

WILL WEAR GREEN CAP TO AID SHADOWERS

Texas Woman, Wife of Roman Deputy, Shows Contempt for Sleuths.

HUSBAND SEEKS EVIDENCE

Tries to Annul Marriage—Why Italian Detectives Watched Morgan.

Special Cable Dispatch to The Sun. Rome, April 20. Madame Moschini, formerly Miss Lulu Davis of Texas, the wife of the wealthy Deputy Vittorio Moschini, who is trying to have his marriage to her annulled, told The Sun correspondent today that she hopes soon to doff the blue serge dress and green cap which she had been wearing to show that she was not hiding and to establish her identity.

"Detectives have been engaged to watch me," she said, "and as there are some ladies in Rome who resemble me, one of whom is the Marchesa Dusmet, formerly Miss Oliver of Pittsburg, I thought it would be better for me to have an identification mark."

Mrs. Moschini said she was confident her husband would not press his suit. She refutes his claim that their marriage was illegal because her identification papers were false by the statement that the affidavits signed by her mother and five witnesses which were produced instead of the lost birth certificate were countersigned by the president of the Rome tribunal who gave the license for the marriage. She said her husband had threatened to have her arrested and she was wearing a conspicuous garb to show that she was not afraid.

Stenora Moschini is confident that she will win the suit and then, she says, she will sue her husband for \$20,000 for "being kicked out of his house and being deprived of his legal rights." She said that her husband also would have to pay her hotel bills in Paris and Treville, which amount to \$1,200. She says she is determined to reside in Rome and continue to mix in the same highest society where she has been received since her marriage.

The secret in regard to the police surveillance over J. Pierpont Morgan during his recent stay at Florence has been cleared up and it affords another instance of the credulity of the Italian police and detectives. Concurrently with the report that two art dealers had offered Mr. Morgan the "Mona Lisa" which was stolen from the Louvre in Paris the Florence police came into possession of a telegram dated New York which read: "Go to Florence, watch Morgan; ascertain whether he is buying pictures; cable good story direct to New York; rush." The telegram was picked up in the street and given to the police. It bore a Rome address which is a conventional one. After some hard work the police found that the telegram was addressed to the Roman correspondent of a New York newspaper. The correspondent had the greatest difficulty in persuading the authorities that the message did not relate to the stolen "Mona Lisa."

Until the mystery was cleared up Mr. Morgan was shadowed by detectives, who even followed him on bicycles when he was motoring in Siena. Mr. Morgan has instructed Mr. Imbert, his Roman agent, to go to London to superintend the packing of the remainder of his collection in the South Kensington Museum for shipment to New York. Mr. Imbert will probably accompany the collection to New York and unpack and catalogue it.

Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, sister of Mrs. Taft, is going about in society and elicits attention under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Post Wheeler and other members on the American Embassy. She attended the Golf Club ball, where she met the leading members of society and the Maharajah of Kapurthala.

C. A. Moore of New York, who has been in Italy for nearly a year for the benefit of his health, which is now very much improved, will probably return home in May.

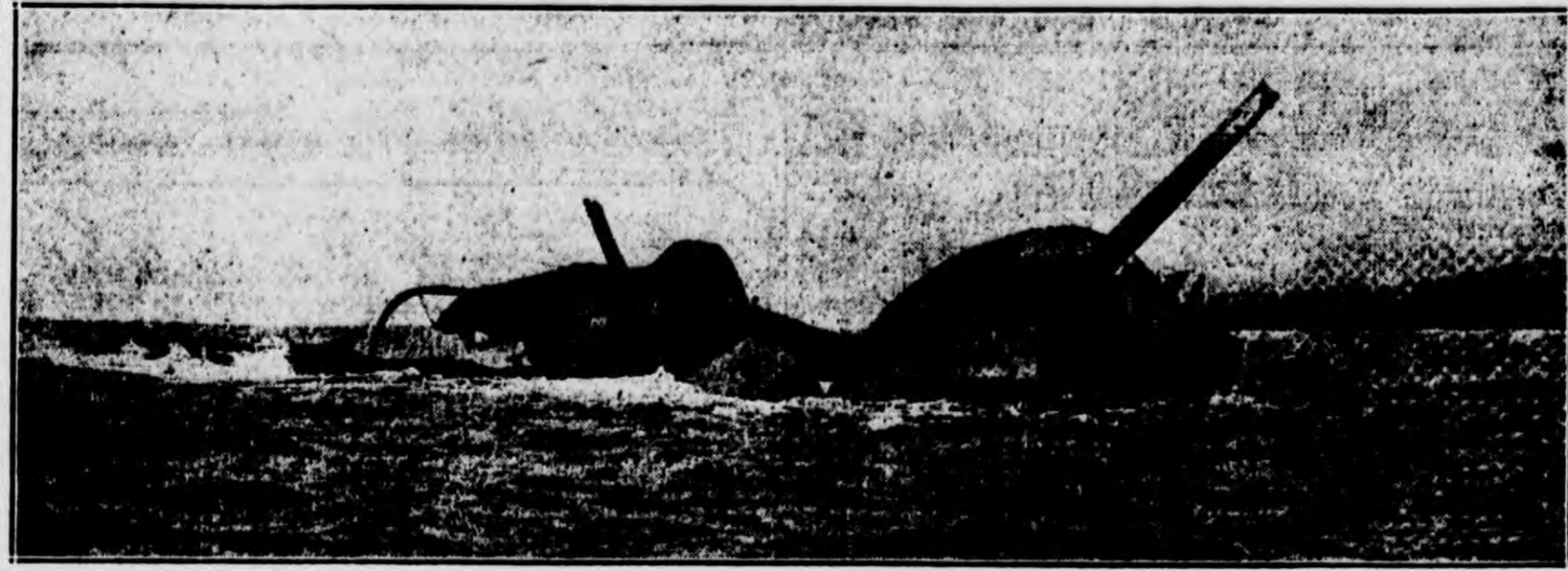
W. R. Mead, James Speyer and Mrs. Stanford White are in Rome. Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and Miss McCormack are in Florence.

Mrs. C. A. Postley has gone to Paris. Betty Iddings, daughter of Lewis M. Iddings, who was reported as being ill some time ago, is supposed to be suffering from cancer. Her recovery is doubtful.

There was a second preparatory session of the Congregation of Rites on April 16 to examine into the heroic virtues of Mgr. Neumann, the first Bishop of Philadelphia. This ceremony is part of the procedure necessary to the making of a saint. All the Cardinals and consultants of the congregation were present at the session at which Cardinal Martinelli presided. Three sessions are necessary in the presence of the Pope to have the decision of the Congregation sanctioned. The Pope has the right to refuse his sanction, but he will hardly use this privilege, and it is assumed that the preparatory sessions will be concluded in 1913.

It is not likely that the beatification will be conferred for a score of years, perhaps longer, as there is no record of any miracle having been performed by Bishop Neumann.

SHATTERED RELICS OF THE SPANISH FLEET OFF THE CUBAN COAST



ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLAGSHIP THE VISCAYA.

Two battered masses of rusty iron rising out of the sea off the Cuban coast near the village of Juan Gonzales are memorials of the victory of the American fleet under the command of Admiral Sampson over the Spanish squadron commanded by Admiral Cervera in July, 1898. They are the remains of Admiral Cervera's flagship the Viscaya and the cruiser Almirante Oquendo. After crossing the ocean on their disastrous voyage the Spanish warships, consisting of four line cruisers and several torpedo boats, sought refuge in the harbor of Santiago. The imminent capture of the city by the American army under Gen. Shafter compelled Admiral Cervera to make a desperate dash to escape with his ships, an attempt which was defeated by the skill of the gunners of the American ships. The Viscaya and the Oquendo sank after being shattered by shells and otherwise damaged by flames. The project of raising them has been brought up several times, but abandoned, as the condition of the vessels makes them of little value. So for thirteen years the sea has been allowed to batter them. The portions of the vessels above the water are stained by the weather and encrusted with barnacles. The Viscaya still raises above the sea a turret and a gun project.

OTHELLO AS ACTED BY SIR HERBERT TREE

An Elderly Arab Presented in the Latest Version in London.

IAGO ALSO DIFFERENT

Miss Marie Tempest Shows Her Countrywomen How to Wear Panniers.

LONDON, April 18.—From *Evening Standard*.—All Sir Herbert's Shakespearean presentations are interesting, especially since he has adapted some of Gordon Craig's ideas as to color and lighting effects, but some critics resent the way he slashes the text, cutting out lines which would interfere with his interpretation of a character, omitting whole scenes and often devising stage business which is against all tradition except his own. But the British public as a whole does not bother about such details.

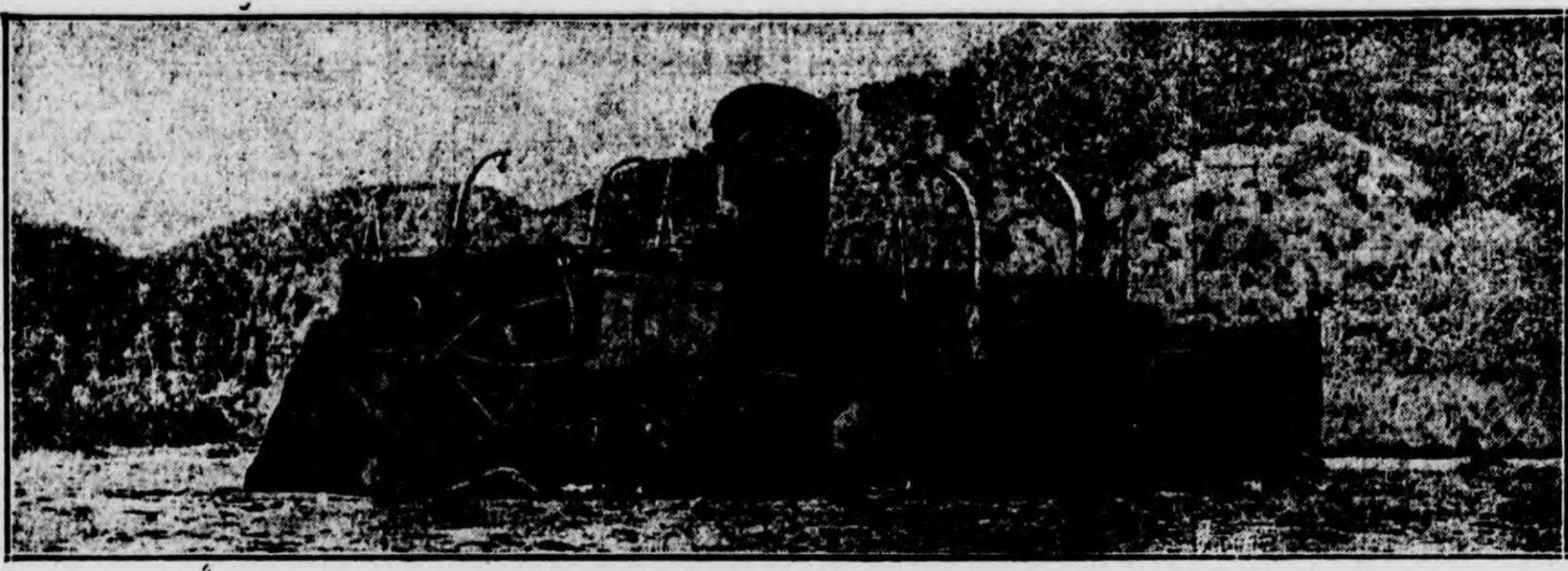
Sir Herbert has decided that *Othello* was an Arab rather than a Moor, so he makes his face up in a sort of cocoa color. Also he is a distinctly elderly and reserved *Othello* with never a trace of great love for *Desdemona*, but rather a sort of fatherly affection. He never seems tormented by jealousy, but only fears for the betrayal of his honor and even offers up *Desdemona* as a sort of sacrifice.

Miss Neilson Terry by right of heredity is a beautiful *Desdemona*. Her mother, Miss Julia Neilson (Mrs. Fred Terry), played the part in her youth and her father's sister, Miss Ellen Terry, was the most famous *Desdemona* of her day. Miss Neilson Terry is curiously reminiscent of her aunt in the part. Not only does she resemble her in face and figure, but her voice and manner are becoming astonishingly like those of her aunt.

Lawrence Irving was a sort of hereditary *Iago* also, but Sir Henry would probably have wondered at his son's conception of one of his own greatest parts. Lawrence Irving, though a clever actor, has a tendency to exaggeration, and he almost burlesques *Iago*. He makes him in appearance and manner a sort of *Mephistopheles* who grimaces and jumps and is never in repose. A *Mephistopheles* who could never deceive anybody, so plainly is his guile written on his features and in his manner.

The scenery is very fine, with an attempt at symbolism in the heavy red hangings of the bedroom and the dark blues and greens of the halls and chambers of *Othello's* palace. Some exquisite costumes were designed for the production. In fact "*Othello*" has never been presented with such a wealth of detail and beauty as at His Majesty's on Monday night.

Sir Herbert when he first appears wears a long white burzou with a hood drawn over his head. The cloak is embroidered in gold. When next seen he has donned a suit of black and gold damascened armor with a high helmet, from which springs an enormous gold brush aigrette. From his shoulder falls a gold and blue-green robe of black and silver striped material, with a kimonolike cloak of wine colored



BATTERED MASS OF THE ALMIRANTE OQUENDO.

brocade, striped across the shoulders, and with sleeves of dull yellow silk.

Miss Neilson Terry's costumes are all in soft colors admirably suited to her blond type of beauty. Her first dress is of blue and gold brocade and a turquoise headpiece. In the bedroom scene she wears a long primrose yellow satin cloak over a trailing white robe.

Iago wears one costume throughout the piece, and that is of black and gold with a small skull cap of dull red velvet with a black feather.

The first night of "*Othello*" at His Majesty's brought a gathering of representatives from all the great world's London. Literary men chatted amicably with critics; artists discussed the coming Academy between the acts and approved of the pictures on the stage when they were in progress, titled people filled the boxes and part of the stalls.

Tuesday evening Mr. Gerald du Maurier presented "*Jelf*," by Horace Vachell. Though a successful novelist, Mr. Vachell has not attempted a play before, and "*Jelf*" is not likely to make him famous as a dramatist. It is in four acts and deals with two young bankers, an old established private bank, a pretty girl and a run on the bank. Mr. du Maurier will have to struggle hard to make the part of the hero consistent and "*Jelf*" a success, though he did go all over London inspecting sundry old established private banks to get the correct technical details for the bank scene in the third act.

Miss Marie Tempest has come back to the Prince of Wales Theatre with a new comedy and a number of wonderful frocks and hats. The comedy is by Anthony Wharton, who wrote "*Irene Wyncery*," and it has a very simple story. A pretty actress fleeing from the attentions of a titled suitor goes down to a country place and takes refuge in a house where three golfers are staying. When they are not at play the golfers are a novelist, an artist and a critic. All three fall in love with the actress and she selects the novelist, who puts the troublesome suitor to flight and marries her.

Miss Tempest showed London women how to wear pannier gowns and look charming. She revealed her panniers. She had them of shot blue taffeta over citron underskirt, of pink flowered taffeta over pink chiffon and lace and of emerald green over pale green. She also appeared in the very latest thing in French hats, and each time she came on the stage in a new creation the women in the audience fairly gasped their joy. For Miss Tempest knows how to wear her clothes like a Frenchwoman.

CLASSIC GARDEN ART REVIVED IN FRANCE

An Exposition of a Novel Kind in the Champs Elysees in Paris.

SOCIETY IS INTERESTED

Gardens of Chateaux Made Over—Americans Prominent in the Movement.

PARIS, April 11.—An admirable display of French art in landscape gardening, an entirely new kind of exposition, is just being completed in the Champs Elysees, where the society known as the Amateurs du Jardin (amateurs of the garden) has laid out a series of picturesque gardens, models of the traditional classic type.

The purpose of the exhibition was to cultivate a love of gardens. As is well known, two centuries ago France was celebrated for her marvellous gardens, and the most beautiful displays of art in gardening were the work of the greatest of French landscape gardeners. Le Notre, who laid out the grounds surrounding Versailles, Chantilly and the Tuileries, which for two centuries have attracted strangers in search of examples of model landscape gardening.

One may say that the harmony, the order, the rational arrangement shown in the gardens of France reflect the French taste. They may even be called gardens of intelligence admirably illustrating Descartes' theory that "man is the master of nature." The effect of a classic landscape garden differs entirely from that produced by a natural landscape garden. A promenade in a forest in the midst of rugged trees, dense thickets, rustic moss, gives a purely animal, sensual pleasure, for nature dominates man; on the other hand an intense, refined, purely intellectual pleasure results from a view of the well ordered, well kept, charmingly laid out French garden in which man dominates nature.

The purpose of the new exposition is to cultivate the taste for the traditional French garden now so often replaced by the English style of garden which imitates the disorder of nature with its untrimmed trees and untrained shrubs and vines.

The city of Paris spends annually large sums of money for landscape gardening, and owns a large number of nurseries near Paris where shrubs, trees and flowers are raised for the adornment of municipal parks and gardens. A host of men are employed as city gardeners, and they are trained in special schools devoted to gardening as an art.

Of the celebrated chateau gardens, those of Vaux, Pinon, Voisins and Courances are the most beautiful, although one may fairly say that there are any number of other chateau gardens which rival those named, although less celebrated.

In the suburbs of Paris the famous Rothschild place at Boulogne along the Seine possesses an admirable classic French garden, to take care of which over a hundred gardeners are employed. Another beautiful garden belongs to the Chateau Bois Preau on the route to Saint Germain. Its owner is Madame Crespin, widow of the man who first conceived the idea of offering goods to be paid for on the instalment plan and thus built up the Dufayel establishment, where everything can be bought on time from a coffee pot to a house and lot. In addition to her gardens, which are superb, Madame Crespin has an orangerie copied after the one at Versailles, but surpassing it in luxury and beauty.

All over France there is a marked revival of the garden art so long neglected. Indeed, for a time people took pride in having their grounds look like a wild forest. In the meantime from England and particularly from America came demands for expert French gardeners, and French travellers in America were astonished at Newport, at Monmouth Beach and all along the Jersey coast, in New York State, in Pennsylvania, in Massachusetts, to find that French gardens were the most attractive features of large estates. This was especially surprising to the travellers because in France gardens had so often been allowed to run wild in the mad desire to have everything "*à l'Anglais*" (in the English style).

Then French people suddenly decided to go back to traditions and there was a spontaneous movement in favor of the revival of French gardening in its classic form. The Minister of Fine Arts sent orders to all the curators of the national historic chateaux to pay more attention to the grounds. The city of Paris asked for additional funds to beautify the parks and squares and private initiative which always comes to the front in a national movement of any kind took the matter in hand.

Trees were trimmed and regularly restored to the wild gardens of yore. The chateaux are now so easily reached with an automobile that their proprietors who lived in towns fell into the habit of going out to their chateaux regularly to survey the laying out of gardens. The fashion caught the women and rivalry sprang up among them. The result was the organization of one of the smartest societies in France, the Amateurs du Jardin, which is composed of the elite of French landed proprietors. The exposition in the Champs Elysees is the fruit of their efforts to restore French gardening to its original classic form.

Among the novelties are trained dwarf trees. There are vines of roses in flower trained in perfectly regular rows or in circles or straight up and falling in clusters like a skyrocket just after bursting. The effect is fairylike. Tulp bunches are another novelty. A large variety of American shrubs and plants is much admired.

One of the biggest landscape gardening firms in France which has its nurseries in Normandy is importing thousands of shrubs from America and the director makes an annual trip to the United States in search of novelties.

It may be added that American property owners in France have done much to beautify grounds they own and no historic property purchased by an American has suffered in his hands.

The magnificent property near Palaiseau owned by William Cory, the steel magnate, which he bought some three years ago, has been improved in every way. An army of workmen has been employed about the grounds and everything has been done to make the gardens as perfect specimens of French gardening as possible.

The chateau of Chenonceaux in the Touraine district, owned by an American,

is a fairland in the matter of the gardens, and so it is all over France. Where there is an American owner French landscape gardening has been carefully practised, and no people in the world seem to love the traditional French garden art as much as Americans. Indeed, the entire fund for the restoration of the famous "rosiers" of the Malmaison Park, the reproduction of the garden of roses just as it was when the unhappy Empress Josephine lived there, was contributed by an American, Edward Tuck, who not only gave the fund but gave it twice for the first gardens were a failure and the whole work had to be done over again.

William K. Vanderbilt's place at Poissy is also admirably laid out in gardens that are the pride of the small town on the banks of the Seine.

ITALY'S SUFFRAGE REFORM.

Catholic Unions Not to Oppose the Extension of the Franchise.

ROME, April 10.—The electoral reform bill will shortly be brought before the Italian Parliament. It constitutes the first step toward universal suffrage, as



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN PARIS. HE IS TO BE IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL FOR SOME TIME. GUEST OF THE MARQUIS DE BRETEUIL.

the right to vote will be extended to all adult males of 30 years who have served their time in the army.

The bill has been opposed by the anticlericals, who feared that the Catholics will gain a majority in the general elections. On the other hand Catholic electoral organizations and unions were alarmed at the probable preponderance of anti-clerical voters as a result of the extension of suffrage, and pressure has been used at the Vatican to secure the abolition of the so-called "non expedit" or veto exercised by Italian Bishops, who only allow Catholics to take part in elections when one of the candidates is decidedly an anti-clerical.

The leaders of the Italian Catholic unions have now issued a statement to the effect that they do not oppose the proposed reform and this has been construed as an indication that the Pope was going to allow Catholics to vote. The *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican's official organ, hastened to correct this notion, and in an inspired note reiterated the rule that Catholics should not vote unless authorized to do so by their Bishops, thus implying that the formation of a Catholic Parliamentary party is still opposed by the Pope.

STATESMEN LIVE LONG, BUT POETS DIE YOUNG

Painters, Authors and Men of Science Also Likely to Reach Old Age.

LONGEVITY AND THE BRAIN

Effects of the Strain of the Intellectual Life on the Body.

LONDON, April 11.—The *British Medical Journal* has good news for those who are "of superior brain power" if they desire long life. It points out that it might naturally be supposed that superior brain power would not be conducive to long life, as the possessors thereof have to "bear the strain of an intense intellectual life," to which is often added "the unhygienic condition of a sedentary existence." But it seems that intellectuals on the whole have a high expectancy of life.

"According to Benoiton de Chateaufort," says the *Journal*, "the average life of members of the French Academy from 1635 to 1838 was 73 years and 10 months. Piquet reckoned that between 1768 and 1838 the average for members of the Institute was 71 years and 4 months, while for members of the Academies of the Fine Arts, Sciences, &c., it was respectively 72 years and 2 months, 71 years and 4 months and 70 years and 8 months. We know of no corresponding statistics for members of other learned societies, though to mention only the most recent cases Sir Joseph Hooker and Lord Lister had each passed the ordinary limit of human life."

"To arrive at any definite conclusions we must discriminate between different forms of intellectual energy. Poets and artists are not in the same category as mathematicians, for instance, or workers at scientific problems. Then there are the inventors, a class apart, in whom the mere intellectual excitement is increased by the hope of gain. Disappointment, want of appreciation, lack of means, a squallid home, a scolding wife—all these things have to be taken into account as tending to shorten life.

"The longevity of statesmen has been so remarkable that during the last half century or so it has been said with truth that the world is governed by old men. For the post it has been said that the fatal age is 37. This seems to be founded on nothing more solid than the fact that Byron and Burns died at that age. Lepoardi died at 38, Shelley at 29, and Keats at 25.

"Before he was 40 Alfred de Musset was according to Heine's bitter gibe, a young man with a great future behind him. Heine's own life after 47 was spent in what he called his mattress grave. Shakespeare died at 52, but his creative life had ceased some years before.

"Goethe, on the other hand, lived to 82 in the full possession of his faculties. He was a man of powerful physique, and though he ate and drank and did other things in anything but moderation, and in fact was supposed to be doomed to an early death in his youth, he continued eating and drinking and high thinking almost to the end.

"Victor Hugo died at 83, yet poets as a class are not long lived. In them generally intense exercise of the imagination alternates with periods of inaction, and these have too often been passed in excess which tend to underrate the constitution.

"On the other hand, painters are long lived, as pointed out by Hazlitt in a well known essay. Michael Angelo was 77.