

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



The Bluffed Bull
inside of which some
successful pictures
were taken.

Richard Kearton,
Britain's Leading
Naturalist.

Cherry Kearton
Descending a Cliff.

Cherry Kearton,
The Younger of
The Famous Brothers.

SEVERAL "OFFERS" FOR MRS. NEWHOUSE

"Lady Mary" Tells How Devoted
Wife of Utah Millionaire is
Taken for Widow.

WHILE HER HUSBAND IS AWAY

Looking After His Many Big Interests
In Utah—Other Breezy Lon-
don Society Gossip.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 19.—There are several American women here whom half of society takes either for widows or divorcees. This is because the usual American husband so rarely makes an appearance at his wife's "shows." He is either in the "city" seeing what he can scrape up in the money market, or promoting a company. For years before the death of John Mackay, his wife was regarded as a widow. One night shortly before his death when his wife and the guests were dining at supper, the whisper went round that Mrs. Mackay had married for the second time, and the guests were dying to find out "who her husband was."

Scores of people still take Mrs. Edmund Newhouse for a rich American "widow"—in fact, she has had several "offers" from men who have been dumfounded to hear that she has a busy husband to whom she is most devotedly attached. The fact is, Mr. Newhouse is only happy when he is looking after his companies in Utah and his other big interests out there, in all of which he has been most fortunate, and from which he has just placed upon the market. The jewels he has given Mrs. Newhouse are worth over \$500,000.

MANSION ON THE MARKET

Lady Newhouse is hoping that some rich American will come forward and purchase the Creve House, his London mansion, which he has just placed upon the market. That is because the price he has put upon it is one that few English lords can afford to pay, and unless some one from the land of dollars buys it, it is likely that he will have to wait a long time for a purchaser.

The Creve House is one of the oldest dwelling-houses extant in the heart of London, and when first built it was a country house, pure and simple, and stood in its own park-like surroundings, quite isolated, in the days when highway robberies were matters of constant occurrence, and when Georgian courtiers, on their formidable journey from St. James to Kensington, had to face the terrors of the road. Standing far back from the frontage on aristocratic Curzon street, amid stately trees and smooth-shaven lawns, it seems to breathe a different atmosphere from that of the crowded metropolises in which it is set. The entrance, in a large courtyard, is at the back of the house, and is reached by a flight of steps, and is as a large old-fashioned country house, with its interior arrangements and decorations in the most comfortable and cozy style, its stately contemporaries, the residence of Princess Anne before she became Queen of England.

COST HIM \$750,000.

Lady Newhouse bought the house a few years ago from the executor of the late Earl of Whitcliffe. He paid \$750,000 for it and is said to have spent

COMING TO TACKLE NATURE FAKERS.

Richard Kearton, Britain's Leading Field Naturalist, Bound for the United States Next Month, Will Pay a Visit to President Roosevelt Before Beginning a Campaign Against Weird Animal Story Writers of America.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—Nature lovers in America will have an opportunity shortly of hearing the leading British field naturalist tell of his exploits in pursuit of wild game with a camera, and incidentally of listening to a scathing condemnation of the "nature fakers" whom President Roosevelt has denounced so strongly.

There are no names better known among modern nature students, on this side of the water at least, than those of Richard and Cherry Kearton, the two Yorkshire men who really originated nature photography in Britain. They have worked together for over 16 years. Richard Kearton, who is going to America in March, is perhaps the better known of the two, for he is the scientist and writer, while his younger brother, Cherry, is the photographer of the combination.

ADMIRER PRESIDENT.

Richard Kearton is a great admirer of President Roosevelt, whom he considers one of the best informed practical naturalists in the world, and his first journey after he lands in New York will be to Washington to visit the president, with whom he has long been in correspondence and who is familiar with all his books. No doubt when these two men meet they will be able to exchange all the latest news, for the Kearton brothers have had more thrilling experiences in their pursuit of wild birds with the camera than fall to the lot of most men.

NARROW ESCAPES.

More than once Cherry Kearton narrowly has escaped being killed by falling masses of rock while descending cliffs at the end of a screeing rope to secure photographs of birds in their nests. The striding qualities displayed by these two naturalists, however, are not only of the body, but of the mind. Cherry Kearton, who is now in the water, has taken a day for three days holding a camera mounted on stilts, to secure a photograph of an osprey. Richard Kearton once built himself a hut, stone by stone, on the edge of a Scottish lake to get a photograph of a black-throated diver and lay in his hut for several days, not daring to stir until the bird approached near enough to be snap-shotted.

INGENUOUS DEVICES.

Some of the devices which they have adopted to enable them to approach shy wild birds are remarkably ingenious. Artificially built and used in the bodies of which they have concealed themselves while the camera was pointed through a tiny aperture in the side of a chest of the animal, and tents and huts of rushes and natural grasses are only some of the devices. Any one who believes that nature photography is a simple thing should see the Kearton brothers when they leave London for their expedition on the moors or in the mountains. They carry enough impedimenta for a small army, but everything is compact and nothing is taken, the use of which has not been proved and tested.

A NATURE LOVER.

Richard Kearton, the elder of the two brothers, looks the part of a nature lover. His appearance reminds one irresistibly of the wild Yorkshire moors on which he was born and brought up. He is connected with one of the largest London publishing houses, but of late years he has found less and less time to devote to this branch of activity. Most of his time is now spent in hunting with the camera or in writing his nature books in the old home that he

has established in one of the most beautiful parts of Surrey. He still owns a little land in Yorkshire, "enough to bury in," he says, "for somehow one does not fancy being buried in London. You must live with nature to understand it," he adds.

HISTORY OF NATURALIST.

But his history is best given in his own words as he told it to me a few days ago.

"I was born in 1862," he said, "in one of the wildest parts of Yorkshire, where the moors stretch away to the horizon on every side. I was a keeper of sheep until I was more than 20 years old, but when I was about nine years old I had an accident when climbing that made a permanent cripple of me, and prevented me for ever from enjoying the ordinary sports of boys and young men."

"This accident had the profoundest effect on my life, and there is no doubt that it drove me to nature. I used to lie on the moors for days together watching the birds and beasts, and they soon became my only friends. I learned to call the rabbits out of their holes and to call the old cock grouse across the moors to me, and I learned almost everything else in the way of field craft that there was to learn. I was famous as a boy for my success in tickling trout."

WENT TO LONDON.

"When I was about 20 years old things began to go badly for the Yorkshire farmers, and I decided to try my luck in London. I obtained employment with a large publishing house. I began at the bottom of the ladder, of course, but I gradually worked my way up, and by and by the idea of turning my knowledge of nature to account came to me. I began to write on the various aspects of nature for the newspapers and magazines, and I found that the public liked to hear about the ways of the birds and beasts from one who really had been in and had studied them at first hand."

"The beginning of our work of nature photography, however, was delayed until 1892, and then it was due to what may really be called an accident. My youngest brother Cherry had joined me in London, and we were enjoying a holiday together on a farm near the great city. Cherry had just bought a little \$5 camera and was in the stage when he wanted to make snapshots of everything in sight. I noticed the nest of a thrush, full of eggs, in an accessible place, and I suggested that he try his luck with it. He got a splendid picture, and it gave me the idea of writing a book on British birds' nests and having him illustrate it with photographs. We did it, and that really was the beginning of nature photography in Great Britain."

GREAT TRAVELER.

"Since that first exposure we have traveled between \$5,000 and 40,000 miles by rail, and steamboat in pursuit of nature photographs, and we have exposed more than 1,000 photographic plates. We have obtained pictures of most of the wild birds and beasts of Great Britain in their natural surroundings. In some cases a single picture has cost us a week of waiting and watching and more than \$100 in actual outlay, and there are one or two shy old birds that we have been tracking for years, whenever we could spare the time, and have not caught yet."

"We will get them yet, however, and I think it is not boasting to say that we have got more and better results than any other nature photographers in the country. Of course we originate nature photography here, and a man is made of poor stuff if he allows himself to be beaten at his own game."

SOME ADVENTURES.

Some of the adventures which have

fallen to the Kearton brothers in pursuit of wild birds with the camera are as thrilling as any that have been recorded of big game hunters with the gun. Among the hardest birds to approach are those that nest in the cliffs by the seaside and most of the photographs of these birds which they have obtained have been taken by Cherry Kearton when he was dangling in midair at the end of a rope. Twice he has narrowly escaped death from falling pieces of rock and on another occasion the man who was winding the rope at the top of the cliff forgot all about the man dangling at the end of it and became so absorbed in something that was happening out a wall, only from nerve and coolness saved him on all these occasions.

NARROW ESCAPE.

His narrow escape was once when he was descending a cliff in order that his brother, who was on the ground at the foot of the cliff, might take a biographic record for use in illustrating a lecture on their joint work. The cliff was more than 200 feet high, and when Cherry Kearton had got down about 50 feet from the top a great mass of rotten rock became detached from the edge by the weight of the rope and fell. It came straight for the man at the end of the rope and the man at the foot of the cliff held his breath and stopped working the biographic machine. Just as the rock reached him, Cherry Kearton braced his foot against the side of the cliff and gave a vigorous push. As he swung out the rock grazed his head. When he reached the bottom his first words were to upbraid his brother for topping the biographic machine. "You missed the best set of pictures we ever had the chance to get," he said.

STUFFED OXEN.

One of their other methods in getting close to shy wild birds, while less than the most successful, has been the use of stuffed sheep and oxen. In the bodies of which they have concealed themselves, artificial tree trunks and rocks have been utilized.

"Our aim is to make ourselves a part of the landscape," said Richard Kearton, "and I think we have been successful. A shepherd has tried to herd our sheep and the man tried to drive or artificial bullock out of his master's pasture into which he thought it had strayed."

The story referred to about photographing a black-throated diver, one of the rarest and shyest of British water fowl, is also interesting. Richard Kearton occupied a particularly fine specimen which lived on an island in one of the Scottish lakes. He tried for weeks to approach it in a boat and failed. Then he donned a complete suit of olefin and took in his position in the water on a raft of the lake. Stone by stone he built himself a little hut, taking the stones from the bottom of the lake and gradually was accepted of the natural scene. The bird even round and round watching the progress, but not for several days after the raft was completed he came near enough to be photographed. At last she swam right up to the hut, and the snapshot was taken.

"NATURE AKERS."

Both the Kearton brothers have the greatest contempt for the nature fakers who have been vigorously denounced by President Roosevelt.

"Nature is not in itself weird," he said, "and it is impossible to make up stories about birds and beasts." Richard Kearton says, "The truth is far more wonderful than anything that any wild man invents, and I cannot see why any one should take the trouble to invent when the bare facts are so much more interesting."

ing. For instance, we hear a great deal about the mothering of their young by the bees a few months ago I obtained a photographic record of a male bird of one species feeding the young of an entirely different species which for some reason or other had lost their parents. Can anything in the romances of the nature fakers be more wonderful than that?

THOSE HUMAN ATTRIBUTES.

"There is the habit of ascribing human attributes to animals. This is altogether wrong. Wild animals even of the same species differ a great deal in intelligence and disposition, and it is wonderful how much some of them know in the way of taking care of themselves, but it is no use attempting to endow them with human intelligence. Every practical field naturalist knows that the thing is not so and every attempt to do so must be classed as fiction."

"The mind of the most intelligent of domesticated animals—and they are even more intelligent than wild animals—is, when compared with the human mind, like a flashlight compared to the noonday sun."

It is doubtful if the Kearton brothers would have been so successful even with their patience, pluck and ingenuity, if Richard Kearton had not been one of those men who are gifted by nature with an almost intuitive knowledge of the habits and characteristics of wild creatures. There is hardly a wild bird which is fairly plentiful in Great Britain whose call he cannot imitate so accurately that the birds themselves are deceived. He can go into the garden and call the birds to him and with many of them he has become so familiar a friend that they will perch on his finger and allow him to stroke their backs. It is this intimate knowledge of birds and beasts that makes him so impatient with the "nature fakers."

JOHN S. STEELE.

A COUGHING PLANT.

Carnivorous plants are known which will cough when annoyed; laughing plants and plants that weep are also known; but no one has ever heard of a vegetable that suffered from whooping cough.

There exists, however, a plant which prospers in tropical countries and the fruit of which resembles the common broad bean. It is quite a crank, easily gets into a rage, and what is more peculiar, has a horror of dust. It is so violent that it suffers from whooping cough.

As soon as a few grains of dust are deposited on its leaves the stomata, or air chambers which cover their faces, and which are the respiratory organs of the plant, become filled with a gas, swell and end by driving out the gas with a slight explosion and a sound which resembles so much the cough of a child suffering from a cold as to be mistaken for it.

It serves as an ornamental plant. One can imagine the concert that would be furnished by ten or three of these strange plants in a drawing room in which the coming and going of visitors has raised a cloud of face powder—Journal de la Santé.

ANT MERCHANTS.

Ant merchants, clad in leather undervests, are to be found in Paris, London and several European cities. Whenever pheasants are preserved for ant merchant is in demand.

It is not, however, ants, but the eggs of ants, that the man chiefly deals in. From every part of Europe ants are shipped to him, and he keeps them in ant-runes—places similar in their nature to chicken runs—and he feeds and tends them carefully, so that their health will keep fine, and they will lay generously.

The eggs he packs in wooden boxes, and ships to various parts of the world, and other game preservers in different parts of the world and the ants themselves he sells as soon as they cease to lay, pressing them out and selling them in black boxes, similar to those tobacco, to dealers in birds and bird food.

It is interesting to be an ant merchant, but leather undervests, is essential to the business, as the little creatures bite unmercifully.

BACHELORS FORM A NOVEL LEAGUE

Riva: Campaigns for Celibacy and
Connubial Bliss Being
Waged in Italy

AGAINST MAIDENS' COMBINE.

Plans of the Masculine Exponents of
Single Blessedness to Evade the
Wiles of Feminine Charmers.

Special Correspondence.

ROME, Feb. 20.—In Italy certain doctrines are making considerable progress, which show that Italian and American ideas on matrimony are diametrically opposed. In Italy it is the men who combine to resist all temptation to marry, while the women have formed an association to compel their friends to marry them by the use of moral force. In America, if I am not mistaken, it is more men who are given the rocky, while the poor thing, years for a wife.

RIOT IN THE LUTE.

The bachelors of the north of Italy, as it is there that single masculine bliss is particularly appreciated, have formed themselves into a society with many branches, and have just held their fifth annual congress this time at Padua. The life of the society, however, dates back considerably further, as it took some time for the novel idea to sink into the masculine mind, and all its vast consequences, freedom from responsibilities, more wealth, liberty, gaiety, and no certain lectures! This has engaged so thoroughly to the bachelors in the north that the members of the society now number 400, but almost there is a rift within the lute, no matter how opposed they may be to the duties of a married life, they all desire to enjoy feminine society, and the ladies do not seem inclined to encourage admirers who have no serious intentions.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

The society was founded by a certain Antonio Trevesa, whose pitiful story caused all true bachelors' blood to boil. Trevesa, who, by the way, is not handsome, but possessed of some money, was engaged to a pretty peasant girl below him in station, and the wedding day was fixed. In fact, the what-should-have-been happy day dawned, and Trevesa, who was awakened by some one thumping on his door, he hurried into his clothes and opened the door to find nothing but a bundle which when opened was found to contain the hot very ivory left after a marriage by other victims of his sweetheart, and a letter saying she was already married to the man she loved and on her way to America. Thus a misadventure was formed. He was soon found out by other victims of feminine ploys and wiles, and over their glasses and pipes the club was conceived, which was born as the "Society of Bachelors," for the protection of the sex. But as can easily be understood there are many who have no blither or lasting memories and they bank or after the sweets of feminine companionship but without its responsibilities.

FRENZY OVER BILL.

This fact was productive of considerable frenzy at the congress held at Padua the other day, the older members reproaching the younger for playing strayed from the strict letter of the club rules, which forbid platonic

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