

KING EDWARD'S DISTILLERY

Makes Excellent Brand of Scotch on Estate at Balmoral.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY

Lady Mary Tells How Rich Americans Were Snubbed While Investigating—Coins in Scotch Castles Seized.

LONDON, Oct. 15.—(Special.)—Everybody knows that King Edward VII runs a big farm on his Sandringham estate and is not above taking the royal income by selling much of the live stock he raises in the public market. For trying to demonstrate that there is still money to be made in farming, he receives and deserves nothing but applause. But I imagine it will be news to the transatlantic world at least, that his majesty also runs a whisky distillery. The distillery, I fear, will cause many of the "once gild" there to gasp with horror. But they should not be too hard on the king. The distillery is really a legacy from his mother—Victoria the Good. When she and the prince consort purchased Balmoral castle and estate in Scotland, the distillery, which previously had been a public one, went with the property. The thrifty royal couple decided that they would keep up the distillery for the purpose of supplying the royal residences. And in her later years, when the infirmities of age compelled recourse to a stimulant, it was her majesty's distillery—its product plentifully diluted with water—which alone supplied her needs.

Distillery Property Improved. When King Edward came to the throne, and turned his attention to improving his possessions, the Balmoral distillery came in for a due share of his attention. He brought it up to date and increased the output while maintaining its high standard of quality. His whisky is now to be found at many of the courts of Europe. The kaiser, the czar, the emperor of Austria and a lot of princes of the blood royal stock it. Does the king sell it to them? I have heard that he does, but I cannot vouch for the truth of that report. But he is a business man, and I do not see why he should give away good whisky. Probably the "once gild" would regard it as more sinful for a king to give away whisky than to sell whisky.

But whether sold or given away, it is for "private circulation" only, so to speak. That some rich Americans have discovered and, incidentally, the discovery has cost them a snubbing. They were in Scotland at the time playing the grouse shooting game at something like £2 a brace. They heard of the royal distillery, and it occurred to them that it would be something to brag about at home if they could get some of the whisky. So they went to the distillery. "Say," said one of them, "what do you ask for five dozen bottles? Name your figure; we are not the sort to kick at the price. And we'll pay for it C. O. D., too."

A Private Business. He was told politely that no whisky was sent out from the distillery without the king's permission.

"Oh, we'll fix that up all right," was the confident response, "the king is dead stuck on Americans and wants to stand in with Uncle Sam every chance he gets." So they dispatched a message to his majesty, who chanced to be staying at Balmoral. The answer sent them was that the distillery was a private one, "open only to his majesty's friends."

Roosevelt, politically, if it were known that he ran a whisky distillery—private or otherwise. But we flatter ourselves that we are a broad-minded people.

Smoke Was Offensive.

As the fuel was being taken to the apartment assigned to her the look of the tin box gave way and out fell the coals in the corridor. As ill luck would have it the host happened to be passing at that identical moment. He turned to the amazed stranger for an explanation. The fair American was, however, equal to the occasion.

"Dear Duke," she exclaimed, "don't think me the most eccentric person in the world. The fact is I cannot stand the smoke of your English and Scotch coals so I carry about with me an American patent fuel which is smokeless and so nice."

Whether the canny Scot accepted this with the proverbial grain of salt it is difficult to say, but for the last ten days the tale has furnished much amusement. The king laughed more heartily than anyone else when he was told it and said, "The really most make the acquaintance of Mrs. W."

Satisfied in England. The duchess of Roxburgh is one of the smartest American peereesses, who does not care one pin if she never again sees her native shores. They say of her in the north that she is more Scotch than themselves. For some time past she has been hourly awaiting a message summoning her to see her grandmother, Mrs. Richard Wilson, and also her grandfather, both of whom are very feeble. Her instructions to her mother, Mrs. Ogden Goslet, were: "On no account send for me, unless there is absolute necessity."

Nevertheless the duchess is devoted to her own country, people, and there are almost invariably some of them staying with her at Floors castle. If she should have to go to the United States, the duke would not accompany her. He hates America, and only tolerates Americans for the sake of his wife. He is in the habit of saying to his friends that at the time of his marriage he saw enough of the United States to do him for the rest of his life.

Mrs. Paget Will Entertain. It is expected that Mrs. Almeric Paget, who, of course, is already extremely well known in society here, will do great things at her new house in Berkeley square. This sumptuous mansion will supply her with possibilities of showing herself at her best as a great hostess. She has superintended every bit of the decorations herself—an undertaking which requires more tact and firmness than might be imagined. For the really up-to-date decorator, who regards himself as an artist, does not take "instructions" or "suggestions" kindly, and before now there has been many a rumpus between the gentleman and his clients about the hue of a wall paper or the design of a frieze.

Mrs. Almeric Paget, who knows all there is to be known on such things, and of antique furniture into the bargain, with American tact held her own with the superior people in whose hands the embellishing of her house was placed, with the result that when furnished it will be one of the most original and striking mansions in town. It is her intention to entertain brilliantly there; in fact, to make a big stir when the season opens in the new year. The king has already booked himself for a dinner party to see the new house, and as Mrs. Almeric Paget has also succeeded in getting into the good graces of that most difficult and exclusive lady, the princess of Wales, in all likelihood her royal highness will also be found wending her way to Berkeley square. Just now Dorothy Whitely, Mrs. Paget's sister, is visiting her, and is going to make a long stay over here. She is in for a very good time. LADY MARY.

Two Europeans in Whom Americans Are Interested



T. CARLSSON, Who Will Command the Swedish Yacht if the Challenge for America's Cup is Accepted.



THE LATE PROFESSOR NELSON, Eminent Scottish Educator, Who Had for Students Some Famous Novelists and Writers.

MAN WHO TAUGHT AUTHORS

Prof. David Masson Had Many Famous Men as Pupils.

HOW BARRIE BECAME WRITER

Vision of Instructor Hummingbird in Bookstore with Pockets Bulging with Money Made Him Decide.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 2.—(Special.)—Prof. David Masson, the distinguished Scotch historian, whose death has just been announced, undoubtedly will go down to fame as the author of "The Life and Times of Milton," the monumental work which scholars regard as almost a classic. To Americans, however, Masson is perhaps most interesting as the former professor in English literature of four writers whose fame is world-wide, Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett and Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"). All these novelists studied at Edinburgh university, where Prof. Masson occupied the chair of English literature from 1865 to 1886. Stevenson and Barrie were members of his classes in the early '70s, while among other pupils were William Archer, the dramatic critic, and Lord Rosebery. Of all these, however, perhaps the one

who bears the deepest testimony to Masson's influence is J. M. Barrie, who once declared that he made up his mind to go in for literature one day when he saw the professor rummaging over a second-hand book stall with \$1,000 in bank notes bulging out of his pockets.

A Novelist's Recollection.

A whimsical "thumb nail sketch" of his old pedagogue by Barrie is worth quoting. It comes in a series of recollections of the novelist's college days, the "Edinburgh Eleven," and is as follows: "Masson always comes to my memory first, knocking nails into his desk, or trying to tear the brass bracket from its socket. He said that the Danes scattered over England, taking such a hold as a nail takes when it is driven into wood. For the moment he saw his desk turned into England; he whirled an invisible hammer in the air, and down it came on the desk with a crash. No one who has sat under Masson can forget how the Danes nailed themselves upon England. It was when his mind groped for an image that he clutched the bracket. He seemed to tear his good things out of it. Silence overcame the class; some were fascinated by the man; others trembled for the bracket. It shook, groaned and yielded. Masson said another of the things that made his lecture literature, the crisis had passed and everybody breathed again."

It was in 1865 that this rugged, picturesque, literary veteran, so long a familiar figure in Edinburgh streets, resigned his chair to live out his days in retirement. He had been called to the university thirty

years before to succeed the famous ballad-scholar, Prof. Aytoun, and twelve years before that he had taken the vacant place of the poet Clough as professor of English at University college, London.

At 19 he was editor of a religious magazine in Aberdeen, his birthplace, and at 25, when he went down to London, he was one of the best known magazine writers in Scotland. Before he became a professor, he was the first editor of Macmillan's Magazine, which curiously enough issued its last number this month and has died with its first great editor. It was in these days that Carlyle, one of his intimate friends, warned him not to fritter away his talents on little things, but to concentrate them on something big. The result of this was his masterly "Life and Times of Milton," in six volumes, the great work of his life, which occupied all the leisure of twenty-one years. More brilliant is the smaller "Life of Chatterton," and the fourteen-volume edition of De Quincey's works, the outcome of a long and intimate friendship with the famous opium-eater, whose life he contributed to the English men of letters series. There are many people in Great Britain today who feel that in "David, a real, kindly Scot," Edinburgh has lost her most distinguished citizen.

German Exchange.

BERLIN, Nov. 2.—Exchange on London, 20 marks 54 1/2 pfennigs for checks; discount rates short bills, 6 per cent; three months bills, 5 1/2 per cent.

NO BLUFF ABOUT CHALLENGE

Scandinavian Yachtsmen Think They May Win Trophy.

AMERICA'S CLOSE CALL IN RACE

Confidence Inspired by Record of Swedish Yacht Which Was Robbed of Victory by Accident.

STOCKHOLM, Nov. 2.—(Special.)—Whatever may be thought of it in America, the Kungliga Svenska Regattaforen (Royal Swedish Yacht club) was indulging in no mere bluff when it started negotiations with the New York Yacht club for a challenge for the America's cup. Not yachtsmen only, but Swedes of all classes, from King Oscar down, are enthusiastic over the prospect of competing for the historic trophy. Sweden no longer counts among the fighting nations. Its hope of future glory lies in the fields of peace. And it is recognized here that nothing would add so much to its prestige as the capture of the blue ribbon of the yachting world. Even if defeated, it would gain a deal of credit for making the attempt. And, therefore, Sweden is bent on trying. It is a bit of ancient yachting history which inspires the Swedes with most confidence. It was a Swedish yacht which in 1852 came nearest to defeating the all-conquering America that first won the cup which will be forever associated with its name. In that year the Swedish schooner, Sverige, raced the America around the fife of Wight and was leading by eight minutes, when, near the finish line, one of its masts parted, and the accident deprived the yacht of the victory that was in its grasp. What we failed to accomplish fifty-five years ago, because of ill luck, say the Swedes, we may succeed in doing in 1908 with good luck. They hardly realize how much more formidable is the task now than it was when the Sverige came so near doing the trick.

Sverige's Gallant Race.

The story of the Sverige's gallant race and of the broken halyard that robbed it of victory is one often told in Swedish yachting circles. It was the telling of it for something like the 1800th time, after one of the club's regattas, when the wine was flowing and enthusiasm ran high, that inspired a banker, G. A. Kyllberg, and a merchant, William Olsson—both rich men as riches are measured in Sweden—with the notion of challenging for the cup and letting the expense "go hang." If the challenge goes through T. Carlsson, a manufacturer of Stockholm and the best amateur skipper in the country, will command the yacht. His design will be entrusted to Gunnar Mellgren, the Herreshoff of Sweden, and Plym, a civil engineer who stands at the top of his profession in Sweden, will build the boat.

The Royal Swedish Yacht club was founded in 1852. Last spring it celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its birth. It now has 2,800 members and 400 yachts by the club flag. Most of them are small craft, though among them are some very speedy specimens of their particular class. There are no ninety-footers in the club. Naturally the Swedes would much prefer to challenge with a smaller craft.

A New Proposition.

A ninety-foot, single sticker, racing machine is a proposition no Swedish yacht designer or yacht builder has yet tackled. Of course there is a chance that this very lack of previous experience may lead to the construction of some bold and original

design, that will be a great improvement on the models of the cup challengers and defenders of recent years. But far greater are the chances that the result will be something distinctly inferior to them.

TALE OF CARNIVOROUS TREE

Amazing Story Related by Mills, Lecomte on Return from India.

PARIS, Nov. 2.—(Special.)—Writing from Marcellus, a correspondent of the weekly Nos Loisirs sent to his journal the following amazing story of a "carnivorous tree" in the depths of the Indian jungle, which he states was related to him by Mills, Marguerite Lecomte. This woman has just returned from India after a lengthy journey through India and other Asiatic countries, and if her other adventures are on a par with this one, Nos Loisirs probably is correct in describing her as one of the most remarkable heroines that exist. It is stated, by the way, that a previous reference to the "carnivorous tree" described by Mills, Lecomte was made recently by an English major in a report to his government. According to her story, Mills, Lecomte, who was traveling with her cousin, a war correspondent, was asleep one night in a tent on the outskirts of a forest. They had lit huge fires in a circle around the camp to keep off wild beasts, and two natives were set to keep watch and to give the alarm if anything untoward happened. In spite of these precautions, however, whether for want of proper watching or on account of complicity on the part of the natives, Mills, Lecomte awoke in the middle of the night to find on her face a wet mass which stifled her cries and caused her to faint. When she came to herself she found herself in the midst of a troop of fanatic Indians, who were yelling and brandishing their arms around her. She was stretched on her back, her limbs bound with cords, and she distinguished near her another white girl, similarly bound and unconscious.

The dawn broke. The Indians ranged themselves in a group, the two girls and carried them, chanting the while a monotonous sort of funeral chant, to the foot of a giant tree without leaves and whose forbidding aspect struck terror into the heart of Mills, Lecomte. It had only two branches, stiff like outstretched arms, and its summit was finished in the form of a large bowl, from which dripped a white sap like milk.

Mills, Lecomte says that she saw them seize her companion and plunge her into this bowl up to her neck, and suddenly, just as the first rays of the sun fell on the tree, a horrible thing happened. The tree seemed endowed with sudden life. The edges of the bowl drew together, strangling the girl, whose face reflected the agonies of a frightful death. There were some terrible cracking noises, the whole body seemed pounded up under the efforts of the sides of the tree, and a pinkish liquid made of blood and sap commenced to glide down the carnivorous tree.

Then, with manifold cries, the Indians approached and, catching this horrible liquid in wooden cups, commenced to drink it; their eyes shining with ecstasy. Mills, Lecomte, perceiving the fate which awaited her, thought she would go mad every moment. Fortunately the arrival of her cousin and a troop of Englishmen well armed dispersed the criminal fanatics. Many were killed on the spot, the tree was cut down and it threw up a spout of pinkish water with the force of a waterpout. The wretched victim had lost all human form. This horrible adventure decided Mills, Lecomte to leave India, and she has just arrived at Marcellus. She says she will marry the cousin who saved her life.

To the Editor of Collier's Weekly, Fraternally, and to the Voters of Nebraska, Devotedly---Greeting:

Two editorials in Collier's of the 2d inst. under the indices, "The Spread of Temperance" and "Falling in Line," while quite specific in denouncing the saloon as the source of all evil, leave the reader much in doubt as to Collier's attitude toward the liquor question aside from the saloon. Is the Anti-Saloon League sincere in its claims that its efforts are directed only against the saloon and to promote temperance and that it does not strive for prohibition, or is the anti-saloon propaganda merely a feint for a prohibition movement to serve as a wedge for more stringent prohibitory measures? We hear much that prohibition does not prohibit; that the tastes of men cannot be regulated by law, and that attempts in that direction have proven futile. Many authorities agree, and many of them consistent temperance advocates, that wherever prohibition laws have been tried the quantity of liquor consumed by one person at one time has increased, the quality supplied has been cheapened and the conditions of sale have induced stealth and hypocrisy. Would that we could reform human nature by law; how easy it would be to regulate ourselves into an ideal state of happiness; but can we? You refer to conditions in Europe several centuries ago. Do you not agree that mankind has changed much for the better since then? Have such beneficial changes been accomplished by legislation or by education and general enlightenment of the people?

It must indeed be a tempting pastime, and for editors as well as politicians, to navigate on so-called "popular waves," but popular waves are like fads, they run to shore with a good bit of noise and foam, but the undertow pulls them right back to where they came from. Are men willing to surrender their personal liberties? Do they take kindly to being told that moderation must be accomplished by restraint and that they can only be trusted where all temptations are kept securely locked with a key in the hands of a few favorites just because some few weaklings cannot control their appetites? Why should I be allowed to dictate to my neighbor how he shall live, or to impose my views upon him? And is it not an interference with my personal rights to be kept from enjoying a social class of wine at a hotel or other public place with my meals or otherwise? Are we to become a nation of ascetics or hypocrites; which would you prefer?

Some saloons are bad; so are some lawyers, even some editors; must all lawyers be exterminated in order to wipe out a few bad ones? Can the saloon be regulated the same as we are going to regulate the trusts, or is our form of government so inefficient and so impotent that the liquor traffic cannot be made as respectable as other lines of trade, the same as in other countries? You can regulate a trade by law, but can you regulate appetites or legislate all wickedness out of mankind? Teach that the moderate—and moderate means temperate—use of the good things in life is the means to their greatest enjoyment and the lesson will not be lost. On the contrary,

forbidden fruit always has and always will be the sweetest. Keep the brewers and liquor dealers out of politics and self-interest will compel the saloonist to conduct his business without offense to the public; make him understand that the sight of one drunken man creates more prohibition votes than all the sermons from the pulpit; recognize his business as legitimate and respectable, instead of making it the foot ball of political intrigue, and you will soon drive the black sheep out, to be replaced by self-respected and law-abiding citizens. For a paper like Collier's to call the liquor dealer names and the saloon "the home and origin of all vicious crimes and corruption and ruin," is a self-evident injustice and is catering to the rankest prejudice. Will it swell the subscription list? There are many crimes and frauds hatched out in much higher places than the saloon, and by the soberest rascals. On the other hand, there are plenty of men engaged in the liquor traffic more honorable and self-respecting than many men in other walks of life, held to be respectable per se—Supreme Court Candidate Reese notwithstanding.

Have you analyzed prohibition clamor and the force behind it? Our state politics furnish a ready opportunity. A few unscrupulous lawyers, blackmailing on the one hand the liquor men and on the other leading a number of well meaning, but deluded women, whose husbands should change nether garments with them, by the noses, making them believe that they [the lawyers] are in business strictly for pure benevolence and Godliness. The rank and file, as usual, follows blindly and unthinkingly without an understanding of the issue. They are strictly in the minority, however, but make up in noise for lack of numbers to make the public think them dominant.

Do we want personal rights assailed and abridged by such a force? Shall we further enumber our statute books with such incongruities of the law makers' craft [graft] as the Gibson law, the Root law [Senate File 6] and the Sackett law affirmed for political expediency by a governor knowing them to be vicious, absurd and indefensible, because they do not reach the evil they were intended to remedy and because they beget disrespect for the law? Are not all such measures conceived in the same spirit of intolerance that burned witches at the stake but a few centuries ago?

Remember, voters, that anti-saloon agitation means prohibition eventually, and a little later on blue laws of the Puritan kind, with further abridgment of our personal liberties. The cigarette is already prohibited, cigars and tobacco will be next. What opportunities in such an atmosphere for the propagation of sectarianism of the A. P. A. kind.

Do not forget that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty and of your personal rights. Yours truly, FRED SCHNAKE, Editor Lose Blaetter.