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SECRET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY JANUARY 19 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

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

PART TWO

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

BRITISH MAYORS' QUEER "STUNTS"

Custom of Electing Town's Chief Executive in Belfry of Church Is Observed.

HIS FEAT, HOWEVER, IS EASY.

Some Other English Mayors Are "Ducked" in River and Others Made to "Dance."

LONDON, Jan. 10.—American college fraternities and other secret orders require of their initiates few more curious or exacting "stunts" than the citizens of many towns in the British Isles still exact from successful candidates for the office of mayor. The Englishman is known to stick to old ways about as tenaciously as the Old Man of the Sea stuck to his old ways. Some of the mayoral inauguration ceremonies still observed in the ancient towns may be described in American slang as "the limit." Moreover, in places where the old customs have been allowed to die a natural death, an attempt is being made to resurrect them. This is the result of many noble men and women having defeated business men in the run for office, the former having more time and regard for the preservation of the ancient ceremonies, many of which date back to the middle ages.

SHARPEST OF ALL.
The strangest of these ceremonies and customs are now observed in the so-called Cinque ports, of which Lord Curzon was once lord warden and where, at Walmer castle, the late Lady Curzon was taken with her serious illness. The oldest of the towns, a tributary of and belonging to the Cinque ports, is Brightlingsea, a little place famous for its oysters, and for having furnished skippers for several American cup challengers, the last of these having been Captain Sycamore.

Although it has a town hall, Brightlingsea's municipal election is held in the belfry of the parish church, on the first Monday in January. The church bell summons the voters, and they gather in procession at the churchyard gate. Headed by the deputy, for such is the chief magistrate called, and other officials with ancient names, they proceed to the belfry. A ship's captain carries the deputy's regalia, consisting of a tunic and a handsome chain formed of gold models of oysters, and silver models of fish.

CONFISCATION PENALTY.

The keeper of the records asks the freemen to elect a "deputy" for the Cinque ports election. Several nominations being made, the nominees have to retire while the balloting is done. None can refuse to accept any office to which he is elected on penalty of confiscation of his property. At a recent election, W. B. Wenlock was elected by a majority of one vote. He accepted the office after journeying to Sandwich, the ancient port to which he was installed. He then returned in full regalia to his own city hall where he was proclaimed deputy. A fish dinner, to which all freemen of any Cinque port were invited, wound up the day in a blaze of glory.

Among the other ceremonies which attend the election of mayors in England is a queer one at Tisbury, a famous old country town in Devonshire. There the "ducking" of the mayor is a variable part of the program. A stream of water is presented to the town by Isabella, Countess of Devon, some six centuries ago. Annually since then, according to the conditions of the inheritance, the water is treated and the high bailiff, who is master of the stream, is to be imagined that the stream is a gift of the kind countess. As the noble lady's memory is so prominently effective, and, however, little it may seem it cannot be said to be as "dry" as some of the inauguration ceremonies the newer towns put up with.

LITERALLY WEIGHED IN.

The mayors of High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire are literally weighed in the balance, and, apparently, never reason unknown in High Wycombe. It may be that in the Middle Ages, for the custom has been continued for centuries. Ponderosity was considered a qualification for office. As the ceremony is performed publicly by both Mayor and town council, the figures are carefully recorded, and the purpose may be to ascertain whether the mayor is as grown "fat" in public office as the custom would show some interesting figures if carried out in American cities.

The origin of municipal "graft" may, perhaps, be traced back to the middle ages, where for centuries past the mayor has got his coat free. He has, in fact, the privilege of levying a toll of a quarter of a ton of coal on every cargo brought into the city, and as five or six hundred tons of coal enter the city every year, he gets plenty of fuel to give to the poor. The coal-dealers fight to down this custom, but the mayor has insisted that tradition must not be sacrificed to justice.

HARBOR JURISDICTION.

The lord mayor of Cork annually claims harbor jurisdiction by throwing a handful of salt into the city officials' hats, and to a certain spot in the bay and from the bow of the boat he throws a dart as far seaward as possible. This defines the boundaries belonging to the city so far as claiming proper duties and harbor rights is concerned. As it is naturally a disputed point, the respective mayors do as possible practicing before election, each trying to out-do his predecessor.

NAMES CHURCH OFFICERS.

In Chard, Somersetshire, the municipal council nominates church officers. The mayor nominates church officers, and the church officers attend in state the services at the parish church on Easter Sunday. During the worship a loud

LIVED FOR EIGHT YEARS IN ATTIC PRISON HOUSE.

Raimondo Pace Sentenced to Ten Years Solitary Confinement for Manslaughter, Escaped From Jail, But Sought to Expiate His Crime by the Most Isolated Service in His Own Domicil—Must Begin All Over Again.

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ROME, Jan. 3.—After spending eight years in voluntary confinement, immured in a cell of his own construction, and undergoing greater hardships and privations than he would have had to endure had he submitted to the term of imprisonment imposed on him for manslaughter, an Italian who was legally an escaped convict has again fallen into the hands of the law to discover that his self-inflicted punishment counts for nothing and that he will have to serve the whole of the 10 years' sentence originally passed upon him.

Seldom do the romances of fiction yield a stranger story than that of Raimondo Pace's attempt to expiate his offense by constituting himself his own jailer, imagining that thereby he

would satisfy the requirements of the law, and that when his time was up he would be free to take his place unmolested among his fellowmen. Had he chosen, he could easily have made his way to some other country and started life afresh with small chance of ever being recaptured; but his conscience would not permit him to shirk the punishment he believed he had justly incurred.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.
Pace was 45 years old at the time he committed the deed which brought about his trial for murder. He owned a large farm at Foggia, in the south of Italy, and according to the modest Italian standard was accounted well-to-do. He lived in a comfortable house and employed several hands. He was a simple-minded, thrifty, industrious fellow, genuinely devoted and held in high esteem by all his neighbors. His besetting sin was a violent temper which he strove in vain to control. It was generally understood that it was on this account he had never married, bachelorhood being one of the penalties which he imposed upon himself because of his inability to repress his outbursts of rage.

Among the men who worked for him was Emanuel Marco, a big, burly, morose, ill-favored fellow, who took great delight in provoking his master's too easily aroused wrath. The other hands, who were devoted to Pace because of his hot temper, he was an indulgent employer, frequently warned Marco, as was brought out in the evidence at the trial, that he would go down to the bottom of the sea if he did not curb his temper. Pace would do him a serious injury.

WHY HE HATES.
"I would like to see him strike me," he was wont to reply on these occasions. "I am a match for him or any other man. Anyhow, I would like a chance to get the law on him. Then I should be even with him."
"Even with him for what?" he was once asked.
"Just because I hate him."
"But what do you hate him for?"
"Oh, just because he is and I am not."
And this unreasoning hatred it was which ultimately cost Marco his life and Pace eight years' confinement in a living tomb, which the law refuses to recognize as furnishing any ground for mitigating his sentence.

One day Marco ill-treated some of the farm stock, and when taken to task by Pace replied insolently that he knew a lot more how cattle should be dealt with than did Pace, and that if Pace wanted another lesson he would soon show him that he was the better man of the two.

In a fit of blind fury Pace seized a fence rail and struck Marco over the head with it, killing him almost instantly.

GRIEF AND REMORSE.
Pace's mad rage instantly gave way to uncontrollable grief and remorse. He asked that the police be sent for at once and that he be given up to justice. At his trial he rejected all the pleas of extenuating circumstances which his counsel advanced in his behalf. He declared that he was a murderer and besought the judge and jury to make his sentence as heavy as they could. "There is no excuse for me," he exclaimed. "I have broken God's law; I have taken a human life and Divine Justice demands that I should be punished for it."

More merciful than Pace himself, the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment.

Pace was taken to a local jail to await transportation to one of the state



Fabiano Fosco, The Faithful Servant Who Helped Conceal His Master For Eight Years.

Raimondo Pace, From A Photo Taken Just After His Escape. In A Cell In The Attic He Endured Self-Imposed Solitary Imprisonment For Eight Years.

prisons. Because he had so readily submitted himself to the disposition of the law, and had openly courted its most stringent penalty, no one dreamed that he would attempt to escape, and he was somewhat carelessly guarded. He was lodged in a cell on the ground floor with a large grated window overlooking the street. When one of the keepers unlocked the cell door the next morning Pace was missing. The loosely fitted bars over the window had been wrenched from their fastenings. A great cry and cry was raised, and the country round about was scoured, but no trace of him was found.

ELUDED DETECTION.
After a few months had gone by and he still eluded detection, it was generally concluded that he had fled to that haven of refuge for Italian malefactors, America. Popular feeling in Italy is always on the side of the man who outwits the law. Pace's neighbors conceived a greater admiration for him than they previously had felt. They rated him as an honest man, but a rather dull one. He had, they thought, proved himself really a smart fellow and a clever actor; for, of course, it was assumed that his show of grief and remorse, his refusal to admit that there were any extenuating circumstances, his calm acquiescence in the sentence imposed on him, were all put on to deceive the custodians of the law and obtain the conditions that would render his escape easy of accomplishment.

Fabiano Fosco, an old servant of Pace's, took over the farm. He dismissed all the hands and worked the place himself, living alone in the house. His disposition underwent a singular change. As Pace's employe he had been a sociable old chap, fond of a pipe, a glass and a convivial glass. But as his own master he lost all

of his geniality, spoke to no one unless necessary and lived as much as possible the life of a recluse, permitting no one to cross the threshold of the house. As the years went by it began to be rumored that old Fosco had become a miser, an opinion which gained strength from his solitary and penurious habits. The house shared in the evil reputation of its owner. The superstitious peasantry affirmed that it was haunted, and that Fosco was in league with the evil spirits to whom he had sold his soul for gold.

HEARD STRANGE GROANS.
One day a misson was engaged by Fosco to make some repairs on the roof, which leaked badly. He was not allowed to enter the house. Fosco told him that all the work he wanted done could be done from the outside. After mounting to the roof he sat down to smoke a pipe before beginning his labors and then, according to the story he told in the village afterward, he heard strange groans and weird mutterings coming from somewhere under the roof. That sufficed to confirm the previous suspicions that there were ghosts in the place.

One day, when Fosco had gone off to the village, a lad, more daring than honest, decided to take advantage of his absence to see if he could not discover where the supposed miser hid his gold. He managed to gain an entrance by forcing a window. He searched the ground floors, but could discover no signs of any place of concealment where wealth was likely to be hidden. There were no holes in the walls, no loose boards, no secret panels. He mounted to the floors above, but in the upper rooms his search was equally futile.

Above the top floor was an attic with a trap door. A ladder in a corner of the room furnished the means of obtaining access to it. It was there, perhaps, thought the predatory youth that the miser had hidden his hoard. Perhaps, too, the ghosts of whom so far he had discovered no signs, had their abiding place there. There followed a struggle between cupidity and superstitious fear, and cupidity won. The boy adjusted the ladder and stealthily mounted it. When near the top it shifted a little and in so doing made some noise. "Is that you, Fabiano?" exclaimed a voice from somewhere in the attic in weak, hollow tones.

A YELL OF TERROR.
With a yell of terror the boy dropped from the ladder to the floor, sprawling his arm; but that did not prevent him from fleeing from the house at top speed. Not for all the gold of all the misers in the world would he have attempted to enter that attic. He was certain that the words he had heard had been uttered by a ghost. And the villagers to whom he told the story of his adventure—mutterings, of course, all reference to the attic being left out of the house—declared that Fosco had a spirit in the place to guard his gold.

The story got to the ears of the police, who were somewhat less credulous. Putting this and that together they fell to speculating as to the cause of Fosco's hermit-like life, and dismissing the ghost theory came to the conclusion that he really had some gold concealed in the house and that in all probability he was harboring some lunatic for the sake of the money he got for it, for in Italy there is a strong prejudice against madhouses and people will go to any length to avoid sending their demented relations to them.

One morning after he had milked the cows, Fosco, on returning to the house, found it surrounded by carabinieri.

to reflect on the long term of imprisonment that lay before him. Like all Italians he had a great horror of its penal institutions. He had no desire to cheat the law, even if he succeeded in his own sense of justice demanded that he would serve it in his own way. He had no desire to cheat the law, even if he succeeded in his own sense of justice demanded that he would serve it in his own way. He had no desire to cheat the law, even if he succeeded in his own sense of justice demanded that he would serve it in his own way.

After escaping from the prison he made his way to the house of a friend, who concealed him until the hue and cry was over. Meanwhile he had seen the faithful Fosco, who agreed to take over the farm and keep secret his master's presence in the house. While Pace was still in hiding with his friend, Fosco, carrying out his directions, constructed in the attic a cell of the ordinary prison size, and one night, after all search for him had been abandoned, Pace returned to his house and betook himself to the cell that had been prepared for him.

From that moment until discovery by the carabinieri, he declared, he never left it, and Fosco's statement bears him out. He had no communication with anybody except Fosco, and the only food he received was a small portion of bread and water, and to that diet he rigidly adhered, despite the protests of his old servant that he was treating himself worse than he would be treated in any jail in Europe. "I have my own conscience to satisfy, as well as the law," was Pace's invariable answer to these pleadings.

Without artificial warmth, he suffered intensely from the cold of winter, and hardly less from the heat of summer, for his cell, being right under the roof, became a miniature oven under the rays of the fierce Italian sun. But he would show himself no mercy.

"I have punished myself worse than the law would have punished me," he said bitterly, when told that he would have to serve the whole of his sentence over again, and yet you tell me that it counts for nothing. It is not just, and to justice I sacrificed myself when I might easily have escaped to some other country."

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"What do you want?" he shouted. "Don't go in there, I forbid you to enter the house."
His protests only strengthened the suspicions of the minions of the law that something was wrong within. They placed a guard over Pace, and half a dozen men entered the house. When they arrived at the room under the attic the ladder was gone and the trap door in the ceiling was closed. They mounted to the roof and forcing an entrance through it confronted—Raimondo Pace!

But they did not recognize in the haggard, feeble, prematurely old man the stalwart farm-convict who had disappeared eight years before under such sensational circumstances. Pace, however, supposing they had come expressly to arrest him, exclaimed: "Well, you have got me, but I have served eight years of my sentence, anyhow."

EXTRAORDINARY STORY.
On being interrogated by the local magistrate he told an extraordinary story, which subsequent investigation fully confirmed. After he had been sentenced and lodged in jail he began

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LADY MARY AND LONDON SOCIETY

Transatlantic Belle Was His Majesty's Fellow Guest at House Party.

SHE WANTED ROYAL LINKS.

Visited King's Apartments During Dinner Hour and Actually Secured The Coveted Gems.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Jan. 10.—Everyone here is talking just now of an incident which took place when the king was staying with Lord Iveagh at Elvedon. A certain American belle, who must be nameless, made up her mind that she was going to steal the king's sleeve links for a souvenir. To us the Yankee love of mementoes of the great is inexplicable, if not actually stupid. Well, anyhow, she made her resolve and thereby hangs my tale.

The fair amateur thief said she had a headache and would not go down to dinner. After the king had dined, she waited until she thought the coast was clear, and then stole quietly into his majesty's suite. But, lo! and behold, as she was leaving with the objects of her quest, who should appear before her but the king himself, he having returned for something!

DIFFERENT VERSIONS.
There are different versions of the story. One says that in her fright the girl begged the king's clemency then and there telling him the truth, while another statement affirms that she explained she was seeking matches, there being none in her own room! At all events, the king, who like the majority of good-natured people, was thoroughly angry if he is aroused, was thoroughly annoyed. He hates practical joking and foolery, so even if the would-be thief did explain to him the real situation it is not likely she did herself any good.

HUMOR OF INCIDENT.
The humor in the incident is furnished by the fact of its being taken place at the house of Lady Iveagh, who is the most prim and proper and most exclusive hostess in England. This is why people are laughing so in their sleeve at the affair. The American who hitherto was asked about a great deal because of her vivacity, her repartees and her frocks, which will be, in the nearest future, cashed.

Lady Iveagh, who is at present a great invalid, is ignorant of what took place, having been incapacitated by illness from attending to her duties. The matter from having devolved upon her youngest daughter-in-law. Heaven and earth has been moved to prevent the matter from getting into the newspapers, and hence to the ears of the great lady of Elvedon!

MATRIMONIAL PRIZE.
You need not think, reader, that the new Lady Ellenborough has captivated a matrimonial prize. I can assure you there are few women who would care to be in her shoes as far as her present capacity is concerned. In these days the blustering, bullying tyrant has mostly disappeared, but there is always the exception which proves the rule and Lord Ellenborough is that. As he fought in the Crimean war, he can scarcely be included among the present generation. This aged veteran is nearly to seventy, and so it is to be seen he is of the back numbers. The announcement of his marriage came to most of his friends as a bolt from the blue. They never dreamed that he had found a woman to marry him, and he himself, knowing his own temperament, believed this, too. I was told today in all solemnity that more the bride herself who "popped the question."

GRACEFUL ON CRUTCHES.
"Lady Paget has actually learned the art of walking gracefully with her crutches," so said the king when he referred to her after a recent visit. If it were possible for crutches to be as graceful as Lady Paget, they would be in great demand. Lady Paget must be beautiful and even these pathetic instruments which confound the memories of so much inescapable pain, are as dainty as such things can be. Lady Paget is a lady. Can pluck go farther? This fact in itself shows up in a remarkable manner the splendid determination of this afflicted woman to make as decent as possible the very things which must ever remind her most of her calamity of nearly three years ago.

She dresses more beautifully than ever and just now is looking quite lovely, the long rest having evidently produced admirable results on her complexion and general health. Her diamonds are gorgeous and she seems to take a glory in arranging herself with them. When of an evening I see this remarkable woman, she suggests that she is fighting Fate and she is worth it. It is heroic. It is splendid.

REGARDLESS OF COST.
And furnish their new house in Berkeley Square regardless of cost. It is next to that of Lord Rosebery who used, when Alfred Harmsworth (Lord Northcliffe) owned it, to run in and out without a hat, so modestly friendly were the ex-prime minister and the journalist. Mrs. Glasgow made quite an impression on King Edward when he met her last autumn at Marlborough, and quite looks forward to seeing more of her when she takes up her stand next season as one of the great London hostesses, a position which she is, I am told, determined to achieve.

MINIATURE ZOO.
The Duchess of Roxburghe is having built a miniature zoo at Floors castle. I expect she feels she must do something to enliven the dull place. The historic seat of the Kers is the gloomiest and wildest castle in a land noted for its gloomy mansions. Floors looks more like a barracks or a prison than a country seat. But Roxburghe will live there nine months out of the 12 and the poor little duchess must do something to enliven the place with the best possible grace. American women often say she "gives in" ridiculously to Roxburghe. After all she should know best herself what to do.

In the duchess' zoo there are to be only pretty and interesting animals. Lions, tigers or snakes are to find no home therein. The aviary will be most



WEIGHING IN THE MAYOR OF HIGH WYCOMBE.