

The horse may starve, waiting for the grass to grow, and your store may lean if you wait until you are entirely ready to advertise it adequately.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

If you are building a house to sell don't wait until it is finished before advertising it. You might as well have the first cash payment in hand by the time painters and decorators are through.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

KAISER WILLIAM'S POSE AND REPOSE

Has Grown Tired of the Former And Now Likes Latter Much The Better.

HIS DEMOCRATIC EASINESS.

Sanctions the Circulation of Photographs Showing How He Takes to And Likes the Simple Life.

BERLIN, June 14.—At the conclusion of the German emperor's recent spectacular tour of the Mediterranean in his own private warship, the Hohenzollern, one of the most influential papers in the capital pub-

lished an article depicting the constant round of state journeys and festivities which occupy most of the emperor's time. The writer intimated that the pomp, luxury and extravagance associated with the emperor set a bad example to his people, and further was destructive of that Spartan simplicity of character which best fitted the ideal of a German ruler. The article was, of course, a veiled attack on the emperor himself, but so cleverly was it done that the writer could not be hauled up for "lese majeste."

ROLE OF PREACHER.

The fourth photograph differs from the other three in that it portrays the emperor in one of his favorite imperial roles—that of the inspired preacher. But perhaps equal interest attaches to it because it is the first time that he has permitted himself to be thus pictured. Of the thousand official photographs of him which have ever appeared, only three show him in this role. In the first, he is depicted holding Sunday service on board the Hohenzollern, with the emperor and one of his ladies-in-waiting sitting immediately in front of the decked-out pulpit. With the officers and crew of the yacht grouped all around. When the emperor preaches he appears in his capacity as official head of the state evangelist church which, of course, gives him the right to assume the functions of the minister whenever and as often as he likes. The Lutheran church party is said to be incensed at the circulation of this particular view, regarding it as a bit "stingy" and "spectacular." The rank and file of the religious party have never seen the emperor in this role. The emperor is a preacher, though it is admitted that he preaches quite as well as most doctors of divinity, and aside from the tendency to make a much of the fact that he preaches, he is a preacher to the powers that be, he is a pretty sound on doctrine. Ordinarily he takes a

court ceremonial is checked overboard. Instead of wearing a half-dozen uniforms, as is usual with them, he wears a suit of civilian dress. He is the life and soul of every joke and discussion and sets the pace for conversation and companionship. At meals all his guests and staff sit down with him and pretty much where they please. All formality is abandoned. There is none of the restraint that is usually imposed by the presence of royalty. The emperor makes it known that he is there for a good time and that he wants everybody to have a good time, too, after his own fashion.

A GORGEOUS SUITE.

He has a gorgeous suite of apartments on board, but he seldom occupies them. They remind him too much of the time and glitter which he is compelled to live ashore. He prefers a breezy little cabin on deck with nothing about it to suggest the exalted rank of its occupant. He is always accompanied on long voyages by his three favorite "teckels," by which name dogs of this breed are known in Germany. The emperor's "teckels" are unusually clever specimens and he has trained them himself to perform a variety of tricks. He spends hours playing and fooling with them on the Hohenzollern. It affords him relaxation after the eternal round of state

ASTOR AGAIN HIGH IN ROYAL FAVOR.

Anglicized American Millionaire One of Few Commoners Honored With Invitation.

FOR BALL OF KING'S NIECE.

Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, Receives Striking Proof of His Majesty's Devotion to Old Friends.

LONDON, June 14.—There is no doubt that William Waldorf Astor has been largely referred to in royal favor. It has been understood in court circles that such was the case, and this belief was confirmed by the millionaire's inclusion among those invited to the Kensington Palace ball in honor of the coming out of Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg, one of the king's nieces. What lent peculiar significance to the distinction thus conferred upon him was the fact that among the 600 odd guests there were less than a dozen other commoners present and it was through their titled wives that most of them got in. Everybody in America, of course, has heard how Mr. Astor, a few years ago, publicly snubbed Sir Berkeley Milne and was in turn snubbed by royalty and compelled to publish an apology to the knight in his own paper. He was kept sitting on the stool of repentance for some time after that. But the king's good nature is proverbial and even the most exalted folk find it difficult to cherish a lasting grudge against the man of many millions.

ASTOR'S FRIENDS PLEASED.

Mr. Astor's friends are gratified at the indications he gives that he has recovered from the depression of spirits from which he suffered for some time after his daughter's marriage to Captain Spender-Clay. Everybody knows that he idolized the girl and it was inevitable that he should sorely miss her from his home. But he now seems to have pulled himself together again and is bent on getting some enjoyment out of his vast wealth. For some weeks past, upholsterers and house decorators have been busy putting together his magnificent residence on the Thames, in condition for entertaining on a large scale. The reception dining and ball rooms have undergone a complete process of renovation. Mrs. Spender-Clay will be there a good deal during the season and will play the hostess to a large circle of friends. There will be frequent week-end excursions to Hever Castle, the historic building in Kent which Mr. Astor has been at great pains to restore to its original condition. On the grounds he has erected the biggest bungalow in the country expressly for the accommodation of his guests, the castle itself not being adapted to entertaining in modern style. The structure was run up in record time, the take-easy British workmen being stimulated to unusual exertions by a considerable advance over the market rate of pay.

ABOUT HIS SON.

There is much speculation as to what Mr. Astor's son is going to do next. After a promising debut at polo he seems to have definitely abandoned the game, having sold off his fine stud of ponies. Polo is a rather risky sport for the heir of so much wealth to indulge in. It has been suggested that he might take up golf at which there is no chance of getting hurt. So far he has given no indication of harboring any intention of seriously taking up any profession. But there is nothing of the kind much promise of improvement. It is true there are more court functions scheduled than for a long time past, but so far as his own diversions are concerned, society has for the most part contented itself with the usual round of small conventional affairs, such as teas, receptions, musicales, etc. There have been hardly any big entertainments outside of those at which royalty has played the host, and judging from recent indications, few such will be given.

THE KAISER AMUSING HIMSELF WITH HIS FAVORITE DACHSHUND.

The Publication of This Photograph by the Emperor's Permission Has Caused a Sensation in Germany. Never Before Has His Strenuous Majesty Allowed Himself to be Pictured in the Role of an Ordinary Mortal.

reckless spendthrift about him. He is a true Astor. No fear is felt that he will not leave behind him a bigger pile than he will inherit.

TRUE TO HIS FRIENDS.

One of King Edward's virtues is constancy to old friends, even when the old friends are getting to be old women and can no longer lay claim to the charms that attracted him when he was Prince of Wales with a keen eye for a pretty face. The night of years has caused an abatement in his genuine regard for Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, the brilliant American woman who entered the charmed circle of the British peerage nearly thirty years ago. She is no longer beautiful, of course, but she is as vivacious as ever, and has a subtle wit and can play an excellent game of bridge. There is no woman of the younger set whom his majesty would rather have for a partner at cards, or whose conversation he finds more entertaining. The dowager is none too well endowed with worldly goods, and it was doubtless this consideration which has induced the king to loan her one of the minor royal residences—the White Lodge in Richmond Park—for the next few months during the absence of Mrs. Hartington, another of the king's friends who usually resides there. The duchess will entertain a series of week-end parties there and invite the friends of the royal family, during her free vacancy.

SHARON NOT HILLIANT.

Thus far the London "season" has not been a brilliant one, nor does the out-

look. For various reasons many of the wealthiest and most exclusive of the "ton" are beginning to think themselves poor, and none can go in for economy hardly than the rich when they imagine they are hard up.

HOUSE RENTS LOW.

House agents tell me that English people who have heretofore ungenerously paid from \$5,000 to \$10,000 for a furnished house for the season decline this year to pay more than \$2,000 or \$3,000 if they take a house at all. This affords a fair indication of how society is retrenching.

Many prominent people who have been generous entertainers in former seasons have withdrawn from the giddy whirl this year. Among them are the Duke of Abercorn, whose town house Mrs. Potter Palmer was fortunate in securing; the Duchess of Bedford, the Marquis of Bath, Mrs. Wyndham and several others. Deaths in their families have caused the temporary retirement of several people who have previously contributed generously to the season's gaieties. It is not alone the period of mourning which demands seclusion. The heavy tax to be paid when deaths cause a transfer of estates may necessitate rigid economy for years to make up. The government takes its 10 per cent toll of hot years, the reality and personality that change hands in this fashion. It has been paid in cash, too. The Marquis of Bath, I am told, had to pay no less than \$1,000,000 in death duties on his inheritance. That means that he will have to spend much less than the income from his property for some years in order to catch up. Mrs. Wyn-

FAMOUS LIBRARY OF VENICE MOVED

Collection of Books Founded by Petrarch no Longer Source Of Danger.

TAKEN FROM DOGE'S PALACE.

Weight of Thousands of Volumes Imperilled the Security of the Ancient Building.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, June 14.—After a delay of many years one of the most famous libraries in the world has been removed from a situation where it was practically useless and a source of perpetual danger, to one



THE KAISER DELIVERING A SERMON ON THE HOHENZOLLERN. This is the first photograph he has permitted to be published showing him in one of his favorite imperial roles—that of the inspired preacher.

ished an article depicting the constant round of state journeys and festivities which occupy most of the emperor's time. The writer intimated that the pomp, luxury and extravagance associated with the emperor set a bad example to his people, and further was destructive of that Spartan simplicity of character which best fitted the ideal of a German ruler. The article was, of course, a veiled attack on the emperor himself, but so cleverly was it done that the writer could not be hauled up for "lese majeste."

IMPERIAL PICTURES.

It is something more than a coincidence that the attack has been followed by the circulation of four of the most intimate photographs of the emperor that have ever been permitted to reach the public. They were taken on board the Hohenzollern during the emperor's recent tour of the Mediterranean. They show him in a state of democratic repose and simplicity in which he has never before been revealed to his loyal subjects. What imparts peculiar significance to their appearance is the fact that two photographs of the emperor are ever permitted to be offered for sale in Germany without his express permission. The public was familiar enough with photographs of him showing him as a war hero, as a modern Viking, or riding various other masterful roles, and all of them calculated to impress the beholder with his immeasurable superiority to the ordinary mortal. They lent currency to the story that he wore a sword in the bath tub and had epaulettes on his night shirt.

NO POSING HERE.

In three of these interesting photographs he has permitted himself to be paraded before the public in anything but an exalted attitude. He appears as a very human sort of being. They are the emperor's answer to the accusation that he is too much addicted to the pomp and vanities of the world. One of the photographs shows the emperor who is popularly supposed to occupy himself only with big things making his favorite dog Fritz, a dachshund, sit up and "apeak" for a tit-bit held in the imperial right hand. The circulation of such a photograph as that a few years ago would have been utterly forbidden, and any photograph of the emperor who was popularly supposed to occupy himself only with big things making his favorite dog Fritz, a dachshund, sit up and "apeak" for a tit-bit held in the imperial right hand. The circulation of such a photograph as that a few years ago would have been utterly forbidden, and any photograph of the emperor who was popularly supposed to occupy himself only with big things making his favorite dog Fritz, a dachshund, sit up and "apeak" for a tit-bit held in the imperial right hand.

The other two photographs are hardly more calculated to impress one with the notion that the doctrine of the divine rights of kings, in which the emperor has often vehemently decried his superiority to ordinary mankind. One of them shows the emperor and the members of his family absorbed in contemplating "Fritz" toying with a freshly caught crab on the deck of the Hohenzollern. The other picture shows the emperor taking life easy on the after deck of the yacht. He is de-

very serious view of his functions as a ruler and has had some volleys of his sermons printed that all Germany may profit by them. But even as a preacher he has his off days, and one of the sailors was so ungrateful of the inestimable privilege conferred upon him that he fell asleep in the midst of one of the emperor's pious orations. For this heinous offense the captain sentenced him to be locked up for two days and put on short rations. "Was he on watch last night?" asked the emperor.

"He was, your majesty," replied the captain. "Then let the poor devil off. Besides it was not much of a sermon, anyhow."

A RARE OCCASION.

Probably it wasn't, but if anybody else on board had expressed that opinion of the imperial oration there would probably have been trouble. The captain concluded that it was his duty to report the rare occasion when a subject might safely venture to disagree with his sovereign. The reproduction of these photographs—the first that has been permitted to the public—shows the emperor in a state of democratic repose and simplicity in which he has never before been revealed to his loyal subjects. What imparts peculiar significance to their appearance is the fact that two photographs of the emperor are ever permitted to be offered for sale in Germany without his express permission. The public was familiar enough with photographs of him showing him as a war hero, as a modern Viking, or riding various other masterful roles, and all of them calculated to impress the beholder with his immeasurable superiority to the ordinary mortal. They lent currency to the story that he wore a sword in the bath tub and had epaulettes on his night shirt.

RULED BY ETIQUETTE.

The emperor rules Germany, but etiquette rules him. No commoner is permitted to stand in the presence of the emperor without his express permission. The emperor is a great deal to the emperor to the regulations of the artificial code to which custom compels him to yield obedience. Nearly every function that he performs is governed by the requirements of court etiquette. It is a thing which compels him to devote so much of his time to what appears more like business. It is that which makes him change his uniform anywhere from a half-dozen to a dozen times a day, and renders it necessary that he should possess more suits than the greatest dandy that ever lived. The uniform of the various foreign segments of which he is honorary colonel above all the large rooms, yet in private they are but a mere fraction of the outfit he has to keep on hand that he may appear fittingly garbed before each of his official engagements on special occasions. It would require a great deal to reconcile an average able-bodied man to an existence that is made up so largely of dressing and undressing, and it is hardly surprising that the emperor's life is not a happy one. There is nothing suggestive of a "crunch" about his life. On ordinary days he rises at half past eight and goes to bed at half past ten, and there is not two hours of his day when he is really free to do as he pleases. Most of that time he can devote to his favorite pastimes, and he has to devote to justifying the reputation for almost superhuman versatility which he has acquired to himself.

ON THE BRINY DEEP.

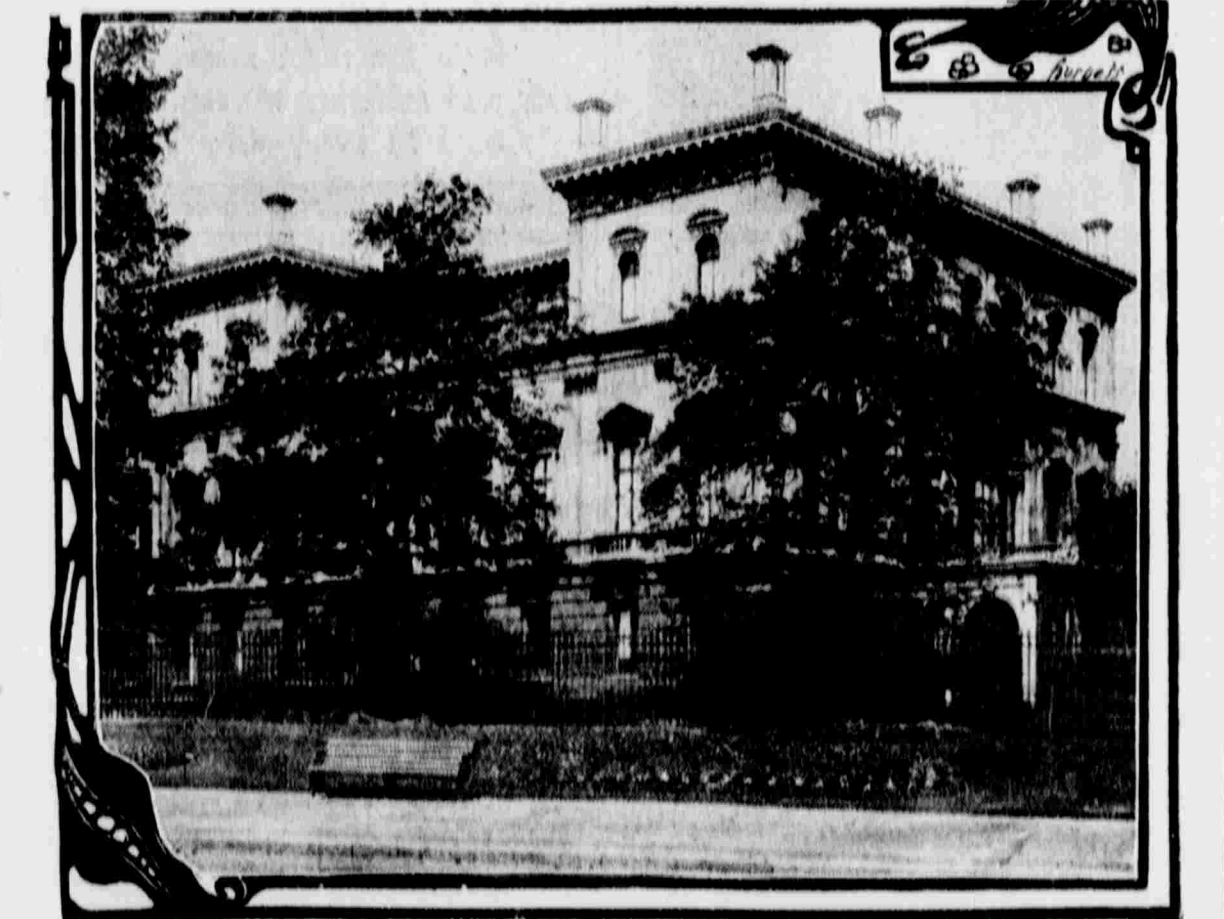
It is only when he is afraid that the emperor is really able to shake off his tyrannical rule by which he is dominated and at home. It is that which makes him enjoy so much his trips on the Hohenzollern. It is then the natural man in him has a chance to show himself and he is not at his best. As soon as deep sea soundings are reached all

functions. Nothing perhaps better illustrates the intensely human side of his nature than the picture just published showing him making Fritz "apeak."

KARL HANSEN.

IRISH COURTESY.

An Irishman has sometimes such particular regard for the feelings of a stranger, that, rather than contradict him, he will appear to acquiesce in many things that he could not be expected to believe. I read, he will appear to acquiesce. A tourist who was sailing upon Loch Erne once wished to test the alleged character of Irishmen for politeness. Now there was a regular equal on, and at a moment when the old boatman was engaged and had all his energies bent to keep the little craft before the wind, the inquisitive one, leaning over to the old boatman, shouted in his ear, "Very little wind today." "Very little indeed," was the reply, "but what there is of it, is mighty strong!"—London Magazine.



NEW VIEW OF DORCHESTER HOUSE. The new American Embassy, the London home of Whiteley Reid, rivals the Royal Palace in its magnificence. It is located in Park Lane and is particularly striking, the expanse of Hyde Park, looking fresh and green, the patterned park Park Lane brilliant with flowers and the mansion known for many years as Hertford House, was purchased by the late Mr. Holford, who built on its site the present princely residence, Mr. Reid rents the place from Capt. Holford, an equestrian waiting to King Edward.



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fair appears unusually prosperous, but it is the lesser figures in English society who are practically running the show. The death of a rich Englishman but the death dues she has had to meet by cash payments have so crippled her financially that society will see nothing of her for some years. You need not be surprised if you hear of some of us seeking other sojourn fields to conquer earlier than usual this year. London when it is dull is unbearable.

PATENT NOSTRUM CURE.

"Though sharing the traditional reluctance of our old nobility to emerge from aristocratic privacy and come before the public as the subject of a newspaper article, the Right Hon. Lady Haldon has expressly permitted the publication of a statement recently made to a representative of the press regarding her wonderful cure by a certain patent nostrum which there is no need to mention here. So begins an advertisement now appearing in a large number of journals and accompanied by a portrait of the beautiful English peeress, in which her ladyship relates 'for the benefit of all sufferers' how she was restored to health after the best professional treatment had failed to do her any good. Lady Haldon was an actress before she married Lord Haldon, a short time ago she emerged from her aristocratic privacy to appear on the variety stage. Apparently she has not met with the financial success she anticipated and is resorting to other methods of adding to her income. It is to be hoped that she is well paid for the exhibition that is now being made of her, but I very much doubt it. The market rate for puffing patent nostrums has greatly declined of late years. But since Lord Haldon shows no disposition to 'emerge from aristocratic privacy' and content herself with the exhausted exchequer by 'looking work of some sort, Lady Haldon has to do whatever she can to make both ends meet. Marrying a peeress is always all that it is cracked up to be.

TWO FAIR VIRGINIANS.

Two fair Virginians—Miss Ellis S. Haines and Miss Maud W. Brooks—created a mild sensation at Gray's Inn Gardens the other day. They told the porter they wanted to see his famous catkins. The old man said that in all the years he had been there he had never heard of such a beast being kept about the place. Then they explained to him that it was not an animal they wanted to look at but a tree that Sir Walter Raleigh had brought from Virginia a few hundred years before and which Queen Elizabeth had planted there. That was news to the porter, but as the ladies were armed with a letter from the local chamberlain he admitted them and hurried up an ancient beecher who was used to point out the tree to them. When they left, the guardian of the gardens remarked that Americans must be queer folk to come just to see an old tree that English people would never dream of looking their heads about. It is a fact that American visitors take a much deeper interest in London's historical treasures than do Londoners themselves, and are much better informed about them. LADY MARY.

LAYING IN A BIG STOCK.

Indianapolis Sentinel.—President Castro of Venezuela has asked coal mines leased a few years ago for thirty-three years to an Italian company. Mr. Castro seems to believe that while one is accumulating trouble he might as well get a plenty.

where students will be able to utilize it to the best advantage. The library in question is the historic Marciana collection at Venice, which was founded by Petrarch, and which since the time of Napoleon I has been housed in the Doge's palace. The new repository of the library, which consists of over 200,000 volumes is the Palazzo della Zecca, or Palace of the Mint, close to the Square of St. Mark.

Some time before his death in 1374, Petrarch determined to bequeath his books to Venice, "and thereby found a great and famous library, like those of olden times." The poet's wishes, however, were not respected fully, his books being dispersed and only a few coming to the city on the Adriatic. For these, however, was added in 1468 the great collection presented to the republic by Cardinal Bessarion. The library of this learned ecclesiast numbered over 1000 Greek and Latin volumes, and had been got together at a cost of over 20,000 golden ducats, or \$60,000. Thus augmented the Venetian government at once decided that the Marciana library should have a worthy home and commissioned Jacopo Sansovino to build a small palace for its reception. This was finished in 1538, and afterwards ornamented with paintings by Veronese and Tintoretto and with stucco work by Vittorini. Here the library was installed, and it increased hardly at all until the eighteenth century, when legacies from the houses of Contarini and Roccani added greatly to its volume.

MOVED BY NAPOLEON.

It is probable that Napoleon upon his arrival, would have left the Marciana unmolested if he had not coveted its home for an addition to the Royal Palace. Accordingly the 20,000 books and manuscripts, which the library then numbered, were hustled out of the palace built by Sansovino, and for want of a better place transferred to that of the Doges. After that the collection increased rapidly, and long before it reached its present size began to imperil the stability of the venerable structure to which it had been transferred. Stowed away in various parts of the building it was almost impossible, too, to keep track of the volumes, and students who wanted special works often had to wait days while they were being hunted up.

HANDLED CAREFULLY.

Librarian after librarian of the Marciana sought the Italian government to transfer the library elsewhere, but all in vain. The government collection probably would be lumbering the shelves of the palace today had not the fall of the Cambrano obliged the authorities to consider the safety of the historic structures. There was no doubt that the Marciana was a danger to the Doge's palace, so the government finally decided to remove it and to re-install it in the ancient palace of the Mint. Here the ducats of the "Serenissima" once were coined, and the cell of the chaste though empty, is still to be seen. Originally a solidly built structure the "Zecca" has been splendidly arranged as a library. The bulk of the Marciana collection is housed in two corridors, in bookcases all of iron and of the latest pattern. The task of moving the great library was carried out so carefully that not a single book or pamphlet is missing from the collection.

In Europe something like a boom in Rousseau seems on the way. At Montmorency, a statue to the philosopher