

Advertisers Appreciate the Fact That The De-cret News Reaches the People in Their Homes.

# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Are You Progressing or Just "Keeping Shop?" In Other Words: Are You Advertising or Not?

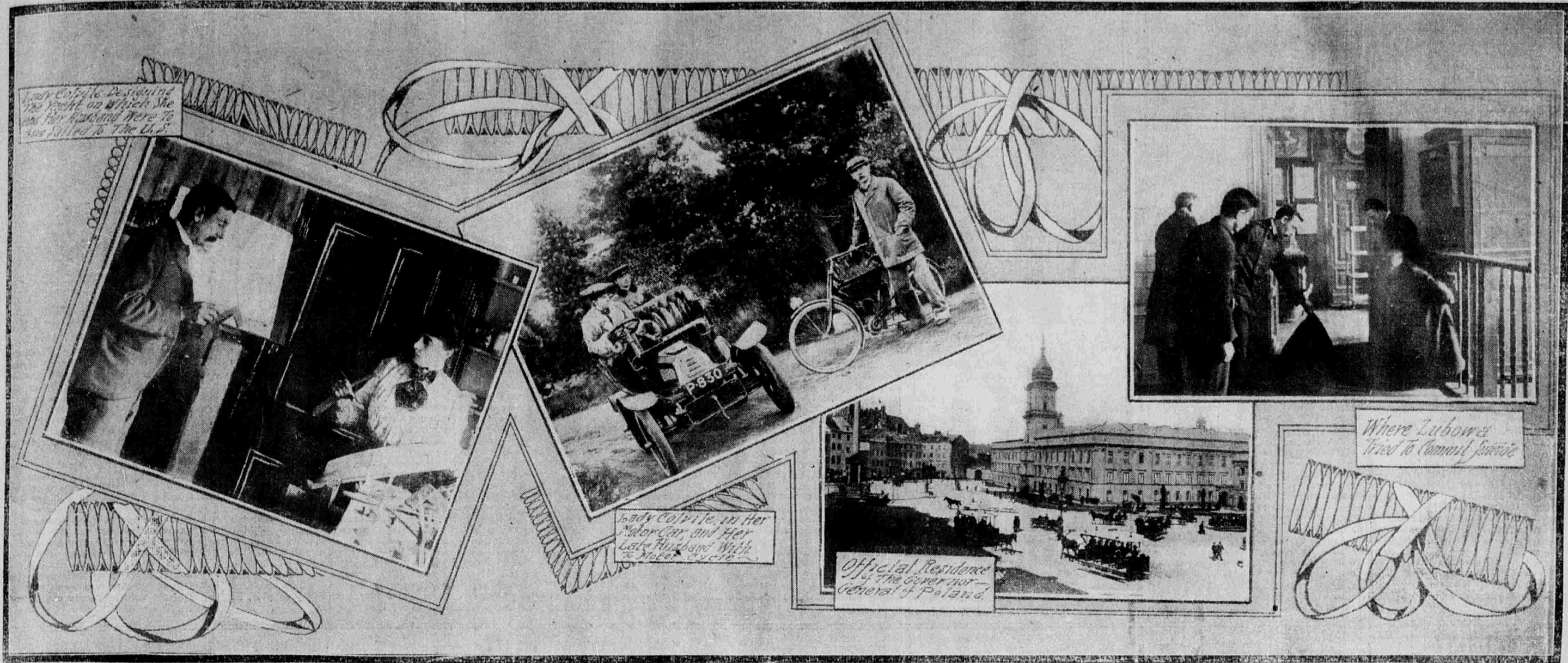
TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY JANUARY 4 1908 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

PART TWO

## The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



### BUSIEST WOMAN POSTPONES TRIP

Death of Sir Henry Colville Sends Lady Into Retirement Temporarily.

INTENDED DOING AMERICA.

May Come Soon and When She Does Salt Lake is to See Most Interesting Person.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Dec. 27.—When a fatal collision occurred near Aldershot recently between two major generals of the British army, one on an automobile, the other on a motor cycle, the accident not only wiped out a valuable life but shattered the plans for a visit to America which had been made by "the busiest woman in Europe." She is Lady Colville, and the man killed, as readers have learned from the cable despatches, was Gen. Sir Henry Colville, K. C. B., her husband.

PLANNED AMERICAN TOUR.

The Colvilles had planned an extensive tour of the United States. They were accompanied by the most traveled couple in Britain, yet they never had visited the American continent. Both were "keen" to do so, however, and their extensive itinerary included stops in New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Washington, Denver, Salt Lake, New Orleans, San Francisco, and most of the big American cities.

The trip was to be begun in a yacht—one especially designed by Lady Colville, and built under her personal supervision. This yacht was finished quite recently. The start was to have been made in January, and the trip was to have included the Gulf and part of the South American coast, and to have lasted many months.

MAY COME LATER.

Lady Colville, who was prostrated by the tragic death of her husband, is now in the strictest retirement at her country house. The time is not a fitting one for inquiries as to her plans, but it is quite likely that she will not postpone her trip to America only postponed. Travel has helped many folk to forget their afflictions, and it will not surprise her friends if this remarkable woman decides to cross the Atlantic sooner or later and make the tour that she and her husband planned.

HER LOSS IS EXCEPTIONALLY SEVERE, she and Sir Henry having been the closest of companions—the most intimate of "pals" ever since their unique honeymoon in a balloon 21 years ago. This truly was a fitting beginning to the married life of the Colvilles, a happy couple, the surviving one of whom is certainly one of the most interesting women on earth.

SIR HENRY, GENIUS.

The late Sir Henry Colville was a keen soldier. He was in the Grenadier guards, and saw fighting in many campaigns. He wrote the official history of the Gordon war of the Sudan. This was but one of his many books. He had written plays, had paddled a canoe from Dover to Calais, had sailed his own yacht, navigated his own balloons, traveled and explored strange lands, and was a mechanical genius.

LADY COLVILLE, EXPERT.

Lady Colville, his second wife by the way, first attracted him because of her cleverness as a designer and mechanical expert. Their life was an ideal one. What time Sir Henry could spare from his military duties he gave to his wife in which to them was play. Lady Colville built many designs yachts, furniture, landscape gardens, in fact, everything from wallpaper to jewelry which goes to make

life beautiful or existence comfortable.

HER FATHER, HERO.

Lady Colville is a pretty woman, with deep blue eyes, dark-brown hair and a slender, graceful figure. She was Miss Zelte de Preville of Orthez, Basses Pyrenees. Her father was a French nobleman, Pierre Richard de Preville, one of whose ancestors saved the life of a boat hunt of Louis XI. It was while Louis was still the Dauphin. The prince granted his preserver the bear's paw as coat-of-arms and made him a count, with the unique privilege of engaging in trade without losing caste in his rank. It was on this incident that Sir Walter Scott founded his romantic novel, "Quentin Durward."

LADY COLVILLE WEALTHY.

From her father Lady Colville inherited a large French estate. Her mother was an Englishwoman, Miss Georgina Mowbray of Grangewood, Leicestershire, and she also left her daughter much property. Lady Colville is, therefore, one of the wealthiest widows in England.

She owns a town house in fashionable Mayfair, 80 South Audley street, the 3,000 acre estate of Lullington, Burton-on-Trent, and a fairy abode called Lightwater at Bagshot which stands in 25 acres of intensely picturesque grounds.

TOPSY-TURVY HOUSE.

The story of how Lady Colville came to live in the south of England is interesting. A few years back, with her husband, she was motoring through Surrey and as they sped along they came to a large copse on a hill by the roadside, through which several small streams were trickling. Rarely had they come across a prettier spot, and so pulled up to admire its great beauty and listen to the invisible water singing and gurgling among the thickets. They noticed a small house which seemed "land for sale." "What fun," Lady Colville remarked, "it would be to buy the land and build a house on it and plan an old-world garden with a lake." There's the story. A few days later both she and Sir Henry were in the copse with a party of workmen, cutting down trees and clearing away the dense undergrowth. And eventually a garden was made, complete with delightful terraces, summer-houses, arbors, groves and lake and all. After this a house was built from Lady Colville's designs as novel as it is snug, pretty and substantial. Strange to say all the bedrooms are down stairs and all the sitting rooms upstairs, including the entrance hall.

REGULAR FAIRY LAND.

During the creation of this ideal country home both owners were often seen, clad in old clothes, working with pick and shovel, carrying mortar, laying bricks and helping to drain. They also helped to make most of the doors, window frames, and cupboards with which the house is fitted, to say nothing of practically every stick of the magnificent furniture with which it is furnished. Since its completion Lady Colville has added all sorts of home-made novelties of the kind that go to make a country house interesting. These include secret cupboards, electrical devices for reducing the work of the household, and secret elevators. And now the place is nothing less than a "fairy land."

There is not another house quite like it in all the world, for it is also a treasure trove, containing curiosities of value of tens of thousands of dollars, collected by Lady and Sir Henry Colville from every land excepting the United States.

"BUSIEST WOMAN IN EUROPE."

It was a cabinet minister who gave Lady Colville her title of "the busiest woman in Europe." The description is merited. Not a moment of Lady Colville's time has been wasted. Every hour of every day she marks off for some practical and profitable pursuit. She has not entertained largely nor gone much into society. Nevertheless, she has originated more "fashions" in hobbies and pursuits in English society than any woman living. Her friends resort to her in all artistic and domestic problems, and look to her as to an infallible guide. She plans their old world gardens, designs anything and everything and even corrects their terrible verses and badly written novels. In fact, in society the phrase "ask Lady Colville" is quite common.

SHE IS EVERYTHING.

Of course, this blue-blooded French-

### Women Glory in Murder for "Freedom's Sake"

Plotter in Petticoats Take Perniciously Active Part in Russia's Multitudinous Revolutionary Movements and After Making Mess of Gory Work Say They're Sorry, Because They Failed, Not at Being Caught.

Special Correspondence.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 26.—That a lot of women are mixed up in the revolutionary struggle in Russia, every one who reads the papers must know. They get arrested now and then for assassinating somebody, or as more frequently happens, for trying to do it and making a mess of the ghastly job. And when they get arrested their stories get in the news. But few readers can have any conception of how many plotters in petticoats there are in the czar's domain, or of the prodigious influence they wield in the movement for overthrowing the government.

THEY ARE DARING.

"In Russia all extremes meet," says the proverb. Though in many respects the most conservative country in the world there are more of what are called "emancipated" women within its borders than are found in any of those lands which boast a much more advanced state of civilization. They devote themselves to the revolution with boundless enthusiasm. Though belonging to what is sometimes termed the "timid" sex, they far surpass their masculine colleagues in daring and resourcefulness. Risks from which men will shrink appalled they eagerly accept. That the end justifies the means is an article of the revolutionary creed which they believe implicitly. Firm in that faith, they will undertake to blow a man, or a hundred men, into the next world with no more qualms of conscience usually than the ordinary traps for rats or other vermin. Execution, confinement in loathsome dungeons, banishment to Siberia—any form of punishment that may be meted out to them—most of them regard as a glorious form of martyrdom.

ARE USUALLY INTELLIGENT.

The prisons are full of them; Siberia has swallowed up a host of them; and yet their numbers are increasing continually. They generally are young, sometimes beautiful and invariably intelligent. There are hundreds of remarkable women among them. What in any other cause would be called self-sacrificing heroism is with them a commonplace. On that account the story of the girl terrorist who recently made a human bomb of herself attracted far more attention in America than in Russia.

At hatching plots these feminine forces of anarchy are far more ingenious than the men. In carrying them out the records show that they are distinctly inferior. Their failures are far more numerous. At the critical moment their overimpulsiveness leads to the bungling of something or their nervousness betrays them, and they are caught. But their places are filled immediately. Whatever their fate it inspires no terror in those who take their places.

SOME NOTED EXAMPLES.

To show something of the part women are playing in the revolutionary warfare, and how they play it, I have set down here a few typical and true stories which might be extended to fill a volume.

her residence in Warsaw, where the governor general lives. She and her younger brother, who obeyed her instructions, and played only a minor part in the plot, took a flat in Natolin, a street, next door to the house occupied by the German vice consul, Von Lange, a young man who had arrived recently in Russia, and therefore knew little about the inhabitants. Von Lange was walking down the street one morning when a man dressed in the uniform of an artillery officer stopped him, hit him twice in the face and ran off.

TRICK STARTS WORKING.

Von Lange at once telegraphed an indignant account of the insult he had received at the hands of a Russian officer to his embassy at St. Petersburg. The governor general did not order the culprit to be arrested, but failed. As a matter of fact it was no other than the brother of Wanda, dressed up as an officer in an old uniform bought from a Hebrew dealer in second-hand clothes.

But the trick had the desired effect for the governor general had instructions from St. Petersburg to call on Von Lange's cousin and apologize for a Russian officer's misconduct. This, of course, was just what Wanda wanted to bring the governor general into the street in which she acted for three days she and her brother kept watch on the balcony awaiting the arrival of their proposed victim, who always drives about with an escort of Cossacks.

VICTIM-TO-BE APPEARS.

At last the quiet street resounded with the clatter of horses' hoofs. The governor general's carriage, a fair head—she wore a golden wig—appeared on her balcony. The great man drove up to the vice consul's door, and entered the house, while his adjutant went upstairs to see if the vice consul was at home. As it happened, Von Lange was out, so the governor general retraced his carriage and the whole cortege started for the palace. It was then that Wanda threw the bombs she had prepared from her balcony, and the result was another demonstration of the limitations of the feminine plotter.

HAD WOMAN'S AIM.

Not one of the three bombs she threw reached its mark. The first one, aimed at the carriage horses, fell in front of their feet, failed to burst, and the frightened beasts bolted. The second, aimed at the governor himself, fell in front of the carriage. The third, which might have hit its mark, was brushed off by the hand of a careless Cossack, who waited quietly for it, and when it was about to fall into the carriage struck it with his open hand. He lost all his fingers, but the bomb fell into the middle of the street, and the governor general's life was saved. Needless to say, the noise made was terrific, and the police in the courtyard rushed after the carriage instead of remaining behind to find the plotters, although they knew whence the bombs had been thrown.

LEFT PASSPORT BEHIND.

In a minute the street was empty. Wanda and her brother rushed out, hatless and running to the nearest call into it, screaming wildly, "Go on quickly! Quickly!" By the time the police had searched the Natolin street the girl was at the other end of the town. Had not been for a small piece of carelessness she never would have been traced. She left her passport behind in the room where the balcony was. It was a false passport, made out in an English name, but after a whole 11 months' search the Russian police traced her and it to Cra-cow and satisfied themselves that it had been used by her.

WILLING TO SUFFER.

By that time she had left Russia. When arrested in Austria she said she was sorry her fright had led her to seek safety in flight, and regretted that

she had not given herself up to the police then and there. She declares that if the revolutionary cause is to prosper it must be robbed of its martyrs. She is quite willing to make one of them and endure the horrors of a lifelong Siberian exile. That is another illustration of the difference between the men and women who go in for bomb throwing and the rest of the revolutionary program. A man will risk exile to Siberia, but he will try his hardest to escape it. He never years after martyrdoms afford what the women's plots are always the best concocted—where the weaker "colleagues" fail in their execution. This is why many committees favor the method of getting the women to do the attempt and the men to carry them out.

BOTH SEXES NEEDED.

Wanda's brother, who also has been traced and arrested, takes the blame of the failure of the attempt upon himself. The Revolutionaries often react upon his sister, who would have been quite cool otherwise. Except for the actual bomb throwing, this plot ranks among the cleverest that has been perpetrated in Russia for a long time. The idea of dressing up as an officer and insulting the German vice consul in order to entice a high official into a secluded street is distinctly original. The Revolutionaries are not so stupid as they are sometimes represented. The women's plots are always the best concocted—where the weaker "colleagues" fail in their execution. This is why many committees favor the method of getting the women to do the attempt and the men to carry them out.

MILLINERY STORE ARSENAL.

The recent unsuccessful plot against the czar which, thanks to a Cossack at the Peterhof Palace, who betrayed the revolutionaries, was discovered just before it was ripe, resulted in the trial of a large number of revolutionaries, 50 per cent of whom were women and young girls. The head of this large and powerful group was also a girl, Nina Zaitseva, known in party as "Comrade Nina." She planned the death of Pawlow, the martial procurator, and of Von Lando, head of the town of Petersburg. It was with Nina's aid that both these men were killed. She lived as a fashionable milliner in Petersburg; but behind her showrooms was a large laboratory, fitted up with materials used in bomb-making and containing large stores of dynamite and ammunition. To her may be charged the attempt to blow up the train in which Stolypin and the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholasovitch were traveling. To Peterhof in the hand of a careless Cossack, who waited quietly for it, and when it was about to fall into the carriage struck it with his open hand. He lost all his fingers, but the bomb fell into the middle of the street, and the governor general's life was saved. Needless to say, the noise made was terrific, and the police in the courtyard rushed after the carriage instead of remaining behind to find the plotters, although they knew whence the bombs had been thrown.

NINA'S CO-CONSPIRATORS.

The women who helped her in the plot against the czar, and who made friends with the Cossacks who kept guard at the palace are: Zubowa, Mary Prokofieva, Olga Emma, Anna Pigot, Tarasova, Fedosieva and Fedosieva. The life history of each of these women would provide material for a sensational novel, but space forbids more than a mere sketch of each.

POURED AS HOLY SISTER.

It was through Zubowa the plot against the czar was discovered. She used to be a nurse in the Botkin barracks, near Peterhof, and for a long time the authorities did not suspect that she was anything more than an ordinary sister of mercy. One evening the report of firearms was heard in her room. The servants went to it, to find that she had shot herself in the head, but was still living. As is usual in such cases, the police were called to

make a list of the wounded woman's effects, while she was sent into the hospital. When overhauling her things they opened two large wicker baskets of the pattern used by Russian women for their body linen.

QUEER THINGS FOR "SISTER."

To their amazement they discovered that one contained bombs, explosives, firearms, illegal literature and cylinders for making the newest and most dangerous kinds of bombs; the second plans of the royal palaces of Peterhof, Carskoje Siolo and Gatchin, in which the paths and roads used by the imperial family were marked with red ink, and notes made of the villas inhabited by palace dignitaries. Papers found contained the details of a plot to murder the whole of the imperial family and the chief courtiers.

Zubowa was immediately placed under arrest, of course, and confessed that the thought of all the lives she was about to imperil made her attempt suicide. She soon recovered from her self-inflicted wound, however, and her examination led to the arrest of the other women and several men. The men were all hanged and the women sentenced to hard labor in Siberia.

BREEDERS OF MUTINY.

Tarasova besides being implicated in the "Palace Plot," as it is called, formed an organization whose chief object is to make soldiers and sailors mutiny. This organization is very strong in Viborg and Cronstadt, and though 17 women have been arrested in connection with it, there is little prospect of its being stamped out. Its members, who have sworn to convert soldiers and sailors to the revolutionary cause at all costs, go into the lowest resorts which they frequent, and do not hesitate to sacrifice everything that women hold most sacred in order to win them over. It is another case of the end justifying the means. It is said that all being stamped out, have broken out in Russia during the last four years have been hatched in these dens by women of the so-called "intelligent classes."

RUNS IN FAMILY.

Mary Prokofieva, who lived with one of the male conspirators in the character of a maid-servant and used to let in all the accomplices when moonlight was held in Peterhof, is a sister of the man who blew up the "Grand Hotel" in Petersburg while making bombs in 1906. She was the niece of Sazonov, who killed Minister Plehve some years ago. Tarasova and Fedosieva are both married women—their husbands were lawyers and have been hanged.

NINA WAS BETRAYED.

It was "Nina" who used to receive the Cossack Kula and tried to persuade him to help murder the czar, promising an exalted place in the "party" if he would do so. He visited her several times and pretended to enter into her plans. But after each meeting with her he went to the police at Peterhof and gave a detailed account of the interview. Nina's great confederate was a telegraph clerk named Naumov, who had been sent to Siberia some years ago and escaped thence to Petersburg.

MAJORITY REACH SIBERIA.

It would be an endless task to enumerate all the women who have been and are still implicated in the Russian revolutionary movement. They nearly all end their careers in Siberia, where they go to the settlement set apart for political offenders. Some even work in the imperial family's copper and salt mines in the Ural mountains. This fate has been reserved for those who belonged to "Comrade Nina's" organization. A new trial of 20 women is about to take place in Petersburg, and there is little doubt that they have had some connection with "Nina," as their names appeared on lists found in her lodging. They are charged with inciting soldiers to revolt. Their activity among soldiers and sailors is due to the new program of the revolutionists, who, realizing that they can do nothing so long as the czar have decided to convert these forces to rank revolution. The recent has been the czar's yacht when in "mishap" to the czar's yacht when in Finnish waters is part of their work. If the revolutionary movement were in the hands of men alone it is possible that it might be stamped out. But as it is in the hands of women, who stop at no sacrifice, hesitate at no crime to further the cause, it is doubtful if it ever can be suppressed.

FRANCIS N. POWELL.

### AUTHOR-ARTIST ON THE FASHIONS

Dion Clayton Calthrop Criticizes The Wearing Apparel of Men And Women.

GRANDSON OF BOUCAULT.

"Human Form Used as a Peg Upon Which to Hang Illy Devised Garments."

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—They say over here that Dion Clayton Calthrop is evidently going to be a credit to his "line," and prove anew the truth that the sons and grandsons of famous fathers and grandfathers are not necessarily nonentities. Calthrop's lineage is indicated in his name—part of his lineage anyway—for the whole of it would take as much name as a Spanish royalty.

His father, John Clayton, was one of the most famous actors of his time in England, and most of the early Pinero plays were written for him. Calthrop's grandfather was none other than Dion Boucault, author of "The Shaughraun," "Coralian Brothers," "Colleen Bawn," and other plays that made his name a household word in the United States a generation ago. The Dion Boucault of today, who is famous in England as the "producer" of most of Charles Frohman's plays in London, is Calthrop's uncle. Incidentally, the present Dion Boucault is also his uncle.

YOUNG IN YEARS ONLY.

Calthrop will not be celebrating his thirtieth birthday until next year, but has succeeded in getting a lot done. He studied art in Paris for three years; had two pictures on the line at the Royal academy, and others at numerous exhibitions; and presently discovered that he could write, one result being a "Guide to Fairyland," illustrated by his own drawings; likewise "The Pirate's pocket-book," similarly illustrated, and a novel called "King Peter" that was liked tremendously by those who liked it at all and was a source of wonderment to the rest of the English public. He became especially interested in dress, and published a "History of English Costume" in four volumes, and became such a recognized authority on the subject that he was chosen to design the 2,500 dresses for the recent Oxford pageant, and has been called in to arrange the costumes for various recent plays in London. Now he has written a novel called "The Dances of Love," which apparently is bringing him fame both in England and America. Ford Madox Hueffer—himself a novelist and critic of high standing—has just published a column and half in the London Tribune, pointing out that Calthrop is the coming man.

AUTHORITY ON DRESS.

But it is as an authority on dress that this author-artist seems to have attracted most attention, and as his views thereupon are rather unconventional, it was on this subject that I sought an interview with him. His comments were surprising, and I set them down here word for word as he gave them:

"Do I think I could make a radical change in women's views on dress? Most certainly, and in men's views, too. Not one woman in a thousand has the least conception of how to dress. She uses herself as a peg on which to hang fashions. She refuses to treat herself as a personality. She is a bundle of over-expensive garments, wrongly devised and badly worn—that is worn without any reference to herself as an individual with

(Continued on page eighteen.)

(Continued on page eighteen.)