

"The fox" (knowing the force of public-ity) "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.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

MRS. MACKAY IN ROYALTY'S FAVOR

Dashing Chicago Woman's Gift of Polo Pony and Foals to Prince "Eddie."

NEVER LETS A CHANCE SLIP.

Keeps Her Eye on Opportunity of Ingratiating Herself in Exalted Circles—Knows It Pays.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—Mrs. Frank Mackay, never neglects an opportunity of ingratiating herself with royalty. And royalty is always willing to be ingratiated by the dashing woman from Chicago. Notwithstanding the marks of excited favor she has already received have filled not a few of her equally ambitious countrywomen with envy, she is paying the way for future triumphs. An incident that occurred recently shows how quick she is to seize a chance.

She was present at a polo match which was played near London. Prince "Eddie" as he is familiarly called, the Prince of Wales' eldest son, was there too. He watched the progress of the game with great enthusiasm, and expressed particular admiration for one of the ponies. It happened to be one belonging to Mrs. Mackay, which she had lent to an American friend for the day. When she heard of this she immediately sent the pony to the prince. She had already written at once to Marlborough house to enquire if the royal youngster would be "graciously pleased" to accept the pony as a gift. In the reply which she received it was pointed out that the pony would not be old enough to play polo for some years, and it was suggested that it would be a pity to withdraw the animal from the game merely to gratify the young prince's enthusiasm.

FREE TO ACT.

That left Mrs. Mackay free to adopt what course she pleased in the matter. She immediately sent the pony to the prince. She had already written at once to Marlborough house to enquire if the royal youngster would be "graciously pleased" to accept the pony as a gift. In the reply which she received it was pointed out that the pony would not be old enough to play polo for some years, and it was suggested that it would be a pity to withdraw the animal from the game merely to gratify the young prince's enthusiasm.

ACCOMPLISHED QUEEN.

The Princess of Wales is, like the late Queen Victoria, extremely careful of her personal safety when she is traveling. She has a considerable distance by train, but until quite recently she dispensed with the services of the postoffice telegraphist, who always accompanied her on her journeys. Queen Mary, however, was not any distance away from her palace. King Edward dispensed with many of these unnecessary precautions, as he regarded them, when he came to the fore, but the Princess of Wales is reverting to them. Queen Mary, if she should live to assume the dignity, will be more careful and consequently more expensive to the state than Queen Victoria was in her day.

WENT TO SCOTLAND.

When she went to Scotland a few days ago, the telegraphist who accompanied the late queen on her journey during the last few years of her reign, was summoned to Marlborough House. There he received instructions to have his instruments ready to join the royal train next day. A collapsible ladder forms part of this outfit, so that in the event of any mishap to the train all the telegraphist has to do is to get off and run to the nearest telegraph pole, place the ladder against it, connect his instrument with the ordinary wire and communicate with the nearest telegraph station or telegraph office. Three of the most experienced telegraphists in England are now at the disposal of the princess when she is on long railway journeys. She has a great crowd of employees. Two pilot engines have been ordered to travel with her. King Edward is usually satisfied with one. The Princess of Wales, like his father, is indifferent about the adoption of extraordinary precautions when traveling, but lately the princess has asserted her authority, and it is not only the police and the post office people (but her word must be as far as the future king's personal safety is concerned).

CONSUELO'S HEALTH.

It is an open secret that there is a great deal of sickness among her friends of the family of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, who has just completed a "month cure" and is now at Bournemouth in Scotland. For nearly two years her throat has been giving her trouble and at times she loses her voice completely. There is an idea that she contracted this from her younger twin daughter, Lady Alice Montague, who died of consumption and whom the duchess nursed most assiduously. She has been ordered to spend as much time as possible in the bracing air of Bournemouth and to live very quietly. On this point her plans for entertaining have been considerably modified. The duchess's mother, Mrs. Yanaga, is planning with her, and later her unmarried sister will also join her. Miss Yanaga is one of those dangerously fascinating spinsters who have a way of throwing all the girls in the shade. Every one knows she does not want to

marry so that the men realize they can be as "chummy" as they please with her and there is no fear of being misunderstood. She is the type of Duke and Thackeray would have as an "old maid." But things have changed since their day, for there are fashionable women in most things and the unmarried woman of uncertain age is having even more success than when she is as bright, well-informed and interesting as Miss Yanaga. She plays bridge as well as Mrs. George Koppel and has sometimes been King Edward's partner. Modern to her finger tips she understands the art of dressing to the best advantage and the large, somewhat barbaric earrings she has of late lead a further picturesque quality to an already picturesque appearance.

THE BRADLEY MARTINS.

The Bradley Martins have made several efforts to purchase Balmuccia on the right, the magnificent place they are now occupying in Scotland. But though they have frequently raised their figures until they have reached a fancy price, they cannot induce the owner to part with it. The fact that they merely lease the place does not prevent them from spending a mint of money on it. It is now far more luxuriously fitted up than Balmuccia, the Scotch royal residence, and Mar Lodge, the duchess of Fife's place piles into Balmuccia compared with it. Still Mrs. Bradley Martin seems no nearer the realization of her great ambition—acquiring the king. Mr. Bradley Martin does not share his wife's exalted social aspirations. Her big functions during the London season bore him. He shirks them whenever he can, and many of his wife's guests have never even seen him. He is regarded as a type of the indolent American husband, who is content to remain in the background while honoring his wife's most extravagant tastes and whims.

HIS POLITICAL FUTURE.

Lady Curzon's friends say that she is working a good deal over her husband's political future. He can hardly expect ever again to attain to a position of such prominence and power as that of viceroy of India, especially as he retired from it somewhat under an eclipse. Like most American women who have married clever Englishmen, she is even more ambitious than her husband. When she first went to India she was subjected to a deal of ridicule because she insisted on being treated as an equal. It is the fact that the wives of former viceroys had not claimed that privilege. A young British officer told me the other day that a friend of his in the same regiment was one day invited to visit Lady Curzon at government house. He changed to refer to his hostess as Lady Curzon and throughout the rest of the meal he wondered what on earth he had done. It was not until he had been told that it fell to the lot of Lord Curzon to explain to him how he had put his foot in it. But he never got a chance to profit by the information, for the lady had again invited to supper a number of her friends. There is no doubt that Lady Curzon would have enjoyed a greater popularity in India if she had stood less on her dignity, but in claiming to share her husband's life and share his reflected glory, she was merely following the custom that obtains in England, from royalty down to the lowest of the nobility. Another American woman, Lady Chyvers, is always styled the "Lady Chyvers." Whatever her name is coupled with that of her husband in his official capacity of mayor of Westminster, and if "Lady Mayors" goes why not "Lady Curzon"? It is but a courtesy title of course.

APPEARS IN KILTS.

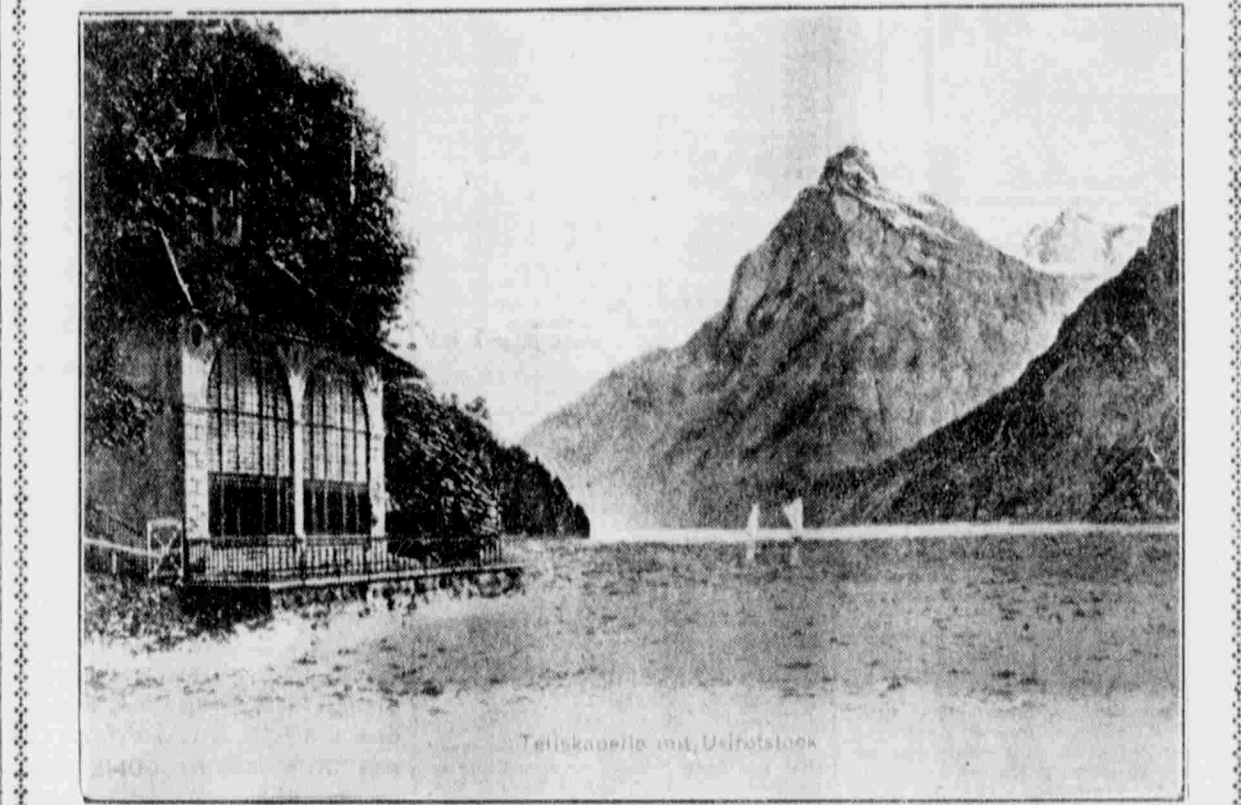
The duke of Manchester and his wife, formerly Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati, having been staying lately at Dunachton in Scotland as the guests of James Henry Smith and his sister Lady Cooper. When in the highlands the duke appears in kilts, the fashion of which closely resembles that of the clan MacPherson. At a recent gathering he noticed that many of the natives eyed his legs closely. He endeavored their scrutiny with much composure, attributing it to the fact that he possessed a rather shapely pair of calves to the display of which the highland costume specially lends itself. But his pride received a shock when an old gillie told him that attention had been attracted to his rather slender legs because he was wearing the "skian dubh"—the little black kilt instead of the right one prescribed by highland custom. "An' they all ken by that," added his informant, "that it's no a highlander ye are, but a Sassenach."

LADY MARY.

Lady Mary, the daughter of the duke of Manchester, is now at Balmuccia in Scotland.

Rediscovering Tell in His Own Country.

American Visitors to Lucerne Fancy Themselves Familiar With the Patriot's History Until They Find Themselves on the Ground Where His Exploits Were Performed—Then There's a Different Story.



TELL'S CHAPEL ON THE LAKE OF URI. It Marks the Spot Where the Patriot, Who Had Been Forced to Pilot the Tyrant Gessler's Ship, Leaped from the Deck and Effected His Escape.

Special Correspondence.

LUCERNE, Switzerland, Sept. 28.—To pay a visit to Lucerne is to discover—or perhaps it would be better to say to rediscover—the story of William Tell. In our case, I confess, it was largely a matter of discovery. Tell is, of course, the hero of all Switzerland, but it is not until one reaches this region that a sense of his practical ignorance of the patriot's history and achievements is most apt to overtake him.

It was on the day after our arrival here that we took the small steamer that runs from Lucerne to Fluelen at the other end of the Lake of the Four Cantons. Many the poets that have sung this lake which, with its depths of limpid green into which the sun seems always to shine, its surrounding snow-capped mountains and its fringing villages is surely one of the most fascinating stretches of water on earth. One goes to Fluelen to reach Axenstrasse, that picturesque road out, at many points, through the solid rock, which passes over and beneath the St. Gotthard railway and overlooks the green expanse of the lake.

FROM MANY LANDS.

Items in a cosmopolitan steamboat that included a Moor and a Hindu woman, but of which Americans and Germans constituted the main elements, we passed Weggis and Vitznau, where the world-renowned Rigi railway begins its ascent of the mountainside, and finally reached Brunnau, the village at the end of the Axenstrasse nearest Lucerne. And then, close by on the left bank as the steamer forged her way from the Brunnen pier, hidden by the pines that fringe the mountain side, there came in view a small building of one story, spired and fitted with large, thin-paned windows, which at the first glance struck the eye familiarly. Naturally enough, too, since it has been pictured in painting and lithograph the world over.

TELL'S CHAPEL.

"Tellskapelle!" ejaculated the Ger-

man in front of us. "Tell's chapel!"

mur-mured the little Englishwoman at our elbow. Tell's chapel, of course. Eerect, one remembered, by a grateful nation in commemoration of one of the deeds of the Swiss hero. But which deed? Recourse was had to the faithful Baedeker, and the information speedily elicited that the chapel stood on the historic spot where the patriot of the country leaped from Gessler's boat. Which was inspiring enough, if only one happened to recall who Gessler was, and under what circumstances the hero "leaped." This was three ordinarily well-read people—at our ignorance of Tell first arose and smote us. We became conscious of it again on arriving at Fluelen and learning that, only half an hour's drive away was not only Burglen, the village where Tell saw the light, but Aldorf, in whose public square the boyman shot the apple off his son's head. That mention of the apple set us on framer ground at once. Everybody knows that the hero was forced into attempting that heart-rending trial of his marksmanship, and has heard in imagination the boy's cry of "Shoot, father, shoot!" But who was it that commanded the attempt, and why was it done? We put these questions to one another, each deprecating his companion's ignorance and attempting to excuse his own. We liked to think that we had known "once," and our embarrassment became deeper when we learned next day that one of the most charming excursions from Lucerne by steamer was to Kussnacht, near which town Tell slew Gessler. We didn't seem to recollect the story of that event either, nor what happened at the Rütli, another spot which we had passed on the steamer that day, and which we had been told was closely associated with the national hero.

INSPIRED NOBLE WORK.

But our ignorance was not so dense that we were not aware that the story of Tell had been made the basis of various epoch-making works, including Rossini's opera and Schiller's play—and the latter proved easy to obtain. It may be remarked, too, that the region about here abounds in places where Schiller may be read under unusually pleasing circumstances. We read it in a romantic little Swiss "gasthaus"—an inn—with the lake and the mountains spread before our eyes. And a stirring story it is, whose power was intensified, needless to say, by being read with the eyeshadow of the scenes of its chief events.

In Schiller's pages we first see Tell, the sturdy countryman and patriot reclining at the porch of his own life—a victim of the foreign oppressor, by carrying his crossbow into the midst of a terrific storm. This is in 1307, when Albert II, Duke of Austria and German emperor, was striving to annex the forest cantons to his immediate possessions. And so we came to Gessler, the duke's viceroy and steward, whose representative was the Weyler of the time and author of innumerable atrocities. Gessler lodged it at Kussnacht, on the southern arm of the lake of the four cantons, but the true seat of government appears to have been at Aldorf, inland from Fluelen, and close to Burglen, where Tell lived with his wife and his two small sons, Walter and William.

THE DUCAL HAT.

It was Gessler's ingenious idea to stick the ducal hat of Austria on a pole in the market-place of Aldorf, that it might be saluted by the citizens, and Schiller's melodious black verse tells us how William Tell and his son, Walter, passing by without noticing the hat, were promptly set upon by Gessler's minions and how, the tyrant himself appearing upon the scene and being already incensed against Tell for his rescue of the hunted forester, commanded the shot at an apple set on his son's head as the price of the lives of both father and son.

How the shot was fired we learn, and of Gessler's perfunctory fury as to the use which the cross-bow man intended to make of the second arrow which he noticed sticking in his belt and ready to hand. Also Tell's reply:

"Well, sir, this second arrow— If with the first I'd chanced to slay my child— This second shaft would I have shot at thee. And—credit me—it would not have missed its mark."

An answer which so exasperated Gessler that although he did spare Tell's life, according to his promise, he straightaway condemned him to solitary confinement in the prison at Kussnacht, and prepared to convey him there in his own vessel which lay at anchor in Fluelen harbor. But still Providence befriended Tell. Shortly had the journey begun when one of those storms—so frequent on the Lake of Uri—arose and placed the tyrant and all his company in danger of their lives. No one but an expert steersman could save them, and so it was that Tell was made free of his shackles and promised his freedom if he would navigate the ship. And this he did, but, not caring to trust the tyrant, he ran the vessel close to the mountainside near Brunnen and there leaped overboard and gained the shore at the spot where the chapel now stands!

THE HOLLOW WAY.

Gessler, also escaped, however, and Schiller relates how his villainies continued and how Tell eventually determined to rid the land of the tyrant once and forever. And so we come to the great scene, "The Hollow Way," near Kussnacht—that gloomy by-way between the rock along which Gessler had to pass, and where, hidden among the trees Tell aimed the shaft which pierced his breast and saved the country from oppression.

The "Hollow Way"—Holligasse—exists today, and looked, when we visited it, just after reading the play, as if no stone or twig of it had been altered in all those hundreds of years. It is true that a narrow cart track, down at the side of the road, paved rather an anachronism. At the broken of the hollow way stands another Tell chapel, which contains a painting of the death of Gessler, and also one of Tell's death, which overtook him in the act of saving a child who had fallen into a mountain stream.

It is a fine ride on the lake steamer from Lucerne to Kussnacht, and the town itself is an old world picture. Here, too, you may dine at a wayside inn, which once entertained Goethe—who suggested to Schiller the view of Tell, which he took in his play. The "Hollow Way" is reached after half an hour's walk from Kussnacht, and five minutes further, on the little Lake of Zug, is Immensee, from which the wedding party were coming when Tell encountered just before his enemy came in sight.

THE FAMOUS MEADOW.

It is needless to say how much more the waterside chapel at Tell's Flats meant to us on our next journey to Fluelen, not to mention the Rütli—charming meadow lying in the shadow of the Uri-Rösch, where, as we now know, Tell's faithful friends, Werner Stauffacher of Schwyz, Arnold Meinhart of Uriwalden, and his father-in-law, Walter Frese, of Uri, met in 1307

and swore that they would expel their oppressors before the following New Year's day. From Fluelen, an omnibus runs to Aldorf, where the spot where the patriot drew his cross-bow and leveled it at the historic apple. The fine statue to Tell which was raised in 1902 stands on the spot where he is supposed to have stood while taking aim, while a drinking fountain marks the place just eighty paces away, where stood, undeniably little Walter Tell.

TELL'S COTTAGE GONE.

At Burglen, the traveler finds that Tell's cottage has disappeared, but a shrine—its walls covered with illustrations of the Tell legends, marks its site. Moreover, a house is quite such a place as one imagines Tell selected for his home—a clearing on the hillside, with towering, rugged mountains to the right and to the left, and a torrent raging and foaming near by.

THE "APPLE" STORY.

Countless Americans, I suppose, have visited these scenes, and all future travelers may be considered to do so. But be satisfied with Schiller and what the guide-books and the country folk tell you. Probe not into history, for there be arresting and enthusiastic damping statements. Voltaire's sneer at the apple story may not affect us much, for Voltaire disbelieved on principle, but more to be reckoned with is Freudenberger who in 1760 published a pamphlet pointing out that the story of the Aldorf feat is but the Scandinavian fable of Toke. His opinion is true, was condemned by the government of Uri and burned by the common hangman, but the doubts were not set at rest. The comparative mythology answered a learned professor of Lucerne has declared that the date of the Tell rising is inconsistent with the history of the Forest Cantons. Then, a complete record has been published of all the inhabitants of Kussnacht from 1250 to 1515. There is no mention among them, in fact, say the scoffers, there is no truth in any incident of the Tell legend!

DID HE EVER EXIST?

Did Tell ever exist? There is no trace of him in contemporary records. His name did not appear where it should have done in lists connected with the independence of the period, in the register of deaths at Kussnacht, or in the list of burials. The Tell chapels at Burglen and the Hölle-Gasse, which are described as existing since the 14th century, belong to the 16th. Moreover, a learned professor of Lucerne has declared that the date of the Tell rising is inconsistent with the history of the Forest Cantons. Then, a complete record has been published of all the inhabitants of Kussnacht from 1250 to 1515. There is no mention among them, in fact, say the scoffers, there is no truth in any incident of the Tell legend!

TELL STILL LIVES.

But the traveler who, unwitting of these iconoclasts—has thrilled in the shadows of the Hollow Way and, in imagination, seen Tell leap from the ship's deck into the waves of Uri and heard his boy in the square of Aldorf be inclined, like us, to disbelieve such traditions. For to him Tell lives, as he lived to Schiller, as he lives to his own countrymen. The Swiss indeed attribute disbelief in Tell to a conspiracy of German savants whom they declare were actuated by "jealousy, jealousy, and antipathy to liberal ideas." Perhaps they are right, at all events, here in his own country it is pleasant to believe in Tell.

HAYDEN CHURCH.

EDWARD TERRY AND THE "DRUNE"

Edward Terry, England's famous comedian now charming American audiences into laughter, is a large figure in his home borough of Barnes. He is a municipal officer, a power in the social community—and president of the local temperance league. In this last capacity he had a tilt, not long before he left home, with the town "bad boy"—an old man who promises easily, repents weepily, and seldom if ever sober.

Mr. Terry met this character just as he was coming out of a "pub," where his latest promises had been broken. He was coming out of a "pub," where his latest promises had been broken. He was coming out of a "pub," where his latest promises had been broken. He was coming out of a "pub," where his latest promises had been broken.

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HOME LIFE OF RUSSIAN WRITER.

How Henryk Sienkiewicz, Author of "Quo Vadis," Works in A Modest Flat.

HAS BEEN UNDER DETENTION

Distinguished Novelist Esteemed For Something Besides Book Writing—Name Widely Known in America.

Special Correspondence.

WARSAW, Poland, Sept. 24.—As the telegrams from Warsaw will have already informed readers, Henryk Sienkiewicz, the most famous of Polish novelists, who makes his home in this turbulent city, has recently been experiencing the displeasure of the Russian authorities. The distinguished author of "Quo Vadis," who is an ardent patriot, joined several of his fellow citizens of Warsaw in drawing up and publishing a vigorous protest against the Russification of Polish schools, and for so doing was arrested and sentenced to a fortnight's detention in the unpretentious flat which he occupies in the Hozza street, No. 22. This period has now expired, but Mr. Sienkiewicz evidently thinks it wise to court retirement for a while longer, and my hopes of a talk with him were frustrated by the receipt of a card, scarce larger than a calling card, on which was written, in the author's microscopic, cursive hand, the information that he was unwilling to say anything for publication. It is possible, however, to give some facts concerning him, which are, I think, mostly new, and are, at any rate, authentic.

HIS MODEST HOME LIFE.

Sienkiewicz's Warsaw home is of modest dimensions and rather plainly furnished. Although situated in the best part of Warsaw, Hozza is not an inviting street. One end of it rather resembles a street in the Jewish quarter of New York, badly paved with huge stones and lined with small shops of inferior appearance. Kept by slatternly women, whose children playing in the roadway, are none too clean.

Further down, however, where Sienkiewicz lives, the street is much better, and the neighborhood is a favorite one for the professional classes known in Poland and Russia also as the "intelligents." Perhaps they are right, at all events, here in his own country it is pleasant to believe in Tell.

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THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT ALDORF WHERE TELL STOOD TO TAKE AIM. The Statue is Where the Patriot Stood to Take Aim, the Drinking Fountain That—Eighty Paces Distant, Where Stood the Boy.