"The fox" (knowing the force of publicity) "barks not when he would steal the lamb." In these days any business venture which fights shy of advertising is open to natural suspicion.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Job said: "The ear trieth words as the palate tasteth meat." And in these days of printing, and of advertising, the word "eye" may be substituted for "ear."

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

THE HON. MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL.
Who first suggested the idea of Scholarships for American girls on the lines of the Rhodes Scheme.

English Scholarships for American Girls.

Fund of $10,000,000 to be Raised to Found Great School in Britain for Yankee Maidens—Colossal Scheme Put Forward by the Society of American Women in London to Rival Rhodes' Scholarships.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—If the ambitious scheme initiated by the Society of American Women in London meets with the success anticipated by its promoters, American girls will be afforded similar facilities for obtaining educational training at English universities now afforded American lads by the Rhodes scholarships. It will necessitate an endowment fund of $10,000,000. It is proposed that the entire amount shall be provided by American women.

"I am sure that we shall get it," said Mrs. Webster Glynes, president of the society.

"I am confident that we shall succeed in raising it," said Madame Thayer, chairman of the society's educational committee.

There was something peculiarly impressive in the calm assurance with which these two elderly American women, seated in a cozy Kensington parlor, talked of obtaining a sum which a chancellor of the exchequer would hesitate to demand of the imperial parliament. I murmured, something about it being "a pretty big amount."

"I have never failed in anything that I have undertaken," said Madame Thayer, placidly. "And it has always been my experience that the more you ask for in a good cause the more you get."

"It may take three or four years—perhaps longer," observed Mrs. Glynes, sweetly, "but of the ultimate success of the plan I have not the slightest doubt."

The object aimed at is to do for the women of the United States what the Rhodes scholarships are doing for the men. The idea was first suggested by an address delivered before the Society of American Women by the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, wife of Earl Russell's brother, and the daughter of Mrs. Pearsall Smith, a well-known American philanthropist. This was in April last, and it was then proposed merely to bring over a few women who had been graduated from American colleges and give them a year's course at some English university.

TO RIVAL THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

After thinking over the matter for some time the leading spirits of the society came to the conclusion that this scheme was not big enough and did not go far enough to rouse anything like enthusiasm in America. It would have been but a feeble imitation of the great Empire Builder's benefaction, and in these days women—especially American women—do not take kindly to back seat parts. It was then proposed that a fund should be raised for the creation of 91 perpetual scholarships at English universities, so distributed that two women from each state in the Union, and one from the District of Columbia, should be sent here for a two year's post-graduate course. But Miss Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr college, and a cousin of the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, suggested in a letter that a three years' under graduate course would be preferable to a two years' post-graduate course. Miss Thomas's position and experience entitle her to speak with great authority on all matters pertaining to the education of women. It is this scheme which is most favored by the Society of American Women here.

"I saw at once," said Madame Thayer, "that Miss Thomas's plan, with the opportunities it would afford American girls to try for Tripos and Honors at the English universities, was the better one. The idea of giving American girls the benefit of the best English educational training and environment is not a thing of yesterday with me. Two years ago I read in an American paper that according to statistics the percentage of illiteracy was higher in Georgia than in any other state, and that efforts were being made to effect an improvement by training teachers, and then sending them out to train others. In June, 1903, I wrote to the principal of a college in Georgia that if a fund were raised to send a young woman teacher to London for further training I would take her into my house for the nine working months of her first year free of cost.

STRENGTHENING THE ANGLO-SAXON BOND.

"People have to be educated up to things of which they have not thought themselves, and the proposition probably struck the Georgian pedagogue as emanating from a mad woman, for my letter was never even answered. But in spite of that, this ghost of a scheme haunted me and would not be laid, and when the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell spoke to us of scholarships for girls on the lines of the Rhodes scholarships for men the ghost took form."

"In what respect," I asked, "would the American girls obtain greater educational benefits from a three year's course at English universities than they would obtain from a similar course at American institutions of learning?"

"The answer to that question would be somewhat beside the mark," replied Mme. Thayer. "It is not on the ground that American girls would learn more at English universities—more book learning—than they would acquire at home that we ask for the support of our scheme. Education—culture—in the broadest sense is not a matter of the acquisition of mere knowledge. England has much to give which we American women need for our spiritual and physical betterment— a broader and less personal outlook, mental poise and calmer nerves—and it is only environment that can give these things.

"From what I have read and learned from his personal friends, Mr. Rhodes considered the scholarships founded by him not so much from the educational point of view as from the social one—the cementing of bonds between England, her colonies and America. That such work lies distinctly within a woman's sphere no one can gainsay. If the English and American temperaments could be blended into one, the combination would be unequaled in the world. That being impossible, the next best thing is living side by side, taking and giving what each needs most, gradually wearing away prejudices born of ignorance; understanding and being understood until England and America became one invincible power, dominating the world in all things for the world's good, 'distinct as the waves, but one as the sea.'"

There is something contagious about Mme. Thayer's enthusiasm. But that $10,000,000 still bothered me. "How do you propose to raise the necessary funds?" I asked. It was Mrs. Glynes who answered the question.

HOW $10,000,000 IS TO BE RAISED.

"So far as the Society of American Women in London is concerned," she said, "we can, of course, do comparatively little. The scheme will be submitted to the forthcoming conference of the General Federation of Women's clubs which meets next May. Started only 15 years ago, while I was president of that New York mother of clubs—Sorosis—the federation has grown and developed in a marvelous fashion. Speaking of the federation necessity, Josiah Strong, president of the American Institute of Social Science, said: 'Excepting the United States Congress, I know of no body of men and women representing so much intellect and heart, so much of culture and so much of the highest hopes and noblest possibilities of the American people.'

"It would be difficult to set a limit to what an army of women of that kind, now 700,000 strong, could accomplish. We hope and expect that the Central Education committee of the General Federation will recommend it to the state federations, which will then undertake the task of raising the money—each of the federated clubs working for the state to which it belongs. In that way I have not the slightest doubt that the money could be easily raised by women for women. The society of American Women in London has only 150 members, none of whom are millionaires, but we are not going to content ourselves with merely asking others to raise money. We expect to contribute something more than what would be a fair share for us to the endowment fund. We shall try to raise the money for a student from the District of Columbia. We propose that all the women students sent over under the scheme should be received as honorary members of our society, and we shall do our best to make them feel at home and generally facilitate their studies in every possible way."

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM AMERICA.

"Has the scheme yet received any encouragement from America?"

"There has not been time for much correspondence on the subject since the scheme was broached, but some letters have been received that are highly favorable to it. Miss Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr, writes: 'I do approve most heartily of giving American girls something corresponding to the Rhodes scholarship for boys. I think it very probable that the Federated Women's club would take it up. We have now a central committee on education before which the plan would be brought, and then, if approved, presented to the different state committees. I am an associate member of the central committee and will do all I can for it.' Miss Thomas' support will count for a great deal."

"To what universities is it proposed to send the American girls who obtain the scholarships?"

"To Oxford, Cambridge and London. Presumably each student will have her choice among these three, but, of course, there are details that will be settled later. Each scholarship, it is suggested, should be worth $1,000 a year. That is $500 less than the Rhodes scholarships; but then girls are naturally more thrifty and economical than boys."

CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS.

"What if the Federation of Women's clubs should reject the scheme?"

"Why then, of course," said Mme. Thayer calmly, "we should appeal to some other organization. That we shall succeed somehow I am sure. And when the scheme for English scholarships for American girls is fairly under way, I shall agitate just as heartily for a reciprocity scheme providing American scholarships for English girls. I have conversed with several English women about the idea and they are enthusiastic over it. It will tend further to draw the peoples of the two countries closer together, and I know of no cause better worth working for than that."

Mrs. Glynes will be better remembered in America, and more especially in New York, as Ella Dietz Olymer, the author of some volumes of poetry and a well-known club woman. She has married as her second husband an English solicitor, Webster Glynes, which makes her a British subject, too, but that does not make her any the less heart and soul American, as becomes a direct descendant of the Rev. John Robinson, the pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

Mme. Thayer, too, is American from way back. She is a descendant of Roger Williams on her mother's side and of Israel Gardner, the first man killed at the battle of Lexington. Captain Madon Dewey, who served with Commodore Perry at the battle of Lake Erie in 1812 and also commanded Fort Warren Boston, was her great-grandfather on her father's side. On her mother's side her great-grandfather was Judge Gold of Pittsfield, Mass., and in his home, the Old Homestead, where Mme. Thayer's mother was born, stood the "Old Clock on the Stairs," of which Longfellow wrote, and from that house the poet took his second wife, a granddaughter of Judge Gold.

Mme. Thayer herself was born in New Orleans, but her extensive travels have given her a thoroughly cosmopolitan culture. She has been all over the world, singing, teaching and writing, and finally, as she says, "I have brought up in England with a house full of girls to keep me young."

The Society of American Women in London is only some six years old. Founded, as stated in its constitution, "to bring together women who are engaged in literature, artistic, scientific and philanthropic pursuits with a view of rendering them helpful to each other and useful to society," it has expanded from small beginnings to an organization which is representative of all that is best in American womanhood in the American colony. It occupies commodious and tastefully furnished apartments in Pall Mall East, the heart of London clubdom. One of the privileges greatly appreciated by its members is that of entertaining their English friends at the club, which enables them to maintain the traditions of American hospitality in the land of their sojourn. When only a year old the club raised a considerable sum for the hospital ship Maine. It has now tackled a vastly bigger project that might well daunt women of wider experience in philanthropic ~~is right, and that the~~ more you Thayer is right, and that the more you ask the more you will get.

E. LISLE SNELL.

MADAME THAYER.
One of the leading spirits in the project to raise $10,000,000 to found English Scholarships for American Girls.

CLUBHOUSE OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.
It is situated on Pall Mall East, the centre of Metropolitan clubdom.

MAD AMERICANS WHO LIVE IN PARIS

It is Estimated That There is Always at Least One Hundred Thousand.

DIVIDED INTO TWO CLASSES.

Majority Are Tourists and Minority Real Residents—Between Them Is a Very Strange "Mob."

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Oct. 18.—What becomes of Americans in Paris? Numbers disappear annually so as to cause the utmost concern to their friends at home and even to Frenchmen who have the fair fame of the country at heart. Few of the cases are brought up before the police, for they do not result from battle or murder or sudden death. The disappearances are not physical, but mental, altering people so that their best friends think themselves deceived by a resemblance on meeting them by accident in the Paris streets after a separation of a few months.

There are, of course, many Americans who are not inflicted with eccentricity simply because they have come to Paris. The tourists who "do" Paris in three days and return home knowing enough about France to stagger the natives in an argument, are far from being lunatics in any sense of the word. Also, the Americans who marry into French families of good standing, or who have friends in this circle helping them to know the same class of people that they would frequent at home, remain purely and charmingly American. The Duchess de La Rochefoucauld, who was Mattie Mitchel of Washington; the Comtesse Boni de Castellane, who was Anna Gould; the Comtesse de Chambrun, Representative Longworth's sister; the Comtesse de Gontaut-Biron, Ambassador Leishman's daughter Martha, and many others who could be named, have lost nothing of their American simplicity with acquiring the French grace of word and manner, and are glad to entertain the Americans who are, or were, their real friends, though they may sometimes be criticised for not welcoming all the stray compatriots who may claim fictitious acquaintanceship. But as the tourist element represents the vast majority of Americans coming each year to Paris, so the element with French ties of marriage or friendship forms the infinite minority. Between the two stand the legions, some poor and some wealthy, some good and some bad, some artistically talented and some socially ambitious, seeking study or amusement, as the case may be, and for the greater part not only growing un-American with startling rapidity, but developing traits which leave serious doubts as to their sanity.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND AMERICANS.

These Americans are divided into two general sets, the social element, called the American colony, living in the Etoile quarter, and most frequently along the Champs Elysees, the Parc Monceau, the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne or the Avenue de l'Alma; and then the artistic element, living in the so-called Latin Quarter, on the left bank of the Seine. The two sets mix little, and surrounding each are little cliques which do not mix at all.

No one has ever succeeded in estimating, even approximately, the number of Americans living in Paris; according to the directories, there are not much more than 5,000. But old American residents place the figure much higher, and the Rev. Dr. Morgan, rector of the American Episcopal church of the Avenue de l'Alma, has expressed the opinion that there must be not far from 100,000 Americans in Paris.

"After passing a considerable part of my life here," he was once heard to say, "I am still amazed every few days to hear of American families who have lived for years in Paris without their presence being suspected by me or anybody I knew. It is in fulfilling the duties of my calling, for funerals, baptisms or marriage, that I learn for the first time of these families; and as such events are not of frequent occurrence in families, and as there are other religious sects with their American clergymen in Paris, I can only guess vaguely the number of Americans who must be here, but I know that the number must be simply enormous, and far above any statistical figures ever published. I admit that I am only guessing, but it is my impression that there must be not less than 100,000 Americans in Paris."

Though the forms taken are somewhat different, it is in these two sets, the social colony and the artists' quarter, that the extraordinary eccentricities break out. The French can scarcely be held to blame for this, first, because Americans out of one of the two colonies remain perfectly sane, and, secondly, because few French people, and none of any consequence, mix in these colonies, whose members generally learn not a word of French, and leave Paris, after a residence of many years, without knowing any language other than good American.

PLACES NO SANE FRENCHMAN WOULD VISIT.

But the traditions of the colony are none the less handed down from generation to generation of passing Americans, who soon think it perfectly natural to do things which would make their righteous hair stand on end if even mentioned in America. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that one cannot enter the disgraceful Bullier Ball, or the unmentionable Tour d'Argent Restaurant, or the notorious Maxime's without meeting several parties of nice American girls who know perfectly where they are, but merely consider that they are seeing the sights of Paris. Gray haired old ladies are often with them, or, at all events, their fathers and brothers, the entire family thinking that quite the proper Parisian thing is being done by going there, whereas any self-respecting Frenchman would think himself everlastingly disgraced if his wife or his sister had ventured to such places.

It is the same way with a number of the less prominent music halls. And, as for behavior in the streets, many girls from the American colony think it a good joke to dress showily and walk slowly along the boulevard, turning to stare at all the men who pass them, just to see, for the fun of it, if they will have new adventures, and what will be said to them.

In was in Paris that Isadora Duncan, the barefoot dancer, thought of the freaky art with which she has made a name for herself. She started by dancing barefooted in friends' studios, simply to get herself talked about, and making a profession of it came to her as an afterthought. Not long ago her brother startled Paris by appearing in the streets clad in the Grecian costume, sandals, bare legs, tunic and myrtle wreath. He explained calmly to his acquaintances that he was going to reform modern dress and bring erring men back to the old rational principles.

NOTORIOUS AMERICANS.

One thing must be said in favor of the Paris American colony, and that it that so long as people have money to

(Continued on page 14.)

FRIDTJOF NANSEN.
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MINISTER FROM NORWAY.

The Politken, which is regarded as the reliable vehicle of the political news of the country, and particularly regarding the recent casting off of the Swedish yoke, says it learns that Fridtjof Nansen, the Arctic explorer, is to be appointed Norwegian minister at Washington. It will be remembered that Nansen, who is regarded as one of the foremost scientists, was one of the leaders in the deposition of King Oscar, and at that time he was prominently spoken of as a possible candidate for president of Norway.

Where British Citizens Live Worse Than Savages.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—It is doubtful if there are any savages within the borders of that vast empire on which the sun never sets who live amid greater squalor and filth than many of the wretched Scotch crofters on the Island of Lewis in the Western Hebrides. According to an official report on the condition of their townships just made to the Scottish local government board, these unfortunate British citizens are in a far worse plight than the poorest of the Irish peasantry. Their sturdy Viking ancestors, who subsisted by pillage and plunder, fared far better.

Most of the hovels—they could hardly be termed houses—occupied by the crofters, are constructed of loose piles of stone and earth, and thatched with straw. Few of them have any windows, and a hole in the center of the roof serves the purpose of a chimney. The floors are of clay. There are usually three apartments—a living room in the center with a sleeping room on one side, and a byre for the live stock on the other. They are separated by board partitions. In cold weather a peat fire is kept burning in the center of the clay floor of the living room, and frequently sheep and other quadrupeds share its comforting warmth with the two-legged occupants.

"After one's eyes are accustomed to the dark and the smoke," says the report, describing a typical dwelling in the township of Back, "one sees a large accumulation of manure about three feet to four feet above the level of the living room. On this heap are standing one or two cows and occasionally a horse and some sheep. Sometimes these animals are up to their knees in the manure. Irregular holes in the thatch provide entrance and exit for the fowls which nest in baskets hung against the walls. Outside the houses the ground is sodden with water and drainage, and is altogether in a most unsightly and insanitary state."

In other townships the conditions were still worse. In Arnol the visiting officials saw the wage-earner of one household lying in bed in the living room in an advanced stage of phthisis and expectorating on the floor. Around him were his wife and children. There were no partitions in this dwelling and the human and animal occupants all herded together in one large room. In all there were in it nine people, three cows standing in from four to five feet of manure, a sheep and a number of fowls.

At Bragor it was found that "nearly every house was uninhabitable and a disgrace to our civilization." All over the island the water supply is in a bad state, owing to the utter neglect of anything like drainage, and enteric is rife.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

An English lawyer was cross-examining the plaintiff in a breach-of-promise case. "Was the defendant's air, when he promised you, perfectly serious or one of jocularity?" he inquired.

"If you please, sir," was the reply, "it was all ruffled with 'im a-runnin' ifs' 'ands through it."

"You misapprehend my meaning," said the lawyer. "Was the promise made in utter sincerity?"

"No, sir, an' no place like it. It was made in the wash-'ouse an' me a-wringin' the clothes," replied the plaintiff.—Harper's Weekly.

GRETNA GREEN MARRIAGE FAD.

Peter Dixon, Erstwhile Carpenter, Playing Tradition's Smithie Role.

MONOPOLY IN NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Fears Competition and Wants to Keep The Business all in His Own Hands—Many Runaway Couples.

Special Correspondence.

EDINBURGH, Oct. 18.—Gretna Green, the little Scotch village just across the border from Cumberland, is witnessing a revival of the weddings which made it famous in the romantic days of yore. One Peter Dixon, a carpenter, is playing the role of the blacksmith of tradition, and so well does it pay him that he has abandoned his trade to devote himself exclusively to the tying of nuptial knots for couples who are in a hurry to get "spliced."

A GOOD CANNY SCOT.

I found Dixon in a public house, the center of an admiring throng of villagers. He is a good type of the canny Scot of middle age, with shrewd eyes, iron gray hair and a mouth screened by a full beard that can well keep its owner's own counsel. He was not at all adverse to drinking at a stranger's expense, but not even Scotch whisky, that most potent encourager of loquacity, could induce him to be communicative about his singular occupation.

"I don't want anything published in the papers about my business," he said.

"But publicity would increase your—your business," I suggested.

"It might," he admitted, "but it might also increase competition, and I don't want any other folks getting up in the same line here. There ain't any more in it than just keeps me going comfortably, and as I started it I think I'm entitled to all there is in it."

The assembled villagers nodded their heads approvingly.

"Are you a minister?" I asked.

"No, I ain't," he answered. "You don't have to be a parson to marry folk in Scotland. I can tie 'em together just as hard and fast as any minister in the land. If you are thinking of getting married, young man, just fetch along the girl and I'll do the job for you. You'll find it'll cost you a lot more than I charge you to get it undone."

LEGAL ANYWHERE.

Under Scotch law a marriage can be celebrated anywhere and at any hour of the day or night, for the ceremony in its simplest form consists in merely a couple agreeing before witnesses to take each other for husband and wife, one of the contracting parties is required to have resided in Scotland for twenty-one days before the marriage, but it is doubtful if steps are taken to compel proof of this, though the enactment was specially aimed at in the runaway Gretna Green matches. I judged from Dixon's offer to marry me off hand that he does not bother himself about the matter.

MARRIED MANY COUPLES.

I ascertained by enquiry in the village that in the course of the preceding week he had married half-a-dozen couples, but it is probable that most of the loving swains were attracted more by the romantic associations of the place and the unconventional form of marriage than by any necessity for defeating the machinations of hostile relatives. Most of these modern Gretna Green weddings take place at Dixon's own house, a small tenement in the main street of the village, but those who want a little more style have the ceremony performed at the Queen's Head hotel. Dixon keeps a marriage register which he declines to show to anyone. Nor will he tell what his fees are. He is not giving away any one of the secrets of his "business." It is just about half a century since the little Dumfries village of Gretna Green fell back into the native obscurity out of which a most singular fortune had temporarily dropped it, and from which it

Lady Maitland to Paint Miniatures for Roosevelt.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—Lady Maitland, who, before these lines appear in print, will be again in America, accompanied this time by her husband, Viscount Maitland, has received several handsome commissions for miniature paintings to be executed during her stay on the other side of the Atlantic. I have it on the best authority that among them are orders from President Roosevelt for pictures of his wife, his eldest daughter, Miss Alice Roosevelt, and other members of his family—in all six portraits. Lady Maitland is an accomplished miniature painter whose success can in no wise be attributed to her rank. Her portraits of pretty women especially have been greatly admired and have been exhibited in the Royal Academy. She is also proficient in several of the lesser arts, trims hats, designs gowns, and excels in the tasteful arrangement of interiors.

It is necessity that impels her to make money by painting miniatures. Viscount Maitland is one of the comparatively hard up members of the British peerage, but for all that he and his charming wife have always managed to keep in the front rank of London society. She is a tall, slender, graceful woman, with that much admired shade of reddish hair which not a few less fortunate members of the fair sex seek to acquire by artificial means. Lord Maitland is big and burly, and is regarded as a thoroughly good fellow by his friends. He ranked at one time as the best amateur photographer in England, but since he has opened a studio in Sloane street he is now classed as a professional. He never made any secret of his desire to make money out of his camera, and as the aristocracy take sensible views of such matters nowadays he can do it without losing caste. My latest memory of Lord Maitland is seeing him in an art gallery, the day before a private view, working hard in his shirt sleeves, arranging his own photographic exhibit on the wall. He and Lady Maitland are both greatly interested in Christian science. One of the merits claimed for that form of faith is that it is peculiarly efficacious in making its devotees contented with small incomes.