

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY ALERT CAMERA MEN TO ILLUSTRATE THE DAY'S NEWS



ROOSEVELT AS HUNTER 20 YEARS AGO



VANDERBILT COACH IN LONDON



TEWFIK PASHA



RUDYARD KIPLING IN 1909 COPYRIGHT 1909 BY DOUBLEDAY PAGE & CO



GRACE FILKINS



MRS. J. J. ASTOR



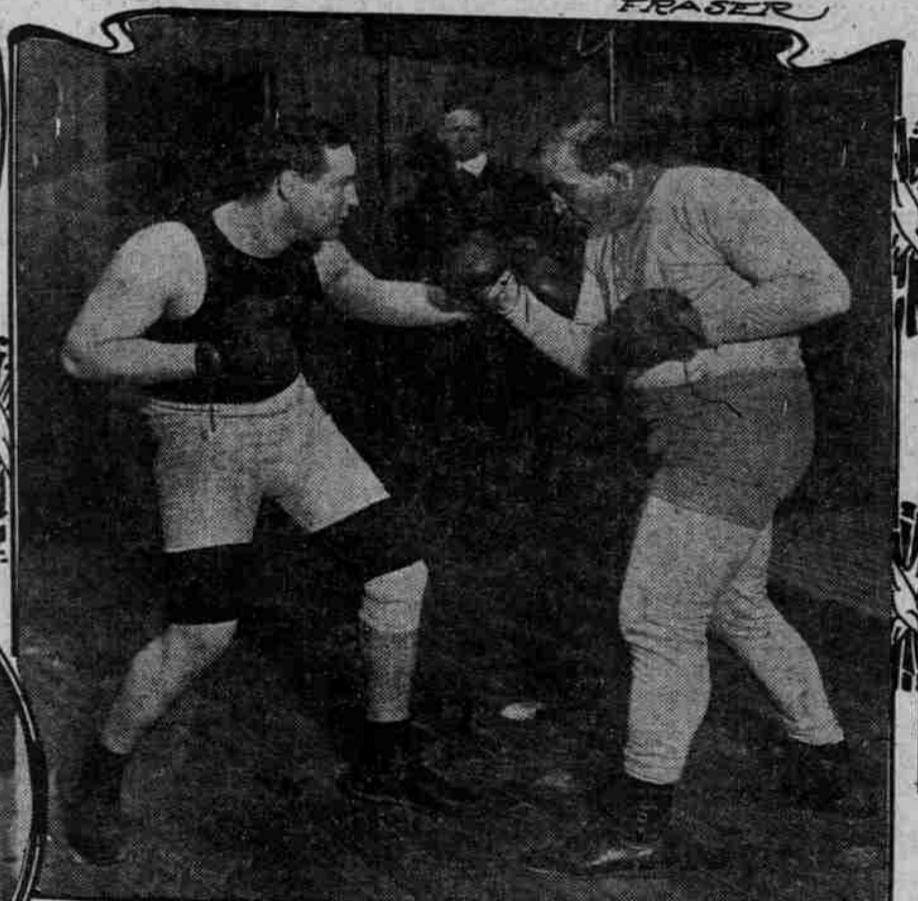
SIR ANDREW FRASER



PRINCESS HATZFELDT



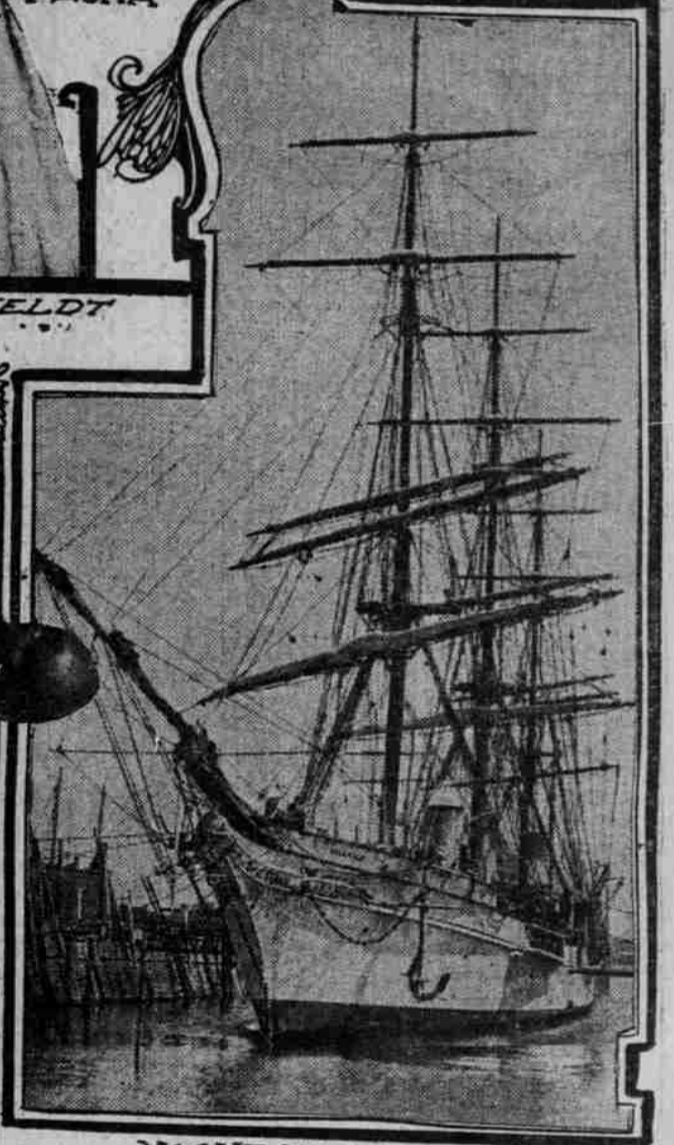
PRINCESS DOROTHEA SORRENTINO ROEHLSTEIN



JEFFRIES SPARRING WITH SAM BERGER COPYRIGHT 1909 BY GEO. G. BAIN



JIM JEFFRIES COPYRIGHT 1909 BY GEO. G. BAIN



YACHT VALHALLA



LADY HOOD

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN. NEW YORK, March 17.—(Special correspondence.)—Pictures that are taken to illustrate the news of the day reveal the constantly increasing efficiency of the men who operate the camera in all parts of the world. As usual, Theodore Roosevelt is occupying the limelight just now by reason of the near approach of the date of his leaving for the wilds of Africa on a hunting expedition. In this connection the reproduction of a photograph of Roosevelt as a hunter, taken some 20 years ago, when he was a ranchman in the West, is interesting.

Just as the Government has undertaken a test of the Hudson Maxim noiseless gun, another inventor comes into the field with a device which he declares will make guns not alone relatively noiseless, but recoilless; and he claims also that by the use of his device black powder becomes smokeless. This inventor is J. C. Coulombe, of Northfield, Vt., and he is shown in this picture discharging one of his guns equipped with his patented device. It will be seen that he holds it at arm's length without fear of the recoil.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor is one of the society women of New York who has taken an interest recently in public affairs. Her activities are confined to the question of vivisection. She is an anti-vivisectionist, and she has just sent a letter to the members of the State Senate and Assembly urging the passage of the compromise Brough-Murray bill, known as the "open door" bill.

The Princess Hatzfeldt has been well known in the social life of Europe for many years, though almost a stranger to her native land. The Princess was Clara Huntington, daughter of the great railroad man. She married Prince Francis Hatzfeldt, but the marriage, as is not unusual with international unions, proved to be unhappy, and she has been separated from her husband for years.

Princess Dorothea is the daughter of Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Her great grandfather was King Louis Philippe of France, but the Princess is distinctly of the German type, showing nothing of her French blood. She is married to Duke Ernst, of Schleswig-Holstein.

It is reported from London that the famous yacht Valhalla has been sold to a firm of New York ship brokers and will come to this country for use as a

training ship. For ten years the yacht has been the floating home of Earl Crawford. Those who witnessed the start of the Kaiser's cup race in 1906 will never forget the quaint figure of the bearded Earl togged out in sweater and sou'wester, as he stood on the deck of his yacht—the typical "old salt." For the Earl was no fair weather sailor—he was the master of his ship, as well as its owner. He brought it in third in the race for the Kaiser's cup. Earl Crawford has not given up his life on the sea. He has sold the Valhalla because he has bought a large clipper of the mercantile type. The Valhalla is ship-rigged and carries a crew of about 300. She is of 3700 tons displacement. It is reported that she will take the place of the St. Mary's, the old naval ship which recently went to the junk pile.

Grace Filkins is the chairwoman of the committee of women appointed by the auxiliary of the Army and Navy League to agitate in favor of the raising of the Maine. She holds this position because her husband, Captain Marix, was the Judge Advocate of the board which investigated the sinking of the ship. Miss Filkins is in "The Third Degree," which is playing an indefinite engagement in New York, and she has plenty of time outside her stage duties therefore to give to this work.

Although James J. Jeffries still emulates the Sphinx in the matter of a possible match with Johnson, he is going ahead with his training during his two weeks' stay in New York, and he makes his stage appearance a part of his work.

Sam Berger, his sparring partner, is traveling with him, and every day they go through a thorough course at some local gymnasium.

Tewfik Pasha is likely to be the center of news interest any day if the telegrams from Constantinople telling of uneasiness at the Yildiz Kiosk are correct. Tewfik was the Minister of Foreign Affairs under the old regime, and when the young Turks gained control in Turkey he was retained in that place. It is a position of no little importance at this time, for the foreign relations of Turkey are intimately interwoven with her domestic troubles. The talk of disaffection among the troops promises a new turn in Turkey, and those who were surprised at the calm acquiescence of

the Sultan in the recent revolution may realize that the crafty old man was merely temporizing with fate, till he could regain his old strength.

The marines have been left between earth and water. The President put them ashore and Congress restored them to the sea; but the President partly nullified the act of Congress. So that

the position of the marines is uncertain. The individuals of the corps go about their work and their play on board ship without much concern on the subject. In fact, it has more individual meaning for the officers. The marines were originally the policemen of the Navy. In later years they have been fighting men, helping the sailors to man the guns and fight on shore.

Old "Cy" Young, who is going from the Boston to the Cleveland club this year, is never so happy as when he is living on his farm at Peoli. His wife runs the farm in his absence. When Ed Bang, the sporting writer, called on Old "Cy" a few days ago he found him cleaning harness, chopping corn and keeping himself in condition for the coming Summer by good hard work. He said he was glad to get back to Cleveland, and especially glad to play with LaJolie.

The literature of the air will receive another imaginative contribution when Rudyard Kipling's new book is published. Mr. Kipling has done for aeronautics the remarkable work of creating a terminology for the conditions of 100 years hence. He tells the tale of "The Night Mail," as it starts from the central postal tower in London for its destination in Canada, and narrating the conditions and circumstances of its journey, he pictures the developments of a century in aeronautics. The book is as terse as "The Ship That Found Herself," and as full of technical terms. But Kipling has had to invent for himself the terminology of future aeronautics; and it is the use of these coined terms which helps to carry the imagination forward a century.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt has run back to New York for a few days pending the completion of his preparations for running a coach between London and Brighton this Summer. The horses were shipped to London more than a month ago, so that they might become thoroughly acclimated. There are nearly a hundred of them. Mr. Vanderbilt made this essay in road coaching a year ago

and met with such success that he is encouraged to repeat the experience.

General Fraser is the Governor of Bengal whose life was in danger recently from a fanatic, and who was saved by the intervention of the Maharajah of Burdwan. The growth of the native disaffection in India makes the life of the provincial Governor uncertain. Bengal is the most seditious of the provinces.

Lady Hood, wife of the new British Ambassador to Rome, was Lillias Georgina Guthrie. She is a woman of tact and is expected to exercise a great deal of influence in diplomatic circles in the Eternal City.

At the Masquerade. Detroit Free Press. I was a cowboy and she was a queen. At the annual masquerade. And our faces couldn't be guessed or seen. And our partners were not displayed. I danced with a gypsy and she with an earl. She with a clown and I a flower girl. The goddess of night or a tramp of the street. We tripped the fantastic with untiring feet. We laughed as we danced, and we took one and all. And our hearts were in tune at the masquerade ball.

We never could tell who our partner might be. And 'twas little we cared at that masquerade ball. Whether pauper or prince, whether servant or she. Who had handmaids to come at her beck and call. What mattered it then? No distinction was made. Whether Topsy in rags or Louise in brocade. And she with the Irish policeman was proud. To circle the ball in full sight of the crowd. While I took the homeliest trunk from the wall. And was glad of the chance at that masquerade ball.

I was a cowboy and she was a queen. And never a man in that ballroom was made. To feel that, unwanted, she blotted the scene. Equally reigned at that gay masquerade. The bars of distinction were broken in twain. The mimic, the humble, the fair and the plain. Their faces were hidden and nobody knew. Of the checks that were pale or the eyes that lacked luster. And none was too awkward, too short or too Before we unmasked at that masquerade ball.

And I thought to myself, and I still think. What a glorious place this old world would become. If it could be managed, some way or somehow. 'Twas 'twould wear masks when our faces were grim. If by wearing a domino, as at a ball. We could humble the great and lift up the small. Then 'twould 'creep in' and all hatred creep out. To all 'twould be kind without shadow or doubt. Then the rich would be poor and the poor would be rich. For nobody here then would care which was which.