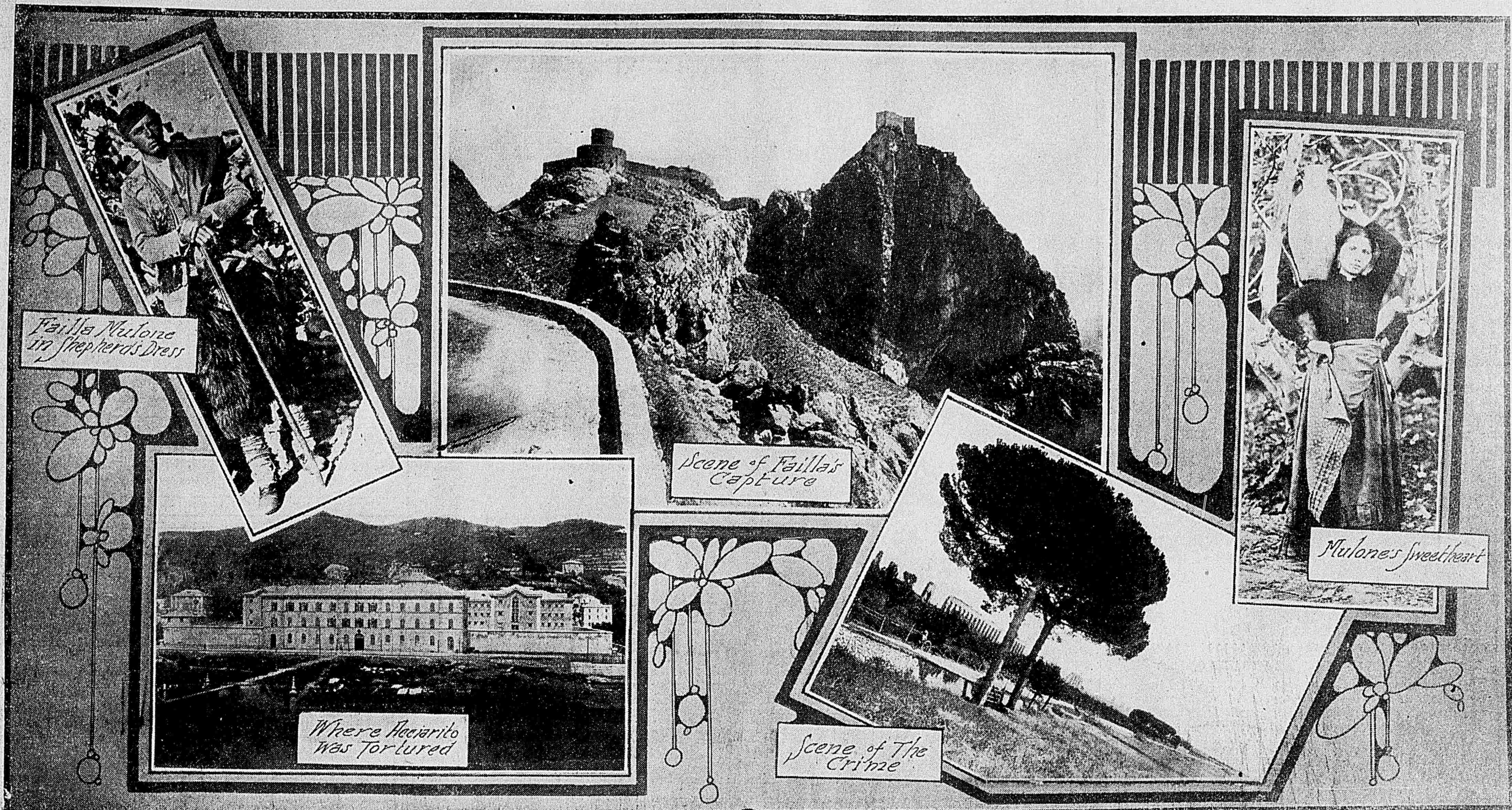


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Morton Plant's New Yacht, Is "Cock of the Walk" at Cows

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—It was Morton Plant's yacht, the most beautiful and luxurious floating palace in the world which was the observed of all observers among the yachts during the week at Cowes. The Alexandra, the king's new yacht, cut a very insignificant figure beside the gorgeous vessel on which the American entertained his friends during the week. The king and queen, the royal princes, dukes and the smaller social fry watched the movements of the Iolanda with the curiosity of an excursion crowd and from every available vantage point in the Roads, glasses were leveled at the peerless Iolanda.

MARGARETTA DISTANCED.

"Why was not the Margaretta, the Drexels' yacht, in the harbor?" everybody asked. Hitherto it has been the Margaretta which carried the day at Cowes. Was it the fact that the Iolanda would outlive her charms which kept her elsewhere? It must be admitted that the Iolanda is infinitely more beautiful, without and within of the two. In the latter the guests are conveyed from their palatial living quarters to the deck by a lift which is a miniature boudoir decorated by Roumy, a well known French artist who has also embellished the ceilings and some of the walls of the principal rooms. Plant himself is credited with considerable taste in art and with knowing more about it than the average American millionaire. He selected all the designs himself and most emphatically and much to the chagrin of the artist insisted that all figures were to be draped, a circumstance which sometimes made things extremely difficult for the painter. Marconi himself came to superintend the installation of his wireless telegraph on board at immense cost.

ACOUSTICS ARE GREAT.

The music room is exquisite. It contains instruments of every kind. There is a small gallery for a band and a stage and special care has been taken that the acoustic properties are perfect. This room is being used occasionally as a miniature theater, where from time to time performances are given.

Among Mr. Plant's guests during the great regatta was Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., who was much admired in her dapper evening costumes, which were of the simplest design and always of serge or linen.

DISGRACEFULLY DEPRESSED.

Mrs. Theodore Shonts, I hear, is most anxious to get her young widowed daughter, the Duchesse de Chaulnes, out of France with the hope of curing her of the dreadful depression which she suffered ever since the tragic death of her husband.

Mrs. Shonts is trying to acquire a London house. Directly she heard the Drexels were giving up their abode at Carlton House Terrace she forthwith communicated with Lord Caledon, the owner, with a view to acquiring it. She is well acquainted with the mansion, having frequently visited the Drexels there. It is a delightful house and in one of the most aristocratic parts of London. Public traffic enters the street, yet it is situated a minute or two from Pall Mall with Buckingham palace and Marlborough House within a stone's throw. If it is spoken truly the late autumn will find Mrs. Theodore Shonts and her two daughters in London.

THANKLESS ENTERTAINING.

There will be a succession of house parties at Balmacaan during the autumn mostly made up of immediate friends of late Mrs. Brady Martin.

As a rule to stop indiscriminate entertaining which she regards as a distinctly "thankless" performance. At Balmacaan all the men servants wear the same uniform as the Highlanders on the Duke of Fife's properties.

JEAN'S WAS EXCEPTION.

In these days the fashionable honeymoon grows shorter and shorter. The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ward's (formerly Miss Jean Reid) was, however, the exception that proves the rule, theirs having been the longest of any society pair of the last year. Buried in the wilds of Connemara they roamed about the roads talking to any stray peasant with whom they came in contact, visiting mud cabins, dropping in unexpectedly at the convent to see a lace class at work and so forth. In the mornings the bride, who had one of the most perfect trousseaux that ever left London, was usually wearing a skirt of blue or white serge, a neat shirt waist of cambric and the simplest of straw hats. They were voted on all sides the most devoted couple ever seen even in the Emerald Isle. They sought no society but their own and seemed to be absolutely engrossed in each other. Mrs. Ward's simple unaffected manners appealed to everyone with whom she came in contact. "She hasn't a bit of pride in her," was a remark often made regarding her after she had passed from class room or some small shop where she had been making purchases.

Although for the present the Wards intend only to rent Lord Dudley's London house, I hear on very good authority that Mrs. Whitely's daughter means that her daughter shall have, in time, a mansion of her own worthy of her, and that her instructions to Mrs. Ward are to look out and see what she desires in this way and it shall be hers.

The king and queen have both kept up a correspondence with the bride and bridegroom since the wedding. His majesty is said to miss greatly his equerry who has the good spirits and the energy which appeal so strongly to him in those of his immediate entourage. The king remarked during Mr. Ward's absence, "I don't know when I missed anyone as much as Johnny Ward."

MACKAYS AT BUSHONG.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackay will be at Beauchamp hall, Leamington, until the end of the month, and in the autumn. All around Leamington the Countess of Warwick used to be regarded as the queen of the county. Since the advent of the Mackays, however, she has had to look to her laurels. The chateaux of Beauchamp Hall is now greatly to the fore both as a hostess and as a Lively Bountiful. Without ever seeming to push, Mrs. Mackay dominates all sorts of popular ventures—sports, concerts, charities and what-nots. Always liberal and energetic and possessing charming manners she is naturally "run after" by people with axes to grind who, however, prove useful in their own way to anyone who has social ambition. Of late Lady Warwick is not so sweet-tempered as she used to be. The consequence is when she refuses to take part in some local venture Mrs. Mackay enters the street, yet it is situated a minute or two from Pall Mall with Buckingham palace and Marlborough House within a stone's throw. If it is spoken truly the late autumn will find Mrs. Theodore Shonts and her two daughters in London.

The Mackays were in town for part of the season and were about a good deal. They gave several little dinners at the swaggar restaurants but did not attempt anything big in the way of entertaining. LADY MARY.

CORRECT CONDUCT FOR BRIGANDS AS PRESCRIBED IN SICILY

Desperate Salomone Spoiled His Chance of Being a Hero by Shooting a Mayor in Back Instead of in Face and is Execrated—Bandits Write their Autobiographies for Italian Newspapers and Even Pay for "Reading Notices."

Special Correspondence.

NAPLES, Sept. 2.—Sicily, the home of brigandage, is in a ferment over a gross violation of the ethics of the calling. Few Sicilians blame a man for being a knight of the road—especially so long as they, personally, never are molested—but they are united in insisting that the Jesse Jameses of the land shall conduct their little affairs in a manner above-board and give every man a "fair deal." Thus, Salomone, the bandit who recently was captured, shot the mayor of Barrafranco in the back, and where he might have been a popular hero of Italy he is execrated.

Every now and then the Italian papers devote considerable space to attempts to prove that brigandage has disappeared from the country, but inevitably subsequent events give these stories the lie.

The bandit may have lost considerable of his picturesque quality, may even have lost that chivalrous valor which he always was supposed to have possessed in the good old days, but in Italy, and especially in Sicily, he has retained his courage and his power. Brigandage is a recognized profession and when the heart is willing the way to it is not an especially difficult one to traverse. A knife thrust in the back, a flight to the countryside, and presto! a hitherto estimable young man is a knight of the road and vainglorious with a price on his head and a grudge against all humanity. That is the manner in which the majority of them are made, but there are other agencies at work. Many of the innumerable bandits plying their trade in Italy today are victims of undeserved accusations, supported by false evidence impossible of refutation. Such a one was the famous Musolino, who, hunted all over the country for a crime of which he was absolutely innocent, rounded out his career with cruel and unnecessary deeds.

SHOT MAYOR IN THE BACK.

Salomone, however, was no victim of erring justice. His murder of the unfortunate mayor was his first crime, and it sent him into the hills with a crowd of enraged Sicilians at his heels because the shot was not fired when his enemy was facing him. Even his subsequent daring and courage could not compel the admiration of his fellow citizens. While not busy picking off an enemy with his carbine, holding up a prosperous merchant on the highway, or abducting a pretty girl, this scoundrel was engaged, until his arrest, in writing his most fictitious memoirs for a well known paper.

BANDITS AS CORRESPONDENTS.

This writing to the newspapers by outlaws has become a common practice; indeed, nowadays they do it so frequently as to become regular contributors. Some even pay for the insertion of their literary efforts, which cannot, however, be considered models of prose. One of the most notorious of the present-day brigands is a certain Caudino, who wrote to the Corriere dell'Isola di Palermo, saying that "it

is an impudent lie" to assert that in the territory where he operated the so-called Mastrina band, the most blood-thirsty in the history of Sicily, had reappeared. He attributed this "invention" to another ruffian, who, he said, "has stolen the courage to take the road" and tried to spoil his—Caudino's—business by frightening the people. The enterprising brigand then addressed an appeal to the farmers to induce them to affirm that he never has molested them, assuring them on his "honor as an honest man" that if they did not become dishonest traitors he always would protect them. The letter ended saying, "Tell the government to save itself the trouble of sending police and troops to the Cesare region, as I have not been there and have no intention of going." The communication was accompanied by the equivalent of a dollar to pay for the insertion.

CHEAP ADVERTISING.

Another bandit of the province of Calabria sent to the Giornale di Sicilia, with the Italian equivalent for \$2, a sensational account of how he became a brigand, promising that after the publication he would give himself up to the police—if they could catch him.

The brigands are not all from the lower ranks of life, but if a "gentleman" takes to the road there are certain rules which he is expected to observe. Baron Jacona, belonging to one of the noblest families of Sicily, but reduced to penury, went with a carter, a few years ago, to the market of Piazza Armerina, in the center of Sicily, where the latter had purchased a horse. Suddenly a nobleman attacked his companion from behind with an ax. The carter, slightly injured, took to his heels, leaving the baron to search the saddlebags, where he found and appropriated \$150. This caused a great commotion in the island, not because of the action itself, but—herein lies the oddity—because of the way in which it was done. That in Sicily, the classic land of romantic and heroic deeds, a nobleman should commit an outrage in so vulgar a manner was revolting to the feelings and a disgrace to the Sicilians' glorious ancestors in the profession. They must turn in their graves at such a travesty on their chivalrous methods. The general opinion was that Baron Jacona deserved to be hanged.

USED STRAW DUMMIES.

All Sicilians recall with pride the deeds of that hero of the island who, at the beginning of the century, had succeeded in terrorizing the whole country through making police and people believe him to be the leader of an immense band. His method was simplicity itself. His band was nothing but marionettes, which he could carry easily from place to place, as he stuffed them freshly every time he needed them. A cartage filled with people would come along a lonely road, and, turning a corner, and issuing from the midst of the figures with cocked weapons, led by a ferocious personage armed to the teeth, who, pointing significantly toward his comrades, shouted, "Yaho money or your life!" All went well for years, until one day he was surprised by a squad of mounted police,

and only had time to save his own skin. The police faced the band, while their officer cried:

"Lower arms and surrender in the name of the law!"

"Profound silence."

"If you will surrender I will intercede for you!"

"No answer."

"For a third time, lower or I fire!"

Continued silence.

"Fire!" he cried, exasperated. A volley echoed through the countryside, but when the smoke cleared away, to the consternation of the representatives of the law the enemy was found in exactly the same position. The men were on the point of flying, thinking it magic, but a second volley was fired, and the marionettes collapsed. Thus ended the famous band of that brigand, whom the Sicilians consider much more worthy of being a baron than Jacona.

EDITOR THREATENED.

A quite different figure from the last, a former shepherd, but now an anti-hero of Sicily, who killed another shepherd in a fit of jealousy. Mulone is still at large, and recently was heard of near beautiful Taormina, on the coast, where the foreigners love to congregate. Mulone is beloved of the people for his bravery, his escapes, his generous acts and undoubted courage. He also has been bitten by the publicity bee and not long ago sent a letter to a Palermo paper saying that if a correspondent who had written of the former shepherd's prowess in escaping the police, and who, he thought, had been sufficiently flattering, returned to Montedoro, he would kill him with his own hand. The journalist has not returned.

Baron Jacona, the stories told of Mulone. At one time the authorities thought to freeze him out. All his friends and relations were arrested, also every one suspected of favoring him. About the people were imprisoned and were likely to remain behind the bars until he was taken, so he left the neighborhood that they might be released.

DIME NOVEL TRICK.

One day Mulone ventured nearer than usual to the town of Montedoro and met a man who, he thought, he heard the peculiar bark of the dog trained to give the signal when the carabinieri are approaching. His situation was a difficult one. Behind him were the carabinieri, perilously near, and before him the village, full of his enemies. There was no time for hesitation. Mulone, in a dash, tore off his coat, turned it inside out, slashed his trousers with his knife until they were in rags, tied a dirty handkerchief over one eye, rubbed the other until it was inflamed, huddled himself with his dog at the side of the road, and awaited events. The carabinieri soon came into view and nearly rode over the beggar in the road. Mulone looked at them coolly and said, "A penny for a blind beggar."

"Blind," laughed one of the men; "you had enough sight to get out of our way!" Then, looking at him closely, he said, "But who are you?" Mulone, new to these parts, now I come to look at you you are not unlike Mulone, indeed—" but there he was promptly interrupted by the brigand exclaiming, "I only wish I were!" All went well for years, until one day he was surprised by a squad of mounted police,

(Continued on page fourteen.)

Prisoners Languish for Years in Italian Jails Awaiting Trials.

Special Correspondence.

ROME, Sept. 1.—Wide attention is being attracted by the trial of Commander Canavelli, Director general of the prisons of the kingdom and Commander Doria, his second in command, because of the high positions of the accused and the object lesson which it presents for those who are agitating for prompt justice. The two officials are being indicted for moral cruelties to a prisoner with the object of inducing him to betray his accomplices. The trial has already had two distinct and beneficial effects; that of further opening the eyes of Italians to the need of the reform of prison methods, and also to the scandalous delays in bringing accused persons, whether innocent or guilty, to trial.

The latter seems to be a characteristic of "justice" peculiarly Italian, as there is scarcely another country where a prisoner can languish for years in prison on mere suspicion. So universal is the custom here that I have not been able to remember a single important trial in this country where the prisoner was tried inside of two years after the crime was committed, and it is usually twice that time.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

Who has not heard of Acciarito, the would-be murderer of King Humbert? In the minds of most people he is such ancient history that he is almost forgotten, but the trial now going on has to do with his imprisonment, although his attempt on the life of King Humbert took place 10 years ago, his escaped victim has been dead eight years, and Acciarito himself is languishing in a cell where 10 years of solitary confinement has made deep inroads on his intelligence and he is little better than an idiot. It seems that Commander Doria, with the approval of Commander Canavelli and some others, finding that Acciarito refused to acknowledge that he had accomplished the deed, one of the prison guards pretend to be a prisoner, and from the cell adjoining, by means of knocks on the wall, informed Acciarito that his mistress had had a son, and that they were dying of hunger. To support this monstrous and untrue story letters were sent to him, purporting to be from the woman, with the same story. Acciarito's love for her and a possible child were the best elements in him, and in his agon at their supposed deaths he at once gave way and supplied the names of several men as his accomplices. Later, however, he retracted his confession and nothing could be proved against them.

PUBLIC AROUSED.

Public indignation was at white heat when the facts became public, and socialism and even anarchism made enormous strides. Notwithstanding this, it has taken 10 years to bring these officials to justice. After all this time the public cares little on whom the responsibility lies; what they demand is that no such thing should happen again, and that the whole prison system shall be changed. And just here lies the point of defense of those who approve a somewhat lengthy delay between the arrest of a person for a serious crime and his trial. They argue that if he is tried at once, passions are aroused, that the jurors and even the judge cannot argue serenely, and that justice is more apt to go astray.

NO BAIL EVER ALLOWED.

This keeping prisoners for years before trying them is doubly cruel in Italy for the reason that there is no

such thing as bail for criminal offenses. If they can afford it, alleviations of food and comforts are allowed from outside. If they are poor so much the worse for them. Thus an innocent man's affairs may go to absolute ruin and his wife and family be cast upon the street and public charity, yet he has no redress. This is the reason that both innocent and guilty at once take to cover on the least hint of danger. To be taken is fatal; if they can hide for a while their innocence may be proved while they are at liberty.

INNOCENT AFTER ALL.

Another ancient crime just now judged and concluded, and which illustrates this point, is that of the murder of Baron Saporiti, brother of the well known Sicilian deputy, who has been the head of so many parliamentary commissions to enquire into the Camorra and doubtful dealings in the south. Saporiti was the chief cause of bringing ex-Minister Nasi to trial, and has always believed that the latter had a moral influence in the murder of his brother. The latter was murdered seven and a half years ago, so that the accused men, now proved to be innocent, have been seven years in prison turning in that time from comparatively young men into middle-aged ones. There is no way of regaining or regaining those lost precious years.

CHANGE OF VENUE.

The now famous Filippo Ciarraelli trial exhibited Italian justice in a new light, while retaining the features of the old. While three years have passed since this Neapolitan sculptor murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy, he is yet unjustified for the prime reason that while a trial was instituted this spring it was considered that the jurors were altogether too sympathetic to the prisoner, the judge was not above suspicion, and the public not only made no secret of its opinion, but frequently took a hand in the proceedings. At last even this accommodating judge's patience found its limit, and the trial has been postponed, perhaps for years, away for months, and when it comes on again it will take place in the north at Bologna or Turin, where the prisoner is not known, and where the public does not care one way or the other. The jurors were furious at this, calling it a "miscarriage of justice." Incidentally they objected to being deprived of what was really to them a scene "as good as a play" in which they had the most satisfaction of being prominent actors. "It is useless to change," Go, where you will all over Italy, Ciarraelli will not find a jury which will not avoid him with its eyes shut," one cranky juror declared.

A characteristic case shows another phase of Italian law, in that even the confessed guilt of a prisoner does not hurry his trial. A certain Casale murdered an elderly man of good means in 1895, in Perugia, and when arrested shortly after, confessed his guilt. Notwithstanding that he has just been placed on trial. Of course in such a case the lawyers for the defense are every excuse to put off the trial. Their client is sure to be given long years in prison, but the time spent in prison before the trial is deducted from the sentence. Before Casale, however, he is allowed certain privileges, such as seeing his family and friends, reading, writing, better food and lodging, so he deserves naturally to prolong the period as long as possible.

HARDEST ON THE INNOCENT.

Casale expects to spend the next 21 years at least in prison, and now that his trial has finally come, it will prob-

(Continued on page fourteen.)