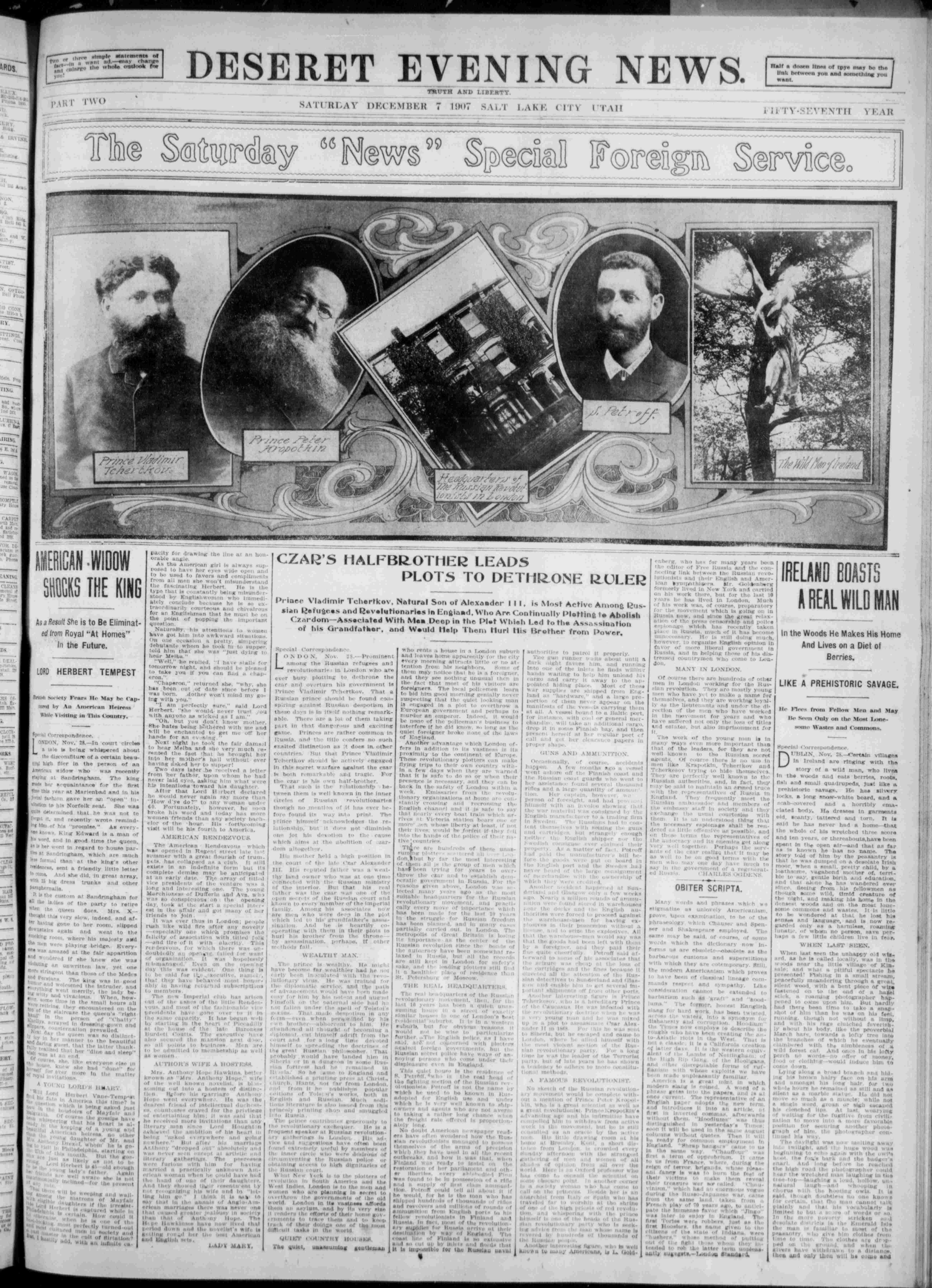




SECRET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 7 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

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

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

Prince Vladimir Tchertkov.

Prince Peter Kropotkin.

Headquarters of the Russian Revolutionists in London.

S. Petroff.

The Wild Man of Ireland.

AMERICAN WIDOW SHOCKS THE KING

As a Result She is to Be Eliminated from Royal "At Homes" in the Future.

LORD HERBERT TEMPEST

British Society Fears He May Be Captured by an American Heiress While Visiting in This Country.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—In court circles a tale is being whispered about the disappearance of a certain beautiful high flier in the person of an American widow who was recently staying at Sandringham. The king made her acquaintance for the first time this year at Marlborough and in his first formal reception gave her an "open" invitation to his Norfolk seat. She was quite determined that she was not to forget it, and recently wrote reminding him of his "promise." As everyone knows, King Edward is a man of his word, and in good time the queen, as is her wont in regard to house parties at Sandringham, which are much less formal than at the king's other residences, sent a friendly little letter to come. And she did, in great array, with 15 big dress trunks and other paraphernalia.

It is the custom at Sandringham for all the ladies of the party to retire when the queen does. Mrs. X—thought this very slow, indeed, and after having gone to her room, slipped downstairs again and went to the smoking room, where his majesty and the men were playing bridge. Everyone was amazed at the fair apparition and wondered if she knew she was violating an unwritten law, yet one more stringent than those of the Medes and Persians. The king was in good humor and welcomed the intruder and everything went merrily, the lady being very witty and vivacious. When, however, some time in the small hours all were retiring, she encountered on the top of the staircase the queen's "right hand" in the person of "Chatty" Knollys, arrayed in dressing-gown and slippers, conversation prevailed.

Next day the queen was so disinclined to her manner to the beautiful and daring guest, that the latter thought it best to "dine and sleep" at a hotel. Of course, she, like everyone else in the house, knew she had "done" for herself, never more in the matter of royal invitations.

A YOUNG LORD'S HEART

Will Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest find his fate in America this time? In the question which is being asked just now in the boulevards of Mayfair and St. James. Of course the gossip has been circulating that his heart is already in the hands of a young and beautiful American heiress, no other than the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hope, whom he is going to visit in Philadelphia, starting on his tour just as he is. But the gossip is just as likely as not to be true. Lord Herbert is 45—old enough to be the young lady's father. Again, his friends are well aware she is not of age.

And there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth if the beautiful American heiress is captured while in the hands of the king. How could it be otherwise when he is one of the most cultured men in society and she is a girl in the cult of flirtation? But, I hasten to add, with an infinite capacity for drawing the line at an honorable angle.

As the American girl is always supposed to have her eyes wide open and to be used to favors and compliments from all men she would understand the fascinating Herbert. He is the type that is constantly being misunderstood by Englishwomen who immediately conclude because he is so extraordinarily courteous and chivalrous for an Englishman that he must be on the point of popping the important question.

Naturally, his attentions to women have got him into awkward situations. On one occasion a pretty, smirking debutante whom he took in to supper, told him that she was "just dying to hear Melba."

"Well," he replied, "I have staid for tomorrow night, and should be pleased to take you if you can find a chaperon."

"Chaperon," returned she, "why, she has been out of date since before I was born. Mother won't mind my going with you."

"I am perfectly sure," said Lord Herbert, "she would never trust you with anyone as wicked as I am."

"Oh, but you don't know mother. She hates being bothered with me and will be enchanted to get me off her hands for an evening."

Next morning he took the fair damsel to hear Melba and she very much enjoyed the fact that he brought her into her mother's hall without ever having asked her to supper!

AMERICAN RENDEZVOUS

The American Rendezvous which was opened in Regent street late last summer with a great flourish of trumpets, has collapsed as a club. It still exists in an indelible form but its complete demise may be anticipated at an early date. The array of titled vice presidents of the venture was a long and interesting one. The young Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who was so conspicuous on the opening day, took at the start a special interest in the affair and got many of her friends to join.

CZAR'S HALFBROTHER LEADS PLOTS TO DETHRONE RULER

Prince Vladimir Tchertkov, Natural Son of Alexander III, is Most Active Among Russian Refugees and Revolutionaries in England, Who Are Continually Plotting to Abolish Czarism—Associated With Men Deep in the Plot Which Led to the Assassination of his Grandfather, and Would Help Them Hurl His Brother from Power.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—Prominent among the Russian refugees and revolutionaries in London who are ever busy plotting to dethrone the czar and overturn his government is Prince Vladimir Tchertkov. That a Russian prince should be found conspiring against Russian despotism in these days is in itself nothing remarkable. There are a lot of them taking part in that dangerous and exciting game. Princes are rather common in Russia, and the title confers no such exalted distinction as it does in other countries. But that Prince Vladimir Tchertkov should be actively engaged in this secret warfare against the czar is both remarkable and tragic. For the czar is his own half-brother.

That such is the relationship between them is well known in the inner circles of Russian revolutionaries though no mention of it has ever before found its way into print. The prince himself acknowledges the relationship, but it does not diminish one jot his devotion to the cause which aims at the abolition of czarism altogether.

WEALTHY MAN.

The prince is wealthy. He might have become far wealthier had he not early been in contact with the revolutionary cause. He was trained for the diplomatic service, and the path of advancement would have been made easy for him by his potent and august grandfather, the late Czar Alexander III. His reputed father was a wealthy landowner who was at one time connected with the Russian ministry of the interior. But that his real father was the czar was one of the open secrets of the Russian court and the prince himself has never denied it.

What New York is to the plotters of revolution in South America and the West Indies, London is to the men and women who are planning in secret to overthrow the governments of the old world. London is the vast arena of their activity, and by its very size it renders the efforts of their home governments to trace them and to keep track of their doings one of the most difficult tasks in the world.

who rents a house in a London suburb and leaves home apparently for the city every morning attracts little or no attention from his neighbors. Some of them may notice that he is a foreigner, and they see nothing unusual then in the fact that most of his visitors are foreigners. The local policeman learns to bid him good morning gently never suspecting that the quiet looking man is engaged in a plot to overthrow a European government and perhaps to murder an emperor. Indeed, it would be none of the policeman's business to interfere if he did know, so long as the quiet foreigner broke none of the laws of England.

Another advantage which London offers in addition to its vastness, is its proximity to the continent of Europe. These revolutionary plotters can make flying trips to their own country without in a few days when they are warned that it is safe to do so or when their presence is necessary, and they can be back in the safety of London within a week. Emigrants from the revolutionary organizations at home are constantly crossing and recrossing the English channel and it is safe to say that nearly every boat train which arrives at Victoria station bears one or more men whose liberty at least, if not their lives, would be forfeit if they fell into the hands of the police of their native countries.

The real headquarters of the Russian revolutionary movement, then, for the last 10 years has been a quiet unassuming house in a street of exactly similar houses, one of London's best residential suburbs. It is in a western suburb, but for obvious reasons it would not be wise to particularize further. The English police, as I have said, are not acquainted with plotters against foreign governments, but the Russian secret police have ways of knowing persons who come under their displeasure even in England.

This quiet house is the residence of S. Petroff, who is the real heart of the fighting section of the Russian revolutionists. Petroff is not the name by which he is known in Russia, but he is very well known to the owners and agents who are not averse to taking a rather long chance when the freight rate offered is proportionately large.

No doubt American newspaper readers have often wondered how the Russian revolutionists managed to possess themselves of the arms of precision which they have used in all the recent outbreaks, and how it was that, when Finland was ready to insist on the restoration of her parliament and other liberties, every able-bodied Finlander was found to be in possession of a rifle and a supply of first class ammunition. What New York is to the plotters of revolution in South America and the West Indies, London is to the men and women who are planning in secret to overthrow the governments of the old world. London is the vast arena of their activity, and by its very size it renders the efforts of their home governments to trace them and to keep track of their doings one of the most difficult tasks in the world.

authorities to patrol it properly. The gun runner was about until a dark night favors him, and running into one of the inlets he finds willing hands waiting to help him unload his cargo and carry it away to the appointed hiding place. Most of these war supplies are shipped from England as "hardware," and a large proportion of them never appear on the manifest of the vessel carrying them at all. A vessel bound to a Baltic port, for instance, with coal or general merchandise, will take an additional cargo, drop it in some Finnish bay, and then present herself at her regular port of call and get her clearance papers in proper shape.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION. Occasionally, of course, accidents happen. A few months ago a vessel went ashore off the Finnish coast and the Russian coast guards who went to her assistance found several thousand rifles and a large quantity of ammunition. Her captain, however, a person of foresight, and had provided himself with an invoice showing that the war material was consigned by the English manufacturer to a trading firm in Sweden. The Russians had to content themselves with seizing the guns and cartridges, but strangely enough neither the English shipper nor the Swedish consignee ever claimed their property. As a matter of fact, Petroff had paid the manufacturer's bill before the goods were put on board in the English port and the Swedish had never heard of the large consignment of merchandise with the ownership of which they were credited.

Another accident happened at Sunderland and Glasgow only a few weeks ago. Nearly a million rounds of ammunition were found stored in warehouses near the docks and the English authorities were forced to proceed against the warehousemen for having explosives in their possession without a license, and to seize the explosives. All that the warehousemen would say was that the goods had been left with them by a foreigner, and they paid their bills cheerfully. Petroff said afterward to some of his associates that the seizure was cheap at the loss of the cartridges and the fines because it directed all the attention of the Russian revolutionists to the warehousemen and enabled him to get several important shipments off from their ports.

Another interesting figure is Prince Tchertkov, who is a hereditary Prince of the Caucasus. He was infected with the revolutionary doctrine when he was a very young man and he was mixed up in a plot to assassinate Czar Alexander III in 1905. For this he was sent to Siberia, but he escaped and came to London, where he allied himself with the most violent section of the Russian revolutionary party. For a long time he was the leader of the Terrorist party, but of late years he has shown a tendency to adhere to more constitutional methods.

Chertkov, who has for many years been the editor of Free Russia and the connecting link between the Russian revolutionists and their English and American sympathizers. Mr. Chertkov formerly lived in New York and carried on his work there, but for the last 10 years he has lived in London. Much of his work was, of course, preparatory for the movement which is going on in Russia now, and since the great relaxation of the press censorship and police espionage which has recently taken place in Russia, much of it has become unnecessary. He is still doing much, however, to organize English opinion in favor of more liberal government in Russia, and in helping those of his distressed countrymen who come to London.

MANY IN LONDON.

Of course there are hundreds of other men in London working for the Russian revolution. They are mostly young men who have yet to make a name for themselves, and they are working loyally as the lieutenants and under the direction of the men who have worked in the movement for years and who have suffered not only the loss of titles and estates, but also imprisonment for it.

The work of the young men is in many ways even more important than that of the leaders, for they are not well known to the Russian secret agents. Of course there is no use in men like Kropotkin, Tchertkov and Chertkov trying to hide themselves. They are perfectly well known to the Russian authorities, and in fact, they may be said to maintain an armed truce with the representatives of Russia in England. They frequently meet the Russian ambassador and members of the embassy staff in society and they exchange the usual courtesies with them. It is an understood thing that the necessary espionage shall be rendered as little offensive as possible, and on these terms the representatives of the autocracy and its enemies get along very well together. Perhaps the servants of the czar realize that it may be as well to be on good terms with the men who may one day have much to say in the government of a regenerated Russia.

OBITER SCRIPTA.

Many words and phrases which we stigmatize as unlovely Anglicisms, prove, upon examination, to be of the phrasing which Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare employed. The same may be said, of course, of some words which the dictionary now informs us are obsolete—obsolete as the barbarous customs and superstitions with which they are cotemporary. Still, the modern Americanism which proves to have been of classical lineage commands respect and sympathy. Like consideration cannot be extended to barbarisms such as "graff" and "hoodlum." The former, honest English slang for hard work, has been twisted, across the water, into a synonym for dishonesty and corruption. "Hoodlum" the Times now employs to describe the roughs who have been creating the anti-Asian riots in the West. That is not a classic. It is a California creation of later days. It is the western equivalent of the Latin word "homo," the High Rip Gang, of the Hooligans, and other respectable forms of ruffianism whose exploits we have been made unpleasantly familiar.

America is a great mint in which modern slang is coined. A word of a few years ago, and it is at once a current. The representative of an English paper adopts the new term and introduces it into an article, and in inverted commas, afterwards distinguished in yesterday's Times, soon it will be used in the same august column without quotes. Then it will be ready for common employment in the same way. "Chaucer" was first a term of approbation. It came to us from France, where, during the reign of terror, brigands, whose pleasure it was to burn the feet of their victims to make them reveal their treasures, were called "chaucers," which had its enormous vogue during the Russo-Japanese war, came from the same land, taken from a French play of 18 years ago, to anticipate the immense vogue which "Chaucer" was later to enjoy in England. The first Tories were robbers, just as the first hoodlums, the name given to the citizens of the state of Indiana, were robbers, whose method of putting on of the fight those whom they intended to rob the latter term unpleasantly suggests.—London Standard.

IRELAND BOASTS A REAL WILD MAN

In the Woods He Makes His Home And Lives on a Diet of Berries.

LIKE A PREHISTORIC SAVAGE.

He Flees from Fellow Men and May Be Seen Only on the Most Lonesome Wastes and Commons.

IRELAND, Nov. 25.—Certain villages in Ireland are ringing with the story of a wild man, who lives in the woods and eats berries, roots, fish and small quadrupeds, just like a prehistoric savage. He has silvery locks, a long snow-white beard, and a scab-covered and a horribly emaciated body. He dresses in garments old, scanty, tattered and torn. It is said he has never had a home—that the whole of his wretched three score and ten years, or thereabouts, have been spent in the open air—and that as far as is known he has no name. The story told of him by the peasantry is that he was dumped on a desolate Irish moor, when a small, pretty child, by a loathsome, vagabond mother of, terrible to say, gentle birth and education, and that alone he has wandered ever since, fleeing from his fellowmen as though some wild, timid creature of the night, and making his home in the densest woods and on the most lonesome common and wastes. It is little to be wondered at that he lost his senses and language, and is now regarded only as a harmless, roaming idiot, of whom no person, save perhaps a few little children live in fear.

WHEN LAST SEEN.

When last seen the unhappy old wanderer, as he is called locally, was in the woods near the little village of Kinsale; and what a pitiful spectacle he presented! Fishing in a small stream, peacefully musing through a great, silent wood, with a bent piece of wire fastened to the end of a hazel stick, a roaming photographer happened to come upon him. But hardly had he taken a snapshot when the old man, with his hands clasped feverishly, ran off, though not without a limp, and with his ragged clutched feverishly about his body, like the proverbial March hare, towards a lofty tree into the branches of which he eventually clambered with the nimbleness of a wild forest cat. And once in his lofty perch he uttered no word, no offer of money, food or clothing—would induce him to come down.

Lying along a broad branch and hiding his brown hairy face on his arm and amongst his long hair, for whole hours he remained as still and as silent as a marble statue. He did not move so much as a muscle, while not a single word, groan or sigh escaped his clenched lips. At last, wearying of waiting for the fugitive from civilization to move into a more favorable position for securing another photograph of him, the photographer continued his way.

The daylight was now melting away into twilight, and the huge wood was beginning to echo again with the owl's hoot, the fox's bark and the badger's snarl. And long before he reached the high road the photographer could hear the wretched man laughing in the tree-top—laughing a loud, hollow, unnatural laugh—and whooping in chorus with the hooting owls. It is said, though doubtless no one knows for certain, that the man cannot talk plainly and that his vocabulary is limited to but a score of words or so. In the more poverty stricken and desolate districts is the Emerald Isle the man is familiar to most of the peasantry, who give him clothes from time to time, and when the givers have withdrawn to a distance, then and only then he will come and