LOS ANGELES MAN CLAIMS RIGHT TO THRONE OF POLAND

Col. John Sobieski, Once Soldier of Fortune, Direct Descendant of Thaddeus of Warsaw.

SAYS INFANT GRANDSON IS ROYAL HEIR

Interesting Predicament of a California Youngster and the Romantic Life Story of His Grandfather—Driven from Austria by Maximilian, He Lived to Command Firing Party That Ended the Career of His Cruel Time Persecutor.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Sucking his bare pink toes and calling aloud for the royal nursing bottle, the rightful future king of Poland lies in his cradle in a cottage in the West Adams street district serenely unconscious of the fact that a battle of documents and family trees is raging over his crown and estates.

Little does he care that a rude Chicago editor has denied the claim that he is the direct descendant of Thaddeus of Warsaw and heir to a vast confiscated estate—not to mention the shattered Polish throne.

His fond father is L. S. Gilhausen, a clerk in the First National bank. His grandfather is Colonel John Sobieski, the well-known temperance lecturer—the last of the illustrious line of John III., who rescued Europe from the Turks.

From a life of quiet retirement, this grandfather and grandchild have burst suddenly into national fame.

Recently a Polish editor named Slemiradski came into print in the Chicago Record-Herald denouncing Colonel Sobieski as an impostor, or practically that. He denies Colonel Sobieski's claim to direct descent by the eldest son of the eldest son route from King John III., the adored national hero of Poland—again not to mention the throne and the great estates.

This editor with a name like a sneeze claims that the last genuine Sobieski died over a century and a half ago. He calls upon Sobieski of Los Angeles to bring forward his

MRS. L. S. GILHAUSEN.

proofs of descent. He suggests that his documents and proofs be submitted to the Imperial Academy of Science at Cracow.

He may be somewhat chastened to learn that the paper containing his defy has come into the hands of Colonel Sobieski, who has promptly accepted the challenge. He has written to the Chicago Record-Herald and to Editor Slemiradski that he will be pleased to leave the question to the institution of learning named in the defy if it can be shown that it is a university of national importance and standing in Poland. Colonel Sobieski confesses that he has never heard of it.

"It is only for my honor that I am preparing these documents," said Colonel Sobieski to the writer.

He Wants No Throne.

"There is no throne in Poland. If there were one and it were offered to me, I give you my word I should refuse it."

The eyes of the old nobleman flashed as he added:

"Rather would I go to the cradle and strangle that little baby as he lies there than ever to allow him to ascend any throne. Yes, my memories of monarchy are as bitter as that."

His memories of monarchy cannot, indeed, be very happy. This gentle old nobleman who lives so quietly in Los Angeles saw his father led away to be slaughtered by Russian soldiers after long confinement in a prison so vile a dog could not have lived in it; saw his mother driven away from home almost a pauper; saw her driven like an outcast from country to country until she died an unhappy exile.

No wonder his eyes flash.

His Remarkable Life.

Following the briefest possible glance at his remarkable life:

He was born in 1842 in Warsaw, being the sixth in line of descent from the great warrior monarch of Poland, John III. His father was John Sobieski, who lost his life in 1848 in the great Polish rebellion.

He says one of his earliest recollections of childhood is of a sleighride and the gay trappings of a Cossack soldier who conveyed his mother and himself to say goodbye to his father about to be executed.

His father had been captured by the Russian army and had been confined in a vile Russian prison, crawling with vermin, for 13 months.

Before they were allowed to see the doomed husband and father, the young mother was taken before the Russian viceroy, who offered to allow her to retain her estates and honors if she would give up her son—the last Sobieski—to be sent to the Russian capital and there brought up as a loyal subject of the Czar.

Banished by Maximilian.

She proudly refused, and chose banishment, poverty and misery. She bade her husband good by, and he was shot down the next day. At the same time her father and brother were killed.

Everywhere went the exiles, ordered out by the authorities; driven out of Austria, Prussia and Italy. They were driven from Italy by the Austrian viceroy, Maximilian—afterward the emperor of Mexico. They took refuge in England at last. The mother died and the son was adopted into the family of a Polish professor, who had been an instructor at the United States naval academy at Annapolis. When the United States ships of war visited Liverpool the cadets used to visit their old professor. One of them persuaded Sobieski to stow away in the old frigate Constellation and come to America.

He was then only a little fellow 12 years old, but managed to enlist in the United States army as a bugler. He enlisted in 1855, and two years afterward was ordered out with the troops that went the desperate journey across the plains to fight the Mormons.

Many of the young officers under whom he served on that expedition afterward became famous in the civil war—Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, then a colonel; Capt. Hancock, afterward the northern general; Col. Alexander, who became Lee's chief of staff; Fitz John Porter, Maj. Beauregard, Capt. J. B. Magruder, afterward a southern general, was commander of young Sobieski's battery.

Witnessed Stirring Scenes.

When the war was getting ready to break, young Sobieski's battery was ordered recruited to its full strength and the young Pole was ordered to New York and Washington on recruiting duty, witnessing the inauguration of Lincoln, the closing debates in the senate and many other stirring scenes.

He went all through the civil war and was terribly wounded in the first day of the battle of Gettysburg. It was his privilege to be an eyewitness to the most dramatic battle in naval history, the first fight of the ironclads, the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor.

After the war he went into Mexico and began another fight for a people's freedom. He lived the hunted life of a guerrilla warrior, eating rattlesnakes and living a precarious life off the country. He was commissioned a colonel. He seemed to have a charmed life. He came through a hundred thrilling escapades unhurt—once being the only man of an entire command to survive.

Maximilian's Execution.

The old Polish nobleman tells of the tragic incident of history—the execution of the emperor—in simple soldier fashion. In writing an account of it for his biography he says:

"The last three or four days of Maximilian's life were spent almost wholly with the priest. On the morning of the execution, June 19, 1867—a bright, beautiful morning—he was taken out of the old convent where he was captured and where he had lived during the time he was in our custody, and placed in an ambulance and driven outside of the walls of the city near an old fortress, where the execution took place.

"Arriving on the grounds, the troops were formed in line, the doomed men were placed in position, Maximilian standing on the right of the firing party. The firing party consisted of 36 men, formed into two companies, six to each of the doomed men. (Two traitorous generals were executed at the same time.)

"One in each firing party of six had a blank cartridge. There had been a sharp rivalry for the honor of belonging to the firing party. I was selected to command the reserve firing party.

Fate Gives Deferred Revenge.

"Maximilian, speaking in Spanish, said in substance that he loved Mexico and desired its welfare; and in shedding his blood would be the means of bringing peace and happiness to the distracted country he was willing to die. He asked that the commander of the firing party advance to him, and he delivered to that officer six pieces of gold which is equivalent to about ten dollars of our money. He ordered a piece of gold to be delivered to each one of the firing party, directing them to take good aim.

"The firing party was now ordered to advance, make ready, aim, fire! Strange as it may seem, Maximilian fell mortally wounded, only exclaiming as he fell: 'Oh, my God! my God!' At once the commander of the reserve firing party (Sobieski himself) ordered one of the men from his own party to advance, and drawing his own revolver, ordered the soldier to put it to the ear of the archduke and fire. He did so, and the career of the archduke was ended."

Col. Sobieski's long subsequent career as lawyer and temperance lecturer is well known. He had one son who would have perpetuated the name but he died while a young child. His one daughter married Mr. Gilhausen, of Los Angeles. To them a little son has lately been born.

Sees End of All Thrones.

So the last of the Sobieskis is a Gilhausen.

After this long and exciting career of adventure, Col. Sobieski is a calm, handsome, gentle old man—the soul of courtesy. Aside from his bitterness against monarchies whose tyrannies have brought him such misery, he has other reasons for not caring anything about the right to the empty throne to Poland.

"Before you are a middle-aged man," he said to the writer, "every throne in Europe will be swept away in a vast bloodless revolution."

Slemiradski claims that there is not a mention in history of any Sobieski in recent times. He wants to know why no Sobieski came forward as a candidate for king at the election of King Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski in 1764 if the family still existed. He denies the execution of Sobieski's father, saying that history has no mention of it, and points out that it would have made the nation thrill.

He makes a great point of the fact that the Almanach de Gotha makes no mention of any living descendants of John III.

No Sobieski Dynasty.

In reply, Col. Sobieski points out many places wherein the Polish editor contradicts himself; he then proceeds, "He (the editor) declares that the Almanach de Gotha has not got me on the list. I could not presume under any circumstances to think that my name would appear in that distinguished almanac, as it is a register exclusively devoted to dynasties. I do not claim to be of any Sobieski dynasty.

"In the first place there was no Sobieski dynasty. The definition of dynasty is a family of kings. Poland in the days of John III. was an aristocratic republic and elective monarchy. There is a tradition that comes down, however, that when the elective system was abolished by the new constitution in 1791, it was the general understanding that the Sobieski family was to be the royal family. The constitution was only prevented from going into force by the conquest of Poland."

The Beginning of Greatness.

America's first printing press was erected at Harvard in the year 1639.

Famous Americans Handsome of Person and Mental Giants

Major Truman of California Talks Entertainingly of Noted Men Whom Nature Seemingly Had Fashioned to Be Leaders—Blaine and Conkling Among Them.

The memory of Maj. Ben. C. Truman, of Los Angeles, Cal., is a gallery of Adonises. In the Graphic of that town he paints with beauteous parts of speech—to use his own language—the portraits of the handsomest men he has known.

"The first really handsome vision that comes to my mind," says the major, "is that of Col. John W. Forney, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Press, and a conspicuous personage from 1844 until 1884. Col. Forney was tall and straight and handsome of face and figure.

"One of the most strikingly handsome men I have ever met was Gov. Warmouth, of Louisiana. I spent an hour or more with him at the Ebbitt House in Washington one evening in 1880, and I thought him one of the most enrapturing persons I had ever come across. His voice and manner held me spellbound.

"Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, had a splendid face, with sparkling little black eyes, and from his lips sometimes spiteful words dropped like pearls. William M. Gwin, of California, was massive but courtly and had a complexion like a peach.

"In the house before the war there were some remarkably handsome men, among whom was Dan (Daniel E.) Sickles, for whom I cast my first vote in the Fifth ward of New York in 1856. He was the finest looking man in congress at that time. The next handsomest congressman was Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, who was one of the most brilliant orators in congress.

"But Blaine, who came later, was the handsomest and most magnetic of all. Conkling also was exceedingly handsome and even majestic (if I may employ such a term), but was the most conceited man who ever strutted through either the senate or house premises.

"Colfax was a good looking, meek appearing member and was always groomed as if coming out of the veritable bandbox; he was severely good until Oakes Ames, the tempter, came along with some Ogden Pacific stock—he actually died from grief a short time after the Credit Mobilier investigation, and so did Congressman James Brooks, of New York.

"One of the handsomest men I ever have known was Gov. Andy Curtin, of Pennsylvania. Everybody called him handsome. He was a perfect blonde without a single strawberry mark. He was fond of a punch or julep, and could get away with three fingers of old Monongahela when occasion required.

"I remember Philip Barton Key as a remarkably handsome man, who was shot dead in Washington in 1857 by Dan Sickles; and also I remember Sam Butterworth, the big fine looking person who urged on the shooting.

"Sunset (Samuel B.) Cox was a handsome little fellow, and as charming as he was otherwise personally attractive. He was a congressman from New York many terms and during the hot days of reconstruction he was the leader of the attenuated forces. He was one of the roslest persons I have ever known.

"Another mighty handsome, rosy fellow was Col. Horace Porter, of Grant's staff; he was brilliantly educated and could sing a song, tell a good story and stay with the stirring cup as long as anyone.

"Some remarkably handsome men whom I have known quite well or intimately were Gen. Edward McCook, Surgeon General Barnes, Gens. Fremont and Ordway, Osterhaus and Logan; Gens. Custer and Merritt, Hancock and Baird; Anson Burlingame, Prof. Lowe, George Francis Train; Maj. Ben Perley Poore, Harry Howard, for many years chief of the volunteer fire department of New York; Maj. Burke, of the New Orleans exposition, and Col. William Cody (Buffalo Bill)."

D M
DELMAS

From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Delmas, although unknown in the East, has made an enviable record for himself as a criminal lawyer on the Pacific coast. He will aid in the defense of Harry Kendall Thaw at his trial for the murder of Stanford White.

A FORT OF '76 FOUND.

SECRET REFUGE IN BOSTON RECALLS REVOLUTION.

Wonderful Network of Concealed Rooms and Trap Floors Disclosed Accidentally in a Raid Made on a Gamblers' Den.

Boston.—A wonderful network of concealed rooms, secret passages and trap floors, sufficient to serve as a hiding place for a score of men, and probably secret meeting places during the revolutionary war for the colonists, have been unearthed by Chief T. O. Urquhart of the Arlington police as the result of a raid on the famous old Cooper Tavern, on Massachusetts avenue, Arlington.

The raid followed the issuance of a warrant for a search for liquor, but so astounding were the discoveries that Chief Urquhart will continue his search until he has laid bare all the secrets of the famous old hostelry.

The discoveries so far show that the old house is literally honeycombed with secret rooms and passages, in one of which was found a full gambling layout. Early in the raid a patrol wagon full of liquor was taken from the place and liquor of every kind from champagne to beer was confiscated. The place was being conducted by Louis and Ida Brown and run without an innholder's license.

Cooper's Tavern was built prior to the revolutionary war and was immortalized by the martyred deaths of Jabez and Jason Winship, who made their last stand behind its stone windows hemmed in by the British legions in April, 1775. Others in the building at the time disappeared, and it has always been thought they escaped by secret recesses.

It fell to the lot of gamblers, the police say, to discover the hidden haunts, and their knowledge was guarded well. The police at the raid discovered that the foundation wall seemed too short for the actual support of the walls of the building, and, digging down, laid bare a complete room—small but compact. Inspired by their discovery, the police continued in their search, and will not rest until the entire inside of the building is torn away.

IRELAND SENDS OUT 5,000,000

Irish Emigration to This Country Has Been Enormous.

Washington.—No page in history reveals such a migration as that of the Irish to America. The figures are astonishing. From 1840 to 1860 not fewer than 2,000,000 crossed the ocean to settle in the United States; from 1860 to 1880 an additional 1,000,000 made a fresh start in life in the great republic over the seas, and from 1880 to the present time another 1,000,000 was added to our population. Since 1860 the average has been 500,000 a decade.

The 12 agricultural states, represented by Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, contain one fourth of the 5,000,000. Of the portion settled in the North Atlantic states but one-fifth are on farms; but this tendency to crowd into towns disappears when the surroundings are agricultural, as is shown by the large percentage—more than 50—of those who have taken to farming in the 12 agricultural states above mentioned.

It is only because the bulk of the Irish in America are not in the midst of farming districts that they are less an agricultural people than the other immigrant elements added to the population. They have found an outlet for their energies in the congested districts and their wonderfully adaptive natures have allowed them easily to enter upon the industries of the people among whom they were thrown.

It is in the eastern states that the Irish promise to ultimately constitute a majority of the population. This is already the case in three New England states and in many New England cities. In New York city they are barely behind the Germans and slightly so in Chicago.

Rabbits in the Water.

Mr. Millais tells how rabbits swim—when compelled to: "They swim with the head held as high as possible, while the hocks of the hind legs appear above the element at each stroke. The shoulders and front part of the body are buried beneath the water, while the rump and tail are high and dry."

Gives a Large Farm to His Niece.

Relatives and Church in Controversy Over Property Worth $50,000.

Champaign, Ill.—The village of Homer in the southern part of this county, is excited over the extraordinary gift made by Josiah Gorham, an aged resident of that place to his niece and housekeeper, Mrs. Louise Pyatt, the gift being his entire property, consisting of 320 acres of land, valued at $175 an acre. Mrs. Pyatt will have a hard time retaining the gift, however, as Gorham's son Henry, who lives in Champaign, has filed a suit in the circuit court, charging Mrs. Pyatt with obtaining the property by undue influence. It is only two months ago that the woman invited her aged uncle to come from Champaign, where he had been living with his son, to establish a home in the village of Homer, where she could care for him. He readily consented, as did the son, who, however, demanded a contract from her in regard to compensation. This was agreed to, but for some reason was never written out. Rev. O. K. Doney, a Christian minister, walked into the Citizens' bank at Homer and told the cashier, Pete Wiggins, who attended to the business affairs of Josiah Gorham, that Mr. Gorham had made over his farm to Mrs. Pyatt, who would devote a part of it to foreign missionary work in the Christian church. Wiggins communicated with the son, Henry Gorham, and the latter at once instituted suit. He will allege that the old man is incapable of attending to his own affairs, and that he did not know what he was doing.

Not the Same Kind of Pease.

An old Connecticut farmer named Pease had some difficulty with a neighbor of the same name, who brought suit against him.

While giving his side of the affair, the defendant was asked: "Are you two men of the same family?"

"No, sir," said the defendant; "he is a wrinkled marrowfat, and I'm a 'Little Gem.'"

RICHES OF UNCLE SAM

TOTAL WEALTH REACHES STUPENDOUS FIGURES.

More Than Half a Dozen Americans Worth More Than All the Rulers of the World Together—All Records Broken.

Washington.—"The United States is the wealthiest nation in the world," said a close friend of President Roosevelt's the other day, who had just gone over a remarkable official report, which is soon to be made public. He added:

"In a brief span of young life this infant nation has broken all records relating to the accumulation of riches. We are beginning to think in billions, instead of millions. Take it any way you like, our affluence outstrips anything ever known before.

"Our country has more actual money, more gold, a larger volume of exports, greater banking facilities, richer farms, more productive mines, more railroads, more internal commerce, more millionaires, more farmers, more highly paid laborers, and a greater distribution of luxuries than any other land enjoyed since time began."

To prove all this some facts are gleaned at random from the reports gathered by the statistical department of the treasury.

One day last October Uncle Sam had gathered into his money storehouse in Washington the greatest amount of gold ever collected in one place in the history of the world—gold representing $871,893,899. This was indeed the high water mark. There was in one little room more gold than was in circulation in Great Britain.

The largest receipt ever given and the greatest money trust ever undertaken was when the present treasurer of the United States, Charles H. Treat, went into office. He receipted to Ellis H. Roberts, retiring treasurer, for all moneys and securities in the vaults of the treasury, a total of $1,249,558,278. It required from July 1 to Sept. 5 to count the money and at the completion of the task the accounts balanced to a fraction.

The costliest governmental establishment in the world is the British navy, upon which $1,500,000,000 has been expended within the last ten years. Yet three individual Americans — Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Clark—could have paid the whole bill and have pocket money left.

The United States is spending about $100,000,000 a year on its navy, and the country a year ago had a total of expenditure. That it is not investing more than it can afford is shown by the fact that the display loving women of the United States spent $100,000,000 for diamonds purchased in foreign lands during the last two years. In fact, we are so rich the sales of products and manufactured articles we are sending abroad each year are equal to a sum sufficient to support all the navies in the world.

When it comes to individual wealth we have dozens of citizens who are worth more than all the kings and rulers of the world, taken collectively or severally. The czar is reputed to have a greater income than any other living man, but his private fortune is so mixed up with government revenues that it is impossible to separate them. If distinction could be made John D. Rockefeller undoubtedly could make comparison with Nicholas and show the biggest revenue. The Russian monarch's wealth is the accumulation of an empire centuries old in making, while the Ohio oil magnate can remember when he had nothing.

Leopold, king of the Belgians, is the richest monarch in Europe after the czar. Although his income from the state is but $1,700,000 a year, his business interests are so large and the income from the Congo Free state so great, it is estimated he gathers in $1,000,000 annually. Senator Clark has an income that is at least three times as great.

Alphonso XIII. has $1,400,000 a year to provide a style that should surround a king, but John Jacob Astor could easily outstrip this youthful monarch if he felt disposed. The kaiser receives a small annual allowance, only $650,000, so that either William K. Vanderbilt or August Belmont has more ready money at his disposal than Germany's emperor.

To Shun Men Without Whiskers.

Harrisburg, Neb.—A number of society belles of this western Nebraska town have formed a pro-whiskers society. They have agreed to discourage attentions from men who do not wear full beards. They maintain that men with whiskers are handsome and in every way more acceptable as sweethearts, husbands and fathers. They regard whiskers as a genuine ornament. Ridicule, according to the girls, has made the good old custom obsolete in this country, and this society has been formed for the purpose of reestablishing the fashion.

LONELY ONES ORGANIZE CLUB.

Unite to Drive Away Solitude Incident to Life in Great City.

New York.—There is no longer any excuse for men or women in this great city to suffer the pangs of loneliness. A club has been organized exclusively for the lonely ones. Eighty "lonlies," 40 men and 40 women, attended the second meeting of the organization the other afternoon.

Several young men, unknown to one another, chanced, at about the same time, to write letters to the newspapers telling how lonely they were in New York, especially on Sunday afternoon. Next these young men began writing to one another. Then they got acquainted and out of the acquaintance came the idea of getting the "lonelies" organized. It is said that Charles Knox, is really father of the club idea, and it was he who hired the hall and called the first meeting.

At the first meeting appeared Dr. Elmer Lee, and he took to the idea with a fervor that set it going with whirlwind momentum. Dr. Lee was named as temporary president.