

KING COULD RAISE MONEY

Rich Americans Willing to Supply Funds to Remodel Palace.

PARLIAMENT HAS NONE TO SPARE

Not Likely, However, that Royal Residence of Britain's Ruler Will Be Fixed Up in This Fashion.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—(Special.)—King Edward wants to remodel Buckingham Palace. That is not surprising, for externally, at least, the London royal residence is hideously plain. It is a fact that several of the workhouses which have been recently erected in London are far more picturesque and pleasing to the eye. But to make the transformation in Buckingham Palace which his majesty desires—a new facade among other things like the scheme—would cost something like \$200,000. That is more than the king can afford to pay himself. And an application to Parliament for a grant for that purpose would meet with the strenuous opposition of the labor party, and some nasty things to be said. The king is too tactful a man, and values his popularity too highly to expose himself to criticism from that quarter.

And yet he might get the job done without costing himself or the nation a cent. Since his wishes in the matter became known several rich men have estimated their willingness to subscribe the amount required. And among the most generous of these would-be patrons of needy royalty are some American multi-millionaires and multi-millionaires. They would be only too delighted if they were permitted to provide the whole sum. There are no people who put a higher cash value on royalty's favor than those who seek here what they can't get in the new world. It would be queer if Buckingham Palace should be remodelled with American money. But somehow I don't believe it will. I think the king will conclude that a change considered, he has never put up with Buckingham Palace as it is.

Mrs. Leiter is Depressed.

Mrs. Leiter has never recovered from the shock of her daughter's death, and remains moody and depressed. Her daughters and her son-in-law, Lord Curzon, have done everything to rouse her, but with little success. She has been for some time endeavoring to buy Tulloch Castle, which has some of the loveliest gardens in all Scotland, in order, it is said, that she may one day be buried there.

It is by no means an unusual custom in the Land of Oakes for people to decide to be buried in their own gardens. Mrs. Leiter may, of course, grow out of the morbid notion, but at the moment it is very much in her mind. It is said that she has some little time ago when she happened to be visiting a well-known Scotch peeress. While driving up the avenue the graveyard was pointed out to her and later her hostess called her attention to it as she sat at ten in the drawing room from the window. It was visible. The Scotch are Celts and like all that clan a strain of melancholy runs through their temperaments. Hence the gruesome notion.

Consuelo's Coronet Brilliant.

I am told the dinner and reception at the Spanish Embassy in London for the king and queen of Spain was badly organized and many of the people invited to the reception never got any supper at all—some not even a glass of wine or an ice. There were only about half-a-dozen Americans invited, these being people who for social and diplomatic reasons had not been left out, as for instance Consuelo duchess of Manchester, Mme. de Domingues and the Whitelaw Reids. Consuelo's coronet eclipsed every other specimen of feminine head-gear worn. Even the queen of Spain's looked insignificant beside the dazzling white glory, and the renowned Portland diamond which the duchess of that ilk had in the center of her diadem was not more brilliant than that which flashed on the American dowager's crown. Has she had it enlarged of late? It seemed so to those who saw it.

The king of Spain shook hands right, left and center with everyone he met, but the queen did so with only a privileged few. She has a great deal of dignity, yet strange to say though Alfonso comes from the land of grandees he is an out and out democrat.

He is again talking orders for his sherry, which he calmly introduces at every party as the only wine in the world worth drinking. Last time he was over here he did a roaring trade for his private stock, and this year he is again touting it over the place and with equal success.

Admitted to Wrong House.

An incident which took place at Belgrave square in Lady Paget's drawing-room is being much discussed. Shortly before her daughter's marriage, the princess of Wales and Princess Victoria came to see the presents which were given to Lady Paget. At the time the royal highnesses were having tea, a man who was quite unknown to the hostess was announced. Lady Paget immediately came forward, shook hands with him, and offered him a seat as she proceeded to give him tea. She soon noticed that he was in subject misery, but kept on addressing him and trying to draw him into a general conversation—an uphill struggle, for the two princesses she was entertaining are noted for anything but liveliness. After a little while the royalities, to the hostess' infinite relief, announced their departure and she was left to her own devices. It was then that the third visitor turned to his hostess and said:

"I have discovered that I have made a mistake in the number and come to the wrong house to pay a ceremonial call after a dinner party. Can you forgive me?" Lady Paget, who had the man, could, invited him to have another cup of tea, and said all was well that ended well. Now he has become a fast friend of the family. When relating the story, the man said to his friends:

Smart Wedding in Prospect.

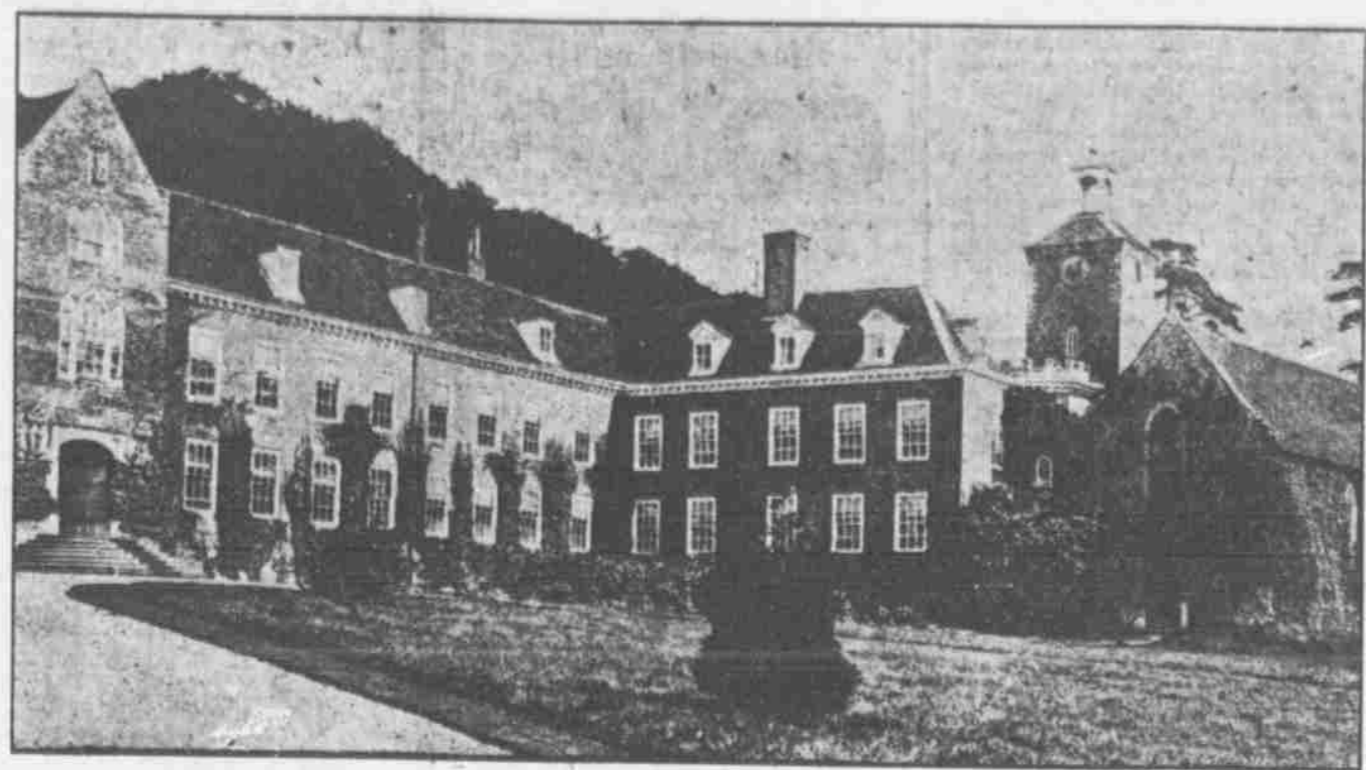
If half what is said is true, Miss Padelford's wedding to Captain Robert Grosvenor will be the smartest of the early season. Her mother, Mrs. Ernest Cassell, who is one of the recognized leaders of the best American, and indeed English, set, means to outdo all the mothers of recent American brides, both in respect to the gorgeousness of the general show and the magnificence of the individual details.

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Where American Widow Will Take Her Lordling



The Earl of Coventry's Residence, Leased by Mrs. Richard McCreevy, the Rich American Widow, Who is Going to Marry the Third

ITALIANS ARE TOO CLANNISH

Signor E. Mayor des Planches Criticizes His Countrymen.

PAYS VISIT TO AMERICAN CITIES

In Articles Published in Italy He Says His Race Does Not Become American—Gossip of Italy.

FLORENCE, Nov. 23.—(Special.)—Signor E. Mayor des Planches, Italian ambassador to Washington, is publishing in the Italian review, Nuova Antologia, an interesting series of articles concerning his journey across the United States from Washington, by the Southern Pacific route to California.

Especially was he pleased with New Orleans, which, he says, interests him as do Philadelphia and Boston, in that it has a past. Rejoicing that no reporters knew of his presence, he wandered about the old world named streets of the French quarter, the homes of creole friends, and at a creole club he heard a discussion of his own race. "What prejudices," he writes, "they still have in regard to us! According to these gentlemen, all of our Sicilians are united in a secret society; all, through hatred, because of the vendetta, or by command, are ready to stain their hands with the most ferocious crimes, are ready to adopt all means, firearms, stiletos or, just now, preferably poison, because of its smaller chance of discovery."

BRIDE LEASES STONOR PARK

American Millionaire's Widow Creates Sensation on Marriage in England.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—(Special.)—When the engagement of Mrs. Richard McCreevy, the American widow, to Henry Coventry, third son of the earl of Coventry, was announced English society folk cynically assumed, of course, that the young fellow was going to marry money. But it was not generally known what a rich matrimonial prize he had captured until Mrs. McCreevy furnished tangible evidence of the extent of her wealth by leasing Stonor Park for a long term of years.

Stonor Park is one of the most desirable residences in the Thames valley and is situated in the midst of a beautiful park. The house is situated near Henley, the famous annual rowing regatta is held. It is a big, rambling, old Elizabethan mansion, in striking contrast to the sort of residence millionaires build nowadays with an eye only to luxury, comfort and convenience. It possesses those things which Americans never find in the family home in their own land and prize so highly here—antiquity and historic associations.

It is the ancestral home of Lord Camoys, after whose family patronymic, Stonor, the place is named. The Camoys trace their lineage to Ralph de Camoys, one of King John's bold, rebellious barons. The present baron is only 24 years old. He hasn't money enough to keep up Stonor Park. And unlike most impetuous, actual or prospective, British peers, instead of devoting his youthful energies to finding an accommodating American heiress to share his title and replenish the family exchequer, he is going in for the diplomatic service and hopes to win distinction there.

Mrs. McCreevy has also leased a handsome town house in fashionable South Audley street from Captain Alwyn Grey, who is going to spend a part of money fixing it up. No wonder Henry Coventry's friends are now congratulating him on his luck. His personal income is only a moderate one; he isn't the sort of man who would ever succeed in making a big fortune himself, and, but the third son, only a very remote prospect of ever succeeding to the title and estates. But when married to Mrs. McCreevy and the wedding is to take place in a few weeks—he will be handsomely provided for for life, and will never be under the necessity of working for a livelihood. One wonders why the late Richard McCreevy would have worked so hard if he could have foreseen for whom he was laying up money. So far as Mrs. McCreevy is concerned, at least, there is no doubt that it is a love match. She could have had the pick of half a dozen peers if it was a little money that she coveted. As it is, she is going to be a better match than either of his two elder brothers.

Cottage Homes Founded.

Signor Fogazzaro, the author of "The Saint," has begun to put some of the principles of the book into active practice. In conjunction with a small group of co-workers, he is engaged in founding in Italy what are known as cottage homes. The plan is to take poor children who are parentless or neglected and place them in simple homes, called "Asil-famiglia," in charge of some woman capable of caring for them as a mother. Signor Fogazzaro holds that many children who are natural mothers, and that if he can only find the required number of these to assist him, his plan will surely succeed. At present he and his co-workers are making an experiment which he hopes may later develop into a widespread work.

Four unfortunate children are to be given into the care of one mother who will establish her little household in the country, on the economical lines of the household of a peasant. The children will assist her in the household tasks and will have for food, potatoes, or what, in the south, is called soft corn bread, salads, vegetables, chestnuts and fruit, the ordinary diet of the country. The small sum of 10 cents a day will be paid for the living of each child. One "Asil-famiglia" has already been established at Vico d'Assione.

Post Attracts Attention.

A post who has been attracting much attention is Faustino Salvatori, winner of the prize of \$500 offered by the Sonzogno Publishing company for the best libretto. The title of his work is "Festa del Grano," and it was given to Mascagni to consider for the subject of his next musical composition. He has declined, however, on the ground that he cannot make philosophy into music. Signor Salvatori himself has not found his laurels easy wearing. He was lately in-

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BOMB THROWER'S SAD PLIGHT

Pretty Polish Woman, if Extradited from Austria, Will Lose Her Life.

VIENNA, Nov. 23.—Wanda Dobrodziaka, the woman who threw a bomb at General Skalon, governor of Warsaw and, aided by confederates, disappeared, has been brought from Cracow to Vienna, where her trial on the demand of the Russian government for her extradition will take place.

The prisoner is a strikingly pretty woman still, still too good to do anything but be thought. Then Olga rushed from her hiding place and told them of what she had done. The employes praised her, kissed her, wept over her for her bravery. They still feared the bandits were lurking outside and prayed for the arrival of the police.

RUSSIANS WIPE SLATE CLEAN

Payment of Twenty-Four Million Dollars Made to Japan for War Debt.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Russia today wiped out the balance of its indebtedness to Japan arising from the war, the Russian embassy handing over to the embassy of Japan a check for \$24,000,000. This represents the balance due Japan for the maintenance of the Russian prisoners.

FRANDBURG PRACTICES SUSPECTED.

HAMBURG, Nov. 23.—J. P. C. Moeller, head of the wax refinery firm of that name at Altona, which suspended November 2, was arrested today on suspicion of becoming a bankrupt by fraudulent practices.

RED TAPE PREVENTS SUCCOR

Revolutionists in Russia Plunder Postoffice Meanwhile.

GIRL OPERATOR WIRES FOR AID

Request Not Coming in Official Form, Help Denied and Robbers Escape with Booty.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 23.—(Special.)—Red tape is the bane of official life in all countries, but Russia can now lay claim to the prize, if there is one, for the worst red tape blunder in all the world.

The facts have been told men by a man who knows. It was scarce more than a fortnight ago. The scene was a government postoffice on the outskirts of this city. The branch office are quite similar to those in the United States excepting that the buildings are much larger and used exclusively for government business.

In district office No. 72, or bureau 73, as it is called here, there are some thirty employes. Much money is handled there, as all branches of government business are conducted in the place.

It was a wet day and noon was striking on the clocks. The clerks were just about to start off in relays for their dinners. Customers had all departed. Suddenly a score of men walked quietly into the place. They were armed with revolvers, but there was one, a mere slip of a girl, who happened to be in one of the cloak rooms at the moment.

Girl was Overlooked.

The gang of men were revolutionists. The leaders secured the keys and opened all the safes and drawers and cupboards. While they were busy counting the money, searching for more or guarding the prisoners, the little girl, Alga Maljovitch, crept silently into the back room. She was a telegraphist and unobserved managed to reach one of the instruments connected with the general postoffice. With one hand she held down the sounder so that the telegraph worked silently. With the other she worked the key. Frantically she called the central office. Had she been observed the revolutionists would immediately have blown her brains out. But they were busy rifling the registered mail and transferring all the valuables to small sacks which he had brought with them.

Olga Maljovitch felt rather than heard the answering signal of the main office. Hurriedly she sent the message: "Bandits are in possession of Bureau 72. Send help at once. Be quick. They have opened the safes and are rifling the registered mail. There are twenty men. We are all prisoners. Quick, for the love of God."

She repeated the message and then stole silently away to the security of the cloak room. There she waited with bated breath and beating heart for the sound of the coming of the police and soldiers.

NO RUBB OF FEET IN RESPONSE.

But there was no rub of feet, no fierce commands, no sounds of shooting. The minutes passed and at twenty minutes past noon the band of revolutionists unbarred the doors, stole out with their plunder and disappeared. They had taken something over \$200.

For a few minutes the employes were still too dazed to do anything but herd together. Then Olga rushed from her hiding place and told them of what she had done. The employes praised her, kissed her, wept over her for her bravery. They still feared the bandits were lurking outside and prayed for the arrival of the police.

They were still wondering at the non-arrival of help when the telegraph instruments began calling bureau 72. The chief clerk hurried to the instrument. He responded to the signal and the receiving apparatus began ticking off a message. When it finished the stunned chief tore off the tape and handed it to his fellow employes. The message was from the prefecture of police. It read: "If you really desire assistance will you please employ the official formula usual in such cases!"

Busy Pens of Literary Men



THREE INDEFATIGABLE BENSON BROTHERS

GOOD DEAL OF QUIET FUN

LONDON, Nov. 23.—(Special.)—Of late a good deal of quiet fun has been poked at those three indefatigable brothers, the Bensons, sons of the late archbishop of Canterbury, whose books literally pour out of the press. Now the Roman Catholic member of the trio, Father Hugh, has announced his intention of giving up active parish work and devoting himself to the literary life, and critics are declaring that hereafter it will not be too much to expect a monthly volume from one or another of the Benson brothers.

The Bensons are no believers in literary race suicide. The novelist, the theologian and the poet-critic have covered at one time or another nearly every province of art and thought open to the pen. E. F. Benson starts the nerves of the social world every now and then with a stirring novel, and then "A. C." soothes them again with a peaceful book of essays.

Meanwhile occasional poems from the latter and serious and pamphlets from Father Hugh serve to keep the family perpetually in the public eye. They are particularly prominent at present, not only on account of the new decision on the part of Father Hugh, but for the publication of Queen Victoria's letters, which have been edited by Lord Fisher and A. C. Benson. The three volumes have been greeted as a sensational event in the book world. And A. C. Benson is also responsible for a controversy which occu-

plies the place of honor in most of the daily papers, on the subject of "Literary Courtesy." It seems that a writer in the Tribune, telling of his experiences in conversation with railway porters and such people, mentions having asked a certain guard in a somewhat sprightly fashion whether he "believed that Mr. A. C. Benson writes his books with a yard measure." This did not please Mr. Benson at all, and he wrote a letter to the Tribune about a question which has long occupied him, "The Limits of Literary Courtesy." And then he went on to suggest that as this would not be exactly a tactful remark to make before Mr. Benson's face at a luncheon party, he failed to see why it was more graceful or justifiable said behind his back in a newspaper.

Then the storm began. Such well known men as Andrew Lang and William Archer publicly expressed their opinion that, with all respect to Mr. Benson and his delightful talent, they think his remarks quite irrelevant. They wisely suggest that if all criticism is to be reduced to the level of what you would say to the author himself at a luncheon party, there simply would not be any criticism left. Incidentally some of them hint that although they would hardly use such a phrase as "writing with a yard measure," they think that Mr. Benson would do more justice to his charming muse if he published a little less.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN SAVED

St. Louis Policeman Prevents Suicide and Murder of Family at Same Time.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 23.—With her infant in her arms and her three other small children tied to her with ropes, Mrs. Margaret Deiter, aged 28 years, jumped into the river, Des Peres, under the Keystone bridge, near Alabama and Catalan streets, before daylight today in an attempt to drown herself and her children. The plunge into the cold water caused the terror-stricken children to scream and the

WOMAN HERSELF SCREAMED.

Policeman Reynolds was attracted and rescued the woman and children. At the police station Mrs. Deiter said she had left home last evening and had wandered around all night before having fully determined to drown herself and children. The children were suffering severely from exposure. They were given to the father, who is a court clerk, and the woman was removed to the observation ward at the City hospital. Deiter said her wife had been suffering from mental trouble for the last seven months following the death in Cincinnati of her aunt, Mrs. Margaret Osterman, to whom she was much attached.

Monday's Special Sale of Seasonable Goods Hardware and Housefurnishings. Brandeis Old Store. Sole Agents Garland Stoves. Stoves, Ranges, and other household items with prices and descriptions.