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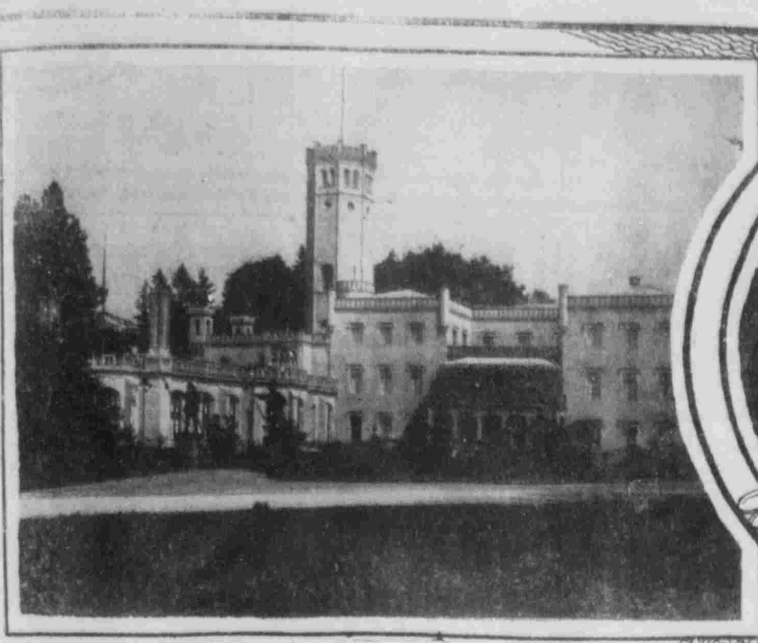
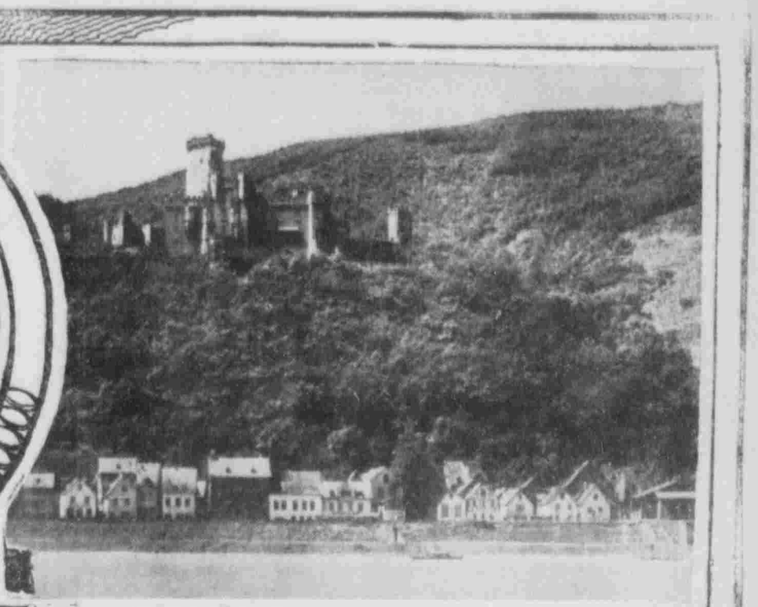
PART TWO — SATURDAY APRIL 24 1909 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH — FIFTY-EIGHTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Schloss Erdmannsdorf
Where Prince Henry Spent His Honeymoon

Joan of Arc's Birthplace



Stolzenfels
The Rhine Castle Advertised For Sale.

Popular American Hostess Faces Queer Social Problem

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 15.—Mrs. Lulu Harcourt has resumed her weekly receptions which were interrupted on one or two occasions because she contracted influenza. These are parties of a semi-political order and very catholic to which all and sundry may come. They are made up of ministers and their womenkind; labor members and their better halves, and very often the friends of the latter, altogether a fascinating and interesting medley where no one is dull. Mrs. Harcourt is one of those hospitpitable hostesses who do not put an hour of departure on her cards. The result is some people do not know when to go. At least the other afternoon there were some who apparently understood the invitation to mean a night's stay. They got fixed, some wit afterwards said, "near a glue pot."

The Harcourts were giving a dinner party that evening and a royal princess was to be among the guests. Mrs. Harcourt's frame of mind can be realized when at 7:30 some of these awful people were still sitting in her drawing-room. Like the typical husband, "Lulu" does not always show up at his wife's afternoon parties. As a matter of fact, he had spent the greater part of the time in the square playing with his two little girls, seeing the guests come and go. He went in when he thought they had all cleared, only to hear the voices of the freezers-on talking animatedly. Feeling it his duty to help Mrs. Harcourt out of the difficulty he went to the drawing-room and was button-holed. They wanted to know all about the naval vote of censure on the government. The poor hostess wandered about the room frantic, kept looking at her watch and still they would not go. At last an idea struck the butler. He though that if he sounded the gong they would think it was the announcement of dinner and leave. Not they. They still stuck. Seeing this the resourceful servant entered and said to his master, "If you please, sir, a fire has broken out upstairs and we have telephoned for an engine." Still loth to depart the undesirables suggested that they would go upstairs and see what could be done. At this junction a junior servant appeared and explained that the fire had been put out, but that Mrs. Harcourt had fainted overcome by the fright and that she wanted her husband. Then and then only the guests departed.

OVERSHADOWED BY SISTER.

Lady Lister-Kaye has been always somewhat overshadowed by Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, her more beautiful and more witty elder sister, who in spite of all newcomers remains par excellence the hostess of kings, the first favorite of society; practically the leader of British society. Nevertheless, Lady Lister-Kaye is having her innings just now and has been doing a great deal of entertaining. Her dinner for the Prince and Princess of Wales the other night was the biggest thing she has done yet. Those who understand the inner workings of society and the idiosyncrasies thereof consider that it is in many ways a greater privilege to entertain the Princess of Wales than the king or queen inasmuch as her majesty-to-be is far more exclusive than the present queen. The princess, of course, knows all the American best set in the ordinary way, but on her private visiting list there are not half-a-dozen names of Americans. Among this privileged half-dozen is the ever green Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, Lady Lister-Kaye and Lady (Arthur) Paget. She has a special regard for the two last. Lady Lister-Kaye was the only American who was asked to Marlborough House to the exclusive dinner party given by their royal highnesses this week.

People who have the privilege of inviting the princess to their houses have to be very careful of how they entertain her. She does not play bridge, though she is sometimes induced to take a hand at whist. She likes music in the old-fashioned style—a few strictly "proper" ballads sung after dinner—but no risky, dubious music-hall ditties, no bare-footed dances, no "shady" recitations. Artists who make a living by performing in the drawingroom after dinner parties have a great deal for which to be grateful to the Princess of Wales. Were it not for her their art would never be called for in these days when the ultra-smart set want something out of the common.

THE VANDERBILT PROGRAM.

Everyone is talking of the program which Alfred Vanderbilt has arranged to carry out in London during this season, the whole of which he intends to spend here. Last year it was said that royalty was rather jealous of the flutter he was causing; but that was before the divorce. Had it not been for that untoward incident he would have simply carried all before him. Britishers love a sportsman and there is no gainsaying it, Alfred is that. But at the same time people are "put off" if they know a man is divorced. This may be the veriest hypocrisy, but it is a fact. British society never forgives anyone who is found out.

His very pretty and very popular former wife will be staying with her sister, Lady Cheylesmore, for a part of the season, but there is very little danger that they will meet. She will go everywhere she pleases and be received with open arms. This is a privilege, however, which would not have been accorded Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt in the days of that good but prosaic lady, the late Queen Victoria, who would not be induced to admit to court any woman who had divorced her husband, however badly he had behaved. During her life she made but one exception to this rule; that was in the case of the Marchoness of Blandford, the mother of the present Duke of Marlborough.

Alfred Vanderbilt has taken a house up the river, near Henley—a beautiful place owned by Lord Esmont, where he will entertain sumptuously when the time comes. It is being decorated regardless of cost. The house boat he intends to have afloat will be a thing of beauty and a joy for the season. He hopes through it to revive the lost interest in house boats. A special band has been engaged for him to entertain his guests both in Piccadilly, where his flat is situated, and on the Thames. He has the same suite of rooms at the Metropole, Brighton, which he occupied last season. Owing to the visits of King Edward to Brighton the place is more popular than ever and the influx of visitors for the coming time will be, judging by the bookings, phenomenal. Already people are clamoring for tickets for the coach. Some of the philanthropic societies have suggested to the millionaire that he should accept the "fancy" prices which he might have without the slightest trouble for the drives and to hand over the same to them. But it appears that Alfred says that would not be "cricket" and has declined the hint, remarking that he would far prefer to give a check on his own than defraud the public.

ORDERS A FEW AUTOS.

A London motor firm has received instructions to send down to the place at Henley half-a-dozen of their best cars and a garage is being built in the grounds.

According to his friends, this multi-millionaire gets tired of everything except horses. Motoring has practically no interest for him and the cars he has ordered are for the accommodation of his guests. He is a host en prince, nothing being good enough for his guests. Numbers of the "sponger" order got hold of him last year and had the time of their lives. The stock that is in the background awaiting his arrival just now has increased considerably and it is said to include a good portion of the more dangerous order of the "shark" variety. Where money is concerned he has his head screwed on fairly level and loses very little to sharpers, so he may be trusted to take care of himself.

LADY MARY.

Maid of Orleans Conquers Centuries After Her Death.

Weekly Letter From the Paris Correspondent of the "News" Contains Interesting Story Of Joan D'Arc, Who Was Honored by All France Last Saturday.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, April 16.—"Joan of Arc, pray for us!"

The invocation lingers in thousands of minds in France today—France, where for a time all prayer bade fair to cease. Lingers in minds, since none has yet the right to shape the words; but a spirit going abroad and waxing ever stronger, proves how deep is the sentiment, how eager the expectation. Professor Thalamas of the Sorbonne is hissed by his students whenever he tries to speak because, forsooth, once in a lecture he assailed Joan's life and morals; the windows of a boulevard tailor have been smashed because he dared to exhibit a caricature of the Pucelle as an advertisement; two Englishmen were mobbed recently in Rouen for getting up a hoax that they were cousins of Joan's and came to search her dungeon for precious papers concealed in the walls. These events and many more of the same nature may be taken as isolated incidents bereft of real significance; but what cannot be minimized is the importance of the mass meetings organized all over France for April 18, the day fixed for the beatification of the Maid of Orleans, and such a tide of popular enthusiasm has made itself felt in advance that the French government, which has done its utmost to stamp out religion and which sees that it has failed, experiences serious qualms for the maintenance of order, and there is talk of calling out the troops to prevent demonstrations in favor of Joan and Christianity.

THE BIRTH OF JOAN.

Legend relates that a wonderful and inexplicable sense of peace overwhelmed every peasant in the village of Domremy on the feast of the Epiphany, Jan. 6, 1412, when a baby, no more interesting in appearance than any other, was born in the cottage of worthy Jacques d'Arc. It remains to be seen what modern form of miracle the twentieth century will bring, when poor little Joan receives her belated reward for the priceless services which her own generation repaid to her in the coin of suspicion, betrayal, persecution and final martyrdom.

Doubtless these public meetings on the soil which owed its liberty to her firm faith and her white banner, mean all the more to France since for a while at least her worship must remain strictly national. For, although the word canonization has been mentioned in connection with the ceremony impending in Rome, it is really the preliminary stage of beatification which is to be gone through, establishing the quality of beatus, or blessed, and allowing invocation in specially authorized localities, but not conferring the title of saint in the world at large as in the process of canonization, which will follow in due course.

HAS PASSED ALL TRIALS.

Joan's cause has passed through the various steps required for beatification, and only the impressive ceremony of solemnization at the Vatican is needed to crown the honor of which she has been declared worthy in every respect. The searchlight of historical investigation, of minute examination, of impartial judgment, has been turned upon every act or work of outward sign in her private life and public career; and not the least interesting part of the trial, which in its religious aspect might be considered to affect Roman Catholics alone, is the new evidence produced about her, the fresh deductions drawn from certain of her actions, increasing her human importance. She had to be judged as woman and as warrior before being passed upon as spirit and as saint, and all who take an interest, however profane, in one of the most wonderful epics in the history of civilization should be grateful to the Roman See for the historical work done in claiming for Joan her rightful rank.

The facts of her life as definitely established will be set forth in the papal brief, still unwritten, which will be read at St. Peter's on April 18, and will be made known in still greater richness of detail at the ceremony of canonization, which is expected in time for the 500th anniversary of her birth, the Feast of the Epiphany, Jan. 6, 1912, but already a very noteworthy one may be singled out.

It was known that when Joan first went to Charles VII at Chinon, he hesitated about intrusting his fate to her hands, though she had revealed to him the secret which caused his vacillation and which he never had whispered to any mortal; that, being the son of the notorious Isabeau de Baviere, he was not sure that he was the son of Charles VI of France, and so did not see why he should struggle against overwhelming odds for a throne which might not be his by right. Joan told him of his misgivings, in order to reassure him that he was the rightful and only king of France; but while this convinced him of her supernatural gifts, Charles VII still could not accept her as captain of his forces, and so he ordered an ecclesiastical trial to be held in Poitiers, to decide if her mission were divine, as she pretended. Now, although the fact is chronicled and certain papers exist, its crucial importance has been strangely neglected by historians and commentators, who prefer to treat at length of the final irregular trial ordered in Rouen by Warwick and the Duke of Bedford. And yet the first trial, the only regularly constituted one before which she was called, was as triumphant a justification of her as the last and much-advertised one, in its shameful condemnation, was a travesty of truth and justice based on deception and perjury.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Of course, what was used most against Joan in the Rouen trial which led to her martyrdom was her claim to be divinely counseled by her "voices;" her pretention that her male attire was commanded by God as protection in camp life, and that she must neither let her hair grow nor put on skirts until directly ordered by her "voices" to do so; and the judges in the ecclesiastical court summoned by Bedford to try her, having declared all this false, she was pronounced rebellious against the church and a blasphemer and given over to the civil authorities to be put to death. Irregularities in this trial were only too evident at her own period, and became more and more conspicuous afterward. It was known that Bishop Cauchon, chosen by the English to conduct the trial, had been driven out of his French see of Veauvais before selling himself to the invaders, and so had no right to preside over an ecclesiastichl trial about which Rome never was consulted even; it was known that the priests drawn round Cauchon were all either black sheep like himself or else were coerced into compliance, and one-third of the entire number withdrew after the first sitting, in spite of threats, because they saw the manifest injustice with which the proceedings were directed; it was known that the full act of accusation was never read to Joan; that, when the time came for her adjuration to be extorted, one document was read aloud to her, since she could not read, and another far graver one was submitted for her signature, so that whereas she thought she was merely submitting to the supreme authority of the church which she combated only in Cauchon's infamous person, she in reality was signing away the principles for which she had lived and for which she was to die six days later; and it was known that the approval of the University of Paris was given on the supposition that the facts against her submitted to them were correct, whereas they were not established at all, and consequently this approval itself, though given in good faith, was based on treachery and so was irregular.

PROOF IN DOCUMENTS.

Thus all the isolated points drawn up against her to lose her and that she meant for France vanished little by little until history no longer took them seriously. Yet the great fact remained that she who had acted in God's name had been condemned and burned by ecclesiastics called together in God's name to judge her.

But this version, which cast unflattering reflections on the Roman church for first condemning her and then sanctifying her some centuries later when the blunder was recognized, has been demolished by the documents brought forward relative to the original examination of Joan by the regularly constituted ecclesiastical tribunal called together at Poitiers.

Presided over by Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims, and composed of the leading professors of the university and of parliament, this tribunal met March 28, 1429, and continued to sit for six weeks. Joan disputed so wisely before the learned doctors that they were amazed, and while they questioned her inspiration at the outset, they vainly strove to embarrass her or to produce proofs against her. She baffled them so completely in every argument, her prophecies were so remarkable, her sincere conviction so absolute, that the ecclesiastical court finally sent to the king the verdict which caused Charles to accept her mission and intrust to her the relief party by which she was to save Orleans miraculously in the face of overwhelming odds. Only the conclusions of the verdict are extant, the details of the trial having been lost; but these conclusions are detailed enough to establish that the only regularly constituted ecclesiastical tribunal called to judge Joan approved her unreservedly and declared among other things:

FOUND IN HER NO EVIL.

"That for six weeks the maid had been examined in public and in private by wise men, priests, captains, nobles and prudent ladies; that she had received many people of all conditions who found in her no evil, but, on the contrary, kindness, virginity, devotion, honesty and simplicity; that marvelous things were related of her birth and life, that when asked for a miracle in proof of her divine gifts she has offered to deliver Orleans in accordance with God's wish, and that she must be led with soldiers before Orleans, since to lack faith in her or to abandon her would be to resist the Holy Ghost and become unworthy of favors from heaven."

These parchments exist with the others relating to her cause, and this vital evidence has been left aside or minimized while the other evidence of the court organized by enemies who had bought her for $2,000 and had found renegade priests to condemn her, has been emphasized so as to eclipse everything else. Doubtless English chroniclers of the period sought to justify Henry IV, for burning her, and French chroniclers sought to justify Charles VII for abandoning her to her fate; and so the first step was taken in weakening the historical link; since then, some writers who did not happen to approve of Roman methods have helped on the work of obscurity, while others have sinned from ignorance. But the twentieth century, enlightened by science and by thought, can be broad-minded enough to do justice not only to Joan, but to her judges, too, quite irrespective of national or religious prejudices.

TRIAL BEGAN IN 1894.

Joan of Arc's process or trial of beatification began officially in 1894 when Monseigneur Touchet, bishop of Orleans, acting as postulator since he was bishop of her diocese, referred to the congregation of rites in Rome the documents he had brought together in a preliminary inquiry opened by him to establish Joan's worthiness to be ranked as a saint. He had gathered from the best available sources all details of Joan's life, works, virtues and reputation for saintliness during life after death, and these were sent in with a report from him urging that her cause offered all the necessary guarantees for beatification.

In ancient times public opinion would have sufficed to make a saint of Joan, provided the vatican had sanctioned the worship; but in 1634 Pope Urban VIII established a new and elaborate system now in vogue, and requiring minute investigation and wise demand of the postulator, representing public opinion in a Christian community, recalls the old method of popular canonizations; but, in addition, evidence is required by close examination of life and thoughts, and divine approval is awaited by means of miracles operated in the name of the proposed saint.

LIKE TRIAL AT LAW.

The process is a trial like one before an ordinary court of justice, since sentence cannot be passed until evidence has been produced and witnesses heard; counsel must speak for and against the cause, the reliability of verbal and written evidence must be examined, and only then can the judge decide, not according to the actual facts brought to light and sustained in the face of con-

German People Aroused At Kaiser's Extravagance

Special Correspondence.

BERLIN, April 13.—Emperor William, like Theodore Roosevelt, never appears happy unless he is in hot water. Just at present the German ruler is being severely condemned in many quarters for his action in placing five of his 49 castles on the market. There is undoubtedly need for economy among both high and low in this country, but it is pretty generally agreed that the kaiser has taken a poor and ill-advised means to that end.

The manner in which the German public have received this latest effort of their ruler to live within his enormous income of $2,800,000 a year is aptly hit off by a cartoon which appeared in one of the humorous papers here on the occasion of King Edward's recent visit. The two monarchs are shown seated in a taxi-cab which has stopped in front of a hotel on the Unter den Linden. The following conversation is supposed to take place:

Edward—"This is where I leave you."

William—"Why, no, the castle is farther down."

Edward—"Oh, I thought you had become so economical that you had sold that, too."

To make matters worse for the kaiser, the people are firmly convinced that his shortage of money is due entirely to his well-known extravagance and inborn love of display. The castles which have been chosen for sale possess undoubteded claims to preservation on historical and sentimental grounds and it is felt that economy, if it is necessary, should have been made in other directions less calculated to wound public feelings.

The reasons given for the step taken by the kaiser are that the castles in question are old, uninhabitable, absolutely unfit for court purposes, and not easily accessible. They are situated in western Germany, in the beautiful, fertile Rhine country—so rich in legend, history and art. The people of this province are excessively proud of their historic past, and extremely anxious to preserve the invaluable treasures left to them commemorating the glorious deeds of their forefathers.

MANY CASTLES OFFERED.

The castles offered to the public are Schloss Benrath near Dusseldorf and the Jagerhof with its park in the heart of the same city; Schloss Stolzenfels, one of the finest Rhine castles—remembered by every traveler who has taken the journey by boat from Mayence to Cologne; Schloss Erdannsdorf in the Reisengebirge and Schloss Bruhl in the lower Rhine district; Schloss Zelle near Hanover, and the more modest little Schloss in Freienwalde near Berlin.

Strange to say, Germany has no adequate laws which insure the preservation of historic buildings in their original form, and the sight of many ruins that have been restored to death fills all lovers of romantic art with fear and trembling at the thought of what might become of these irreplacable buildings when they pass into the hands of persons who happen to have enough cash to pay for them.

Since the official confirmation of the proposed sales, the society for the preservation of historic sites in the Rhineland have held many indignation meetings, and by their protestations have succeeded in modifying the conditions of the transaction so that the people will not be the chief losers.

Schloss Benrath is the most important example of the Louis XVI style of architecture in all western Germany. It was built in 1756 as a summer residence for the Elector Palatine Charles Theodore whose official seat was in Dusseldorf. For 40 years it has been unused, the last royal occupant having been William I who made his headquarters there during an army maneuver.

If this masterpiece of the art of Mikolas de Pigage, who also built the palace in Mannheim and the park of Schwetzingen, should lose the protection of the crown, the new owner would have to take many liberties with the interior in order to make it habitable, which would doubtless also mar the perfect proportions of its outer appearance. As Benrath was built as a summer villa, it is constructed of the lightest material, and living there would be out of the question at any other but the warmest period of the year. Besides, it is lacking in the most ordinary comforts, and the introduction of heating, lighting and sanitary arrangements would interfere with that remarkable grouping of rooms around the courts, which skilful use of space is the delight of everyone who visits Benrath. Even the placing of the chimneys which an up-to-date kitchen for a house of this size requires, presents a problem which no architect would welcome, unless he is insensitive to a painful anachronism.

The sum demanded for this chateau with its park is about $1,500,000 and the buyer must be prepared to add another $200,000 for improvements if he intends to use his acquisition for anything but a museum.

DUSSELDORF AROUSED.

A more violent storm of protest even, was aroused among the citizens of Dusseldorf at the news that the famous Jagerhof, the one time town residence of the elector who built Benrath, was to be torn down, and the beautiful gardens to be sold as building lots. The emperor considers the maintaining of this unused residence an unnecessary expense and is anxious to part with it for $800,000. It was held that the innumerable corridorless rooms are no longer adapted to court purposes, and plans were published for the razing of both wings of the chateau as well as the famous mews with their charmingly carved wooden gables and gateways. But Dusseldorf owes its reputation for being one of the garden cities of the Rhine largely to the beautiful Hofgarten, whose gracefully winding walks and broad driveways flanked by ancient trees lead to the Jagerhof. For this reason, everything is being done to preserve one of the few remaining reminders of the golden days of the little town.

Without waiting for a possible buyer, the city has, according to latest reports, relieved the emperor of his burden, paying $220,000, a little more than one-fourth of the price originally named.

During the sixties and seventies of the last century the Jagerhof was the court of Furst von Hohenzollern, and 10 years later the sons of the king of Roumania made it their residence while pursuing their studies in that city. The fact that it has been so recently used proves that the old Jagerhof might still have been a comfortable home for a younger prince of the house of Hohenzollern.

The third and most famous of these French rococo chateaus, which came into the possession of the Prussian crown when the Rhenish province ceased to be French, is Schloss Bruhl, which lies half way between Cologne and Bonn. Built originally in the early part of the eighteenth century for the Elector Clement Augustus, it has frequently been added to and elaborated. The most recent restorations were made in 1876, when Emperor William I invested a considerable sum for its preservation. However, the Schlass has not been used as a residence since that year. The beautiful staircase, one of the finest of its kind in existence, is elaborated with stucco sculptures and paintings by Stuber, while the mural decorations in the salle des gardes and dining hall celebrate earthly joys in the impetuous art of the day.

ATTRACTIVE TO VISITORS.

The palace, which attracts many visitors, contains also an invaluable collection of furniture richly carved in fantastic curves, portraits of lords and ladies, powdered and lewigged, or as shepherds and shepherdesses in the idyllic surroundings Watteau delighted in. The gardens, which are as necessary to complete the beauty of Schloss Bruehl as a setting is to a jewel, are planned with all the graceful artificiality of French gardens, with tiny mirrored lakes, marble fountains, boxwood hedges and shady grottoes that recall Versailles and Sans Souci.

One of the most imposing and romantic castles overlooking the Rhine where the Lahn joins it, is Stolzenfels, the pride of the entire region. During the days when the idea of a united Germany was rapidly spreading, in the first half of the nineteenth century, the people of this province bought the ruin of the ancient fortress and presented it to Frederick William IV, then crown prince of Prussia, in recognition of the interest he had already shown in their land, and as an expression of their confidence in him as a future ruler. True romanticist that he was, he caused to rise from the ruins, according to the plans of Schinkel, Stolzenfels as it stands today, the flower of romantic architecture.

REMARKABLE DECORATIONS.

The interior is fitted with all the