

STOESSEL ARMY'S SCAPEGOAT

Former Commander of Fort Arthur Now Only Broken Man.

HIS ROUTINE LIFE IN FORTRESS

Daily Solace is Visit from His Wife, Who Brings Cheer to Small Prison—Story He Tells.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 25.—(Special.)—Two cold blue eyes examined me through a tiny wicket in the door, and a rough voice said: "What do you want?"

"I wish to see General Stoessel," I answered. "Have you permission?" "Here is my ticket," I said, producing a card on which it was stated that the commander of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul had the honor to accord me leave to see the "noblesman Stoessel." The gate in the high stone wall was opened and a soldier appeared. He examined the ticket carefully and then showed the way to the reception room in one of the buildings in the court beyond. It was deserted, but as we passed an iron grating in a wall I saw that in the adjoining court were a number of gardenias and jellies.

"That is where the political prisoners are kept," said the soldier, "and," he added with a malicious gleam in his eyes, "they require more care than our lot here." The reception room was a small, vaulted apartment, furnished with a table and a few chairs. On the wall hung a copy of the prison rules. Several smartly dressed women had already arrived and General Tock, who recently wounded General Smirnotov in a duel, came in a few moments later, with several officers. We had not time to wait long for Stoessel. Promptly at 11 o'clock he came into the room. He was dressed in a black frock coat, his voice was weak and he looked older and more wrinkled than when he was on trial a few months ago. He is now a broken man who realizes that he has lost in the game of life.

"Oh, yes, one can live here, and in sufficient comfort," he replied to our inquiries about his life, "but it is a vegetable existence. More than anything, I feel the loss of my uniform. For forty years I have worn the dress of an officer, and now I am not allowed to put on the coat of a common soldier or to use a military cap. The rule here, however, is not severe, the prison food is good though simple, and the governor is most considerate."

"How does your excellence spend the day?" I asked. "It begins very early for St. Petersburg," he replied. "At 8 o'clock they bring the same and I take tea. The authorities do not provide bread and we have to buy that for ourselves. After a light breakfast I dress and go out for a walk in the little garden. At 1 o'clock I and the other officers imprisoned in the fortress dine together and after the meal I always find my wife waiting to see me. We have only the right to receive friends once a week, but the car has ascended me the special privilege to see my dear wife every day. She remains until 8 o'clock and is not permitted to stay longer. When she is gone I stroll in the garden for a little and then I settle down to work. I am writing my memoirs and at present am engaged to de-

scribing my recollections of childhood, and I shall prove that those who declare that I am of Jewish origin are base calumniators."

Stoessel pronounced the last phrase in a voice full of anger, then he resumed in his ordinary, facile tone. "When I arrived at the fortress no preparations had been made for my reception and I had to remain an hour in the court yard waiting for them to take the things out of the room of another officer, who is imprisoned here, in order to make room for mine. The truth is that so many persons are at present incarcerated in the fortress, that the authorities do not know where to put them."

"Perhaps you will allow me to see your room," I said. "I have special permission from the governor to do so." "Certainly," replied Stoessel, "but I warn you it is not very imposing." General's Private Rooms. We crossed the court yard together, entered another building and were soon in a vaulted apartment, furnished with great simplicity. There was a little bed, a square table, a cupboard and, behind a screen, a wash-stand, and two comfortable armchairs. The lapping of the waters of the Neva could be heard on the stone walls, a monotonous, plaintive sound, half sad and half soothing. Through the barred window a glorious view could be seen. Far across the broad expanse of the river stood out in the bright sunshine the winter palace.

"I have often been there to see the emperor," I have dined there and years ago danced at the court balls. I never expected to see it day by day from a prison window."

Stoessel sighed as he looked sadly towards the palace and then, turning to me, said: "There is only one beautiful thing here, the church. I love to go there and to stand near the tombs of the czars, while the choir sings the praises of the Lord and of the Virgin. That rests and comforts me. In my heart I know that I did what I considered best for my country, but a scapegoat had to be found for the sins of the army during the war and I suffer for many."

The heavy door was suddenly thrown open and a harsh voice said: "Your guest must go."

"Come and see me again," said my unhappy host, and I left him still gazing at the palace across the Neva.

PRIZED TITIAN - DISAPPEARS

Supposed Masterpiece Melts Away and French Consul's Loss Money with It.

PARIS, April 25.—(Special.)—M. Leroy, a Frenchman of modest means, and a connoisseur of pictures, has just been thinking rather deeply of the old saying, "All is gold that glitters." As a matter of fact, he has been thinking some other thoughts also, but they are not for publication. When you have read this story of an experience of his you will understand why. Recently this worthy Frenchman, who has a stout confidence in his own judgment of his ability as a judge of art, took a trip to Florence. It was in the nature of a fortnight's holiday, but M. Leroy had determined to combine business with pleasure and bring home something to make his trip worth while. For several days he rambled about the round of the picture dealers which are all too numerous in the Italian city, without discovering any masters going cheap. Finally, however, his practiced and educated eye fell upon a real Titian. Of course the dealer had not the least idea that it was as valuable as the picture he bought, but then he, poor fellow, was not a connoisseur. Attempting to hide his excitement as best he could, M. Leroy acquired the price of the picture and discovered to his intense joy that it could be had for a very modest sum.

The dealer offered to send it, but the Frenchman would not permit him to. He paid cash and left the store in a hurry with his treasure under his arm. At every corner he looked back to see if he was being followed. He really expected to be called back and told that a most ridiculous mistake had been made. But no such thing happened and he reached his hotel in safety. Once inside his room M. Leroy locked his door and uncovered his "find" for another look. Yes, there was no doubt that it was a Titian! It must be worth at least a few hundred francs, and he could not afford to put a price on it, but surely it was enough to put him on Easy street the rest of his life. He pictured his new possession purchased by the French government and placed in a position of honor in the Louvre.

At this point he realized that all was not plain sailing yet. There is a strict law in Italy forbidding the exportation of examples of the recognized masters from the kingdom. But our French friend is a man of infinite resources and he finally hit upon a very clever expedient. Taking his paint box he painted lightly over his Titian a portrait of the king of Italy in uniform. By this trick he figured that he would surely be able to get his treasure past the vigilant custom officials. And his judgment proved correct. Arriving at the frontier the next day he showed his picture and the officials passed it so quickly that it offended the pride of the Frenchman, who possesses considerable pride in his art, as well as in his judgment. As soon as he arrived in his beloved Paris he went to his rooms and started removing his picture of the king of Italy and restoring the Titian to sight. With a screw of wadding dipped in alcohol he worked patiently and expectantly. Imagine, if you can, his surprise and disgust when there slowly appeared, not his prized masterpiece, but a badly painted picture of a man whom he recognized as Garibaldi. His precious Titian had disappeared along with his hasty sketch of the Italian monarch. What puzzled him, however, was that a portrait of Garibaldi should appear under a painting by him, who lived so long before his soldier countryman. Inevitably he was forced to the conclusion that "the bitter had been bit."

Which all goes to show that all the success are not American.

Blouses Again in Evidence

EVEN in this day of the jumper frocks with guimpes, the three-piece costumes and the princess trotting frocks, the separate blouse holds its own. Each season fashion frowns upon it, but designers go blithely on evolving new blouse models and women fall these new models with acclaim. The separate blouse is too convenient, solves too many vexed problems, to be dispensed with lightly, and, moreover, in its simplest forms it is charming enough and becoming enough to endear itself to the feminine heart.

To be sure, this separate blouse is not what it once was. The silk blouse does not play the important part in a wardrobe that it once did, but the lingerie blouse, simple or ornate, is practically indispensable in a summer outfit, and even the silk blouse in new phrases has obtained fresh favor.

We have spoken before of the vogue of the blouse which has a touch of color combined with the predominating white, but no discussion of the new blouse is possible without a mention of this tendency, which is possibly the most pronounced innovation in the realm of the blouse.

The color creeps into the design in various ways. It may appear in hand embroidery on cuff and trim; it may be embroidered delicately over a yoke or front; it may appear in fine-striped batiste or lawn, with frill, are very much liked, and in some cases tiny hints in plain color matching the blouse. The straight collar, the edge, the plaited frills, collars and cuffs. Or perhaps there are a turnover collar, cuffs and frills of plain white bordered by narrow hems in the color.

Where the frill is not wanted a flat box plait bordered by colored hems is used. These semi-tailored models open up the front and of course this immediately presents a collar problem.

Often there is no collar at all, the blouse being intended for wear with separate collar and tie or ravat. This is probably the most practical thing for the blouse opening in front.

Designers have launched models opening up the front, the tiny buttons and buttonholes continuing on up the collar front, and this collar finished with an embroidered turnover or embroidered edge, but we have seen no way in which this collar effect may be made trim, neat and becoming. The straight collar attached to the blouse on one side and fastening down to it by tiny hooks and loops around the other side is the only other attached collar alternative for the front opening blouse, and this arrangement is seldom a success, so one generally comes back to separate neckwear with a blouse opening straight up the front.

The novel French blouse of firm hand woven linen, which might have immense cachet if worn well by a woman of excellent figure, made distinct concession to fashion's inclination toward plain, tailored lines without plait or fulness. Sleeves, too, were long and almost tight throughout their length.

The blouse opened up the front, the straight high collar; and the smart and distinguishing feature of the model was the heavy hand embroidery set in military effect up each side of the front, like frogging running back from the round blunt buttons.

Other plain tailored waists button simply up the front through a box plait and, when not in sheer material, are most chic if made without plait, save possibly for a small plait at each shoulder point to hide the armhole seam. In firm linen or pongee these plain shirtwaists may have no trimming or may have embroidery of contrasting color on cuffs, pocket and collar or frill.

Where the blouse is sheer yet opens in front a frill is, as we have hinted, almost inevitable, and charmingly dainty results are obtained in this way at slight expense. Even a machine made blouse looks very daintily if equipped with a hand made frill, and many women buying the comparatively inexpensive models roll the frills, roll the edges and put the lace back on by hand with results amply repaying the labor and time.

The same thing will often transform one of the blouses made with a hand or flat of embroidery set down the front and with collar, cuffs and bow of the same embroidery, lace edged. This is a common model and pretty when fine materials are used, but invariably the bow for the throat is awkward and coarse because it is hemmed by machine and its lace is carelessly put on by machine. Ripping and remaking this bow by hand will often change the whole aspect of the blouse.

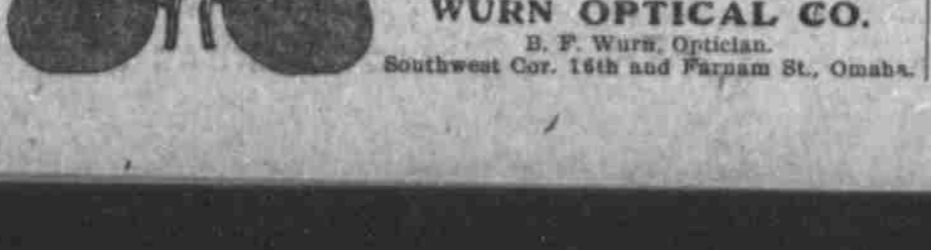
Some frill models have the frills made

quite separately from the blouse and buttoning on with the same tiny pearl buttons which close the fronts, and this aids the laundress greatly, for the frills require most careful attention and can be handled much more easily and satisfactorily if detached from the blouse.

This matter of the laundering of fine lingerie frills, rabouts, bows, etc., has become a vital one, and it is the rare laundress who does full justice to the dainty trifles. Many women have learned to do up the little accessories themselves, and by giving the time and care to the work which the average laundress will not devote to it—and often cannot afford to devote to it—succeed in making the lingerie trifles look well and wear well. One of the tiny folding ironing boards and an electric iron or iron heated by alcohol—both of which may be had put up in most compact form—should go into the trunk of every woman leaving home for a summer hotel.

The various modish shades of blue, brown and rose are the favorite colors for embroidery upon blouses of white batiste or linen, and occasionally one finds charming green embroideries. Wash cotton voiles, cotton crepes and similar materials, some of which require no ironing, are numerous among the French blouse models and are usually inset with cluny or baby Irish colored embroideries and used.

Women desiring colored blouses to match costumes often buy these em-



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