

PRINCESS WHO LEADS CULT OF THE SPOOK IN ROME

Remarkable Experiences Which Have Made the Princess d'Antuni del Drago a Firm Believer in Ghosts—Saw Visions and Heard Voices When She Was a Child

By Constance Harriman.
ROME, April 15.—Although the University of Rome recently rejected the proposition to establish a chair of psychical research for the scientific investigation of ghosts, astral doubles and occult phenomena generally it must not be inferred that the cult of the spook attracts little attention here. The Eternal City has more haunted houses and probably a larger percentage of believers in spiritism than any other city in the world. They are found in all grades of society and at the present time aristocratic circles are much given to entertaining mediums and visitors from the other world.

The recognized leader among them is the Princess d'Antuni del Drago. She bears not the slightest resemblance to the popular conception of a feminine ghost-chaser. One is a widow, young, pretty and accomplished. She is not only a believer in spirits, but claims to be a medium also. It was she who drew from Marconi the extraordinary statement that there was "something in it" which seemed at least as much of it as he himself. She has not only said that she would not go, but as she was the result of one sitting only with the princess, there is no telling where he would have ended had he continued his investigations.

Princess d'Antuni belongs to the aristocratic house of Piedmont, and ever since the house of Drago palace, and has thus been landed to the last two American ambassadors. She says that as a child she was conscious of visions which troubled her little soul but which her skeptical elders attributed to "imagination." She married very young and it was after this that she became conscious that she was not quite as other people, that she had powers which were denied to them, and which now make her a remarkable medium.

Clothes Drop to Floor.

A few months after her marriage, she relates, she was lying in bed one evening, reading, when the bedclothes suddenly dropped to the floor, as though snatched away by impatient hands. She turned, surprised, and became conscious of a cloud, as it were, between her and the light. As she gazed the shadow took form and substance and assumed the aspect of a woman dressed in black. When the princess made an involuntary movement to rise the apparition said in a solemn voice, "I am your husband's first wife and come to warn you that you will have a son, but he will not live. Neither would I believe the reality of what had been said had it not been for the lock of hair which was lying on the floor, and which being compared with that of the late princess, was found to be identical. In due course a couple and half was born to the happy couple who forgot the warning, and their joy was short-lived as the first Princess d'Antuni appeared again to her successor, in almost



PROFESSOR CESARE LOMBROSO.

the same circumstances as before. "I declared himself baffled. 'I never knew a perfectly healthy baby to die in that way before,' he exclaimed.
From this time on Princess d'Antuni has had many manifestations and warnings of a supernatural character. One day, she states, she had been at a Kir-measse at the Pincio where she presided

over a stall in the bridal dress of a Genoese peasant and made lots of sales. She entered her carriage with a friend in the highest of good spirits to return home, when suddenly she felt as though a pall had settled over her, and when asked by her companion what was the matter, replied that she was sure that when they met again something dreadful would have happened. The next day she was standing before her mirror, when she saw her husband's reflection in it. "What you, Ferdinand?" she exclaimed and turned round, but could see no one. Her maid, Maria, said that the prince must have been in the room as she had heard his footsteps, but he was not in the house. Meanwhile, Prince d'Antuni, who was at the castle, had been seized with a fainting sensation and simultaneously he declared, saw his wife before her glass. That night he was taken ill and died 16 days later. For three months after his death, the princess asserted she was able to hold telepathic communications with him and was greatly soothed thereby.

She has had several seances with the celebrated medium, Palladino. On one of these occasions the latter sat down at a table and began to write. She covered two or three pages of paper with what both she and her friends supposed to be rubbish the letters were there, but they made no sense. The statement that what was apparently a human hand was laid upon his neck and arm, that it was human, but on the lights being turned on unexpectedly, it did not disappear suddenly, but faded, that is, dissolved into thin air, as he held it.

Converts Lombroso.
The latest great convert in Italy to a belief in the unseen is Professor Cesare Lombroso, the celebrated criminologist, who, however, has dabbled in "spiritualism" for many years, but it was through Palladino that he at last

confessed that many of the wonderful manifestations are absolutely authentic and not to be explained by science. The seance which is said to have convinced the eminent scientist, was held in the dining-room by Palladino and the only apparatus provided was a small iron bedstead and mattress for the medium which was placed in a window above the table. The clothing of the medium was thoroughly examined. Signora Palladino allowed herself to be bound to the iron bedstead by a cord, and after a quarter of an hour various knocking came from the table placed just over the head of the bed and part of the body of a young woman appeared clothed in a white garment. She was bound to the table by the wrists and drew aside the folds. Before disappearing the head bowed towards the spectators and the sound of a bell was audible. After a few minutes the figure of a stout, broad-shouldered man emerged from behind the table. Finally the figure of another woman appeared, this time with a child in her arms.

Speaks Languages in Trance.
The Palladino herself is really a wonderful woman. She is totally uneducated, but when in a trance speaks in several modern languages and even writes them correctly and grammatically. Not long ago experiments were tried with this Neapolitan woman at the University of Naples with results which surprised those present as they were all unbelievers. Professor Bottazzi, one of the scientists present, happening to touch Palladino's hand when she was unconscious, an electric light near her was at once lighted and this happened every time he repeated the experiment. The professor also vouches for the statement that what was apparently a human hand was laid upon his neck and arm, that it was human, but on the lights being turned on unexpectedly, it did not disappear suddenly, but faded, that is, dissolved into thin air, as he held it.

Table Follows Him.
Not liking this d'Annunzio left his seat. But the table, tilted on two legs, followed him rapidly. Taken by surprise he moved a few steps backward, but his movements were not quick enough for the table suddenly lurched itself at him with such force that he was dashed against the wall. The marquis succeeded in calming the spirit and the seance was resumed, but only on the condition stipulated by the invisible guest, that d'Annunzio should not sit at the table. It was then asked its opinion of the poet's work, all smoke, and like smoke will vanish, leaving no trace behind. It was then asked something to the effect that his spook critic did not know what good poetry was. Then the table went for of the room. Since then d'Annunzio has attended no more seances. He is convinced that if there are such things as spirits they are of an inferior order of intelligence.

There are several Americans in Rome who thoroughly believe in ghosts. Among the most convinced is the celebrated sculptor, Esakiel, who comes from Virginia. He has had many experiences, but the one he most treasures is the vision of his mother the night she died. He was in his bedroom, here in Rome, stretched on his bed and she was, he supposed, in America. Suddenly, he says, the light flickered and looking up he saw a female figure at the further side of his long room. Esakiel gazed at him sorrowfully. Then recognizing his mother he sprang up exclaiming, "Mother! You here!" But she gave no answer, and faded from the scene. The next morning brought him a cablegram informing him of his mother's death in America. Another American sculptor, also interested in the occult, especially since the death of his wife a few years ago, is Esakiel. He has received frequent communications from her and that in this way she helped him greatly with his famous monument, the Angel of the Resurrection, which he raised to her memory in the Protestant cemetery here.

Always Obliging.
From Chicago News. I'm going to have a little affair at the house here which will include supper and dance. Now, you will have to show what you can do, so as to keep up the credit of the establishment. Your case, madam, is perfectly stiff a few moments, and let me look at you."
She complied, and he eyed her attentively for nearly a minute, standing at his watch once or twice in the meantime.
"There is nothing the matter with you, madam," he said. "You haven't the slightest indication of fever. Your heart is perfectly normal."
"Why, how do you know doctor?" she asked in surprise. "You didn't feel of my pulse."
"I didn't need to," he answered. "I counted the vibrations of the ostrich feather on your hat. And he bowed her out.

Unfailing Sign.
From the Youth's Companion.
A lady who was perfectly well but fancied she was suffering from fever called on an old and experienced physician to consult him. She described her symptoms at some length, and he listened patiently. At last he said: "I don't think I perfectly still a few moments, and let me look at you."
She complied, and he eyed her attentively for nearly a minute, standing at his watch once or twice in the meantime.
"There is nothing the matter with you, madam," he said. "You haven't the slightest indication of fever. Your heart is perfectly normal."
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Oklahoma Optimism.
From the Oklahoma Optimist.
J. F. Durst sent a valuable coil by drowning last week. This at first glance might seem a misfortune, yet on reflection it is one is an optimist he will realize that it's a fine thing to have enough water to sink the "Staked Plains" to drown a horse.

WAYS OF SMUGGLERS

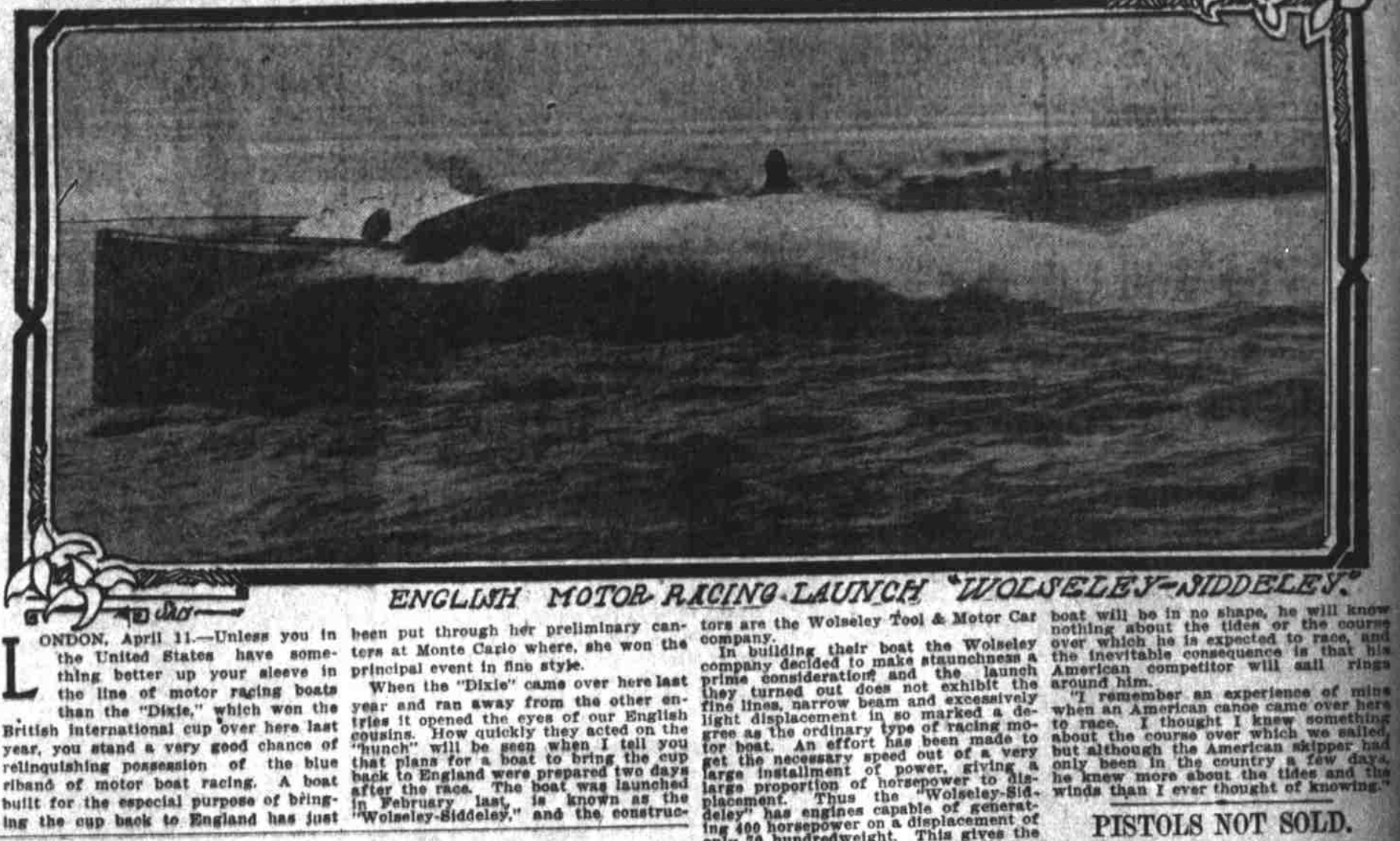
NO ARTICLE since duties were first levied offers such temptation to the smuggler as saccharin, partly because of the high duty on it, which amounts to a pound, and partly because it lends itself so easily to concealment. The various seizures, principally in the east of London, which have been made recently, show that the smuggler is taking advantage of his opportunity and the revenue authorities are at their wit's end to cope with the illicit traffic.

As a matter of fact, spirits and tobacco, with all the romantic tales of adventure associated with them are no longer fashionable with the smuggler. Saccharin has taken their place, says the London Standard. Under ordinary circumstances saccharin, which is reckoned to be 100 times sweeter than sugar, is imported in at least four different forms, the characteristic properties of which are: A white crystalline powder, a dull white powder resembling icing sugar, a white coarse granular powder, and crystals in small pieces of various sizes, similar in appearance to common alum.

SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

She Saved Her Father's Life at the Peril of Her Own.
From the London Chronicle.
An Italian smuggler, named Predoni, accompanied by his daughter Rose, aged 18, after having completed purchases in Switzerland of contraband goods, set out to cross the Fraele Pass (7,200 feet high) into Italy. The two were approaching the summit of the pass when they were overtaken by a thick mist, in which they lost their way. They roped themselves together. Suddenly Predoni, who was leading, fell over a precipice, jerking his daughter off her feet. By means of her ice axe Rose stopped herself from being dragged over the precipice where her father was dangling suspended in midair. Predoni could not reach the precipitous side of the slope to lessen the strain on the rope, and as their cries for help remained unanswered for an hour he begged his daughter to cut the rope and save herself, but this she refused to do. Another half hour passed, and as the mist cleared Rose saw three other smugglers climbing the mountain. Her cries were heard and the smugglers rescued Predoni and his brave daughter, who lost her senses on being untied, and was carried down the mountain.

FOUR HUNDRED HORSE-POWER MOTOR BOAT--Special Racing Craft Built to Recover Cup Won Last Year by the Dixie



ENGLISH MOTOR RACING LAUNCH "WOLSELEY-SIDDELEY"

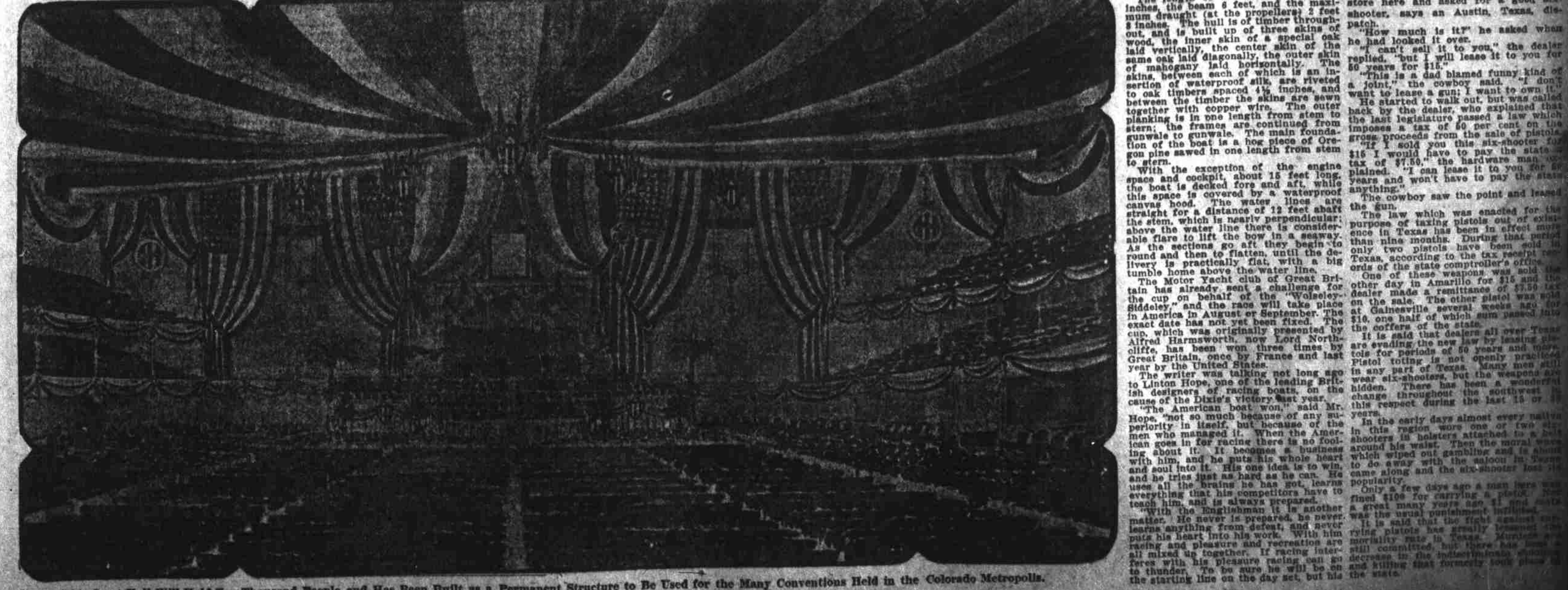
LONDON, April 11.—Unless you in the United States have something better up your sleeve in the line of motor racing boats than the "Dixie," which won the British international cup over here last year, you stand a very good chance of relinquishing possession of the blue ribbon of motor boat racing. A boat built for the special purpose of bringing the cup back to England has just

been put through her preliminary canter at Monte Carlo where, she won the principal event in fine style. When the "Dixie" came over here last year and ran away from the other entries it opened the eyes of our English cousins. How quickly they acted on the "hunch" will be seen when I tell you that plans for a boat to bring the cup back to England were prepared two days after the race. The boat was launched in February last, is known as the "Wolsley-Siddeley," and the construction

tors are the Wolsley Tool & Motor Car company. In building their boat the Wolsley company decided to make staunchness a prime consideration, and the launch is fine lines, narrow beam and excessively light displacement in so marked a degree as the ordinary type of racing motor boat. An effort has been made to get the necessary speed out of a large proportion of horsepower to displacement. Thus the "Wolsley-Siddeley" has engine capable of generating only 100 horsepower on a displacement of 100 horsepower. This gives the unprecedented proportion of 1 of horsepower per hundredweight of displacement. On her trials she averaged 30 knots an hour, and made one half knot more in a short sprint.

nothing will be in no shape, he will know nothing about the tides or the course over which he is expected to race, and the inevitable consequence is that his American competitor will sail rings around him. "I remember an experience of mine when an American canoe came over here to race. I thought I knew something about the course over which was sailed, but although the American skipper had only been in the country a few days, he knew more about the tides and the winds than I ever thought of knowing."

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