

# The BOHEMIANISM that ANGERED KING EDWARD



Lina Cavalieri, the Noted Prima Donna. (Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons)

## Actresses Should Not Be Taken to the Arms of Duchesses, He Says

"OUR manners are becoming the laughing stock of the continent."

In these angry words King Edward of Great Britain has condemned with his most emphatic disapproval the attention English society has so suddenly lavished upon beautiful Lina Cavalieri, the wonderful singer, and upon Maude Allan, the wondrous Salome dancer.

Previously, society limited its admiration for bohemians to hiring them in their professional capacity, at fabulous prices per night, for the entertainment of its well-born guests.

Because many bohemians nowadays are prone to be millionaires, or near-millionaires, themselves, and are beginning to be as exclusive on the strength of their brains as society has been on the strength of its birth, society has now condescended to treat its favored bohemians as ladies and gentlemen, and no longer suggests that they eat with the servants.

When, therefore, such daring spirits as Mrs. Asquith, wife of the premier, the duchess of Rutland, the duchess of Sutherland and other leaders of England's social life chose to entertain La Cavalieri or Miss Allan simply as friends—to have them to dinner without paying them as common wage-earners, to let them associate with all guests plainly as equals—and when the guests came to the conclusion they liked it, his majesty perceived it was time to call a halt.

He has called it. And he is quite indignant that things have come to such a point as necessitated calling it.

The distinguished women sinners, whose hospitable appreciation of the bohemians has brought down upon their heads the vials of his wrath, are far from professing contrition. Instead, they are going right on, doing precisely as they please.

So the prospects are strong for a grave breach between the king and the foremost leaders of London society.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel, as it stands—Sheridan.

WHEN one of the gay English countesses heard how wroth the king was, not long since, she laughed and remarked:

"Poor Edward! Our former prince of Wales isn't as young as he used to be."

Gay English society, repeating her impertinence, is going right on with its enjoyment of these novel human playthings—a performance which, if it isn't quite treason, comes venturously near to being rank rebellion.

Grave King Edward, protesting its defiance, is austere announcing the permanence of his wrath. The bohemians, who have barely been in the case of Miss Allan—arrived, most instantly go. The only order of nobility to which he will admit them is that famous Irish one whose apocryphal device reads: "Off again, on again, on again, on again."

Today there is a deadlock between certain great ones in English high society and its king, the once bohemian prince of Wales.

The first fault, it is said, to feel the weight of his anger is the dashing duchess of Rutland, although the more than presumptuous Lady Constance Richardson came within a hair of being exiled from the royal favor, as well as even that person of ill repute, Mrs. Asquith, wife of the prime minister, is all for proving that it is at liberty to regulate its own morals and manners.

Society in England has from time immemorial been made and unmade by the sovereign, because the sovereign from time immemorial has made and unmade the court. And King Edward has already shown that with all his reputation for diplomacy and tact he can be firm as a rock when he has made up his mind on a question he deems of moment.

That it is of some moment, those who best understand the tendencies of modern European politics are ready to concede. England especially has been thrilling for years with the ferment of approaching changes.



Maud Allan, the Sensational Dancer.

them emphasizes the claims of pure democracy.

So the twinkling toe of a dancer, while it may not quite kick out a king, and the siren voice of a singer, while it may not quite inspire a "Marseillaise," can really go far toward horrifying Herod on the throne of his power and toward blowing down the walls of Jericho, when the walls are nothing more than sham.

Lady Constance Richardson, niece of the duke of Sutherland, one of the latest of England's titled beauties who conceive it as part of their responsibilities to prove that a noblewoman can do anything as well as the professional experts, from fancy swimming to fancy dancing, was invited by the duke and duchess of Westminster to Eaton Hall to meet the king on a week-end visit.

She vanished after dinner Saturday night. Everybody wondered when some time elapsed, but at length the lovely Constance reappeared in a costume reproducing point for point the Salome dress of Maude Allan.

Critics, enthusiasts, respectabilities and criticsasters have written a great deal about Maude Allan's Salome costume, and their efforts have constituted one of the standing miracles of the English language; from the days of the polysyllabic Johnson to the nights of the tergiversatious Shaw, no one has ever said more about less. For sheer simplicity of attire Eve had little on Salome—unless it might have been

was undulating a la Salome, the sovereign never batted an eye.

But, as a climax, she whirled right up to him, knelt, laid that bewitching head of hers on his august knees and cried:

"Sir, I crave the head of Sir Ernest Cassel on a charger."

It was the grandest joke, with everyone laughing and smiling and whispering what a gorgeous figure she had, and how clever she was, and how she made Maude look like one and fipence, and how bully it must be to be king and have nice, young Constances lay their heads on your knee, and they ought to cut off Sir Ernest's head—yes, and his feet, too, if he needed them for an encore—until some one noticed that his majesty was distinctly annoyed. Then everybody instantly looked properly horrified, disgusted, shocked and paralyzed.

The duchess of Westminster, in anguish over the contretemps, was at a loss nearly long enough to give the king time to say something ferociously frosty; but she recovered just in time to announce that the company would adjourn for bridge. The desperate situation was saved.

A little later, when Edward had recovered his temper, he reprimanded Lady Constance temperately, and mercifully forgave her. But never gain, Lady Constance—never again.

It is Mrs. Asquith, brilliant rebel against all conventions in her unmarried days and founder of that oftentimes startling cult called "The Souls," against whom, it is said, King Edward feels most rancorous. The social leader of the Liberal government was the one who, in her unprecedented social liberality, started Maude Allan off on her career as a sort of social miracle.

Scarcely a month went by before Miss Allan was the social rage, and England's duchesses, countesses and smart set generally are raging over her yet. Inasmuch as the newspapers have printed all they could possibly learn about her career, including the humble first ten years of her life in San Francisco, the king is fairly justified in believing that the British public is liable to become impressed with the fact that ordinary humanity, as personified in Maude Allan, is as good as its profound, revered nobility—maybe better.



The Duchess of Rutland.

The Sprightly Duchess of Sutherland.

the freshness of the fig leaf.

As for the faithfully artistic Lady Constance, she wore everything that Maude Allan wears, but she was conscientiously careful not to wear a single stitch that Maude doesn't.

The royal and other attention that glued itself there in dignified Eaton Hall upon the reproduction of the

Maude Allan Salome dance can be better imagined than described.

It was a surprise, planned all by Lady Constance's naive, ingenious little self, for her dear sovereign; and, notwithstanding her dear sovereign's new reputation for primness, it may be intimated confidentially that so long as Lady Constance's admirable figure

## BRUISING the SERPENT'S HEAD for HEALING POISON



Ugly Head of the Poisonous Reptile.

The Deadly Lancehead, of South America.

POSSIBLY few persons in the country spent a summer so exciting, so full of adventure and of danger, as Dr. Walter M. Atkinson and his assistant, Dr. J. L. Engle, of the Institut Pasteur, at Lille, France. In the wilds of northern Pennsylvania they spent several months in pursuit of rattlesnakes and copperheads.

Snake-catching! Imagine the thrills, the danger, the excitement! But the strange quest of the two physicians was not for pleasure. They sought the rare and precious venom of the snakes—a fluid that is almost priceless, and which, it is claimed, cures many human diseases.

Not long ago a specimen of the deadly lancehead snake was brought from the headwaters of the Amazon to New York and its venom extracted for medical use. This novel performance attracted the attention of the nation.

Securing the venom of deadly serpents is, perhaps, the most dangerous work on earth. In endeavoring to gather the green-yellow drops of venom for the sake of science, the two physicians working in Pennsylvania have jeopardized

### Dr. Constantine Hering, who brought the first lancehead to his country.

The first venom was brought to this country in 1822 by Dr. Constantine Hering, who discovered the merits of the snake poison while working among the Indians in Dutch Guiana. The second snake which yielded its poison was brought to New York several months ago. It was caught near the headwaters of the Amazon. So deadly is the snake that few natives can be induced to assist in its capture.

Caught between two long poles, the snake was brought from its cage and laid on a table. Its body measured four and one-half feet in length. One of the doctors, with a quick movement, caught the snake by the head, and held it with a grip taught by a Hindu. This prevented the reptile turning in its skin, which is possible if not held securely, and biting its captor.

A glass receptacle, covered with white gauze, was brought near the head. The heady eyes glittered wickedly. The body wriggled, and with a furious snarl the head flew forward, and the fangs were buried in the gauze. Two tiny drops of venom fell into the glass.

The snake was angered three times. Three times it viciously bit the gauze. While the fangs were fastened on the gauze one of the attendants pressed the snake over the glands, squeezing out the sacs of venom. The quantity secured amounted to seventeen and three-quarter grains. A solution of sugar of milk in the ratio of ninety-one parts of sugar to the jar. It was mixed with a soft, white, dry powder. And a fifty-year supply of venom was ready for the physicians.

Dr. Hering, one of the leaders of homeopathy, discovered the use of the serum, and brought the first lancehead venom to this country. He was sent to Guiana by the king of Saxony when a young man on a botanical and zoological expedition.

There he became interested in the effect of snake venoms, and began practicing medicine among the natives. A complaint sent to the king that he was negligent in his duties as a collector resulted in his immediately resigning his commission.

Dr. Hering spent six years in Surinam. During those years many plants, insects and reptiles yielded to him their secrets, the potency of their extracts and the uses of the same. The capture of the snake, which still hangs in the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, was truly exciting.

It was while practicing medicine among the Indians that he had heard of the effect of the poison of this dreaded snake. So he decided to capture one and experiment with it. He was already convinced of the efficacious power of serums.

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