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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

AMERICAN WIFE HELPS STATESMAN

Lord Admiralty Finds His Best Assistant in His Faithful Spouse.

FULL BLOWN STENOGRAPHER.

She Has Just Mastered Shortland That She May Better Act as His Amanuensis.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 2.—Arthur Lee, M. P., the civil lord of the admiralty, whose recent speech concerning changes in England's naval policy stirred up such a rumpus in Germany, shares with Lord Donoughmore the reputation of being one of the busiest and most painstaking members of the present government. He makes no secret of the fact that he owes much of his success to his clever American wife. When she does not accompany him to his office in the morning she invariably drives round in her smart motor about noon and remains with him for the remainder of his office hours. She conducts all his private correspondence and works a typewriter with the facility of an expert. She has lately been adding stenography to her other qualifications with the view of rendering further assistance to her husband. When she appears at the admiralty offices in Whitehall the word is passed round among the permanent officials that the "governor's private secretary" has arrived. This description is not literally correct because the civil lord has a private secretary allotted to him by the government, but that she does much work in her husband's office is within the knowledge of every clerk in the department. When she is not at his side in Whitehall she is generally at home in Chesterfield Gardens hammering away at her typewriter on his private correspondence, so as to leave him the utmost freedom for his official work. Among the admiralty men he is looked upon as a most exacting and methodical chief, and in this respect he has no equal in the government since Joseph Chamberlain left the colonial office. He is, however, a favorite because his subordinates acknowledge that he does not ask them to do anything which he is not prepared to do himself. Punctuality is absolutely indispensable in anything he has to do with. Like Austen Chamberlain he drops in when he is least expected, but is less ready than the chancellor of the exchequer to accept excuses when work falls behind.

BAN ON WALKER CASTLE.

Since her recovery from the severe illness which Lady Curzon contracted at Walker Castle nothing would persuade her to revisit the place, and everything associated with it seems to have become hateful to her. Articles of bric-a-brac and bedroom ornaments which she valued much and which she invariably carried with her on her journeys about the world have been left behind, and it is understood that they will eventually find their way to some of the London auction rooms where

such things are made a specialty of. Dealers have been down to Walker to inspect them and it is reported that many of the articles are so scarce that they will fetch some thousands of dollars, when they are handled by the customers. A few days before Lady Curzon sailed for India her sister, Lady Suffolk, and a maid, went over the castle and made an inventory of everything valuable in the place which belonged to Lady Curzon. It was suggested that the things should be packed up and dispatched with the rest of her ladyship's luggage, but she would not hear of the proposal; neither would she allow them to be sent to her town residence. The contents of the room where she underwent her severe operation and in which she hovered between life and death for a number of days, have been packed up and they, too, will find their way to the auctioneer's sale room.

CATS AND DOGS BARRED.

The Duchess of Marlborough, although exceedingly fond of other animals, does not like cats or dogs. Cats must not be seen about her premises in Curzon street, and if any stray ones are discovered the servants have instructions to clear them out at once. An Irish terrier dog has succeeded, however, as far as concerns himself at least, in overcoming her prejudice against the canine race, and is now installed at Sunderland House. It happened in this way. During her recent visit to Ireland while she was taking a walk in the Viceroy's grounds in Phoenix park, an Irish terrier ran up to her and made as much fuss over her as if she had been his owner. In spite of the commands of his master the dog insisted on following the duchess, with the result that she decided to adopt him. She asked the owner what the dog was worth and a certain figure being quoted, she gave instructions that the terrier was to be sent to London. The duke's valet, entrusted with the transport of the dog, but while peculiarly attached to the duchess he would not have the valet at any price. As he was about to be shipped at Kingston he broke loose and the most athletic man in the Dublin police force could not catch him. He made his way back to his old master who in the meantime had been communiating with the duchess. The original owner is a well known sportsman in Dublin who breeds terriers for the aristocracy and he immediately sent one of his men across to London with the dog.

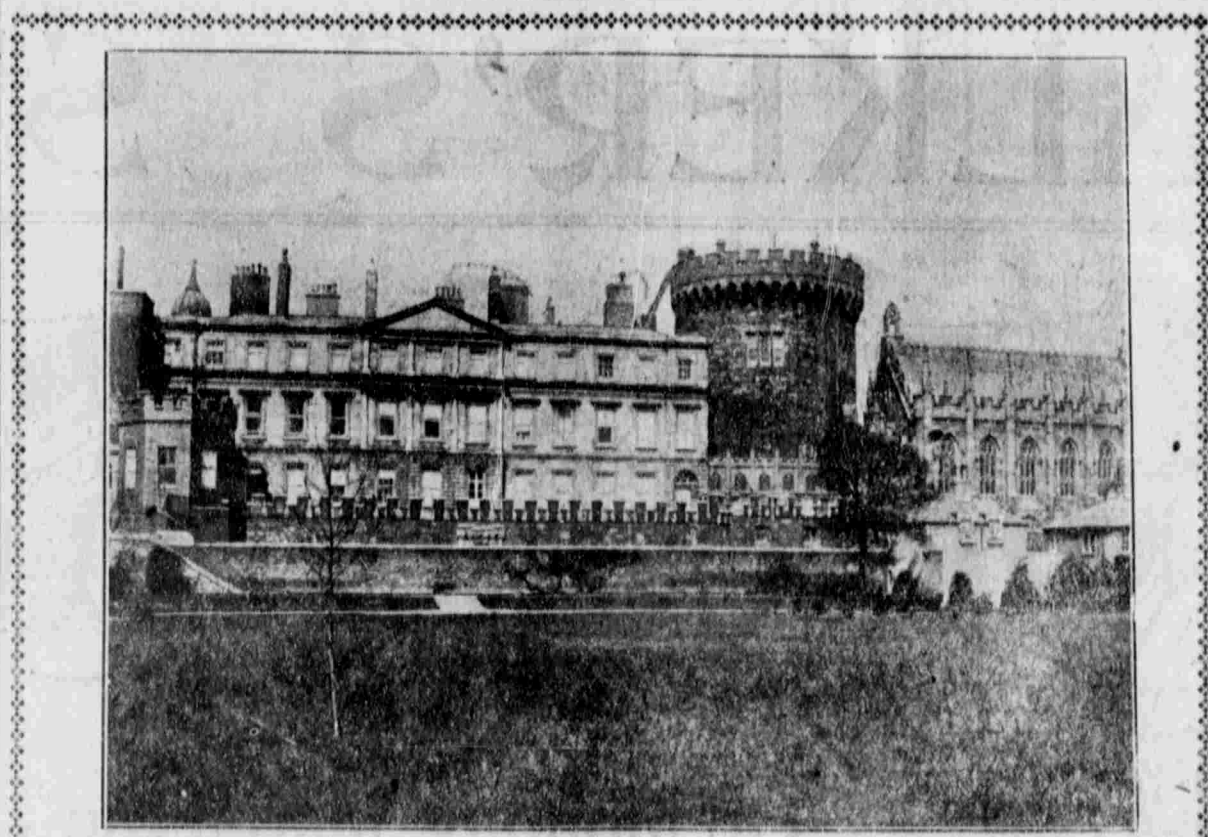
IN THE SOCIAL SWIM.

The activity of the American colony in London in social matters is causing a number of American women who hitherto have preferred the quietness of their own homes to the glamor and excitement of the London season to take a livelier share in what is going on. Lady Falkland, formerly Miss Mary Reade of New York, is one of these and Lady Ross, who as Miss Burnley was a famous Louisville belle before her marriage, is another. Lady Falkland until recently has shown far more interest in charity projects than in the diversions of the drawing rooms of Mayfair or Belgrave. Her pretty house in Eaton Square was always open to her personal friends but she studiously avoided entertaining on a scale that would attract public attention. She is, on terms of personal intimacy with the king and Queen Alexandra and, in fact, with every member of the royal family. She and her husband are admitted into the society of the most exclusive set in England, but they seldom figure in the chronicles of fashionable society. Lack of means can not have prevented her from going in for a good time in the popular fashion because apart from her own fortune her husband is a wealthy man. She has preferred, however, to give whatever she could spare to charity especially to institutions devoted to the care of the old and infirm. There is some fear now that all this will

(Continued on page 14.)

Titled "Touts" Who Threaten and Don't.

When an Irish Wine Merchant Made an "Unauthorized" Use of His Name to Catch Fashionable Trade, Lord Lurgan Promised Proceedings, But Thus Far They Haven't Been Brought.



DUBLIN CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND. The Advertising Circular Issued by Adam Scott the Irish Wine Dealer, Stated That Viscount Chelsea and Other High Officials at the Castle Had Promised to Use their "Pulls" to Help His Business.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 2.—Somehow, these "legal proceedings" that noble lords invariably threaten when their connection, sub rosa, with some money-making scheme is exposed, never come off. Nothing further has been heard of the promise made by Lord Tankerville, Lord Muskerry, the Earl of Craven and Lord Brayne some months ago to sue Dr. Lunn, who runs a tourist agency, for the "unauthorized" use of their names in connection with a projected tour of the Mediterranean. And nobody seriously believes that the recent threat of Lord Lurgan and his well associates to sue an Irish wine merchant, more enterprising than discreet, for making an "unauthorized" use of their exalted appellations will ever result in a trial in a court of law. But as showing how the titled tout business is worked here the story of what started the row is worth telling more fully than may have been described in the cable dispatches sent at the time.

FOR HIGH TONED FOLKS.

Adam Scott, the head of a well-known firm of Dublin wine merchants, had a laudable ambition to increase his sales of high class intoxicants. Such beverages are for high class folk, and as a

shrewd business man Scott seems to have reasoned that he could best reach these desirable customers by inducing some heavy swells to co-operate with him—to act as "drummers" for the establishment in plain words. Fashionable life in Ireland centers around the lord lieutenant's court at Dublin castle. The castle sets the fashion in drinks as in everything else. So the wine dealer appears to have argued that if he could start a company and get some of the most influential and aristocratic of the lord lieutenant's satellites to join him, on a sort of "ground floor" basis, there would be lots of money in it.

THE FIRST BROACH.

He first broached the matter to

ogan and O'Callaghan figured as directors. Scott assigning to himself the role of managing director. Of course it could have been patent to everybody who knows how the wires are worked here for what purposes Scott had got together such an aristocratic board of directors, and by what methods they would be expected to help along the business. But Scott showed too much eagerness to reap the reward of his enterprise. He issued an entirely superfluous circular in which he gave the whole thing away. To be sure, he took the precaution of marking it "private and confidential," but that did not deter an anxious trade rival, into whose hands a copy fell, from giving publicity to it. The circular, after setting forth in big capitals, the names and titles of



LORD LURGAN. He Recently Denied Indignantly That He Had Undertaken to "Tout" for an Irish Wine Merchant, But Hasn't Carried Out His Threat to Prosecute the Latter for Stating That an "Arrangement" Existed.

Stokes O'Callaghan, financial secretary to Earl Dudley, the lord lieutenant, and a man capable of taking a broad business view of things. Through O'Callaghan he got in touch with Lord Lurgan, the state steward of the lord lieutenant; Viscount Chelsea, eldest son of the Earl Cadogan, a former lord lieutenant of Ireland; and his younger brother, Capt. the Hon. Gerald Cadogan. They are now posing as innocent victims of the wiles of Scott, bent on seeking reputation for the damage done their reputations in a court of law. But it is significant that it is nowhere suggested, even by themselves, that they received Scott's overtures with the scorn and contempt they now display in protesting against the association of their honored names with his scheme. Just what was the nature of the propositions made to them has not been divulged. And because legal proceedings, if pressed, would result in disclosing this interesting information, is the reason why no sensible person believes that the matter will ever be thrashed out in court. But meanwhile the mere taking of the formal preliminary steps to bring suit makes the matter "sub judice," and to comment on it over here is to be guilty of that awful thing, contempt of court, which is punishable by divers severe pains and penalties. That stops public discussion, and when proceedings are quietly dropped by mutual consent the affair has blown over.

COMPANY LAUNCHED. Believing that everything had been fixed satisfactorily, Scott proceeded to launch the new company under the title of the London and Dublin Wine Association. Lord Lurgan's name appeared at the head of it as chairman, while Viscount Chelsea, the Hon. Gerald Cadogan and O'Callaghan were named as directors, proceeded to give details of their various private "pulls" in this fashion: "Lord Lurgan, K. C. V. O., is state steward to his excellency, Lord Dudley, lord lieutenant of Ireland, and possesses great influence with his excellency and most of the nobility of the United Kingdom, and is in particularly good relations with Viscount Corkran, Esq., the gentleman who purchases the lord lieutenant's wines and spirits. "Viscount Chelsea is the eldest son of the Earl Cadogan, late lord lieutenant of Ireland, who the week before last entertained His Majesty King Edward and most of the nobility at his seat, Culford, and among those who were present to meet their majesties were Lord Lurgan, Viscount Chelsea and Capt. and Hon. Gerald Cadogan (younger brother of Viscount Chelsea). "Mr. Mark Stokes O'Callaghan is financial secretary to Earl Dudley, lord lieutenant of Ireland, and is in close touch with the Catholic bishops and clergy of the United Kingdom. "O'Callaghan is a born salesman, and can get wines into places that we could not reach. "The directors are in treaty with several other influential noblemen to join the board of the new company, each of whom will bring to the company increased selling power and influence. "The directors have undertaken to devote a large share of their time to personally pushing the sale of the company's goods amongst their friends, and such a combination must prove successful in popularizing and creating a demand for any article the new company enthusiastically undertake the sale of."

Of course the aristocratic directors

"raised Cain" when they saw this in print. They treated the public to a most edifying spectacle of righteous wrath and indignation.

"I need not tell you," said Lord Lurgan to an interviewer, "that such a circular was issued without either my knowledge or consent, it is disgraceful and vulgar, and when I first saw it I was simply astonished. I immediately wrote a letter to Scott and I can assure you that there was no beating about the bush in that letter of mine. I let Scott have it straight and demanded an explanation—and a full explanation—at once. I hope," he added, "that you will give prominence to the fact that Viscount Chelsea and Capt. Cadogan, who are both out of town, were as completely ignorant of this infernally roguish circular as I was."

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

Evidently, but for the publication of the circular the company might have realized poor Scott's most sanguine expectations. But now his enterprise has been nipped in the bud and because of the exposure he will have to be content with a business conducted on the old-fashioned lines that were pursued before most men exploited the fact that the pecuniary value of names that are linked with a noble ancestry. There are no end of schemes similar to Scott's which have not been spoiled by the publication of his circular. Many whose promoters are thriving on the complacency and connivance of men in high office.

WOMEN ALSO.

The "titled tout" business is not restricted to men. Many women of rank and high social position are engaged in selling all sorts of articles on commission—diamonds, jewelry, dogs, to pianos and automobiles. In fact, these petticoated drummers are more numerous, persistent, subtle and ingenious than the swell masculine commercial agents in disguise. But their names do not appear in prospectuses and they do not openly sell. They simply "recommend" and claim a "rake off" on the orders thus obtained.

Women who are avowedly engaged in trade cannot be presented at court. Lady Duff-Gordon, for instance, who conducts a fashionable dress-making establishment in Hanover Square, whose she makes a specialty of "emotional gowns," cannot appear at any of the king's levees. But it is generally understood that several aristocratic women tout for her who are "personae gratae" at court. It is a system that puts a premium on humbug. Not a few beautiful and known women are agents for photographers. Of course they do not solicit orders. They present their latest photographs to their acquaintances, mentioning incidentally, perhaps, that the duchess of X never patronizes any other studio. And when the sales thus sought begin to fruit, they reap their reward. Other women in similar fashion introduce perfumes, cosmetics and even soaps. Nothing comes amiss out of which money is to be made. The only rule is that of fashionable dames get their own goods made for nothing, besides a liberal commission on the orders they influence.

It is as a motor car agent that the aristocratic feminine tout has the best time of it. The firm for whom she works "unbeknownst," supplies her free of charge with one of their best cars and most skillful chauffeurs and stand elaborate feasts to which prospective victims are invited after a delightful spin.

Society is permeated with disguised touts. They play the game in all sorts of ways and not always fairly. They have no league for mutual protection; they do not love one another, but sell one another out. To be found out is the fatal thing.

SIDNEY LANE.

NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY FOR IRELAND

Special Correspondence.

DUBLIN, March 1.—Nothing has yet been published about an important scheme now being developed by two San Francisco men for starting a woollen industry in the west of Ireland. The men in question are Robert C. Mackeown and Alexander Henderson, and they have £50,000 with which to carry out their project. Messrs. Mackeown and Henderson, who arrived in Ireland about a fortnight ago, have decided to commence operations in an obscure little village called Leenane in the wilds of Connemara and beneath the shadow of Kilmore Castle, the western seat of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester. The selection of this site is due to the recommendation of the duke who met the promoters in New York and dilated on the possibilities of the Irish industrial revival, particularly in that part of Ireland where labor is cheap and natural resources abundant. The scheme outlined is as follows: A mill worked by water power will be erected and American machinery of the latest pattern will be introduced. Large tracts of land on the rugged mountain side will be acquired and a hardy Scotch breed of sheep will be reared there. The wool obtained from these sheep will pass through the various processes of coloring, carding and spinning at the mill and will finally be turned into cloth which will be known as "Connemara Honespun Tweed." There is, at present, an increasing demand for Irish manufactured tweed, but the existing factories depend so much upon obsolete processes that the output is infinitesimal, and there does not seem to be sufficient enterprise or money in the country to extend it.

Messrs. Mackeown and Henderson believe that they will be able to provide employment for between 200 and 300 persons, including men and women. They believe also that there is an extensive clientele in the United States waiting for the introduction of Irish manufactured woollen goods. Both gentlemen are at present visiting the Lancashire centers of the cotton spinning industry.

COMPARATIVE CONDITIONS.

Philosophers claim that distress, even when positive or superlative, is still only comparative, which bears out the answer that Mr. George Edwards, who recently returned to England, made to a Birmingham manufacturer who was complaining of hard times: "We have here a lot of men who will get up the inside of a watch for 18 shillings."

"Pooh, that's nothing compared to London," replied Mr. Edwards. "We have boys here who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence."

ADVENTURES IN CONGOLAND

American Woman's Exciting Experiences With Cannibals for Her Body Guard in Africa.

NEAR BEING EATEN BY ANTS.

Traveled With No White Companion For Days Through Marshland With Water Almost Waist High.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 2.—Mrs. Franch Sheldon has just told me something about the adventures that befell her on the remarkable expedition in the Congo Free State, from which she has just returned.

The motive that took this intrepid American woman explorer off to the Dark Continent for the second time was entirely different from those which have inspired most of her other expeditions. The three exciting trips around the world made by Mrs. Sheldon, like the famous journey through savage East Africa that earned her the friendship of Henry M. Stanley and Paul du Chailu, not to mention a fellowship in the Royal Geographical society, were undertaken partly for the sake of adventure, partly through a love of research. But the painstaking journey Mrs. Sheldon made through the Congo Free State at her own expense, to see for herself whether things were as black as they were painted, was quite another matter. Mrs. Sheldon tells me that at first she simply thought she'd like to go to the Congo to catch butterflies. The Free State is a famous place for butterflies, and Mrs. Sheldon, being an explorer, physician, novelist, sculptor, playwright and a few other things is an ardent entomologist. But once started thinking about the Free State, it struck this venturesome American that she would like to know, if only for her own satisfaction, whether all the stories of atrocities practised on the natives that she had been reading in the death and the hands of the Free State because they didn't bring in rubber enough—were true, and if so, whether these things were really done, as has been asserted so often, at the command of the Belgian administrators. She was curious to know, in short, whether there was justification for all the outcry that has been made against the administration of the Free State under the king of the Belgians.

MADE FREE OF THE COUNTRY.

Perhaps the fact that Mrs. Sheldon was presented to King Leopold for five years ago, or just after the perilous trip through the Massai country, had something to do with the facilities that he placed at her disposal as soon as he heard of her coming. The king and the Belgians had word sent to every part of the Congo Free State that this fearless feminine investigator was to be the "free person in the country," that she was to go where she pleased, to see what she wanted to see, to question officials and natives and to inspect documents at her own sweet will.

Considering that she was out to discover it, it is not surprising that Mrs. Sheldon's first business upon her return from Congoland has been to tell the world what she is convinced is the truth regarding conditions there. What she has to say is not pleasant, but she has been convinced that an uncommonly hard job is being handled there rather well, and that the Belgian administrators have been labelled "by missionaries with a taste for polemics," as she says.

Mrs. Sheldon has been full of this side of her experience, and thus it is that such interviews as have appeared with her have been practically devoted to it, and that almost nothing has been said about the things that happened to her on the journey. During the 14 months that she spent in traveling, without any white companion, from one end to the other of about the least civilized region on earth.

Mrs. Sheldon has exposed her life so many times in different parts of the globe that she has got used to being surrounded by dangers, and it proved rather difficult to make her dwell on the perils of one kind or another that accompanied almost every step of her journey through the Congo State. With the possible exception of her own expedition through East Africa, however, it was probably the most hazardous as well as about the most difficult journey ever attempted by a woman.

Begin in October, 1902, Mrs. Sheldon's investigation expedition did not come to an end until the last days of last December, and it wouldn't have been finished then had not the explorer met with an accident while crossing some rapids in Congoland, the consequences of which forced her to return to England. There was, however, hardly a corner of the Free State which she had not visited.

Whenever possible, she traveled by the state steamers, which go up the Congo once in two or three weeks, and one of the privileges granted her by King Leopold was the right of having these steamers stopped at any port for two hours; but, of course, her visits to the interior of the country had to be made on foot. In this way she covered hundreds of miles, and it speaks well for her constitution that she never lost a single day and was never attacked by fever or any other of the ills that ordinarily beset travelers in Africa.

BODYGUARD OF CANNIBALS.

A lot of her traveling had to be done through swampy districts, and for days together she and her native carriers marched through water that was often waist deep. While on her march Mrs. Sheldon was clad in white duck, and she says that except at such times as she was wading through the swamps she kept herself as immaculate as Capt. Kettle himself. Her caravan usually numbered about a hundred, including four or five native soldiers, and with the exception of her leaders every member of the expedition was a cannibal. Whenever she was in the neighborhood of a government post, Mrs. Sheldon, of course, accepted the administrator's hospitality, but when

THE UNHAPPY ROYAL ROMANOFFS.



This picture of the czar and the zarina and their children was taken on January 15, just one week previous to the terrible "Red Sunday." The baby is the infant heir to the throne of Russia, and who seems to have inherited nothing but trouble.