

DOUBLES that CAUSE TROUBLE; OTHERS that CAUSE LAUGHS.



Comedy and Tragedy in True Stories of Modern Dromios

"JAMES RILEY, stand up!"
At the crisp, harsh command of the judge a white-haired man, wearing mustache and imperial, rose in the dignity of his 55 years, and made as if to utter a protest.

"James Riley"—the judicial sentence cut him short with merciless severity—"you have been found guilty of forgery, the work of a habitual criminal engaged in a peculiarly heartless swindle, perpetrated upon the honest people of this neighborhood. There is nothing to be said, or heard, now in mitigation of

your offense. You are sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary."

The convict's energy in defense had been utterly exhausted. He was led away, a crushed and broken old man. For a year and a half—until 1908, in fact—he served that heavy term in the penitentiary.

Then there came to the jail from the Governor a full pardon, the acknowledgment of the great commonwealth which had imprisoned him unjustly that he was not Jim Riley, the professional crook for whose crime he was paying the penalty, but J. C. White, respectable business man of New York city, whose misfortune it was to have a rascal for his double.

Was he alone in his misfortune? So far from alone that many another American has paid as heavy a price for a resemblance, while all over the world the counterparts of famous personages have become such familiar nuisances that even royalty has the saying that a double doubles trouble.

offenses of his counterpart.

The same year brought from President Roosevelt a pardon for Captain George B. Boynton for the crime of counterfeiting, because his release was petitioned for by many men of prominence who were convinced he was Captain Charles M. Boynton and not the other.

Criminal records afford similar cases for every year through which the research may be carried, until the average man becomes convinced that he lives in constant danger of stumbling into some entanglement.

His apprehension is well grounded. Whatever his social position, it would appear that the old belief, that every human being has a double life somewhere, is correct.

Few men who have attained maturity have failed to confront, at some time, another whose presence made them wonder whether they were facing their long-lost twin. Their only hope must be that the double will live a life of decency, and so refrain from overwhelming them with unearned disgrace.

That hope is most dearly cherished, however, by men in distinguished position; but the possibilities of "The Masquerader" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" are always there, like an explosion in a stick of dynamite.

Take King Alfonso of Spain for example, he of the gallant ways with the fair, of the romantic devotion to his beautiful young queen, and now of the primly proper demeanor which his youthful paternity surely should entail.

HARD ON ALFONSO

Only a little while ago the cable had a charmingly Bohemian adventure to tell of the gallant young Spanish monarch, and Mlle. Cassive, the pretty Parisienne, who plays the leading role in "Occupé toi d'Amelle" at the Theatre des Nouveautés, had quite a popular vogue on the strength of her attractive adventure.

Her taxicab, inextricable among many halted vehicles in the Boulevard des Italiens, was crowded



Senator Briggs of New Jersey



Robert S. Hughes of Beaver, Pa.

young Parisians from damaging the innocent hearts of French actresses, by masquerading as royalty.

But law can't reach them. What safety can there be for the king of Spain when President Fallieres himself is the victim of a double who is his living image in face and portly figure, who designedly dresses precisely like him, and daily takes a promenade along the French president's favorite streets, and gathers, in advance of the real personage, the respectful homage tendered by the passing proletariat?

Every year, too, Paris has a spasm over the report that Kaiser Wilhelm has slipped in under an incognito. Oh, he has been seen everywhere, going about with a studious assumption of the air of a quiet French citizen.

The double of the kaiser has never yet been called to account in Paris, because the likeness is so perfect that every official is more than half afraid the man is the kaiser himself; and then, if any dispute should arise—phew! the Prussian troopers over the border!

But in Silesia, in Germany, everybody knows Max Nischke, the chimney sweep, whom nobody can tell apart from the emperor, except that Max will clean their chimneys and Wilhelm won't. Can it be that the Silesian chimney sweep, after working for a year or so, invests in a cake of soap, and so off for Paris and some fun with the French?

There is no doubt that something like that happens every little while in England, although King Edward's double is on a higher plane than the kaiser's chimney sweep.

He is Sir Ernest Cassell, King Edward's particular charm, a banker. The king depends upon the likeness so much that he often calls on his double for relief from onerous public appearances where it is not essential that he be seen at close range.

In the United States, every bookmaker who happens to meet Robert S. Hughes, of Beaver, Pa., looks longingly at his solar plexus after the first glance at his whiskers, fighting mad on the spot in his fancied recognition of Governor Hughes, of New York.

In Congress, the visitors never can tell which is the august personage who is holding the floor with eloquence and both feet, Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, or Senator Clay, of Georgia; and some of them are profoundly shocked over the political heresies uttered by each with the face of the other.

By some blessed dispensation, the same stalwart brand of Republicanism streams from Senator Briggs, of New Jersey, and Senator du Pont, of Delaware, the only difference in their looks being that Briggs seems rather peppery, while du Pont is gunpowdery. Together, they might pass as the peaceable but inflammable twins.

As for President Roosevelt, the casual Washingtonians used to toss coins to determine whether they were reverencing the President or merely admiring his attorney general, Moody. Since Mr. Moody became one of the Supreme Court, the hosts of aspirants there can't tell whether it is the justice who shall decide their fate, or James Maber, his clerk, whom they pass in the corridors.

The President, meanwhile, is free to wander off into Africa, or anywhere else, safe from any really near-doubles, excepting always the city of Florence, in Italy. There, if he should happen in the picture frame shop of one hustling dealer named Pietro Cassini, and the proprietor should hold up his wares for inspection, the distinguished traveler would be likely to exclaim: "Look here, signor; I asked to be shown frames, not mirrors."

A Church Where the Gospel is Preached by Pictures

A CHURCH without pulpit, minister or choir, where there are no Sunday services, where marriages are not solemnized, baptisms performed nor funerals held—this is the newest ecclesiastical movement in London.

Yet this church is expected to do a wonderful work in lifting humanity to higher planes; in it is expected to be preached a soul-stirring, ennobling gospel, although a silent gospel.

All the preaching will be done by pictures—wonderful pictures decorating the walls and telling in their silent but effective way the story of the Redeemer of men and His mission upon earth. Everything within the building is intended to be a sermon—a sermon silently teaching the doctrine of good will on earth and the promise of redemption.



every square foot of the walls will be covered with paintings, so that visitors and silent worshippers may have the whole story of the gospel presented in their picture form.

IT IS to the late Mrs. Russell Gurney that the Church of the Silent Gospel is due. She spent her last years carrying out her cherished idea of providing a chapel where man's eloquence would be unnecessary, a place of quiet reverence where the gospel might be preached to men and women by means of pictures.

When one enters the vestibule of this Church of the Silent Gospel he is confronted by a mural painting representing "The Good Shepherd." Filling the entire chancel end of the church itself is a painting depicting the ascension, while about it are frescoed beautiful mural paintings.

On one side of the room, for instance, there are paintings telling the story of the life of Christ; on the other, the spread of the gospel, as related in the Acts of the Apostles, is set forth in interesting and impressive illustrations.

Woven into these picture-stories are twenty-eight paintings—half of one side and half on the other—illustrating the visions of Old Testament prophets and the doings of the apostles.

In addition, the stories of the creation, the fall and the promise of redemption are told in a series of pictures on the rear walls. There are two pictures having as their subjects the stories of the wise and foolish virgins; the four graces, Faith, Hope, Love and Justice, are represented by beautiful symbolic figures.

All the work intended to preach sermons in this Church of the Silent Gospel has not been completed. It was planned by Mrs. Gurney—and the painter who is doing the work is carrying out her intentions—that

services?

The building, which will be known henceforth as the Church of the Silent Gospel, is in the cemetery of St. George, on the Uxbridge road, a thoroughfare containing some of the largest and most fashionable houses in London.

It was formerly used as a mortuary chapel, but when interments in the cemetery were stopped some years ago it fell into disuse.

Mr. Shields began work on her idea in 1893. She searched London for a suitable site, and secured the former mortuary chapel when she had abandoned hope of success.

On one side of the door Mrs. Gurney had the following invitation inscribed:

Passengers through the busy streets of London. Enter this sanctuary for rest and silence and prayer. Let the pictured walls within speak of the past. Ever continuing ways of God with man.

On the opposite side of the door is this inscription:

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Come and rest awhile. Commune with your own hearts and be still. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever.

Mrs. Gurney lived to see only the beginning of the work. When she died, in 1895, only a few of the paintings had been placed upon the walls. But she had explained her ideas thoroughly to the artist, Frederick Shields, and he has been working with great earnestness since to complete the plan she formulated.

He has made his paintings that tell of the ministry of Jesus "breaths an atmosphere of deep spirituality and of tender solicitude for men and women."

Mr. Shields is now engaged upon the last stages of his great work, in a short time it is expected that the silent church of London will be one of the places to attract great numbers of visitors. To these it is hoped that the silent preaching of the gospel may prove effective.

against a luxurious touring car whose young, tall and smartly dressed occupant smiled upon her most agreeably. Could the leading lady of the Nouveautés do less than return that friendly overture? More smiles, more happiness; everything progressing fascinatingly, when the heart of Mlle. Cassive gave a sudden bound and then sank in awe. Her vis-a-vis was Alfonso, king of Spain, the tale of his flirtation echoing from Europe to America, and her beautiful blue eyes ablaze over the escapade and its notoriety, called him to the conjugal confessional?

Did Mlle. Cassive neglect to tell all Paris about it inside of fifteen minutes? Not if the drama, in her pretty person, knew itself; and the drama usually does, in Paris. It was a grand advertisement.

But what of the Spanish king when his lovely but wroth young queen, the tale of his flirtation echoing from Europe to America, and her beautiful blue eyes ablaze over the escapade and its notoriety, called him to the conjugal confessional?

EXPLANATIONS FUTILE

"Ah! my adored one," he might protest till his black hair turns gray, "never believe such a thing of your faithful, devoted husband. Why, I wasn't on the Boulevard des Italiens; I've never seen Mlle. Cassive; I would not flirt with an actress in the greenroom, much less upon the streets. Can you believe it of your own darling?" etc., etc.

But what husband is there who can imagine acquittal, under such evidence, in a jealous wife's eyes? Yet there is hope. Here, on this very page, if his beautiful Beatrice is still sulking over the episode, is the photograph of his double, a young fellow living in Paris whom thousands are constantly identifying as Spain's king, enjoying incognito in the capital of pleasure. That is one of the reasons for the publication of this article, because none of us wants to see the wedded bliss of that dove-like pair interrupted for a single day.

And there ought to be a law to prevent dashing