examination of the bloodstains was ordered, and showed that the blood was not that of feathered game, but of a mammal. Chales had forgotten to mention that the day before his arrest he had carried a calf's head in his usual game bag, his reply had been taken down officially and no correction was allowed. On account of this slip of his own memory he was adjudged guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. After 25 years he has been conditionally released like Havis, but nobody is willing to authorize an inquiry into the conditions of his condemnation.

WHEN ONLY A LAD.

Louis Gauthier, now 54 years of age, was condemned when a lad of 16 for alleged complicity with his mother, who received a life sentence to hard labor, in the murder of his stepfather, named Allegrain. After a violent scene, Allegrain, who often got drunk and beat his family, and endeavored to hang himself. Upon falling, he had left home, saying he was going to Paris. But at nightfall he had turned homeward, and stopping at a small town, had got drunker than ever and then started for the house. It was a dark night, and presently he was heard to cry out. Neighbors ran to his assistance and found him struggling in a marsh near his home, but he was drowned before they could pull him out. His wife and stepson were accused of having thrown him in, evident as it was that he could hardly stand when he had left the last saloon and that an accident might have been foreseen.

TWO IMPORTANT WITNESSES.

For their defense, in addition to the last named piece of evidence, they had two important witnesses. A tall, thin and Grimsio and his wife, living within 200 feet of the marsh, had heard the dying man's cries: "Help, friends! I'm drowning! Ah, my poor children! What a misfortune! I'm drowning!" These were surely not the words of a man being killed by the children on whom he was calling. Grimsio, however, got frightened at the cross-examination and contradicted himself; and his wife was not allowed to appear. The defense was lost, and judgment passed on the prisoners. Grimsio is now dead, but his wife declares herself ready to swear to the evidence which she was debarred from giving before, and she also swears that her husband was haunted by a lifelong remorse for having allowed himself to be confused in giving his testimony. But here again revision is refused.

The fact of remaining guilty in the eyes of the law has more importance than might at first appear. The freedom of the ex-convict has its terrible irony. On re-entering the world, where in nine times out of ten he is thrust, broken in health through the hardships of prison life, and without fortune, he is compelled under heavy penalty to show at the mayor's office of every town in which he settles and to every person to whom he applies for

work a paper from the penitentiary authorities certifying to his character, to his offense and to the length of his prison term. The effect is naturally to awaken prejudice and close against him innumerable avenues of self-support. No one wishes to have in his employ an ex-convict; few care even to extend charity toward him. Free he is in a theoretic sense, but not in practice. He must suffer still the penalty of the crime which has expropriated him from the world as a French criminal must, morally speaking, drag his ball and chain through the world as long as he lives, and wear for the rest of his existence, figuratively at least, his odious and discarded prison stripes. This is the wrong against which Victor Hugo cried out in regard to Jean Valjean of "Les Misérables" and Balzac with Parabeque in "Le Curé de Village," and more recently François Coppée added his protest in "Le Coupable." But the wrong continues unchanged.

PHANTOM TERROR.

And this is not all. Criminal records play an especially important part in French law. The existence of a dossier is a phantom terror that follows in the footsteps of the ex-convict wherever he goes. Suppose he has been pardoned by the clemency of state; the veriest suspicion of evil conduct suffices to bring down the law upon him, and he betide if he is unable to establish his innocence. For a second offense, however petty it be, is visited with the harshest severity. The French parliament, recognizing the evil of the presumptive guilt theory, has softened its application in some respects only to make it harder in others. The "Berenger law" is one of the more recent modifications of French jurisprudence. It permits a judge to respite a convicted man if it be his first offense and the assumption appears reasonable that his moral regeneration would be better assured if he were not subjected to the ignominy of imprisonment and degrading association with criminals.

SENTENCE PASSED.

The sentence is duly passed and registered, but at the discretion of the judge the condemned man may walk

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ANGLO-AMERICAN ENTENTE CORDIALE GUSH, SAYS BISHOP.

"You may depend upon it, there's no love lost between Great Britain and America." "I think there is a good deal of gush about British protestations of love for America." The more acute and serious of the British people do not think we are a nation of gushers, but they think we are very easily tempted by gush. "I feel sure that the chief difference between America and Great Britain is that we wash our dirty linen in public and Great Britain washes hers in private." These were some of the unexpected utterances of Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York, who has just returned from Europe. In view of the fact that he is bishop of all the American Episcopal churches in Europe his startling words have created a sensation over there no less profound than that which has been excited on this side of the water.



NO BABY BORN TO PRINCESS CECILE.

The crown princess of Germany has been subjected to distress and annoyance by the receipt of many messages congratulating her on the fact that she has become a mother. An event of that character in the royal family is usually regarded as of such importance that congratulations are sent in advance. The news became public through the two previous congratulations of a friend in England. The answer to the dispatch read: "Congratulations. Am miserable."