

WOMEN AS SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

Soldiers of fortune among men are not uncommon—those who wander about the whole wide world seeking adventure, now mining in Africa, now serving in some South American war, now fighting duels in China or India or where not, spurred on by an insatiable lust for excitement. They may do considerable harm or considerable good and generally end by getting themselves shot and so good-by. But when woman is cursed with the same spirit she leaves a wake of trouble that involves many other men and women. She must use men to secure those things for her which she herself is unable to secure. Men must be her tools, made to do her bidding under the influence of her fascination.

In everyday life there are, of course, many minor examples of this, but now and then a woman arises who wanders over the two continents involving in her meshes men of international prominence—strong men generally thought to be proof against such things. In the old days such women used to make history; today—well, they make scandal. There is no walk of life, no country which has not furnished its quota of such magnetic, unscrupulous women. Little German peasants, French dressmakers, English governesses and American shopgirls have had meteoric flights and toppled over men who have spent lifetimes of hard work in making reputations for themselves.

Career of Mary Booser.

A few years ago a South Carolina girl with the unromantic name of Booser—Mary Booser, later changed to Countess de Pourtales—stirred up trouble in three nations and finally had her head chopped off by the mikado of Japan. In her youth she was said to be a most beautiful type of the southern girl. Tall, black-haired, lithe of body, she had such color as is given to those alone who spend their early days in roaming over the mountains and riding half-broken horses across the blue grass country. There was not a swain in the country who did not fall under the influence of her sparkling eyes and keen wits.

Hardly had she reached maturity before a duel was fought on her account—fought in her presence. It was one of those bitter contests of arms where two men stand before each other shooting till one is killed. Leaning against a tree, she laughed carelessly until one of the men fell with a bullet through his heart. And the reward to the slayer? A kiss of the fingers, a flash of bright teeth, and that was all. In a week her affections had turned to some other youth, only to inflame him for a few months. But finally she did marry. A young man proudly carried her off as his bride. From that time on he was unhappy. He was not strong enough to hold her in control and soon there was gossip in the neighborhood. At the country dances where the two went she would pick out the handsomest man in the room and in an hour have him at her feet.

The hot-blooded husband was powerless to check her and could protect his honor only at the expense of a duel. Then one day after a particularly vi-



olent story circulated about her he returned to his home and demanded that she take more care. She listened to him, her head erect, her eyes flashing, and then, drawing a revolver, shot him dead.

She was not arrested and lived on to marry again, only to secure a divorce. She had some money and finally resolved to go abroad. The life of the south was not lively enough for her. She hungered for a wider field. Going to Paris, she at once became the center of a throng of admirers. Her type, unknown to Parisians, fascinated the Count Pourtales, a noble who was prominent as a diplomat. By marrying him she bounded at one leap into the atmosphere she craved—an atmosphere of intrigue among men and women of intellect. Her husband was soon after sent to Japan on a mission for his government and proudly took his bride with him. He little rea-

lized the trouble that was before him. At the court of Japan she repeated the process of the little South Carolina dances. Man after man flickered about this hot flame. In a few months the foreign colony was all agog. The count found plenty to do in trying to protect his own and his wife's good name. It was useless. It came to the usual climax—a duel. He was killed. Executed in Japan.

The widowed countess, lovelier than ever, returned to Paris. In a short while she had married another French officer. Back again to Japan she went, her husband on a diplomatic mission. In a month she had caused so many duels, created so many difficulties, that the mikado lost his head and ordered her to be executed. The act was done and, strange to say, caused no international complication. The inside story has never been told, but



that there must be one is proven by the fact that the whole matter was hushed up and forgotten. Three nations might have been involved in so rash an order but were not.

There was a little shopgirl in Stettin, Germany, who, having read much in society novels of the gay life at court, longed, as many another shopgirl has done, to taste of it. But Anna was different from others of her class. She was beautiful and realized it and had a mind of wonderful versatility. Although uneducated, she devoted herself to study and in a short while had a superficial knowledge of many things, with the charm to make a great deal of it. Saving up a little money, she made herself some dresses and shortly after disappeared from her native town. She turned up at Budapest and secured rooms in the beautiful and expensive hotel Unter den Linden. Here she met a Prussian count, who instantly became fascinated with her.

She had registered as the Countess Rignano, but naively let it be known that this was really not her right name. No, she was the Archduchess Katherina of Austria-Este, and, therefore, a near relative of Prince Ferdinand of Austria-Este, then heir presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne. She had a fortune, she said, under the care of the kings of Saxony and Roumania. The income of 1,000,000 marks would come to her on her twenty-first birthday.

Acted Her Part Well.

She was soon the belle of a small circle of Prussian nobility, each of whom had heard the story under the oath of secrecy. At the theater parties and teas she carried off the honors of the grand lady with the title of serene highness. Outside this privileged circle she remained plain Countess Rignano, preferring, she said, to live in retirement until she should come into possession of her property. Of course every unmarried count and baron who knew her story instantly fell in love with her. She selected the only son of a rich family. The latter were only too glad to give their approval. She was photographed in a family group which included every member of the family. That in itself was a letter of credit to every shopman in the kingdom.

When she had run up credit to the sum of many thousand marks, so that in spite of her photograph shopmen had become a bit uneasy, she summoned her father-in-law. She wished the loan of 175,000 marks for a few days to settle the legal costs of managing her estate. It would be several days before she could negotiate this sum. Would he favor her? Surely, willingly, gladly. It was an honor to be able to accommodate the archduchess. He insisted upon making it 200,000 marks. The next day she fell ill and the doctor very kindly advised her to leave at once for a winter resort. She paid her hotel bills. For all anybody knows, she is still at that winter resort, wherever that is. The chagrin over the discovery of her trick was such that the victims refused to say a word to the police.

The story of the Humberts is still fresh in the public mind, but it was

so extraordinary a swindle that it will doubtless become historic. A woman, Mme. Therese Humbert, was at the head of this. She was born on a small farm near Toulouse. She married the son of a senator who was supposed to inherit a large fortune. On the strength of this she began to borrow small sums of money whenever she was in difficulty. But the story was disproved and she found herself deeply in debt. It was then that she invented her famous story of the Crawford millions. She stated that in 1877 there died at Nice a rich American by the name of Robert Henry Crawford, leaving Therese his entire fortune of \$20,000,000, in recognition of the fact that a few years before she had saved his life.

Trick Well Played.

Shortly after this a nephew appeared who said that he knew of a

second will. The latter put the will in the hands of a Havre lawyer and gave him power to act as his notary. As a result the will was taken into court. This was part of the scheme of the Humberts—a scheme to legalize the fiction. The money being tied up, it was natural that the Humberts should be forced to borrow. And borrow they did.

For 16 years, while one kind of litigation after another occupied the attention of the courts, the big safe which was the depository of the \$20,000,000 occupied a position of honor in the Humbert household. When madam wanted to "raise the wind" she talked about the safe and its contents and explained the status of the litigation, exhibited a notary's certificate that the safe actually contained the bonds said to be held there and protected her creditors by her own personal note indorsed by Maria, so that whichever way the ultimate decision of the court ran the lenders would be secured. So long as this ultimate decision could be deferred so long the game could be successfully played.

It seems remarkable that these creditors did not ask for the numbers of these bonds or examine more closely into the antecedents of the rich American, who, although the possessor of a fortune of \$20,000,000, excited no attention in his native land; in fact, who seemed to be entirely unknown.

It may be that they did investigate, and, lacking sufficient data to probe the matter to the bottom, were unable to go beyond the records of the French courts; or, satisfied by the legal steps which had been taken that such a legacy did actually exist, they rested in the secure belief that their loans would be repaid.

The End of the Farce.

Various efforts were made to recover large sums loaned the Humberts, but nearly all of these were unsuccessful. When the creditors resorted to civil process for this purpose they found that their notes were qualified in various ways, the most common of which was that payment of the loan should be made "after the Crawford compromise shall have been settled," or "payable after the conclusion of actions of law."

It became necessary to proceed along other lines and to raise the cry of fraud before the bubble could be pricked. This was done by the creditor to whom they owed \$26,000. He asserted that the safe did not contain the \$20,000,000 claimed by the Humberts and attested by the notary and he asked for an examination and inventory. To this the lawyer for the "Crawfords" objected, but the lawyer for the Humberts, innocently believing in the integrity of his clients, assented. The result is known to the world. The safe contained only about \$1,200 in securities and a few insignificant articles of jewelry.

Two days before it was opened the Humberts had fled from France.

In the end these adventuresses come to grief in one way or another. A few brief years they reign and then they fall. There is no recovering after this. It is the logical end, and a bitter end.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SPENDS HIS VACATION.

Oyster Bay, L. I.—President Roosevelt is settled down in his country home on "the hill" for the first actual rest he has enjoyed in five years. It is to continue for three months.

A high stone wall has been erected between the Long Island railroad station and Sagamore Hill and secret service men, under direction of Secretary Loeb, held the key to the only gate. All sorts of gentlemen, crank or crankless, great or little, find it hard to get past. Artists and camera men for newspapers have to run for their lives.

The president's day begins early. He may be seen on the veranda of his home at 5:30 a. m. almost any day, breathing the soft, cool air from the sound. After a brisk turn about the grounds a chapter from a library book will engage him until the children begin flocking from their beds, eager for breakfast and a day of rol-



EXECUTIVE OFFICE OVER CORNER GROCERY AT OYSTER BAY.

licking fun. As a rule the first meal is served to the president's family together.

A game of tennis usually follows the morning meal.

Usually in the forenoon the family take to their horses. This season the president is riding two new mounts, Audrey, a black mare, and Roswell, a bay hunter. They were purchased in Virginia. Rusty, a bay jumper, that has been out of service for two seasons, because of a complication of ailments, is fit again.

Mrs. Roosevelt is also riding a new mare, named Molly, and from Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt ride through the shaded roads of the country, sometimes accompanied by Theodore, Jr., who is delighted with his new mount Gray Dawn, a western cayuse of excellent action and spirit, and the most showy animal in the Roosevelt stable.

Algonquin, the sturdy little calico pony which was Archie's boon companion for several seasons, has now descended to young Quentin. Archie

has a new and larger pony named Betsy.

It is one of the principal sights of the town to witness the charge of the Roosevelt youngsters, in miniature rough rider costumes, through the quiet streets of the town on their steeds. Quentin rides like his father, giving his mount full rein and scattering the sand dust as he flies.

Secretary Loeb arrives at Sagamore Hill from the "executive office" downtown at 11 o'clock with the president's mail and the New York morning papers.

If there are no visitors to luncheon the president rattles through his correspondence in less than two hours, and is free for recreation. His farm runs to the bay, the swimming beach being about 15 minutes' walk from the house.

The hot July sun served to put a red tan upon the countenance of the chief executive in less than a week.

Two hours of the afternoon are spent in reading and writing at the broad library table on the veranda.

In the rear of the house the president is helping his farm hands to harvest a bumper crop of oats. The hay has not been taken in. He expects to take in from three to three and a half tons of timothy from his hillside meadow.

Mrs. Roosevelt is busy in the afternoon with her large flower garden, and she has called upon the president frequently to assist her in the heavy work.

The evening meal brings the family together again. The president frequently reads or talks to the boys in the evening. The mosquitoes are coming in droves this year, and folks keep indoors after the sun goes down, well protected by netting.

Nine o'clock at night finds Sagamore Hill slumbering.

The deadly silence which is the habit of the nation's summer capital is occasionally broken by wild rumors of misfortune having overtaken the president. They are flashed in over the telegraph wires, mainly from western cities, and by the very nature of their ghostly import all business in the town subsides until the colony of newspaper reporters have located the president and found him safe.

After the receipt of a burning message from Ann Arbor, Mich., reporting a rumor there that President Roosevelt had met destruction at the hands of an anarchist, the chief executive was found plucking weeds from a late salad patch. The origin of such weird reports is a mystery that is being worked overtime in Octagon hotel circles.

BARON VON STEUBEN STATUE.

Albert Jaegers' Model Chosen for Memorial at Washington.

Washington.—The Von Steuben statue commission, of which Secretary Taft is chairman, has awarded to Mr. Albert Jaegers, of New York, the order to execute a bronze statue of Baron von Steuben, major general and inspector general in the continental army.

Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the statue, which is to be erected at the northwest corner of Lafayette park, in this city, and conforms in size and general type to the statues of Lafayette and Rochambeau already in place in that park.

Seven German-American sculptors were invited to enter a competition last summer by a committee compris-



ing Secretary Taft, Senator Wetmore and Representative McCreary. The result of that competition was that the committee selected the models of Albert Jaegers.

In the accepted model Gen. von Steuben appears in the familiar cocked hat and a long, full, all-embracing cloak, as though facing or enduring the hardships of the rigorous winter campaign at Valley Forge. He stands squarely facing the observer in an attitude of power and dignity. Slightly leaning with his left hand upon the sword, he is represented as inspecting military maneuvers. His personality, though quiet and simple, is essentially military. The ash he wears is reminiscent of his previous service as an officer of Frederick the Great.

Flanking the statue at the base of

the pedestal are two chaste allegorical groups. One of these represents Steuben's life work, "The Training of the American Army." It is worked out in an ideal composition thoroughly Greek in feeling, showing an experienced warrior instructing a youth in the use of his sword.

The group on the other side is a departure from the customary symbols of paying tribute to our heroes, and represents America teaching a maiden to graft a branch to Steuben's memory into her growing tree of fame.

In the design of the entire monument the sculptor, with his associate architect, T. R. Johnson, consulted Cass Gilbert, the well-known New York architect. They took into special consideration the location of the monument and the general scale of the other monuments in Lafayette park and adapted the design to the classic tendency of the time. This monument will form an important addition to the artistic features of the city and will be in harmony with the grand scheme of the development of Washington proposed by the park commission.

PLAN A GIGANTIC DRYDOCK.

Largest Structure of Its Kind to Be Erected on Puget Sound.

Washington.—Plans for the largest and best drydock in the world are being prepared in the bureau of yards and docks at the navy department. The last naval appropriation act contained provision for a dock to cost \$1,250,000 to be constructed at the Bremerton navy yard, Puget Sound, Washington. This amount is larger than ever heretofore appropriated for a dock and the new dock will when completed be able to take in the largest battleship either in course of construction or in contemplation. The location for the dock has already been selected at the yard and borings are now being made to learn the depth of the foundation. It is to be a concrete dock of the latest pattern and the materials will be purchased on the Pacific coast if practicable.

The dock is to be so constructed that it can be lengthened if vessels of greater length should be built in the future. It will be 27 feet in depth, which will provide for the docking of any vessel that can be built unless some unknown system of building is developed. The greater depth of the new dock is also designed to meet cases where a vessel has been injured and draws much more than the ordinary depth on account of the injury.

THE BANK'S FUNDS USED IN COTTON SPECULATION

Teller of Birmingham, Alabama, Bank is Short \$100,000, But Depositors Will Lose Nothing.

Birmingham, Ala.—Within twelve hours on Monday Alexander R. Chisholm, paying teller of the First National bank, was arrested, charged with the embezzlement of \$97,000 of the bank's funds, given a preliminary hearing before United States Commissioner Watson, put under bond of \$50,000, and falling to make it, is in the custody of the United States officials. During the afternoon W. L. Sims and C. M. Hays, manager and assistant manager of a stock and cotton brokerage house, were arrested, charged with aiding and abetting the embezzlement of National bank funds. They were also given a preliminary hearing Monday evening, and Sims' bond was fixed at \$50,000 and Hays' at \$10,000. Both furnished bonds.

The shortage at the First National bank was discovered while Chisholm was on his annual vacation.

W. P. G. Harding, president of the First National bank, said that the bank would not lose the whole amount and that the defalcation would not affect the institution.

It is said that practically all the money was lost in speculating in cotton futures, and his losses have extended over a period of several months.

WELCOME TO VETERANS.

Minneapolis Entertains Members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Minneapolis.—Fully 100,000 people arrived here on Monday, the first day of the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. Minneapolis has risen to the occasion in magnificent fashion, and it is difficult to mention anything that could be done for the entertainment and comfort of her visitors which has not been provided.

The city itself is decorated as though every man had made it his personal business to see that Minneapolis looked her bravest and best. Flags and bunting are everywhere, from roofs to sidewalks, and banners are swung in endless profusion across the streets.

TRIED TO DUCK PREACHER.

Bathers Object to Being Told They Are Breaking Sunday.

South Norwalk, Conn.—Rev. James Clark, an evangelist, attempted to preach to several hundred bathers on Campo beach Sunday afternoon on the desecration of Sunday and the indecencies of bathing, but he had not gone far when the bathers commenced to deride him and to throw sand and water at him. Some of the bolder ones suggested that the minister be baptized in the waters of the sound. At this he ran away, with the bathers after him, and just managed to board a trolley car in time.

WILL REVIEW BIG FLEET.

President Will Gaze on Strongest Sea Fighters on the Atlantic.

Washington.—Order for the formation of the Atlantic fleet to be reviewed by President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, September 3, were issued at the navy department Monday. The president will be aboard the Mayflower, and the fleet which he will review will be the strongest, if not the largest in numbers, ever assembled under the United States flag. It will consist of forty-five vessels, carrying 1178 guns, commanded by 812 officers, with 15,235 men.

POISON BY ACCIDENT.

Former State Labor Commissioner of New York the Victim.

New York.—John McMakin, former state labor commissioner, poisoned himself by accident at his home in Livingston Manor, N. Y., on Monday, and died two hours later in great agony. Mr. McMakin went to a medicine chest, from which he took a bottle supposed to contain medicine, but which was filled with oxalic acid crystals, bought the day before to cleanse a straw hat. He mixed a dose and swallowed it.

Missing For Thirty Years.

Chicago.—After an unexplained absence of thirty-one years, Professor Charles H. Frye, former superintendent of the Chicago normal school, has returned home. One of his first acts on arrival at his home was to hand a roll of crisp \$100 bills, totaling \$5,000, to his wife, with the remark, "Ask me no questions." Frye was thirty-one years old when he disappeared. Since that day no word had been received from him by his wife.

Reward Offered For Stensland.

Chicago.—The banks of the Chicago Clearing House association have offered a reward of \$5,000 for the apprehension of Paul O. Stensland, fugitive president of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank. So anxious are the bankers to capture the accused official that a conference was held on Monday afternoon to decide upon some action to assist the police authorities in their search for Stensland, and a passage of a resolution to pay the reward was the result.