

THE WOMAN WHOSE SOUL WAS POISONED



The Duke d'Aosta. *Whose indiscretions are said to have broken his wife's heart.*

Is the Beautiful Duchess d'Aosta to Die of a Broken Heart?

HELENA, the beautiful Duchess d'Aosta, intimate friend and beloved companion of Queen Alexandra of England and sister of the queen mother of Portugal, is reported to be dying in Cairo, Egypt, of consumption.

In point of fact, she is dying of a broken heart—rather, to be strictly accurate, dying of the terrible physical poisons that are produced in the human organism by sorrows not to be comforted, by a grief not to be assuaged.

Most tragic is the assertion that her poisoner is her own husband, the equally handsome Duke d'Aosta, who, for the gratification of his passions, it is charged, plunged her into the mental anguish which—suddenly, dramatically, tragically—doomed her youth, her beauty and her loving heart to the untimely grave.

Her soul, poisoned by the titled husband whose affection she claimed by every right of wifehood and every charm of womanhood, has poisoned her formerly strong, healthy young body. The princess for whom the late Duke of Clarence of England vainly pined until he died, some years ago, with her name upon his paling lips, is perishing, in her turn, of love's deadly cruelty.



The Duchess d'Aosta and her family.

her husband's love to maintain his health and its vitality, she sought the assistance of a king to such a separation as should free her from an association that constantly renewed her pain.

But Victor Emmanuel dreaded the political consequences of a full exposure. He could not deny her right, if she chose to exercise it; but he appealed to her to show the royal house the consideration which he and his family needed.

The story of the sudden, crushing unhappiness that had befallen her traveled widely, notwithstanding her dignified reticence. Her friend, Queen Alexandra of England, thought too much of her to let her sacrifice all chance of regaining the duke's affection. The queen last summer hastened to Naples, where she found the royal pair, and made an appeal to the duke's dormant regard for his wife and to Helene's love for her husband.

She succeeded, and they were reconciled. But consumption was already doing its cruel work on the body that had but little aid from a mind whose emptiness of happiness had been forever destroyed.

BROKE ALL BOUNDS

What the most scientific care and a full renewal of the lover-like bearing of the duke might have accomplished will never be known, for only a few months more elapsed when his passion for his inamorata broke all bounds.

The girl in the intrigue, who had been secluded by her family, had been conducting a correspondence with her lover clandestinely. In December she fled from her place of concealment, and, it is asserted, went straight to Aosta at Naples.

For one week his renewed infidelity remained hidden. Then the girl was discovered under his protection.

His duchess, all hope of her lost happiness departed, left him at once. She went to Cairo, ostensibly for her health. But the physicians there declare her doomed.

To live would have been a desperate struggle, at best, and now for her there is nothing left to make life worth her living. The poison of unrequited love, more deadly than the poison of arsenic, is doing its fatal work steadily, swiftly, perhaps mercifully.

It has been less than a century that Caroline of Brunswick, queen of England, died within a month after her triumphant trial on charges that shamed King George IV, the libertine monarch who brought them against her on evidence as false as his own long, lying career.

A woman of magnificent physique, as powerful of mind as she was of body, her years of suffering left her barely strength to survive her complete acquittal. Left a dying wreck of the woman upon the instant the need had passed for the use of all her vitality in defense of her maligned virtue. She left this inscription to be set upon her tomb:

Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured queen of England.



The Little Crown Prince of Italy, who came between the Duke and a Throne.

Italian people hold the duchess in an esteem as sincere as their dislike for her husband is emphatic. The nation was at once rejoiced and saddened when the Socialists, in one of their recent campaigns, succeeded in unearthing a scandal which dragged the Duke d'Aosta from his high seat of morality and practically convicted him of an intrigue with a lovely young noblewoman of Naples, whom the most anxious of her family failed to rescue from his seductive wiles.

This disgrace of Aosta was food and drink for the Italians, but they were reluctant to reflect upon the consequences the scandal would have upon the wife whom they so greatly respected and admired.

Popular misgiving was more than justified, Helene, at first incredulous, was finally convinced against her will that her husband was flagrantly unfaithful to her. She fought out her battle with herself in that profound secrecy with which women of breeding and refinement cloak their sorrows. But she was wounded too deeply. The publicity of the scandal, the injury to her pride were of minor importance. Her anguish was in her stricken love.

She could find no excuse, no condemnation. Heart-sick, with the beginnings of fatal disease almost instantly implanted in her body, which had needed only

It has been little more than a month that the settlement was reported in Pennsylvania of a legal suit which, when it was begun, gave some promise of establishing in law the principle of proving death by injury to the emotions—that principle which in Europe and America, from queens and princesses to simple gentlemen, has been demonstrated thousands of times as being the most tragic reality in human existence.

A father sued for \$25,000 damages the lover who, jilting his daughter, left her to brood over her misdeeds until she died of her sufferings. Compromised, it is said, for \$5000, the case left no precedent in the law books for subsequent claims and no entering wedge for a statute safeguarding women in the most vulnerable portion of her being.

And when the lovely, loving Helene, princess royal of the ancient Bourbon line, adored by a sultan of the most potent reigning house in Europe and disdained by the head of another on which her ancestors would have looked with contempt, dies of the wounds he dealt the soul that was more beautiful than her beautiful face, who but some hysterical, sentimental women will have the courage to arraign the handsome Duke d'Aosta as her murderer?

Does a Woman Regard Her Oath?



James Hamilton Lewis, who stirred a hornet's nest. Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, Mrs. Catherine M. McCulloch, Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, Miss Mary L. Trescott.

FROM one end of the country to the other women have been rising in wrath to defend their sex from aspersions alleged to have been cast by former Congressman James Hamilton Lewis, of Chicago, in a recent address before students of the Northwestern University Law School.

It is justice to Colonel Lewis to state that he has denied making the remarks attributed to him, and his denial has been borne out by several who heard him speak. As the alleged slander upon the sex traveled over the country in advance of the denial, however, the storm that has raged about

Mr. Lewis' ears has been both cyclonic and picturesque. He will probably ponder long and deeply before he discusses woman upon the public platform again; at least, he will choose words that cannot be twisted into an assertion that "all women are liars."

THIS is what Colonel Lewis is alleged to have said in his address before the Chicago law students:

Remember, gentlemen, an oath means nothing to a woman. A woman always comes to testify as a witness for one of two reasons—either she comes through a sense of affection or duty to those whom she loves or she comes to satisfy what she regards as a perfectly legitimate feeling of resentment.

If it is the first of these, she will come through fire and water to testify, and she will see things as her friend views them. Sincerely and earnestly she will testify that things are as she thinks they ought to be, and you may cross-examine until you have exhausted the vocabulary, and you will get nothing from her but her ideas of what they ought to be. A woman has no idea of the sanctity of an oath, and a woman will repeat when on oath anything she will say when not on oath.

No persons have come to the defense of their sex with greater alacrity than some of the leading women lawyers of the country. They, too, have had experience with women on the witness stand, and believe they are qualified to speak upon the subject.

First to take up the cudgels and lay them with vigor upon Colonel Lewis was Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, the widely known woman lawyer, of Washington, who was once a candidate for President of the United States. Listen to Mrs. Lockwood:

"When James Hamilton Lewis stoops to say that all women witnesses are perjurers or falsifiers, or even that they pervert the truth, he is one himself. 'I have been a practicing member of the local bar of the District of Columbia for thirty-four years, and during that time have tried and defended many suits where women were witnesses as well as men, and have found that even among the lower classes of women they were quite as reliable as men, but somewhat more given to detail.

"In the trial of a real estate case, where the wife was a witness as well as a party in interest, and her statement was against herself, she said: 'Mrs. Lockwood, I am a good Catholic, and I cannot tell a lie.'

"On another occasion, while defending a woman for shooting a constable, who was attempting to dispossess her, I was getting on fairly well with the defense, when the judge asked that the defendant be put on the stand. To my horror, she proceeded to state not only that she had shot the man, but went into details as to just how and why she had done so.

"For a moment my lawyer's wit deserted me—I saw my client in the penitentiary and her little children unprotected in the street. Then came the reaction—that she should be saved at all hazards. The man had not been killed, but only peppered in the legs with birdshot, but the act and the intent were the same.

"The testimony had developed that the husband and father, who was absent from home in a distant state, had loaded the gun and set it in the corner of the kitchen, telling his wife at the time 'that if any person attempted to molest her to shoot him.'

"I took up that point in the old common law, that a man's house is his castle, which he has a right under all circumstances to defend; and that the woman in this case, as was her duty, was only obeying her husband, who, if any, was the real criminal. The jury returned in less than ten minutes to say it had found the defendant 'not guilty.'

"On another occasion, defending a man for shooting a woman, the testimony developed that the shooting was accidental. I could have saved the man from the penitentiary if I could have made him tell the truth, and so I told him. But he was so scared that he could not, and would not say that he held the pistol and fired the shot, but denied under oath that he had had a pistol that night. But the police had found the pistol, and had traced its ownership to him.

"As a pension attorney, I once had a case coming from New York city, under the dependent fathers and mothers' act. The soldier had died, and the old couple had separated and were living in different places. The first application came from the mother, swearing that the father was dead; the second came from the father before the first was concluded, swearing that the mother was dead.

"I am not one of those who believe that the mentality or methods of reasoning of men and women are so very different, or that either of the sexes would make a livable and desirable world by themselves; nor do I believe with David, that 'all men are liars'—and, much less, all women."

Mrs. Catherine M. McCulloch, who, in addition to being a lawyer, has the honor of being the first woman justice of the peace in the country, has this to say:

"In my twenty-one years' experience as a lawyer and in my brief experience as a justice of the peace I have found women as truthful as men. In justice to Colonel Lewis, it should be stated that the officers of the law college before which his criticized address was given deny that he made any such sweeping charge. However, if he had, it would not be any worse than many other things which men who do not change laws classing women with children, idiots and criminals must also believe women are too ignorant or too corrupt to testify truthfully. When women are no longer disfranchised with children, idiots and criminals, then men's gallantry will be more practical."

Miss Mary L. Trescott, an attorney of Wilkes-Barre Pa., expresses her views as follows:

"I never believed that Mr. Lewis made the statements alleged. However, I believe that women as witnesses are not to be trusted to tell what we want them to tell and no more. Being generally of nervous temperament, and unaccustomed to appear in public as witnesses in a legal controversy, they are apt to lose their nervous equilibrium and tell more of the truth than we want to hear or than is helpful to the side of the case for which they are testifying.

"They will not only tell all they know, but all they think, and their sense of justice and their likes and dislikes will be very apparent; but, so far as the fact are concerned, they will tell the truth, in most cases. There are men who are not accustomed to this kind of business who will testify in the same way, which they will say when not on oath. Undoubtedly, will testify calmly and truthfully to the facts within their knowledge and material to the investigation.

BELIEVES IN HER SEX

Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, the veteran woman lawyer of Philadelphia, is a firm believer in her sex. She says: "There are men, and probably women, who have but little idea of the sanctity of an oath. Undoubtedly, willful perjury is sometimes committed in our courts. There are witnesses who sincerely testify to the truth as they see it, but who are mistaken as to the facts. They are not perjurers. Then there are others who have so high an idea of truth that they do not need to be sworn to speak the truth, but will repeat on oath anything they may say, whether or not on oath, just as the learned professor says woman will do.

"I do not think that a general classification as to the reliability of witnesses, based upon sex, can be justly made; nevertheless, I believe, in a general way, that woman has a higher idea of the sanctity of an oath than man. Why? Because, whether from nature or education, she is more deeply religious—more superstitious, perhaps the scoffer will say. She is more timid and trusting, less self-asserting, hence more readily appreciates her dependence upon and relation to the Creator of the Universe.

Man's love is but a thing apart; The woman's whole existence.

SADDEST of all is the fact that the Duchess d'Aosta is only one of thousands of women who, by swift or slow degrees, are being similarly murdered throughout the world by men similarly deliberate in their soul-poisoning work.

What clergyman, what physician, expert in the deadly lore of toxicology, from the venom of the rattlesnake to the lethal poison of uric acid, will hesitate to affirm the moral guilt of the man? And what lawyer, what judge learned in the laws of all peoples will deny that he bears any taint?

Medicine, even now, is only awakening to the full extent to which the body is influenced by the mind, and only the most distinguished of physicians appear to appreciate that influence to the full extent of its importance.

One of the foremost living specialists in disorders of the mind and the nerves, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, has ever been sedulous to note the effect of the spirit upon the body and to insist upon the need of moral influence to supplement the physical treatment. Written in commemoration of the discovery of anesthesia, some passages from his feeling poem, "The Birth of Pain," might well have been penned on the suffering of the Duchess d'Aosta and of all unhappy women whose wrongs no laws redress, no medicine can cure:

The Birth of Pain! Let centuries roll away; Come back with me to nature's primal day. What mighty forces pledged the dust to life! What awful will decreed its silent strife! Life's saddest voice, the blightful wail of pain. Life's keener sense and ever growing mind. Served but to add a torment twice refined. As life more tender, as it grew more sweet, The cruel links of sorrow found complete. When yearning love to conscious play grown Felt the mad pain thrills that were not its own. And Love and Faith in vain the hopeless task. When thrilling rapture demand what good is wrought Where torture closes the very source of thought.

Born in England, sister of the duke of Orleans, claimant to the overturned throne of France, the Duchess d'Aosta is the sister, also, of Amelie of Portugal, one of the most attractive women who ever occupied a throne. She bore the title of Princess Helene when King Edward's son saw her and fell desperately in love with her classic, rounded beauty, her golden hair, her tender, loving soul and her unusual wit and cleverness.

Princess Helene was widely read, yet she was no wearisome blue stocking. She and her sister, Amelie, were sportswomen to the core, and she had all the high much to exercise in the open as to study and culture indoors.

But the young man who seemed destined to be heir apparent to Great Britain's throne was not one who could be permitted to contract an alliance with a Roman Catholic, however ancient her lineage. They betrothed him to his cousin, Princess Mary of Teck, and not long afterward he died, his loyalty to la belle Helene inspiring his last breath.

Whatever changes come, mothers have always a