

Publicity That is Still Privacy—Your Friends Need Not Know That You Want Another Job If You Advertise for It Anonymously.

# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Your Profits On the Goods in Your Store That Are Sold Without Advertising Would Not Pay Your Cashier's Salary.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

## The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

### DISCOVERY OF GREAT LINGUIST.

Alfredo Trombetti Unknown Even In His Own Land Until He Wrote Prize Book.

ALL EUROPE TALKED OF HIM.

Got Possession, While Poor Boy, of German Grammar—Then He Mastered Languages Innumerable.

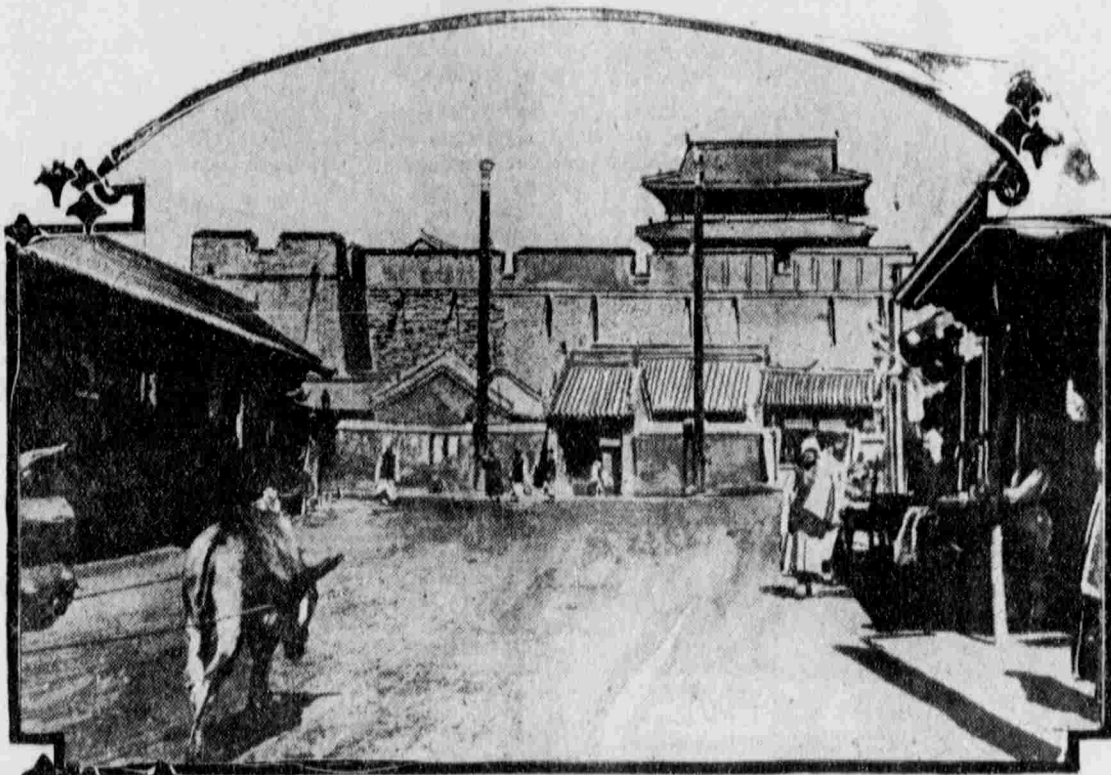
Special Correspondence. BOLOGNA, Aug. 7.—Possibly the telegraphic dispatches already have conveyed to America the tidings that a new genius has arisen in Italy in the person of Alfredo Trombetti, who, competent judges have

discernment and energy, allowed him to remain at school, however, encouraging him with his studies, but ways and means became more and more narrow, the children grew larger and hungrier, and the neighbors frankly called her a fool for having "a great boy idle at home." So she permitted her own instincts to be over-ruled and apprenticed him to a barber. Fortunately, nature in this case could not be suppressed, and the boy spent every moment which he could snatch from his razors and brushes on his books.

Up to this time he had never studied any other tongue than his own, and it was a mere accident which revealed to him his marvelous gift and caused him to make the acquisition of foreign languages his life work. He got hold of a German grammar, bought because it only cost a few cents, and "looked queer." With this he made himself master of the language as even few Germans are. It was the same thing with English and French; two more grammars fell in his way, and a few months later he had acquired both these languages.

LATIN WAS DIFFERENT. With Latin it was different. He picked up a book which he was told was Latin, and although he could make little of it, it was sufficiently like Italian to rouse his curiosity, and he gave his mother no peace until she took him to the priest to beg him to teach the lad Latin. The good man was delighted, thinking that the little Trombetti wished to become a priest, but the connection did not last long, as the pupil soon outdistanced the master, so much

### WALLS THAT SURROUND THE CITY OF MUKDEN.



CORNER OF CITY WALL, MUKDEN. PHOTOGRAPHS BY WORLD SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

The brilliant campaign of the Japanese armies under Gen. Kuroki, Oka and Nodzu, has as its objective the Russian military base of Mukden. With the arrival of the Japs at this city the Mikado's soldiers will probably adopt a defensive campaign and allow the Russians to take the offensive.

what it is not to be hard up. With a home to maintain, and a wife and six children to clothe and feed, every day was a struggle. He had to resort to great stratagems to find the money to buy books, and could afford only the cheapest editions. On one occasion he was called to a near town to superintend some examinations, for which he was allowed 50 cents for carriage hire. He walked, bought a book for which he had longed many weary months, went home and went to bed, where he stayed two weeks, having caught cold during his long walk, and paid the doctor three dollars! This was not all! The three dollars were to have bought him new shoes and a hat, so he was obliged to wear his old ones six months longer. Whenever he came home particularly shamed, and with a propitiatory gift for his wife, she always knew what it meant. "Alfredo," she would say, pointing her finger at him, "let me see it." Then from under his coat he would produce a new book, but his delight in this new treasure was so sincere and even infantile that she never scolded him, although it meant fresh economies for her in a house where all was economy.

#### AS SIMPLE AS EVER.

Although so much attention is now being paid him, Prof. Trombetti is in no wise affected by it; he is as simple as ever, and declares that he has no intention of changing his mode of life. After gaining the prize of \$2,000 from the Academy of Sciences he was received by the king. The evening before that event he was with some friends, when the conversation turned on what he would wear the next day. The professor allowed them to discuss the matter for some time and then said quietly, "But I am going as I now am." "Never," they all cried. "But I am," he insisted. "I have never had a frock-coat on in my life, why should I begin now? No, indeed! I have other uses for my money! I have seen a lovely book—etc., etc. And in fact he went to the palace in a tweed jacket and trousers, his only concession to convention being a black tie, which he wore because it was the only one he possessed.

Prof. Trombetti has announced his intention of going to America next year, to study the Indian dialects, as though he knows so much more about them than anybody else he considers that he does not yet know them profoundly enough. "I shall write my book in English," he says, "and of course I want it to be perfect."

### CRUSHED UNDER LAW'S WHEELS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE. LONDON, Aug. 3.—Sad indeed is the story of an American woman now in sore straits in London. A few years ago she was living in luxury on Massachusetts avenue in Boston, as the wife of John P. Cushing, grandson of the old merchant prince of that name, who made a big fortune in trade with China. Today she is destitute, friendless and well nigh distracted, after a prolonged search for employment in almost any capacity.

The unhappy woman's story, backed by all the necessary legal documents, is to the effect that her maiden name was Laura Wolf. At the age of 17, when she was living in Brooklyn with her mother and young sister Louise, she was married to Nat Ward, proprietor of a Brooklyn billiard hall. She left him on the ground of cruelty and obtained a divorce from him in 1881, going on the stage and winning a considerable reputation in ingenue parts. She was with the Donnelly and Girard company in "Natural Gas," when she was wooed and won by Cushing, to whom she was married in 1894. The pair spent five years of unalloyed happiness in cruising about the world in their yacht, the Corona, with all the luxuries that wealth could command; but in 1899 love's dream was rudely interrupted by Cushing's elopement with his wife's younger sister, Louise, whom she had cared for and educated, as she says. According to Mrs. Cushing's story, her husband also wheedled away from her \$10,000 which he had settled upon her.

The injured lady's suit for separation and alimony was met by an assertion that her first husband had never been served with the papers in her suit against him for divorce, that the divorce was not technically good, and that the second marriage was null and void. In the meantime, the first husband, Ward, supposing that he had been duly divorced, had married again. The case was finally decided against Mrs. Cushing in 1900, after a long, hard contest in the courts, and in consequence of the shock she was ill for the ensuing year from nervous prostration. What little money she had was

### POPULARITY FOR PRINCE OF WALES.

Heir to British Throne Takes to Horse Racing to Win Favor With Masses.

#### FEELING NOW IS INDIFFERENT.

King and Queen So Devoted to Motoring That They Are Selling Many of Their Fine Horses.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—Much surprise has been occasioned by the announcement that the Prince of Wales is going in for horse racing. He has heretofore given such little evidence of possessing "sporting blood" that it is about the last thing that was expected of him. Among his intimate friends, however, it is stated that no genuine love of the turf has impelled him to take this course, but a desire to win popularity with the masses. At present their attitude towards him is one of indifference not unmixed with contempt and is in striking contrast to the feeling entertained for his father when he occupied the position of heir to the throne. This may be in a measure due to his general aloofness from all that concerns them. Laying corner stones, opening fashionable bazars and attending at similar functions produce little effect on the crowd. Very noticeable was the cool reception accorded the Prince and Princess of Wales when they accompanied the king and queen the other day to lay the foundation stone of a city hospital. As they rode through Holborn, where men who "play the races" abound not a hat was lifted nor a cheer raised for them. It is something more than a coincidence that the prince should declare his intention of seeking a career on the turf so shortly after this incident. He is emulating his father's example, but whether he will be equally successful in making himself a favorite with the racing public remains to be seen.

#### PRINCESS DON'T LIKE IT.

The Princess of Wales is and always has been opposed to horse racing because she knew in it an element of reckless gambling. Queen Alexandra has the same feeling, but King Edward, unlike his heir, has insisted always on being master in his own household. He knew what his subjects liked, and whether he was running a horse or not he always had a "bit on" every race reckoned important in the racing calendar.

The threatened withdrawal of such men as Lord Dunsany, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. Leonard Brassey and Sir Walsley Griffith from racing would also appear to have influenced the prince. These patrons of the turf have been complaining of the king's lack of practical interest in racing matters lately. He goes to all the fashionable

meetings and keeps a few "crooks" in training, but what is wanted are his colors at classic races. He has been practising economy since he came to the throne and moreover he tells his friends plainly that his public duties make so much demand upon his time that he cannot afford to look after training stables.

#### RELEASED YOUNG AMERICAN.

Early in the season he was obliged to release "Danny" Maher from his engagement because he had not sufficient horses in training to give the young American a chance of living up to his reputation in the way of riding winners. Maher will join the stables of Marsh who will train the prince's horses when he begins his turf career.

Private reports from Newmarket and other racing quarters do not indicate much faith that the prince will follow racing with the same enthusiasm as the king did. The prince prefers the seclusion of the club for his gamble. The Duchess of Devonshire gave him some useful lessons in bridge which he has not forgotten, and John Roberts showed him how to win and lose at billiards. Whether Marsh, the Newmarket trainer, will be in his line as successful remains to be seen.

#### UNEASINESS AMONG SERVANTS.

There is much uneasiness among servants in the royal stables in consequence of the king and queen's preference for motor cars. A few weeks ago a number of stable men at Windsor were cautioned that they had better look out for another job. Their astonishment grew when the head man was ordered to take half a dozen horses and carriages to a salesman's premises in Piccadilly where they were immediately disposed of. Now the force employed at the Buckingham Palace stables is to be reduced, and at least a dozen stable men will soon have no chance of boasting the distinction of serving his majesty. The wedding out process is being felt mostly by the younger men whose services are not sufficiently long to entitle them to either a gratuity or a pension. But his majesty is generous and it is anticipated that he will give all whom he dismisses a year's wages.

#### MONEY IS SCARCE.

Not for many years have English society people complained of such scarcity of money as they do this season. The season is a brilliant one, but thousands of dollars are owing for dresses and the tradespeople cannot get a cent. There is a prominent duchess, whose credit was never in question before, but is now the subject of common talk in the West End. She owes one firm \$30,000 for dresses, but they are aware that pressure would only mean loss of clientele from many of this enterprising lady's friends and they are, therefore, obliged to lie low. She is one of the most lavish entertainers in England, and thinks nothing of spending \$50,000 on one royal party at her country residence. Her gambling propensities are well known to all the young nobility and to enterprising ladies who fancy a hand at bridge. Although her husband is the possessor of many thousands of acres and four or five of the finest residences in the country—all of them good enough for the reception of kings and oriental potentates—he is mortgaging them heavily to support the extravagances of his fair duchess. The duchess in order to satisfy her craving for gambling and entertaining has been lately disposing of her jewelry. Herds of cattle which she bred and valued highly are at the moment of writing advertised for sale.

#### A WELL DRESSED MAN.

Lord Curzon always enjoyed the reputation of being a well dressed man, but before he went to India as viceroy his wardrobe was far from being an extensive one, and his friends used to wonder how he contrived to look so sprick and spin while expending so little for clothes. Indeed it used to be a joke among his political opponents that he patronized Petticoat Lane and obtained second hand bargains there. But since his return there is no longer any excuse for that unbecomable jest. His garments are now numerous and costly. He enjoys the honor of having his clothes made by the king's own tailors, a firm so jealous of their reputation and clientele that they will make suits only for tip-top swells and men of distinction. Instead of being content with one valet, as during his busiest days in the house of commons, he is now provided with three or two whom are mostly employed in looking after his

wardrobe. Every garment had to be turned over, brushed and carefully folded every day. His gorgeous Indian uniforms receive the special attention of an old Indian servant who has been connected with his predecessors in the viceregal office for the last 50 years. It is now believed that Lord Curzon's wardrobe is nearly as extensive and expensive as that of King Edward. What ever else he may have learned in India he has certainly learned to put on style. But for the death of her father, which compelled her to cancel all her social engagements, Lady Curzon would have created a sensation at the last court presentation. For this function she had prepared a gorgeous gown made chiefly of Indian silver embroideries, wrought especially for her by natives of Delhi. Many pounds of silver thread were employed in its construction, and its weight must make it a very uncomfortable garment to wear, especially in hot weather. But a few head-hours of martyrdom would weigh as nothing in the balance compared with the joy of making other women envious. When her period of mourning is over, doubtless Lady Curzon will find an opportunity to wear it and satisfy the curiosity of society concerning it.

#### RETURNED FROM AMERICA.

Mr. and Mrs. McLure Hamilton, of Philadelphia, returned to London after their long stay in America, just in time to begin the series of parties for which they are noted during the season. The position of their London residence has much to do with the dates of these entertainments, for the Hamiltons live in a beautiful house overlooking Lord's cricket grounds, and when the fashionable society appears in the number among the Hamiltons, the Oxford and Cambridge—are on, many of the smart set stroll out of the enclosure and vend their way to the hospitable shade of the Hamiltons. Here they are assured of meeting any number of interesting folk, for, besides being popular in society the McLure Hamiltons are equally well known in all the higher walks of life. They number among their friends most of the great painters on the continent. When Carthus Durand came to England and was so fed, a brilliant dinner was given in his honor by the McLure Hamiltons. Madame Rejane, being conspicuous among the guests.

#### PAINTER OF GREAT MEN.

Mr. McLure Hamilton, who settled in London as far back as 1875, is best known as a painter of great men. One of his portraits of Gladstone is in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, another appears in the Luxembourg in Paris. They have only one son who is at the Cambridge university. He is of a scientific turn of mind and has greatly distinguished himself there. Mr. McLure's family was originally Scotch, while Mrs. McLure Hamilton is of Irish descent. They own a fine country residence—Stone Hall in Pembrokeshire, Wales—besides their delightful London home in that part of the city called St. John's Wood. The studio, which is extremely lofty, is enriched with wonderful examples of oak carving. There is a magnificent fireplace, carved in the Italian style, and a great deal more of this splendid collection of carved oak is distributed about in other parts of the house. The garden, of course, is delightful, and at the side adjoining Lord's cricket ground, has been built a gloriette like a pavilion with stained glass windows.

American tourists are among the most generous patrons of the curiosity shops, that are planted in the back street of various historic country towns, fondly imagining that in them they are apt to find far cheaper bargains than they would be able to pick up in London's antique marts. As a matter of fact, most of these places are kept up by large London firms, who, from a prolonged study of human nature, have discovered that people who are shy of buying old furniture or old silver in Bond Street or Piccadilly are eager purchasers of precisely the same objects at a rather higher price when they come across them in out of the way places in provincial towns. Let the transatlantic visitor profit by the hint.

LADY MARY.

### QUEEN WIFE OF RUSSIAN EMPEROR.



The empress is now in the summer palace, Peterhof, where she is living in seclusion. She has cancelled all social engagements and the eyes of all Russia are on her.

### TOMBOY PRINCESS; HER LOVE-MATCHES.

How Patriarchal Prince Nicholas Of Montenegro Makes Money By Hotel.

URNS POSTAL CARD TRICK.

Five of Seven Daughters Make Brilliant Matches and One of Other Two May Be Czarina of Russia.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

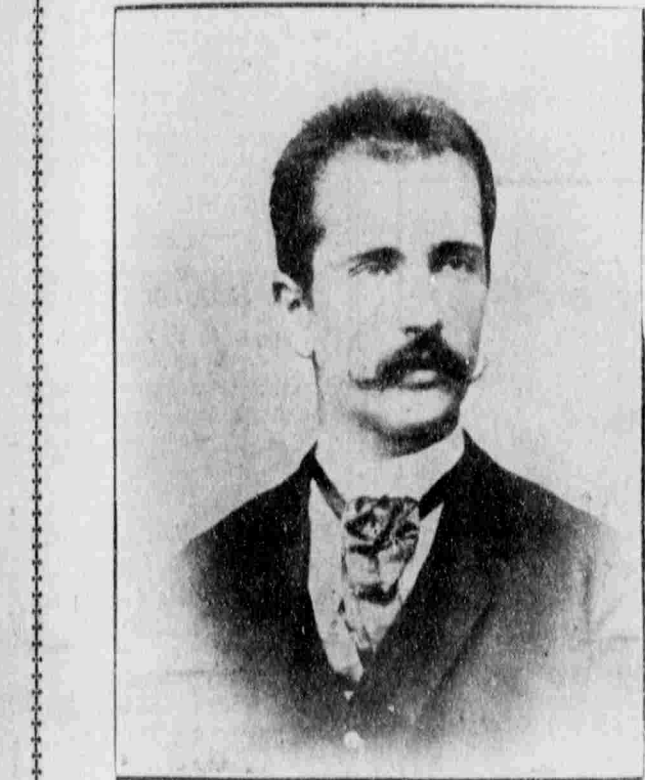
BERLIN, July 25.—"Sire, I have noticed that Montenegro has no exports," once remarked a distinguished foreign traveler to Prince Nicholas.

"Montenegro," replied the reigning monarch of Montenegro, "you forget my daughters."

The retort was justified, for queer little Montenegro has supplied two monarchs and three other important royal personages with wives. One Montenegrin princess is the present queen of Italy, and another now would be queen of Serbia but for her premature death, while three other daughters of Prince Nicholas are the Grand Duchess Miliza of Russia, the Duchess Anastasia of Leuchtenberg and Princess Anna of Battenberg.

The number of brides Montenegro has supplied to the courts of Europe is altogether disproportionate to the size and importance of the little country. Montenegro has an area of 3,500 square miles and a population of 200,000. The capital, Cetina, is a village with a population of 3,000. The princely palace, in which so many distinguished royal brides were born and brought up, is a modest structure in which a moderately successful American tradesman would never condescend to dwell. "Conditions of life in Montenegro are primitive in the extreme. The reigning prince is more of an absolute ruler than the czar of Russia. At convenient intervals he erects a tribunal under an immense tree in front of his palace, and there administers justice to his subjects in patriarchal style. The prince's income from the public exchequer does not suffice to supply his needs, and he supplements it in various ways. He lets out the royal horses on hire to drag loads from the two Montenegrin ports to the interior, is part proprietor of the Grand Hotel at Cetina, and possesses the monopoly of picture postcards in his country. The prince's partner in the ownership of the Grand Hotel, who manages that establishment, is also minister of commerce, and has a seat in the Montenegrin cabinet. The minister of foreign affairs goes about the streets of the capital in the picturesque native costume of many colors with two huge revolvers stuck into his belt, and a recent visitor to Cetina found the minister of war sweeping the floor of the arsenal in which Montenegrin artillery is stored.

There are no railways in Montenegro and the majority of the people can neither read nor write. On the other hand, although some of the features of western civilization are wanting, Montenegro is almost free from drunkenness and gambling. Prince Nicholas, in his benevolent absolutism, has decreed that any Montenegrin found drunk shall be deprived of his right of



PROFESSOR ALFREDO TROMBETTI.

declared, knows more languages than any other man in the world. Fame has come to him as suddenly as it did to Byron, for although he is a perfect encyclopedia of polyglot learning, he was unknown even in his own land until recently, when he wrote a book, entitled "Connections Between the Languages of the Old World," and sent it to the Italian Academy of Sciences to compete for the special prize offered by that body of wise men. The next day all Europe was talking of the author and lauding him to the skies. The work showed such extraordinary erudition that students were amazed at it, and Italians were rather ashamed that such a person should have lived so long in their midst without being discovered earlier. It is said that there is not a spoken language or dialect of which Trombetti has not at least the rudiments—and he has never been out of Italy and is only 38 years old.

#### A LINGUISTIC MARVEL.

Speak of Cardinal Mezzofanti! He was an idiot beside the new wonder! He spoke 50 languages, while Trombetti is said to know 400 of the native dialects of North and South America alone. Even if this is an exaggeration, he may be safely said to know vastly more about them than any other one man ever did know.

#### OF POOR PARENTS.

Trombetti was born of poor parents, in Bologna, but he was sent to school and allowed to follow his bent until the death of his father, which took place when he was about fourteen years old. Then came days of great distress, when there was often little to eat, and the little brothers and sisters cried for bread. His mother, who seems to have been a woman of



GRUBBY LITTLE HOME, WHERE TROMBETTI WAS BORN.