



DUCHESS REPENTS AFTER HARD LUCK

Greatest "Bridge" Gambler in England Says She Will Play No More.

HER LOSSES WERE ENORMOUS

Play That Gave Rise to Some Scandalous Stories and Furnished Authors and Playwrights With Material.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—Her grace, the Duchess of Devonshire, declares that she has had enough of bridge and will play it no more. She is 72 years of age and it is high time she did stop it. She has been the most inveterate woman gambler in the kingdom and the unluckiest. Her losses at the card table have been enormous. The dukedom is one of the richest in the kingdom. But more than once, if rumor is to be credited, the duke has been seriously embarrassed by the heavy drain upon his resources which his wife's mania entailed. Indeed, only a few years ago it was stated that he contemplated selling Devonshire House, his sumptuous palace in Piccadilly.

It was the Duchess of Devonshire who introduced bridge into the royal set and taught his majesty how to play it. At her house parties since the game became popular she has always had a sumptuously furnished apartment set apart for bridge playing. Fortunes have been won and lost there. And as is inevitable when high stakes are involved, scandals have occurred.

SOME BAD SCANDALS.

Soon after the king's accession and coronation the stories that leaked out became something more than whispers. The duchess was giving a royal house party at Chatsworth. Before the king and queen arrived something happened. It was discovered that a regular system of signalling to partners was practised by certain noble ladies in the party. In plain language they had been detected in cheating. The news reached the king's ears. The queen became suddenly indisposed and the king remained with her at Windsor. Chatsworth became the storm center of what threatened to become a national scandal involving some of the highest names in the land. Then their majesties acted with characteristic tact. The queen made a sudden recovery from her indisposition and with the king went to Chatsworth. During their stay, however, the bridge room was deserted. But the scandal was hushed up.

GOT INTO MAGAZINES.

A few years later, there was another scandal. It occurred at the town residence of Sir Ernest Cassel, a great friend of both the king and the Duke of Devonshire. A little later there was published in a magazine an article which attracted much attention. It was entitled "Do Ladies Cheat at Bridge?" Without mentioning names or places, the scene which occurred at Sir Ernest Cassel's house was laid out in detail. And the personage exposed was referred to as "Lady D."

THEME OF A PLAY.

It was the Duchess of Devonshire, it is said, who had in mind when he introduced a bridge-playing duchess in "The Walls of Jericho." On the first night of the performance the stage duchess was made up to resemble as closely as possible the Duchess of Devonshire. When the famous bridge scene came on she was recognized by her companion in an audience as "But she isn't a bit like me," she referred to her grace play. And she didn't look like

the Duchess of Devonshire. In the interval she had changed since the first performance the management had decided to change her make-up. That decision, it is said, was hastily arrived at after a strong hint had been received from the king.

MOTTO DISREGARDED.

"Cavendo tutus" is the dual motto. The translation of that is "Safe by being cautious." The duchess has signally disregarded it so far as cards are concerned. Perhaps she now intends to try to live up to it. But that she will be able to adhere to her resolution to give up playing bridge, I very much doubt. It has become as much of a mania with her as the money making business with your late venerable exponent of that art, Russell Sage.

THE GRACES ARRIVE.

Michael P. Grace has been so long domiciled in England that few people associate him with the 28-year-old American who coined a big fortune out of Peru. The Graces have done very well socially. One of their daughters is married to Lord Donoughmore, thereby gaining the right to sit in Westminster Abbey and raise her coronet to her head at the moment the sovereign is being crowned. The Graces have never been added to that peculiar form of extravagance—the ostentatious display of wealth—for which rich Americans are so often severely criticized here, though I have not observed that the king disdains to honor a transatlantic millionaire and millionaire's wife who spend their money more lavishly than wisely.

Perhaps that may or may not be the reason why the Graces have never yet attained the summit of American social ambition in England—the entertainment of his majesty. It may be that they have no particular desire to achieve the distinction which society believes they have. And, therefore, society credits them with having made appreciable progress in that direction when they took the felicity of entertaining at Hatfield Abbey Princess Henry of Battenberg, the mother of the queen of Spain. One royalty is apt to lead to another.

The princess was much impressed with the place in the historic residence since she last saw it. Then it was the property of the late Duchess of Cleveland, Lord Rosebery's mother, and was in the hands of the late Duke of Devonshire, who sold it to the late duchess being far too old to take any definite interest in it. The Graces have done their level best to keep the addition and the improvements as much as possible in harmony with the historic pile. The restoration of the ancient refectory, in particular, has been carried out with rare artistic skill.

INTERESTING RESIDENCE.

Recently Mr. Grace has had a history of the house compiled and this volume proves the Abbey to be historically the most interesting residence in England. Though some obvious folk say that the history of the place is a mere record of the past, it is a pretty thing. However, that may be, as the site of the house of Hastings, where Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, lost his life fighting valiantly against William the Conqueror, it must always possess a unique claim to distinction.

SOCIETY'S NEW DIVERSION.

Society has found a new diversion to beguile the tedium of the country house parties. It is wrestling, a sport which affords muscular young men an opportunity to display their prowess. Most of the young men who attend these gatherings of the elect are far better equipped with muscles than with brains, the pastime has become exceedingly popular. The contests usually take place after dinner. Lord Delamere, Lord Rosebery's heir, and his brother, the Hon. Neil Primrose, have attained remarkable proficiency in the art, but with most of the amateur swells the contests revolve themselves into mere trials of brute strength.

There is an element of danger in it, too, as Jack Churchill, Winston's brother, has discovered to his cost. Unlike Winston, Jack has no hope of attaining distinction by intellectual work, but in wrestling he thought he saw a chance to win some applause on his own account. At a house party a week ago he had a bout with his young nephew, George Cornwallis West, who, like himself, is more conspicuous for his muscular than for his cranial development. The stepfather won, and in throwing Jack, dislocated his knee-cap. In consequence Jack Churchill has to undergo an operation this week. His mother, who is best known to Americans as Lady Randolph Churchill, is much concerned as to what the result will be. It is feared that he may be rendered permanently lame, which, as he is one of the best waltzers in London, would still further limit the fields of distinction that are open to him.

"Mystery of Edwin Drood" Solved at Last

Shortly before his death Charles Dickens told his son, Charles Dickens the younger, how he intended that the novel, which he left half-finished, should end—the younger Dickens dramatized the story and put into it the conclusion which he had received from his father.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—When Charles Dickens died in 1870, leaving his last novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," only half finished, the English-speaking world—and a good many of the folk who speak other languages, too—spent much time trying to guess how the great author had intended that his perplexing story should end. And that guesswork has been going on with more or less spasmodic vigor ever since.

Many literary Sherlock Holmes, including Andrew Lang, have filled many a magazine page trying to prove from the clues left by Dickens what the conclusion was to have been. Several authors, more ambitious than discreet, have audaciously assumed the mantle of the dead prophet and finished the book. Mediums have invoked the spirit of Dickens himself to solve the mystery, with results equally unsatisfactory.

For 37 years the "mystery" has remained the great puzzle of the literary world. None of those who have tried to unravel it have supposed that it ever could be proved whether or not he or she had found the correct solution, as planned by the master hand.

It can be, though, for something has been found by the granddaughters of the great novelist, Miss Ethel Dickens, which contains the proof that has so long been sought. It is a play written by the eldest son of Charles Dickens—Charles Dickens the younger. And that play, which is a dramatization of the unfinished "Mystery," ends as Dickens has intended to end his baffling and fascinating story. I have been extremely fortunate in obtaining from Miss Dickens herself this account of it:

"The play of 'Edwin Drood' was written some years after my grandfather's death, and my father's chief object in writing it was to give the ending of the story as he had received it from my grandfather's lips.

WRITTEN FOR AMERICA.

"My father had long had the idea of this play in his mind, but I think it was during his visit to America and by reason of the extreme appreciation and love of my grandfather and his mother, that he found existing so strongly in that country, that the play was finally written—and written for America.

"There can be little doubt that as my grandfather progressed with the story of 'Edwin Drood' many modifications were made of the original plot, and this is clearly proved by the conversation that I will speak of presently, which took place between himself and my father some little time before his death.

"It was, I believe, keenly interested in this his last work. The development of the story and the study of the characters he evidently intended to present to us as an unmitigated villain from the first to the last, filled his remaining days with a restless excitement which, however, ruinous to his own health, gave to the world a most interesting and baffling enigma, the clues to the mystery one is invited to follow being so numerous and so apparently impossible to fit neatly together in order to arrive at any definite and satisfactory conclusion.

VERY METHODICAL.

"My grandfather was exceedingly orderly and methodical in his manner of working (as he was in everything he did), forcing himself to go to his desk each morning at the same hour, and he was generally very accurate in sending the exact amount of material required to the printer; but I have been told that a few days before he died he suddenly discovered that he had bought forward history of Edwin Drood too quickly for the six numbers he had sent to the printer. This gave him a great deal of anxiety and was the cause of much thought and trouble. But on the very day that he was taken ill, he was gradually but surely undoing the strength and devotion which he had bestowed upon it every day of his closing life.

CLAUDE IN CONTRACT.

Miss Dickens' reference to the indication that her grandfather had some premonitions of impending death, as evidenced by his agreement for the publication of his last work, should perhaps be explained. At his own request he had a clause inserted in his agreement with his publishers, Chapman & Hall, providing for a satisfactory pecuniary settlement between them and his executors in case he should die during the composition of the said work of 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'

Needless though this clause seemed at the time his sad premonition was proved by his death at Gad's Hill on the 9th of June, 1870, when he had written the manuscript of only six of the twelve numbers that were to complete the book. The greater part of the previous day he had spent working upon it in the chalet, a gift from his friend Charles Fechter, the actor, which had been erected in the grounds. In the study there he penned the last words that he ever wrote on the 'Mystery.'

DEATH OF DICKENS.

"He was late leaving the chalet," says his biographer, John Forster, 'but before dinner, which was ordered at 5 o'clock, he was found lying on the sofa, apparently in the latest stage of some letters. . . and dinner was begun before Miss Hogarth saw, with alarm, a singular expression of trouble and pain in his face. For an hour he then lay motionless, his hands very cold, but he wished dinner to go on. There were the only coherent words uttered by him.' He died at 10 minutes past 6 o'clock on the succeeding day, but during the 24 hours that elapsed between his seizure and his death there had never been a gleam of hope.

WHAT CRITICS SAID.

When Dickens started writing 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood,' his position as the greatest of English novelists was everywhere acknowledged. He had no rival; he could add nothing to his literary fame. But many of the reviewers who lavished the warmest praise on his work said that his plots were weak—that he could not write a book the ending of which would not be foreshadowed long before he reached it.

It is believed he felt this criticism keenly. Its refutation was the task he assigned himself in 'The Mystery.' He wanted to write a book that would keep people guessing to the end as to how it would turn out—a work that should be full of baffling clues, misleading suggestions and trails that were crossed by red herrings.

How well he succeeded, as far as he went, is proven by the wide divergence in the conclusions reached by those who have essayed to solve the 'Mystery.' On the question whether or not Dickens intended that Edwin Drood should really meet his death at the hands of the villain Jasper they are hopelessly at odds. In the end he is confronted by the question of the fate of the villain, who perhaps has the greatest reputation for literary audacity, defeats the villain and brings Drood back to life.

LITERARY PUZZLE.

"The ring which plays so important a part in the book was not mentioned by my grandfather at this occasion, but my father was under the impression that it was as he held the original place in the story and was to be the means of identifying the murdered body as that of Edwin Drood. As, however, my grandfather did not touch upon this point, my father has not emphasized it in his play.

Some prominent members of the organization of Dickens lovers called the Dickens Fellowship, with whom I have conversed about the matter, are disposed to be skeptical concerning the statement that Dickens confided to his son Charles how he intended to end the story. They say it is almost incredible that the younger Dickens should have

speaking much of his own work at any time and not caring to be questioned, particularly about a story the solution of which he was desirous of keeping to himself until the end.

had authoritative knowledge on a subject that the whole literary world was speculating about, and have refrained from making his knowledge public, especially in view of the fact that he could have made much money out of it. But such reticence, his part, extraordinary as it may appear, really proves nothing in face of the evidence that he did possess that knowledge. Miss Dickens told me that he made no secret of it in his own family. Her brother, Charles, and her sister Mary heard him talk about it on several occasions. From each of them I have obtained statements confirming that given me by Miss Ethel Dickens.

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AMERICAN SOLUTION.

From America came the earliest attempt to finish the unfinished half of 'The Mystery.' Dickens had been dead hardly a year when 'John Jasper's Revolt' was published in Philadelphia. It was the joint production of a New York journalist, and Charles Dickens the younger, who was first published anonymously, but in subsequent editions its authorship was impudently attributed to Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens the younger. Despite their repudiations of the forgery their names are still attached to reprints of the book. In this Morford solution Jasper tries to murder Drood, and thinks he has succeeded. In the end he is confronted by his supposed victim, and succumbs to poison. For the rest of the char-

acters things end in the conventionally happy style.

NEXT ATTEMPT.

From spookdom emanated the next attempt. It was a bulky volume of 550 pages, entitled 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood Complete.' It was sent forth to a skeptical world as the work of Charles Dickens' spirit aided and abetted by a medium of Brattleboro, Vt. It abounded in inexplorable blunders and grammatical vagaries. It brought Edwin Drood back to life and dealt out retributive justice to Jasper by depriving him of his reason and consigning him to a madhouse.

ENGLISH CONCLUSION.

In the assurance that no one could possibly 'go one better' than a solution of 'The Mystery' by the ghost of its author, America gave up constructing sequels to Dickens' work after this. But the English, who took up the game, a woman of some literary reputation in the north of England, writing under the queer pen name of 'Gillian Vase,' issued a three-volume conclusion of the unfinished work under the title, 'A Great Mystery Solved.' There again Drood escapes from the tomb to which Jasper consigned him and the villain makes a graceful exit by committing suicide in jail.

Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, wearying of his studies of the mysteries of the heavens, solaced himself by studying Dickens' mundane mystery. His speculations were published under the title 'Watched by the Dead; a Loving Study of Dickens' Half-Fold Tale.' The watcher is Edwin Drood, who, escaping from the death which Jasper had planned for him, devotes himself to bringing Jasper to justice.

PLOT OF THE PLAY.

There is no space to mention the numerous magazine articles on the subject that have been published from time to time. The reader will want to know what Dickens intended should be the fate of Edwin Drood. The answer to that question as revealed by the play, is that Jasper did murder Drood. This shows that all—or nearly all—of those who have tried to reconstruct the conclusion of 'The Mystery' from the clues left by Dickens have been baffled by him, and that he was equal to the task he had set himself.

The play, which I have been permitted to read, is a good, sound, old-fashioned melodrama, ending in a weird form of death for Jasper. It was written subsequent to Charles Dickens, Jr.'s tour in the United States in a series of readings from his father's work, and was done in collaboration with the late Joseph Hutton, with the idea of meeting the requirements of B. B. Wilford. It was sent over to the United States, and, as I believe, actually put in rehearsal there, but for some reason or other was never produced, and was pigeon-holed, and never came to light again until a few weeks ago, just before Joseph Hutton's death.

DEEMED DESERATION.

The queer thing about it was that the late Charles Dickens, Jr., never made the slightest capital out of the fact that the play contained the ending of the story as his father had planned it—the one great fact that would have made the play a sensation. It was generally understood at the time that the great novelist had passed on to his eldest son his plans for the completion of 'Edwin Drood,' and the consequence 'Charles Dickens, Jr.' was, after his father's death, best with offers to finish the novel. These he refused, as it was the feeling of the family at that time that it would be a kind of desecration for any one else to assume the mantle of Eljah. It might seem strange that Forster, Dickens' biographer, knew nothing about the circumstances, but this is to be explained by the fact that Charles Dickens, Jr., and John Forster were not on good terms. Although the facts were well known to all members of the family of Charles Dickens, Jr., apparently they were never communicated to the other members of the family.

CHARLES ODENSE.

TRAIN AND TRACK.

Juicy, on the outskirts of Paris, with soon post a the largest railway station in the world. The first railroad in Morocco was opened some months ago. It was built by a German company, and had a length of 100 miles and was only about one and a quarter miles long. The recent advance of a shilling a ton in the price of coal in England meant an addition of over \$2,000,000 to British railways in yearly operating expenses. British railways use about 12,000,000 tons a year for their locomotives alone. The last year the Pennsylvania Railroad company has purchased about 20,000 cars, from two to six, are put in each freight house on the various lines to destroy rats and mice. The freight agents are instructed to provide a quart of milk a day for each car.

TRAGEDY OF THE MUSICAL GIRL

Arthur Hartmann, the Famous Violinist, Writes Regarding American Maids Abroad.

AMBITIOUS STUDENT'S FATE.

Word Picture of the Fortunes of a Berlin Debut—What is Happening to Thousands.

Arthur Hartmann, who writes the following article for this paper, is one of the most famous of living violinists. He is a Hungarian by birth, but has traveled all over the world, playing before most of the crowned heads of Europe, and being the possessor of about as many royal decorations as there is room for on his chest. He has lately finished a tour of the United States from New York to Los Angeles, and from Duluth to New Orleans, and he knows this country well.

It was high time that some one dealt candidly with the subject of which Hartmann writes, for the amount of hard-earned American dollars spent in vain by American girls who aspire to fame as pianists and violinists in Europe is something that reaches the proportion of a tragedy. Hartmann's story of a debut—the reward of years of study—is told in the form of fiction, but it is a true story in every detail—true of thousands of American girls in Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Brussels and Leipzig at this moment.

Special Correspondence.

BERLIN, Nov. 12.—This city, it is claimed (whether with good reason or not) is today the great music center of the world. Certain it is, however, there are more concerts here between October and May than probably in any two metropolises of the world. And what is the cause for all this? What does it all lead to or accomplish? There seems to me one plausible answer to the first question: The dream of laurel wreaths, fame, adulation of a mad, worshipping public, etcetera, lead people to make fools of themselves, and accomplish—from an artistic standpoint—absolutely nothing. And, hereafter, we have disposed of the second question as well.

The days are past when young girls were content to be known as the daughters of famous men. To be sure, it is most praiseworthy and inspiring to encourage ambition and culture in every possible way, but why must all these shy and odd sparks of talent, pathetic in their impotency and morose, take themselves so seriously or be taken as such? Why are they not content with living for beauty, with absorbing art for their own refinement and culture?

The artist—the real born, great artist, how great and sad is his mission in life! How many of these debutantes understand what is here, with meat? No work of art—of inspiration can be done within the boundaries of a lettered tradition. Effects may be secured by pedagogical finesse, but these are effects of a minor order which command no entrance to the heart. And after all, heart is life! The actor who plays to the heart touches life at its point.

DELUDED GIRLS.

And so the unfortunate, deluded by friends, dotting agency and mother, study hard and much and make play for the Berlin critics, who for the last 10 years have been praying for an earthquake, but only to shake the concertists out of the nine to 12 places where they take place nightly, from early in October to the end of April. And so Kate Smith goes to a concert agency, rents a hall for the 15th of December, engages an orchestra, and goes into a signed and sealed contract, guaranteeing to pay in full all expenses a certain number of days before her rehearsal for the concert. But Kate has still two pre-existent stages to conquer ere she reaches Nirvana. The first of these is, of course, to make her name Katharine Smythe, or Katharyn Smyth (The