

The horse may starve, waiting for the grass to grow, and your store may grow lean if you wait until you are ENTIRELY READY to advertise it adequately.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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

If you are building a house to sell don't wait until it is finished before advertising it. You might as well have the first cash payment in hand by the time painters and decorators are through.

PART TWO.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

LADY OF SUFFOLK DISDAINS "AIRS."

American Peeress Not Ready to Don Strait Jacket of Fashion's Demands.

LADY MARY'S LONDON GOSSIP.

Duchess of Marlborough Introduces Domestic Reforms in Her Mayfair Establishment.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—Whatever financial arrangements may have preceded Miss Daisy Lettice's marriage to the Earl of Suffolk, she certainly has not parted with the most cherished of an American woman's privileges—that of being unconventional—for a title. She isn't going to assume aristocratic airs when she doesn't want to, to please anybody. Of this she gave proof the day before she made her triumphant entry into Halmesbury—the earl's beautiful country seat—as its future mistress. With her sister, Mrs. Colin Campbell, she went shopping at her home which is considered "infra dig" in a countess. At a well known department store near Hyde park several customers recognized them and communicated their discovery to others and as a result the American brides made the acquaintance of several varieties of the British feminine stare, frequently accompanied by the audible comment, "There goes Daisy Lettice and her sister!" At one of the counters an aristocratic looking woman remarked to a saleswoman, with what was meant for withering sarcasm, and in a voice which all around could hear, "I suppose the poor things could not afford a respectable honeymoon." However the two brides did not seem a bit flustered by the attention they attracted. They were bent on enjoying themselves in their own way. They bought a lot of toys and millinery, paid cash for their purchases and departed as they came without even availing themselves of a hansom.

Later in the afternoon they were seated in Holbert at the shops of the dog fancier where the countess paid \$10 for a toy terrier and carried it off in her muff. When the dog man learned of the identity of his customer he intimated his intention of hiring some body to kick him because he had not put on another \$50 to the price. "If she had only come in a carriage," he said, "I'd have done it. I'd have done it like she did. I call regular sailors under false colors." However, he gave her ladyship credit for being a good judge of dogs.

VANDERBILT SPIRIT.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who inherits much of the Vanderbilt spirit which prompts her to run things to suit herself, has set at defiance British precedent, and has undertaken to introduce sundry reforms in the domestic management of her Mayfair establishment. The new system is not working altogether smoothly and in consequence there have been several arguments below stairs. As many as 15 servants of various grades have been dismissed within three months, each receiving a month's wages in lieu of. The usual notice. It is the custom in large English houses to leave the management of the household staff in the hands of the chief maid for economy and efficiency. The duchess has divided her menials into sections, each having a head who is responsible for her personally. The servants find that they could not take things so easy as before, resented this change, and several shake-ups followed, and the end of them is not yet. The new regime accounts for household expenses are now checked by the duchess herself, instead of being "O. K'd," as is customary in similar establishments, by the butler or valet. As these functionaries generally trade their interest naturally lies in making it bills as large as the fat of the land. It is this sort of thing that the duchess intends to put a stop to. A few days ago what she considered an excessive assumption of coal attracted her attention, and she went into a mathematical calculation, based on the number of fires kept going, to ascertain how long the 20 tons in the cellars should last. Friends of the duchess are watching her experiment with sympathetic interest, but sadly confessing that they lack the courage to undertake such reforms in their own homes. The duke takes no hand in the matter. Affairs at

the colonial office are supposed to make such heavy demands on his mental powers that he has no energy left to wrestle with domestic problems. James Van Alen, the expatriated American millionaire, still retains a strong partiality for his fellow countrymen. For that reason he has chosen as his temporary London residence, while Rushton Hall is being fixed up, a flat in the midst of the American colony. It is in Down street, and is of the bijou variety, containing only six rooms. Many much more commodious flats were offered to him in the Chelsea and Kensington districts, where dwellings of that variety are much affected, but he said that he preferred a small flat where Americans abound to a big one in a neighborhood where Americans are scarce. And meanwhile as he does not intend to do any entertaining until his country place is ready for his occupancy he can get along on six rooms. He had previously been making his headquarters in London at a hotel, but found that the ways of English hotels are not to his liking. His departure was much regretted by the staff of the establishment, for he was most generous in his "tips." There has been much kicking of late against that form of extortion, but English folk declare it is no use attempting to stop it while rich Americans so recklessly encourage it. However, this kind of stimulus to mental zeal proved so efficacious with the waiter who attended to his wants in the dining room of the hotel, that Mr. Van Alen has permanently engaged him and he will form one of the Rushton Hall retinue later on.

Society sees so little of Lady Bagot that many learned for the first time through the paragraphs in fashionable intelligence columns announcing the birth of her first baby, that she is an American woman. She was formerly Miss Lillian May, a daughter of the late Henry May of Baltimore. Before her marriage to Lord Bagot, which occurred in 1903, she had traveled much on the continent and was greatly admired on the Riviera and at Hamburg. She is a pretty woman of the blonde type with deep blue eyes and possesses of the charm and vivacity of most of her compatriots. But she prefers the quiet of domestic life and the wholesome air of the country to the frivolities of society and the heated atmosphere of crowded London drawing rooms. Most of her time is passed at the beautiful family seat, Blithfield—some 12 miles from the village of Blythe, near Rugby, Staffordshire. The park is a finely wooded one, renowned for its oak trees and its goats, and she has been kept there for centuries. Of some of these Lady Bagot has made pets, and they follow her everywhere about the grounds. Her charity finds its chief vent in giving poor children and their mothers from the congested pottery districts. The estate comprises over 30,000 acres. The baby, being a girl, the first princess of the house, is named after the Hon. Walter Lewis Bagot, a major in the imperial yeomanry.

BRIDGE A RUSSIAN RAGE.

Bridge has become the rage among the Russians, who are the greatest scammers in the world. But they have the sense of knowing that indulgence in card playing, however bad it may be for their own pockets, materially assists a most deserving charity. The manufacture of cards is a government monopoly in Russia, and the profits from their sale are assigned to the Red Cross society. Last year, according to figures just published, the sale of cards brought 2,000,000 roubles (about \$500,000) represents the share of the Red Cross society, the cost of their manufacture being only \$200,000. The cards used by the imperial family are made of the finest linen rags, and bear a water mark of the imperial eagle and the words "Imperial Family." The cards last year, which cost \$4,500. Incidentally this shows that the czar and his courtiers are not exactly plunged in gloom by the reverses which the Russian arms have suffered in the far east. There is no gambling at the mikado's court.

There are no signs of abatement in the popularity of bridge here; on the contrary it is steadily growing in favor. Next month the New Almack's, the club of the upper ten of both sexes which is devoted exclusively to the game, will open its enlarged premises, and take in something like 100 additional aristocratic members from the anxious waiting list. During his recent visit, the king of Portugal had a great run of luck at bridge, which he played at Windsor, and the big country houses of the nobility whom he visited. At Chatsworth, the principal seat of the Duke of Devonshire, his skill and fortune produced such handsome results that his winnings caused him no little embarrassment, which he relieved by presenting the chess with a set of gold jeweled bridge markers. It was while he was at Chatsworth that he received a telegram from Lisbon, informing him that he had won \$12,500 in the national lottery. It has been the custom of the king for many years to subscribe for several tickets, always selecting the same numbers. It was one of these, \$205, which drew the prize. Truly fortune must be in a merry mood with this popular monarch.

LADY MARY.

LATEST OF KUROPATKIN.



The above picture is made from a photograph of Gen. Kuropatkin taken at his winter quarters near Mukden. It shows that the hardships of the winter camp are not telling to any great extent on the Russian commander.

Carrying Fairyland Into London Slumland.

Novel Work of a Unique Society Which Has Just Been Started and Which is Meeting With Great Success—Brightening With Sunshine of Romance Dreary Little Folk Who Live in Sordid Precincts.



SPREADING FAIRY LORE IN SLUMLAND

A troupe of entertainers of the "Fairy Tale Society" just started in London.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—To spread abroad the lore of the Fairies; to lighten with the sunshine of romance the dreary lives of the children of slumland, is the aim of a unique society which has just been started here. The success which has attended its initial efforts, and the keen joy with which its performances are received by the little folk whose lives are passed for the most part amid scenes of sordid squalor, show that there is great need of its work. And the fact that similar conditions exist in all the big American cities which might by similar methods be rendered less dreary to the childish victims of poverty, may render a description of this novel association of interest to American readers.

FAIRY TALE SOCIETY.

It is called the "Fairy Tale Society," and its entertainments are given gratuitously to assemblies of poor children in various parts of the city. They require no elaborate preparations or scenic appliances, and necessitate small expenditure of money. Their influence does not cease with them. They awaken the imagination of the little folk, and the legends of fairy tales which are distributed among them—such as "The Little Bo-Peep," and other songs familiar to the children of the well-to-do, but which are heard for the first time by most of the little folk from the slums. However, with that quickness of childhood to pick up simple airs and words they join eagerly in the choruses. The Piper then reads some fairy tales from the Golden Book which he has brought with him from Fairyland. The body of the hall meanwhile is in semi-darkness, all the light being concentrated on the stage, which helps maintain the illusion of the super-natural character of the entertainments. The stories are delivered with excellent, but not overstrained, elocutionary effect, and the juvenile auditors listen to them with that rapturous attention which children always bestow on such tales when they hear them for the first time.

SOME NURSERY RHYMES.

Then follows some singing of nursery rhymes—"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" "Dickory, Dickory Dock," "Humpty Dumpty Sat on a Wall," and such like, concluding with "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush." In the midst of the dancing that accompanies this last song a mackerel-like chuckle is heard, the signal for the evening's work of man

and vanishes from the stage to make way for the visitors from the sphere of fancy.

THE PIPER LEADS OUT.

Immediately the Piper and his attendant children from Fairyland are heard singing, "I saw three ships come sailing by," and entering the hall they march up the center, still singing, and the fairies carrying baskets laden with flowers and toys. They are preceded by a fairy boy who bears a lantern to light the way, and carries a weapon to protect the party from evil spirits during their progress through the woods and forests. Making their entrance in this fashion, to the youngsters from the tenements who never attend Christmas pantomimes they appear veritable beings of another world, where all is joy and happiness. When the stage is reached the Piper, who is dressed in the picturesque medieval costume of the famed magician, and the fairy children clad in white and flower-crowned, sing "Three Blind Mice," "Folly Put the Kettle On," "Little Bo-Peep," and other songs familiar to the children of the well-to-do, but which are heard for the first time by most of the little folk from the slums. However, with that quickness of childhood to pick up simple airs and words they join eagerly in the choruses. The Piper then reads some fairy tales from the Golden Book which he has brought with him from Fairyland. The body of the hall meanwhile is in semi-darkness, all the light being concentrated on the stage, which helps maintain the illusion of the super-natural character of the entertainments. The stories are delivered with excellent, but not overstrained, elocutionary effect, and the juvenile auditors listen to them with that rapturous attention which children always bestow on such tales when they hear them for the first time.

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CURZON EYRE AS THE "PIED PIPER."

He is the founder of the unique society, which is bringing the sunshine of romance into the dreary lives of the poor little folk of the tenements.

for the Pied Piper and his attendant sprites to take their departure. The Piper distributes toys and fairy tale books to the children, while the fairies scatter flowers among the audience. Then the Piper makes a little speech and bids them good-bye, promising to come again some day if they are good. Singing Barnaby's Lullaby, "Sweet and Low," the Piper and his party march through the hall again and disappear through the door but the lullaby is still heard receding in the distance, until it entirely dies away and the hall is shrouded in silence. The "Hour in Fairyland," as it is called, is at an end, and the children return to the grim realities of life in slumland. But they take with them memories of things that brighten it, and with interest awakened in sources of happiness that may enliven many dreary hours for them and in later years help them to realize the beauty that hides beneath the show of things. The entertainment is a charmingly simple one, but it is just such as the heart of the child most quickly responds to.

CURZON EYRE.

The founder of the Fairy Tale society is Curzon Eyre, of Hampstead, and the youngest gray-haired man in London. Making children happy, he says, is a far more effective means of retaining perpetual youth than a bath in that mythical fountain which Ponce de Leon sought in vain. He recalls that he was 12 years old when he discovered that giants and giant-birds were equally creations of fancy. He reared his own children on fairy tales. They have all outgrown belief in them now, but it is the knowledge of the delight they took in them, and the helpful influence they exercised in stimulating their imagination which has led him to seek a means of bringing fairyland into slumland. He plays the role of the Pied Piper and as a charmer of children his powers almost equal those of the fabled Hameelin musician. He gets no pay for his services, of course; it is sheer love of the work that inspires his enthusiasm for it. His three daughters, Betty, Jessie and Marion, English girls, ranging in age from 14 to 18, take the parts of the leading fairies. They are rather substantial fairies, as they acknowledge, laughingly. But the zest and enjoyment with which they enter into the work, their smiling faces fairly radiating happiness and good will, enable them to assume the character of more ethereal beings than extended hibernals could do. The fairy boy is played by one of Mr. Eyre's sons, not yet too old to have full command of a good treble voice.

FAIRYLAND FAITH.

It was an article entitled "Fairyland and the Slum Child—a Hint to Philanthropists," by Arthur Rickett, formerly on the staff of "Punch," which first suggested to him a means of giving practical effect to the desire which had long cherished. It was a case of good seed falling on good ground and bringing forth fruit a hundredfold. That article led to a meeting between Mr. Rickett and Mr. Eyre, and as a result, very shortly thereafter, the "Fairy Tale Society" was started. Wherefore Mr. Eyre modestly declares that whatever credit attaches to it belongs primarily to Mr. Rickett.

MORE THAN AMUSEMENT.

Mr. Eyre regards the work of the society as something far more important than merely providing amusement for the idle hours of poverty-stricken children. The development of juvenile imaginations he regards as a most important feature of educational work, which in these days when utilitarianism holds the field, and on every side is heard the cry that the young should be taught only so-called "practical knowledge," is in danger of being sadly neglected.

"Happiness," he said to me, "comes from within. That was proclaimed ages ago, but it is a truth which every man has to learn afresh from experience. And nothing contributes so much to happiness from that source as a cultivated imagination. The seeds of it should be sown in the impressionable age of childhood; otherwise the mind is apt to become so absorbed in the struggle for purely materialistic things that there is no room—no desire—for such development. And fairy tales, with the irresistible appeals they make to childish fancy afford the best stimulants for its early growth. There is many a man whose attainment to that blessed state which finds contentment without riches to the bent given to his mind by fairy tales. I have spent four years in America and I am convinced that the

need of Fairy Tale societies is as great here—perhaps greater—than in England."

If the idea should be well received in America, Mr. Eyre may make a tour there next season, expounding and illustrating the aims and methods of the Fairy Tale society.

AGNES FABER.

"OLYMPIC DIPLOMA" FOR PRES. ROOSEVELT.

Special Correspondence. RUSSELL, Jan. 25.—President Roosevelt is not yet aware of an honor which, I learn, awaits him in Belgium. It has just been decided that the International Congress of Athletics will meet in Brussels on June 9, will inaugurate and award an "Olympic diploma." This will consist of the simple wreath of laurel or bay leaves awarded at sole prize by the ancients, but will take the form of a work of art, which probably will be more highly appreciated by its recipient. The chief and organizing committee will be President Roosevelt, Dr. Nansen and Santos-Dumont. The congress will be under most distinguished patronage, the committee of honor comprising Prince Albert of Belgium, the crown prince of Norway and Sweden, prince consort of Holland and crown prince of Greece. The Duke d'Arenberg will preside over the organizing committee, and among the supporters of the idea are Lord Rosebery, M. Marcel Prevost, Professor Branard, and commandant Hornet, while a long list of American adherents is promised.

JERSEY LILY'S WIN WAS SORELY NEEDED.

Special Correspondence. LONDON, Feb. 1.—Mrs. Langtry's victory at Haydock park the other day in the first race she has entered since discarding her old track name of "Mr. Jersey" for that of Mrs. de Bathe was rather needed, for of late the "Jersey Lily" seldom had less than 14 horses in training, but in 1904 she ran only five horses. And of this quintette the star performer died in November. This was "Smilax," who won three out of the seven races captured by Mrs. de Bathe during the season. Her other horses are Lolias, Vergis, Belle Saville, and Seymour, who won over the hurdles at Haydock park the other day.

The stakes in the race were \$2,000, and Mrs. Langtry also added considerably to her banking account in the way of bets there always has been a strong element of superstition in the actress' character. She has always backed in a most spirited manner any new effort or enterprise in which she has been personally interested, and in this instance she backed her new racing name pretty heavily. Though her track experience in the past has been so discouraging she has stuck to the sport with a pertinacity that has commanded the admiration of all racing men. Under the most adverse circumstances she would never look disheartened and her trainer and jockey always would be cheered with the remark, "Better luck next time."

However, Mrs. de Bathe has been greatly encouraged by her early success this year, and it is understood that she is arranging to increase her number of horses in training. In racing circles it is said that King Edward still takes an active interest in the Jersey Lily's track enterprises, and that he recently has suggested important amendments in her racing methods.

RELIGIOUS WAVE SWEEPS ENGLAND

"Most Ungodly Place on Earth" Visited for Good by American Reformers.

THE "SMART SET" INCLUDED.

Peers Who Are Working for the Conversion of Other Peers—The King May be Converted.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—Succeeding the American commercial invasion of England, the American social invasion, and all the other manifestations of transatlantic activity over here, comes an American religious invasion on a bigger scale and with a more daring object in view than anything of the sort ever attempted before—nothing less than the conversion of the rich and fashionable London smart set from the error of its frivolous and often scandalous ways. The campaign, which begins a few days hence, already has caused more excitement in Mayfair than will be caused by the approaching overthrow of the government. The social elite are to be subjected to such a concentrated evangelistic bombardment as they have never endured before. It will be a regular spiritual Fort Arthur siege. The significance of the undertaking is most strikingly shown by the number and distinction of the recruits already obtained from the aristocracy itself, and it begins to look as if the great outbreak of religious fervor already begun in England and Wales might bring about results that will make history. Fancy what would happen if King Edward were to turn his bridge parties into prayer meetings!

It is wrong to suppose that the rich are beyond redemption. Piously and Park Lane are as accessible to the voices of religion as Whitechapel and Bow. I am longing to see the picture of the titled lady in silks and satins joining in the "Gloria" song side by side with the lowly sister in the garments of poverty. Give us a little time among the aristocracy and you shall see sights that should remind you of Wales. Thus said Charles Alexander, the singing American evangelist, who, with his preaching coadjutor from the United States, Dr. Reuben Archer Torrey, is coming to London to start this extraordinary campaign. For two years they have been touring the English provinces, filling the biggest halls they could find, with the result that at their meetings 50,000 people have publicly confessed a change of heart.

ON A HUGE SCALE.

While their mission recalls that of Moody and Sankey, nearly a generation ago, which resulted in such a tremendous religious upheaval, its plan and scope differ widely from that of their American predecessors. The Right Honorable and Right Reverend Lord Bishop of London, admitting that the West End has quite as much need of religious awakening as the slums of the East End, has in a published letter wished the evangelists godspeed in their mission. But such are the limitations which the church imposes on the spiritual activities of her highest servants, he cannot, he states, "be officially con-

(Continued on page twenty-one.)

NEW FRENCH PREMIER.



M. Rouvier is the new French Premier who succeeded M. Combes. His selection of a cabinet has just been announced. Rouvier is more or less of an unknown quantity in world-wide politics, and it remains to be seen whether he will be successful.