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# DISCREET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 9 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

Half a dozen lines of type may be the link between you and something you want.

PART TWO

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

## The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



### AMERICAN RULES IN AFRICAN WILDS

After Exploring Greater Part of Globe W. Northup McMillan Settles Down.

### TRANSFORMING THE JUNGLE.

Where Once Stood the Great Temple Of Jufu He Erects Modern Electrical Machinery.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—America is getting too crowded for Americans who hanker after a life of unconventional freedom and adventure. The "wild and woolly west" appears to be played out except as a field for sensational fiction. Those Americans who want novelty and excitement with plenty of sport, and a chance, too, to indulge in the national game of making money, now have to seek the gratification of their desires elsewhere than in Uncle Sam's broad domain.

That is the reason why W. Northup McMillan, an American millionaire, and a son of the late Senator James McMillan of Michigan, has established his headquarters in the wilds of British East Africa. There he has an immense farm, which is his ambition to make one of the most up-to-date on the globe. Just at present he is probably in America, where he went on a flying visit a short time ago to attend the wedding in Massachusetts of his sister to Sir John Harrington, the king's minister to the court of King Menelik of Abyssinia.

### GREAT HUNTER.

Mr. McMillan has made a reputation as a great traveler and big game hunter, and it is, perhaps, appropriate that he should settle down in what was a few years ago the least known portion of the world, but which promises soon to become one of Great Britain's most prosperous colonies.

There is hardly a region of the globe that Mr. McMillan has not explored. He is as familiar with Egypt as he is with his native town, and he has followed the tracks of Livingston and Stanley in Africa. He has traveled all over South America and he has paid several visits to the frozen north.

### HIS TWO FARMS.

His property in East Africa is situated near Mafiki, on the line of the new Uganda railway. It consists of 20,000 acres and really comprises two farms, the Jufu and the Juba farms. The name "Jufu" is familiar to all readers of the romance of South Africa. It is the name given to the terrible "medicine" or magic of the natives and it is human sacrifices and other dark rites which furnished the basis of a thrilling tale. It takes its name from the district now covered by Mr. McMillan's farm and Juba is the adjoining district in which similar rites were practiced. The seat of the Great Jufu, or evil spirit, is almost in the geographical center of Mr. McMillan's property.

### SOME DISTINCT CHANGES.

In this district where only a few years ago degraded heathens practiced their terrible rites in swamps and jungles, there are today a group of the most modern buildings. An electric line occupies the site of the great hut which served as the temple of Jufu and close beside it is an electric light and power plant. Arc lamps light up what were the dark places of the jungle and the plant furnishes power for driving mills and all kinds of electrical machinery. The natives now bring their cattle to the ground in Mr. McMillan's mill on the spot where only a few years ago they brought their human sacrifices to Jufu.

### UNIQUE AUTOMOBILES.

The latest additions to the equipment of these Americanized farms are two

wonderful motor cars which have just been completed in England for Mr. McMillan's farm. They have been built after Mr. McMillan's own designs and are specially constructed to meet the requirements of this out of the way corner of the world. There are no roads worthy of the name. The only substitute for roads are the rough paths beaten out by the bare feet of countless thousands of natives and deeply rutted by the native bullock wagons. There are no bridges and the "roads" are frequently intersected at right angles by streams and rivers which have to be forded. The two cars are built so that they can ford a stream three feet deep without affecting the machinery, and they are hung so high that the deepest ruts or the stumps which are found at frequent intervals threaten no injury to the chassis. Of course pneumatic tires are impossible in a country and both cars are equipped with solid tires, but the place of the pneumatics is taken by extra long springs which do their work so well that they are not traveling on the best pneumatics. Provision is made, however, for cases in which even these precautions may fail to protect the cars from break-down. Each car is fitted both at front and back with heavy steel rings with chains attached, to which bullock teams may be hitched in case the car gets hopelessly stuck in a swamp or in the sand.

### PULLMAN MOTOR CAR.

One of the cars is a 25-h. p. farm van for carrying the produce to the railway, and the other is a large Pullman motor car, which is a magnificent four-cylinder 30-h. p. touring car, which is unique of its kind. It might be described almost as a Pullman car on wheels, except that there is no Pullman car yet built which is capable of being converted to so many uses. It will give seating accommodation for eight passengers, including the driver, but the middle seat is removable and at night the car can be roofed over and used as a sleeping chamber. The middle space can also be used for a dining room, and the car is fitted with a special arrangement for storing a regular arsenal of rifles and ammunition and for carrying game with which the country abounds. Indeed, it is estimated that there are 20,000 head of big game of various kinds on Mr. McMillan's estates.

The materials of which the cars are constructed are of great importance in tropical climates and these two cars have been built wherever possible of steel. Where it was absolutely necessary to use wood, oak has been employed, as it has been found that this wood resists the attacks of insects and the weather better than any other which is known.

### KEEP BIG MEDICINE MAN.

A skilled chauffeur and mechanic will be taken out from England to look after the cars at first, but Mr. McMillan expects to train his native servants in their management before long. There are 700 of these black men on his farm and his rule over them is truly patriarchal. They are directed by 14 white men, but Mr. McMillan himself when he is in Africa holds courts and settles all disputes among them, punishing wrongdoers and rewarding those who do well. He negroes look on him as a great man, and he can make wagers run without bullocks and grind corn without the intervention of human labor.

They declare that his electric plant is a device for harnessing the lightning and they are quite sure that he has entertained into an alliance with the great Jufu himself. At first they wanted to make him as they had been in the habit of doing to Jufu and it was with some difficulty that he convinced them that the white Jufu did not care for such sacrifices. When they learned, however, that work brought him the great white magician and would be rewarded by him, they became most industrious and efficient farm hands.

### MODEL OF THE SPHINX.

On his way through Spain a few weeks ago, Mr. McMillan purchased a remarkable model of the Sphinx, by David David Longworth, an American artist resident in Paris. For presentation to the Field Columbian museum at Chicago. Mrs. Longworth was Miss Beatrice Willis of Chicago before her marriage and she received her first lessons in drawing at the Chicago art schools.

The model which is 10 feet long and three feet high, is made exactly to scale and is a masterpiece of workmanship. It is a reproduction of the typical seven years when she was living in Cairo, she climbed all over the Sphinx, making exact measurements, and she is the only white woman who has ever been in the head of the great Egyptian monument.

JOHN A. STEELE.

### Ex-Jockey Chums With England's King

Richard Marsh, Whose Recent Victories With Horses Owned by Edward VII Have Just Earned Him a New Mark of Royal Favor, Owns the Most Palatial Training Establishment in the World; Horses Intrusted to Him Have Won Over \$2,500,000 And His Annual Income Amounts To Between \$125,000 and \$150,000, Not Counting the Big Sums He Makes by Backing Winners.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—King Edward can boast of quite a goodly number of successes on the turf this year, the most recent of these having been gained with his horse Cockscomb, which won the much prized Walter Handicap at Doncaster from a strong field. The result of this race, which the king witnessed, is known to have pleased his majesty greatly, and a day or two afterward he sent for his trainer, Richard Marsh, and congratulated him warmly on the satisfactory showing made by the royal steed.

"It is no use giving you any more pins," said the king, and placing a small package in the trainer's hand, he added, "therefore, I ask you to accept this as a little souvenir for your wife."

The "little souvenir" was a handsome enamel brooch studded with diamonds and representing a race horse at full gallop with a jockey wearing the royal colors. The incident illustrates both the good nature of the king and his high appreciation of Marsh's services.

Not only is Marsh the trainer of the king's horses, but since the sliver jockey of purple and gold flashed first past the post in all the most important races of the first year of this century he has been known in England as the "King of Horse Trainers." For purple and gold are the royal racing colors, and Diamond Jubilee, the greatest winner among race horses in any one year, was trained for King Edward VII by Marsh.

"Dick" Marsh the great trainer is familiarly called. He owns the most palatial training establishment in the world. Over it—Egerton House, Newmarket—blaze the royal arms. There are gathered a hundred blue-blooded racehorses owned by the king, and some half dozen of the wealthiest noblemen and gentlemen on the British turf.

### TRAINER FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Marsh has been a trainer for twenty years. Before that he was a steeplechase jockey, and before that again a jockey on the flat. Without question he is the greatest of his profession. Carlyle says "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." It has been Marsh's capacity that has won for him his present enviable position in the horse world.

Since he has been paid marked by the appointment as the royal trainer, gold has streamed in Marsh's direction. Horses he has trained have won races valued at a total of \$2,500,000. The average winnings at Egerton House have been \$125,000 per year. These stakes have just about paid the owners their expenses, for Marsh's income from his training establishment alone is \$100,000 a year, and it is safe to say that his percentage of winning and gifts from winning owners focus up to a grand total of between \$125,000 and \$150,000. He can properly claim the position of being the highest paid trainer in the world. Being a shrewd man, he values his own opinion and backs it. So that with his winnings in a good year his annual receipts will equal about a quarter of a million dollars.

### EXPENSIVE ESTABLISHMENT.

But Egerton House is an expensive establishment. There is a small army of employees, from stable boys to typewriters, in the office. The training quarters make up a small village, with its own shops and school and chases, which has a supplied choir of stable lads. There are long lines of model stables and inclosures, where are quartered troops of thoroughbreds from unraced 2-year-olds to aged veterans. And there is also a model farm with many prize cattle and a stud farm.

Marsh is treated as a friend rather than as an employee by the king and the many other noble and wealthy patrons of racing. He is a familiar figure at the big races, and he always has a place in the royal enclosure and at the royal luncheon table.

### STERN DISCIPLINARIAN.

Marsh has a master mind for horses. This is proved by the fact that he is the most successful race horse trainer of the day. He is a good man of business, too, which is shown by the systematic and orderly way in which his princely establishment is conducted. He is strictest itself in financial matters, and his patrons, even the king himself, must be prompt with their cash. He is a stern disciplinarian, for which his army of employees can vouch. He is a true born Englishman, a farmer's son, and has made of himself not only a successful man, but, as the social scale goes, a gentleman. He is married and has a grown-up daughter.

### STORY OF HIS CAREER.

The story of his career, never yet fully written, is most interesting. Ever so many years ago the coast town of Margate held open money races on the seashore. Margate, even in those days, was the Atlantic City of England. One day a number of grammar school boys from a neighboring village, who had been to school at Folkestone, went to see the races. An owner who at the last minute was short a jockey asked the knot of boys if any of them could ride. A sturdy little chap of 12 answered and said he could. The owner quickly gave him a leg up and that boy and pony won the race. It was Dick Marsh's first moment to secure the boy as jockey for subsequent races. Marsh rode in five that afternoon and won all of them. He was decidedly the "infant prodigy." For his share of the sport he was a gold watch. Urged on by his experience and the flattery of admirers, he then and there decided to be a jockey. His father, who was a little reluctantly at first, understood that Dick would graduate from the grammar school in Folkestone. He was born on Dec. 21, 1881, at Smethway, in the "garden county" of Kent, South of London, a little hamlet not far from Canterbury. His father was a farmer and hop grower and owned quite a few horses, which the boy learned to ride bareback.

### WON IN A CANTER.

His first public moment as a professional was on a horse named Marmaduke at Dover. The horse won in a canter by six lengths. Later on for Marsh the late Capt. Machell was present and saw the race. Capt. Machell was, in his time, one of the most prominent racing men in England. He took a fancy to Marsh and put him in his own stable. The young jockey rode in all the big races in England and won with much success. But he put on flesh too quickly, and Capt. Machell advised him to become a steeplechaser. His strength, nerve and good hands did wonders "over the jumps," and he was recognized as one of the best riders of his time. He won important steeple and hurdle races for the late Duke of Hamilton, the Marquis of Hartington (now Duke of Devonshire) and the Earl of Dudley, the late vicar of Ireland. He had quite a few accidents in races, both here and abroad, but he was a very brave fellow and an occasional collar bone. He kept adding on weight, however, and was then advised by the late Duke of Hamilton to go into the business of a trainer. So Marsh rented Lordship farm, near Newmarket, turned it into a training quarters and became a public trainer. He secured the stables of the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Dudley, Lord Hartington, Capt. D'Orsay and the Brothers Baltzell.

### NEW TRAINING STABLES.

Classical and important races fell one after the other to Marsh's horses, and he found, toward the end of the eighties, that Lordship farm was not big enough. So with the help and advice of his patrons Egerton house was projected. Marsh was looking forward when he planned and the consequence was the erection of the most magnificent training stable in the world. His old patrons moved to the new establishment with him

and there soon followed the horses of Lord William and George Bessford the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Warwick, Lord Wolverton, Lord Chas. Montague, uncle of the Duke of Manchester, and Messrs. R. G. Heaton and J. W. Larnach.

### ROYAL APPOINTMENT.

Marsh soon equaled the records of the other great training stables, Marmaduke and Beckhampton and so on. Very shortly he had passed them and was in the front flight. The horses of the king, then Prince of Wales, had not been doing very well, and Lord Marcus Bessford was appointed master of the Royal Race stud. He promptly turned all the royal horses, from two-year-olds to aged, over to the care of Marsh and up went the royal arms over Egerton house.

### DUNNED THE KING.

This, of course, was a most valuable asset. But even knowing its value, Marsh showed himself fearlessly independent. The king had a large string in training and he was somewhat bothered financially. At one time the king owed his trainer \$50,000. Marsh in those days charged a percentage of winnings, and he plainly told the king that he wanted his money, for he could not afford to train on credit when he had scores of cash-paying owners wanting stable room. The king admired Marsh for his independence and thereafter became his staunch friend. The late Baron de Hirsch, it is understood, paid Marsh's bill in full and the king himself afterward paid regularly.

### POPULAR VICTORY.

That Marsh has a peculiar aptitude for pleasing his patrons is shown by a little trick he turned last summer. The king had had a slashing filly at Sandringham. She was the favorite of the royal princesses and was christened by Princess Victoria after herself. Victoria was entered in an important stake at Sandown on May 31. When Marsh found out that that was also to be the wedding day of the queen of Spain he decided to give the filly Victoria in shape. She won the race in a canter, the first race of the season for the king and at the very hour that his niece became Queen Victoria of Spain. The victory, being such a happy augury, pleased the royal family immensely, and also the public.

### HIS FIRST DERRY.

Horses trained by Marsh have time and time again captured practically all the important races in different seasons, but it was not until 1896 that he won the blue ribbon of the turf, the Derby. This was also the first Derby that the king won, and so it was doubly a triumph. Marsh had first won that year for the king with the filly Thais in the one thousand guineas. Persimmon, his candidate for the Derby, had been beaten previously by Lord de Rothschild's St. Frusquin, and there was the greatest rivalry between the two horses. St. Frusquin was favorite and Persimmon second in favor. The king's horse was the bigger, and in a tremendous finish, the king's horse won by a short neck. The scene that ensued was one of unparalleled excitement. The king himself led the winner through the cheering crowd to the paddock. Persimmon later won the St. Leger and the Gold Cup at Ascot, among the big events, for his royal owner.

Marsh won his next Derby in 1905 for Mr. Larnach with Jeddah at the odds of 100 to 1. In 1906 came the "crown" of classic events, when the king's Diamond Jubilee won the 2,000 guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger. Diamond Jubilee also won other big races, and these victories stamped Marsh as the premier trainer of England, for never was there a more all-round horse to train. Diamond Jubilee's trainer was reckoned as the worst of any horse in years. Watts, the king's

jockey, could not go near, much less ride, him. The horse showed an affection for his stable boy, Herbert Jones, and so Marsh gave the boy personal tuition and turned him out a first class jockey. Jones is now the recognized royal jockey and in the first flight and in great demand by other owners at Egerton House.

### O. K'ED BY THE KING.

Marsh's successes caused many wealthy racing men to seek his services, but only two, Lord Gerard and Arthur Jones, senior steward of the Jockey club, were added to his list of patrons. Egerton House is now a very exclusive place and before Marsh gives room to riding strings he lays applications before the king for his approval. "Nursery of famous winners" is what turf writers commonly call Egerton House nowadays. Lord Ellesmere built it for Marsh on the valuable Stretton worth estate under special and long leases. It took two years to build. The architecture is of the early Norman style, and everything is built in a solid and imposing fashion. The main house is Mr. Marsh's private residence. It is like the mansion of a country squire. Here Mr. Marsh and his family live. The first wife was the daughter of Mr. Thirlwell of Sussex, and left a daughter, who is now grown up. Mr. Marsh married for the second time, two years ago, Miss Darling, the youthful daughter of the celebrated trainer of Galtee More.

### INTERESTING RECORDS.

The house is surrounded by gardens and lawns. Back of these are the inclosed stable yards and stables. They are entered through a big archway, the entrance to the business office. In charge of the trainer's private secretary with a staff of lady clerks and typewriters. Here are to be found in place of the racing jacket of all the best and present patrons of the establishment and also the racing plates of winning horses. Inside the plates are painted the titles of the races and the amount of the stakes. It is a complete record.

### MODEL STABLES.

The stables are model ones, splendidly ventilated and with all the latest improvements and all lighted with electricity. There are stalls and loose boxes and a hospital, where the animals are fed on ale and stout, cod-liver oil and prepared baby foods. On one side of the stables are the dormitories for the grooms, stable and exercise lads. Further on are the houses and cottages in which live the various heads of departments and other higher employees. On the other side of the main stables are the dining and recreation rooms, the Turkish and swimming baths and the chapel. Behind the stables is the stud farm, and some hundred yards from that is the model farm with its first prize porkers, sheep and horned cattle and its barns and work-houses. The shops and electric power house are just beyond the private race course on the outside of the stables. The miles upon miles of Newmarket Heath, which stretch out toward the town of Newmarket, are covered with the stables or directions, is the exercising ground. Here can be seen every morning many stables trailing from 50 to 100 horses doing different exercises.

### CHOIR OF JOCKEYS.

The boys at Marsh's come from the better classes. They are more strictly looked after. Those who need it go to night school. All must go to church on Sunday. The supplied choir in Marsh's private chapel is made up of 12 boys and men. In the trainer's private residence there are any number of valuable racing memorabilia and curiosities. The walls are covered with oil paintings of the famous winners he has trained. The dining room is decorated with gold and silver clogs he has won or which have been presented to him by patrons. He is a splendid host and the king and other owners often visit him and have some merry and good meals after a consultation regarding their stables. The queen and the whole royal family have visited the house and lunched there. They came to see Persimmon in a trial on the private course and took many photographs of him and of the whole establishment.

Visitors to Egerton House have been surprised to find it such a truly palatial place, but they have been more surprised to find that the chiefs of departments and higher employees are university graduates and get big salaries. Even the women clerks are of a high class. But as his employees come a great deal in contact with his patrons, Marsh sought out only those of refinement and education. The training business has many good openings nowadays. Among recent trainers are two men of title and several retired officers of the army.

HAYDEN CHURCH.

### VISIT TO HOME OF ITALIAN AUTHOR

D'Annunzio Busy Preparing for Death Has Made Will and Chosen Tomb.

### ERRATIC POET'S WORKSHOP.

Artistic Fixings That Reflect His Own Personality—His Unique Tutelar Deity a Wooden Image.

Special Correspondence.

LORENZO, Oct. 26.—If Gabriele D'Annunzio does not really believe that he is going to die soon, as was predicted recently, at least he is acting as if he did. That Italy's renowned poet had ordered his tomb the world was informed some time ago, and of late D'Annunzio has devoted quite a lot of time to inspecting models of this mausoleum, which he has now definitely decided shall be erected on the wooded shores of Marina di Pisa, not far from that part of the Etrurian coast where the English poet Shelley was washed up by the waves. Unlike Mark Twain, D'Annunzio doesn't seem to have planned out his funeral yet, but another of his recent activities has been the production of a "last will and testament," which probably will prove a literary masterpiece, since the poet has labored on it with that fastidious care which he devotes to all his writings.

### PREDICTED BY A WOMAN.

The story of the prediction of D'Annunzio's end, which has been printed in some of the American papers, seems to have been incorrect. The date of his departure from this life was set by a fortune teller, and not by D'Annunzio himself, as has been stated, and the year mentioned was 1909, and not 1929. The seeress declared that the poet would die by the revengeful weapon of a love-distracted woman, which considering D'Annunzio's record, is not impossible.

For the foregoing details regarding his "antemortem" arrangements I have D'Annunzio's own authority, though he declined to discuss them further when I saw him the other day at "La Capponcina," his comfortable villa at San Gimignano, a suburb of Florence, situated on a gentle slope. It commands an entrancing view.

### MONASTIC RESERVE.

The way to the villa, after leaving the dusty highway in across a large flourishing vineyard where in following the winding road, one catches a glimpse of a neighboring property, that of Signora Duse, the actress, which, however, has remained vacant since the much-discussed quarrel between the Italian star and the friend of her admirer, a young man of the name of D'Annunzio, who is the owner of the villa. On reaching the gate of "La Capponcina" one is somewhat abashed by its familiarity as of harboring its owner from the intrusion of the outside world. D'Annunzio shares the feelings of Horace as expressed in his "Odi profanum vulgus," and not only is this sentiment borne out by the fact that the owner's choice of the Latin tongue as the official language of the villa, in the inscriptions on the entrance—"Cave neas de detestantur" being conspicuous on one of the pillars, while on the other under the bell, are the words "Noli me tangere." "Frequent contact with me," the writer says in defense of his love of seclusion, "is to the spirit like the friction of many hands to a coin; it rubs out all its reliefs and contours."

Years of the poet's monastic reserve, I had armed myself with letters of introduction wherever to insure my welcome, and the gates unbarred I made my way to the house with a leisurely step to permit myself a glimpse of grounds which I understood bore the stamp of their owner's individuality like all else connected with his charming retreat.

### RENSE OF OVER FLOIDNESS.

The garden—which has furnished Signora Duse with many a flower—(Continued on page eighteen.)