

TRAGEDY IS REVEALED
Mystery of Death of Dashing Prince Badouin for First Time Made Public.

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OUTRAGED HUSBAND KILLS

Body of Dead Nobleman Conveyed Secretly by Night to His Father's House and Elaborate Fraud Is Worked in Belgium.

BY M. ZOLLVEIN.

BRUSSELS, Sept. 11.—(Special).—Workmen with picks and axes are busy tearing down whole districts of Brussels to make way for a railroad which is to connect the depots of the North and South, and for a great central depot. Most of the districts that have fallen were congested slums, or streets verging on slums, but among them were houses thick with memories which one would wish preserved.

Such was the house in which Charlotte Bronte taught, and the garden in which she held sage converse with the professor, whom she loved, and of whom and herself she wrote in her best-known book. Yet one house, however, which all would wish to see demolished is, by some, the house of the King, in which the prince has touched his side. This is a house in what is now called the Rue des Colonies, which was formerly a corner house in Brussels and known as the Impasse du Parc.

There the tragedy happened which ended in the death of Prince Badouin, eldest son of the Comte de Flanders, heir presumptive to the Belgian throne. Love for Wife Doubled. King Leopold II of Belgium was not a sovereign remarkable for domestic virtues. Whoever loved he did not love his wife or his daughters overmuch. He loved his only son, the Comte de Hainaut, deeply, and when that prince died in his 18th year the King's sorrow at his loss was frantic and enduring. The succession to the crown in Belgium lies in the male line. King Leopold was accordingly surrounded with his brothers of Flanders, from whom, a wealthy and avaricious man, he did not hesitate to borrow when need arose, but he hated his brothers, instead of on his own issue, the succession would devolve.

The young Prince was over-taught and over-dressed. The result was, in part, inevitable. As his uncle, King Leopold, had done before him, the moment he got the slightest freedom he would head off to some company, but, unfortunately for himself, he did not do as his august uncle did and choose low friends. Of all the lovely women who were ready to give up to him he chose the wife of one of the greatest and most proud of the Belgian nobles, the Prince de Ligne.

The Lignes consider themselves equal, if not superior, to the Coburgs. They resented the election of a Coburg prince to the Belgian throne over their heads. No member of their house would bear insult to his honor from any man, whether he were 50 times King or heir presumptive to a kingdom. So the Prince de Ligne, who informed King Leopold, when the young Prince's philandering with his wife became known to him.

"I regret," he said, "that an incident had happened which obliged me to request Prince Badouin not to honor my house with his visits again. I think it my duty to inform you, sire, that if King Leopold should insist on my quest and forces himself unreasonably on my household I shall act without regard for his high position and the respect I owe to the Belgian throne." "Act," replied King Leopold grimly.

It was the Prince de Ligne himself who, at a later period, repeated the story. Without telling his wife know anything of his suspicions, he set a watch upon her and Prince Badouin. The King sent for his nephew, and had a stormy and useless interview with him. The catastrophe came speedily. One evening the Princess de Ligne announced she was going to the opera. Her husband spoke of an appointment he had elsewhere, and went to the opera. There he saw his wife and Prince Badouin. He saw them leave the opera, hand in hand, and followed them to the Belgian throne and mortally wounded him.

Scandal Is Avoided. This happened in January, 1891. News of the misfortune which had fallen on his house was carried in a few minutes to Prince Badouin's father, the Comte de Flanders, whose palace in the Place Royale was little more than a stone's throw from the Hotel de Ligne. In the midst of sorrow and horror scandal was not lost of the fact that public scandal should be avoided.

The body of the dead, or dying, Prince was conveyed secretly by night to his father's palace, where he was buried. Rumors, and bulletins issued to the press announcing that Prince Badouin had suddenly fallen ill of a malignant fever. The citizens of Brussels, who had seen the Prince at the opera, seemingly in the best of health, were astonished to read these bulletins, each one more alarming than the last. In the confusion of the papers which followed one another with strange rapidity. Before the people, with whom the Prince was something of a favorite, had time to realize that he was ill, they were informed that he was dead.

The Princess de Ligne disappeared. Her husband sought for her in vain, and death in the Congo, and found it there, though not in battle. When he died, a special steamer, sent by the government, brought home his body to Belgium, where he was buried with almost royal honors.

The story of this tragedy is still told almost in whispers. All the official histories and the memoirs of the time recount the fiction of sudden illness and natural death.

The moment he found himself heir to the throne, Prince Albert set to work to learn to be a King and surrounded himself with professors, Catholic and Liberal, Conservative and Radical, soldiers, priests, aristocrats, laymen, and diplomats, from whom he has acquired a large, if jumbled, store of knowledge. Nevertheless, things have gone well with him, as a ruler, up to the present.

MEMBER OF BELGIAN ROYAL HOUSE, WHO MET TRAGIC DEATH — SPANISH DANCER, WHO HAS WRITTEN SENSATIONAL PLAY, AND PALACE OF COURT OF FLANDERS, BRUSSELS.



TOP, LEFT—PRINCE BADOUIN. RIGHT—LA BELLE OTERO. BELOW—HOUSE OF ROYALTY.

RADIUM NOW ON WAY

French Patron of Aviation Predicts Trip to Moon.

JAUNT WILL BE 49 HOURS

M. Ernest Archdeacon Thinks by a Continuously Self-Propelling Rocket People Will Travel Around World, 66 Minutes.

PARIS, Sept. 13.—(Special).—M. Ernest Archdeacon, writing of the marvelous progress made in aerial science, expresses the conviction that in a few centuries aerial navigation, as we now know it, will become as out of date as the horse is today as a means of transport.

"For numerous reasons," he remarks in La Contreverse, "it appears unlikely that flying machines ever will considerably exceed 125 miles an hour. At this rate we shall take 200 hours, or a little more than eight days, to make the earth (25,000 miles) in a time of which we shall soon discover something infinitely better than the aeroplane. It is certain that our children will give the earth (25,000 miles) in a time of which we, at present, can have no idea. One sees at once what a fantastic revolution this will cause in the world's commerce. All the peoples of the earth will form a sole and single nation. Our planet will have become much too small for the mobility and activity of its inhabitants, who evidently will be drawn to see ever the same little landscapes with which their eyes are satiated.

"According to the mathematical calculations of M. Esnault-Plantier, the new means of inter-planetary transport will be Jules Verne's cannon ball transformed into a continuously self-propelling rocket. The problem is to give this rocket a self-contained velocity of 11 kilometers (nearly seven miles) a second, which would be sufficient for it to leave the circle of terrestrial attraction. At this velocity our planet could be girdled in 66 minutes, and the journey from Paris to Nice covered in under two minutes.

"Now with 27 kilograms (about 60 pounds), of radium, a projectile of one ton could be shot from the earth to the moon in about 49 hours. The mathematical projection of radium would be made to work by reaction. The difficulty is to find how to release in 49 hours all the energy contained in the radium which exists in the present state of science it would take 2800 years to set free.

"The difficulty is not insuperable, when we think what has already been achieved. With 400 kilograms of a ton, or, to say, three-fourths of a ton, on board, a visit might be made to Venus and back to earth again."

M. Archdeacon is, perhaps, the most prominent patron of aviation in France. He has given several big prizes for competition in the building of a household word in French aero circles.

IRELAND'S POVERTY TOLD

Viscount's Sister Writes of Terrible Year on Emerald Isle.

DUBLIN, Sept. 13.—(Special).—Remarkable testimony to the extreme poverty which exists in some parts of Ireland is given in a letter just published from the Honorable Albina Brodrick, sister of Viscount Middleton. Miss Brodrick is living a life of devotion and self-sacrifice among the poor peasants of Ballinacorney, County Kerry, and has been able to do so because she is a householder word in French aero circles.

CUPID WINS AGAIN

Countess Weds Millionaire Father's Coachman.

ROYALTY NOW IS PEASANT

Romantic Marriage Told in Elopement of Countess Pongracy With Johann Ondraski, Who Rescued Her From Drowning.

BUDA PESTH, Sept. 13.—(Special).—Particulars are obtainable today of the romantic marriage of Countess Pongracy, daughter of a millionaire member of the House of Magnates, to her father's coachman, Johann Ondraski, who springs from peasant stock.

After their marriage the couple took up their abode in the house of the coachman's father. The countess has donned the typical garb of the Hungarian peasant woman, and works in the house and on the farm. She looks after a horse and makes herself responsible for the work in the dairy. All the milk sold passes through her hands.

She speaks German, French and English besides her mother tongue. She has known her husband since she was eight years of age, and at 16, when he rescued her from a river, she fell in love with him.

When she returned to the convent at Vienna, where she was being educated, she wrote to Ondraski informing him that she would renounce her inheritance to give him up and to enter the death chamber and taking some coins from his pocket offered them to her with the request that she should buy a revolver and blow her brains out.

The countess says she does not regret her choice, and is perfectly happy.

IRISH TO VISIT DUBLIN

James J. Ryan and Other Americans to Celebrate Big Event.

DUBLIN, Sept. 13.—(Special).—James J. Ryan, a prominent Philadelphia, lately has been touring Ireland and has left behind him impressions that he is a citizen who believes in a policy of "thoroughness." He has told his friends down in his native County of Kilkenny that next year he will organize a party of Irish-Americans, who will come over especially to celebrate the laying of the cornerstone of the new parliament building in Dublin.

A Toronto tourist, who preceded him a few days, has identical ideas of importing 100 or more Irish-Canadians, and the pressure on housing accommodation in the Irish metropolis next year is already looking alarming. Never has Ireland enjoyed such a rush of tourists as it has this season, and many of them have already booked rooms in anticipation of a greater demand next year.

Three Tests Put by Widow.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—(Special).—A smart widow in the women's lounge at a Scottish country house was telling the other day that there were three courses through which every woman should put a man before she married him. These were eating, laughing and kissing. "A man's laugh tells a lot," she said. "If it is hearty and merry he is good-tempered; if loud and empty it means he lacks feeling. Beware of a greedy man. It will be a case of 'feed the brute' all the time." And, according to her, kissing was the most important test of all.

JAPAN IS CAUSING ENGINDED ALARM

Business Men Discover Yellow Peril to British Trade in Big Canal.

PANAMA PRESENT WORRY

Is Fate Favoring Land of Mikado at Expense of England Is Asked. Great Britain Watching Japanese Commercial Progress.

BY MARTIN SINCLAIR.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—(Special).—The merchants of England and particularly of the cotton districts of Lancashire, have begun to shake in their shoes over the trade rivalry of Japan. The alliance between England and Japan has never been really popular with the British business man. He has suffered too much from the almost exclusive methods in use in Japanese trade; and, if you pin him in a corner, he will always tell you he cannot rely upon a Japanese in any affair of commerce and that any day he would prefer to do business with a Chinaman.

With the opening of the Panama Canal, however, this feeling is bound to change into one of positive antagonism or dislike. When the great waterway is at work Japanese steamers will be able to load cotton at Galveston and New Orleans and Japan will be able to obtain her American cotton as cheaply, almost as expeditiously, as Lancashire. Then Japanese competition must become more formidable and far-reaching. English traders are already asking themselves how they will develop and where it is likely to end?

Japanese Progress Rapid. He gets cold comfort from an impartial consideration of the present trend of affairs. He sees for himself that the Japanese have introduced not only the outward forms of European civilization, but they have become a nation of business men. Half a century ago Japan did not possess a single merchant ship. Now their merchant marine comprises 1,500,000 tons, and it bids fair to become the third largest in the world.

Forty years ago the poorer classes in Japan went about dressed in straw coats and in paper garments. Today they are dressed in cotton garments made in Japanese factories. Forty years ago cotton manufacturing was unknown in the Kingdom of the Rising Sun. In 1877 the Japanese government placed orders in England for machinery sufficient to start several "experimental" cotton-spinning mills in different parts of the country. In 1882 the first joint stock cotton-spinning mill was organized at Osaka with a mill equipment of only 10,500 spindles. Since then development has been rapid. By 1900 there were 277,885 spindles in the country. In 1900 there were 1,320,988 spindles. At the close of 1912 there were 2,932,538 spindles, and, according to the Consular report on Japan just issued, 45 new mills and extensions of old mills with 750,000 new spindles are planned. How rapidly the Japanese cotton industry has grown up may be seen from the fact that Japan consumed, in 1911, 1,060,000 bales of raw cotton, or as much exactly as was consumed by the United States, Austria-Hungary, Belgium and Switzerland combined.

Japan's Advantages Shown. It is also pointed out that in actual competition with Great Britain for the markets of the Far East the Japanese have some great advantages. They are nearer the Asiatic countries and they are better equipped than England as a German will learn English. Hence Japanese drummers are likely to be more successful in the Far East than English drummers. Besides, the Japanese cotton manufacturers have learned to use largely Chinese and Indian cotton, which they can buy more cheaply than the English can buy it. Altogether fate is favoring them.

In fact, one well-known British trade expert stated this week: "The Japanese cotton manufacturer has only begun competing with the Englishman. Japan is the undisputedly, in course of time, will encroach more and more upon those markets of Asia which hitherto we have considered to be British preserve. The Japanese worker has certain great advantages over the Englishman. He is more energetic and energetic, and his energy is directed by extremely able business men."

What result this trade development will have on the political relations of the two countries remains to be seen, but certainly it will scarcely serve to increase a friendship which has never been really popular with the masses of the English people. Great Britain need not fear the Japanese army and navy, but she has no good reason to watch observantly the progress of economic Japan with genuine disquiet.

"DOUBLES" PLAGUE QUEEN

Mary "Does Not Like Foolish Imitation," Is Told Woman.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—(Special).—Queen Alexandra always had a good many doubles, but it has only just been discovered that Queen Mary has a few. There is one woman who imitates her so successfully this season that several times this season she has managed in public places to be mistaken, at first glance, for her majesty. She proposes the same beautiful coloring and fine figure as the Queen, and though her features are not so good as the Queen's, she is greatly admired in her husband's country and regarded as a fashion leader, seen women also struggle to be mistaken for her.

WANTED—\$500 FOR SHRINE

Scotsmen Will Hear Appeal to Save Carlyle's Birthplace.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—(Special).—Scotsmen the world over will hear with mingled feelings that Fifeon Young, the Irish author, is making an eloquent appeal for \$500 to preserve the house at the little Scottish village of Ecclefechan in which Thomas Carlyle was born, and which was built by the labor of his own father's honest hands.

His father, who was a master mason, built it himself in partnership with his brother, and the house was divided in halves occupied respectively by the families of the two brothers. In the northern of these two houses Carlyle was born in 1795, and with the small accumulated fund of £100 Carlyle's house memorial trust were able to buy this four-roomed birthplace of the public and preserve it for the public and equip it as a memorial of him. But they were not able to buy the other, or southern half, and so long as it remains the property of some one else the dignity and even the security of the other half is threatened.

It can now be bought for \$500, and easily let to a desirable tenant at an annual rent of \$30 to \$35, so that the transaction would be a profitable one; and at the same time this little building would be assured from degradation or demolition.

One cynical newspaper man, however, headed this most worthy appeal "Is Andrew Carnegie dead?"

FAMOUS DANCER, WHO IS CHARGED WITH CAUSING PORTUGAL'S KING TO LOSE HIS THRONE.



Top—Gaby Deslyz. Below—Ex-King Manuel.

NEW PLAY IS BASED ON MANUEL'S FALL

Theatrical Paris Agog Over Comedy Written by Spanish Dancer.

DANCING GIRL MADE QUEEN

Secret Told of La Belle Otero's Rise to Wealth and Fame—One Appearance as Vocalist in "Carmen" Was Enough.

BY PIERRE DELACOURT.

PARIS, Sept. 13.—(Special).—Theatrical Paris just now is much excited over a play which has been written by the famous Spanish dancer, La Belle Otero. Rumor has it that it was based on incidents that have recently occurred in Paris and Portugal, incidents connected with the names of ex-King Manuel and the impressionable Gaby Deslyz, and astounded by the news of so daring a coup by a rival theatrical star it hastened yesterday to the residence of La Belle Otero anxious to learn only the truth from the fair Otero's lips.

Although armed with a letter informing me that I might "present myself at 4 in the afternoon," I found it necessary to drop a coin into several itching palms before being admitted into the presence. Otero believes in investing her savings in something solid, and owns the fine mansion she inhabits. It is a massive stone building, known in French as a "private hotel," overlooking the beautiful Parc Monceau, one of the most delightful spots in Paris. I had barely time to take a seat when the fragrant odor of an Egyptian cigarette was wafted through the open door.

A few seconds later a delightful vision of white lace and black eyes glided into the room. As I gazed on the Otero's alabaster brow, on which time writes no wrinkles, I understood why the world marvels over the secret of her perennial bloom. Her rivals say that the treatment costs \$400 a month, but this is mere jealous gossip. I hastily rose to greet her.

"Play Is Comedy of Three Acts. "Pray give yourself the pain of remaining seated," said the fair one; "you have to know something about my play, is it not?"

I assured her that it was. "Well," she continued, "I have made a name as a dancer and singer, so why not write a play?"

"My play is a comedy of modern life in three acts, and the principal characters are a young King who has lost his crown and a beautiful young dancer. Oh, no! It is not 'L.' she added, laughing, in answer to my inquiring look. "I am no longer young and beautiful."

"The young King loves the dancer and follows her from place to place. But the dancer is—how do I say it?—an honest woman, and says to the King that she has no other love but him. Then the poor young man loses his crown because his people say he is not serious. He marries the dancer in spite of his friends and takes her back to his country. She is so beautiful that the people love her at once and make the young man King once more. And so a dancing girl becomes a Queen. Strange, is it not?"

"Are Not Noticeable on Stage. "What is the title of my play? Ah! I must not tell you that. You journalists are so indiscreet! It will be given in one of the Boulevard theaters, but this is another matter to be decided in my act in my play. I take the part of the dancer. On the stage I do not look so old."

La Belle Otero made her first appearance before the world as a seller of fish in the Barcelona public market, and her language has retained some of that vigor and freshness which is usually associated with the vociferous of the Barcelona tribes. The market women of Barcelona are not too tired to dance when their day's work is over, and Otero soon made a name for herself as a dancer. Her beauty and skill in dancing are common enough.

A local music-hall owner gave her an engagement, and from that rise to fame was rapid. Suddenly she appeared as a dancer in Belle Otero's play for other worlds to conquer. She has danced as "Carmen" so often that she naturally thought she would shine as a vocalist in the same role. She duly appeared in this part at the Opera Comique, but the management and the public considered that one appearance was enough.

PREMIER THOUGHT MAD

FRENCH STATESMAN CAUGHT BY CHAMBERMAID.

M. Barthou Every Morning Goes Through Course of Physical Exercise Which Disturbs Friends.

GENEVA, Sept. 13.—(Special).—A Quaint story comes from Bourgenstock, in Switzerland, where M. Barthou, the French Premier, is passing the Parliamentary recess with his wife and son. M. Barthou is living quietly at the hotel, and is not accompanied by secretaries or worried by affairs of state; he is, in fact, indulging in a rest cure, pure and simple.

Two days after his arrival the manager of the hotel inquired most solicitously after his health, and was so pressing in his questions, and kept him under such close personal observation that the Premier was driven to ask why the manager was so disturbed in his mind.

"Oh, nothing in particular, M. le Premier," I was just anxious that you should be well," the manager hesitatingly replied, "and now it is evident that you are quite well; but still I was afraid."

The vigilance, however, was not relaxed, and the hotel staff were equally watchful.

Mme. Barthou decided to solve the mystery and she discovered that a chambermaid, on entering the Premier's room in the morning to wake him, surprised the Premier lying on his back on the bed with his legs in the air executing some strange contortions. She reported the incident to the manager, and he was driven to the conclusion that the French Premier was mad, and must be watched.

The explanation is that M. Barthou, before getting up every morning, systematically goes through a course of physical exercises, to which he attributes his generally robust health. The chambermaid had discovered him in the middle of his habitual exercise.

FICTION VILLAIN PASSING

James Milne Sees All but Sensational Novels Oust Character.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—(Special).—Is the villain going to disappear from popular fiction? James Milne, the popular editor of the "Book Monthly," says briefly that he is sure this lurid character has gone from the pages of all but the inferior sensational novels. No longer does he twirl his waxed moustache or smile his cruel smile as he drives the hero almost to desperation.

"There are bad people in most novels, of course, but none of them," Milne contends, "is wholly, or almost wholly, bad. We have an occasional description of a blackguard, but we are shown that he has his good points. Very often, like Bernard Shaw's 'Blanco Posnet,' he turns out in the end to be quite the best man in the story. In other cases he is admittedly bad, like 'Raffles,' but we quite sympathize with him all the time, and feel almost proud to make his acquaintance. The fashionable literary cult is to examine the soul of a criminal lunatic, and prove that he is really a harmless and worthy member of society, who happens to have been degraded by circumstances."

IRISHMEN OF MARK DUE

Forecast of Parties in First House of Commons Interesting.

DUBLIN, Sept. 13.—(Special).—An interesting forecast of the position of parties when the first Irish House of Commons meets next year has been made by Shaw Desmond, a well-known Irish journalist.

He anticipates that John Redmond, "Conservative of Conservatives," will have a party 100 strong. Facing him,

SUBMARINE DANGER GOES

Italian Invents Safety Tower for Use on War Craft.

ROME, Sept. 13.—(Special).—Captain Cavallini, the designer of the new Italian submarines, has invented a safety tower designed to obviate much of the danger attending to submarines. Ordinarily it takes the place of the conning tower, but in the event of a disaster there is room in it for all the crew to seek refuge. An automatic device hermetically seals the portholes, both of the submarine and the tower, and at the desired moment releases the latter altogether with its human cargo, to float to the surface.

Experiments carried out at Spezia arsenal have proved highly satisfactory. The vessel was sunk by means of cables to a depth of 30 feet, with 12 naval officers in the safety turret, with telephone communication to the surface. At a given signal the turret paratus was detached and shot to the shore of the water in less than three seconds.

FLASHING TIARAS LURE

Fashionable Woman of London Town Now Wears Crowns.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—(Special).—"I want to be married, so that I can wear a tiara," said a recent bride, and in this sentence she crystallized the situation for all fashionable women. The tiara has its on the increase and some splendid crowns have been seen during the season.

The Duchess of Portland wears a high tiara with a big square stone in front, known as the "Portland diamond," and said to be worth \$50,000. The Duchess of Sutherland has a historical tiara which was worn by a beautiful predecessor, Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland. The Duchess of Westminster wears a tiara with, in front, the "Neska" jewel, a triangular gem about an inch in diameter. The most famous single diamond, the "Star of South Africa," belongs to the Countess of Dudley. The Duchess of Roxburgh has a fine tiara in turquoise and diamonds.