

Even if it seems like work, at first, it will pay you to add to the list of your daily habits, that of reading about all of the want ads.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

There Have Been About as Many Women Maimed and Hurt at "Pink Teas" As at "Bargain-Counter Crushes."

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1906. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

SYSTEM IS SECRET OF HER SUCCESS.

Gifted Young Authoress Does Not Depend on Flashlights in Her Work.

SHE MAPS EVERYTHING OUT.

But She Does Not Allow Literary Work To Interfere With Her Household Duties.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, March 7.—I think the author of "The Masqueraders" ought to be an American.

For system is a watchword of Katherine Cecil Thurston's work, one might even say of her life. Here is not the sudden literary inspiration, which seizes authors unawares and drives them breathlessly through reams of paper until the end of their tale is reached. Rather is the method of this young writer to be compared to that of a skilled architect, who first conceives his plan, then lays the foundation, devising for each part of the structure the exact proportion which will make it most useful to the whole, and finally building on this careful foundation and framework an exterior that appeals to the eye. Youthful writers, in fact, authors of any class who are anxious to attain a career, would do well to profit by Mrs. Thurston's example in conducting her literary work.

FINISHED MORNING'S WORK.

When I saw her the other day in her home in Kensington she had just finished a morning's hard work, and while perhaps a bit tired, her brow was untroubled, her mind clear. She was looking forward keenly to the afternoon and evening's engagements. "It seems to me that careful forethought and preparation should be taken with books just as much as with paintings," said Mrs. Thurston. "An artist spends weeks, and even months in making preliminary sketches and acquiring the information necessary to paint a successful picture. I think it is due to the public that the author should be just as painstaking in preparing his books."

"Would you care to let me tell you American readers just how you set to work to build the super structure of your books?" I asked. "For instance, what was the book architecture of 'The Masqueraders'?" "It is not easy to describe how the plan took shape. You have perhaps seen something of our London fogs. It was one of them that suggested to me the thought of how easy it would be to mislead the personality of a man in a surrounding."

FOUNDATION FIRST.

"I infer that you build your foundation and then complete your frame work, just as an architect does before he begins the actual work on the super structure?" "That is just it," said Mrs. Thurston. "The framework is all complete and the whole story is in my mind all before I start to write the first chapter. I start to write at all."

"You see," she added, "I have so many social and other engagements, that unless I worked systematically I never could get anywhere at all, but having all in my mind before I begin, I am ready to go on when the opportunity offers, without causing any break in its continuity."

It is not to be thought from Mrs. Thurston's business-like way of doing things that she is in the slightest unfeminine. Rather, the system that she makes use of enables her to reserve her home life almost intact.

"I do not believe in letting the work interfere with the duties which every woman owes to her home," said she. "I start early every morning, and keep at my work until noon, and that finishes the writing for the day, the rest of the time belongs to my husband and friends."

Mrs. Thurston is now engaged in writing a new novel. She is not prepared yet to say just what its character is to be, although she has already practically thought out the book in detail.

DELINQUENT CHARACTERS.

"But I will tell you something about it. I am trying to work out in it the character of a man, as I attempted to do in 'The Gambler' the character of a woman; the scene of the story will be in London, and it will not be a society novel."

"When do you expect to have it finished?" "I can hardly say. I am just starting to write it out now, and it will be probably a year or more before I am settled to give it to the public."

The wide sale of "The Masqueraders" and "The Gambler" must have brought you interesting experiences, have they not?"

"Yes. One of the most interesting has been the odd diverse criticisms of 'The Masqueraders' that appeared in the United States and in England. I have received a great many letters asking me why the book ended as it did. The English critics have even taken



The Comtesse Di Brazza

be added to that list of distinguished authors who find the fascination of play-writing not to be resisted.

ABOUT DRAMATIC WORK.

In answer to my question whether she had ever thought of doing dramatic work, she replied quickly:

"Yes, indeed! long before the idea ever appealed to me of writing books. When I was a small girl of 10 years I used to compose little plays of my own, and act them out with my cousins. I have never had the courage to attempt any serious work of this kind, since it seems to me to be something that requires much thought and not a little study and experience."

"Do you think there is any possibility of dramatizing any of your own books?" I asked.

"I would scarcely like to do so, as I am conscious that they would need a great deal of cutting and trimming, and while I would not have any objection to another doing it, I do not feel that I could do it successfully myself. However, I may yet try something of that kind, but I am engaged upon, you see, I do not believe in trying to do more than one thing at once. I have stopped writing short stories."

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Mrs. Thurston's literary career in many respects has been a remarkable one. Until five years ago she had never thought of doing any writing. "You see," she said, "in Ireland, where I was living as a girl it is very different from in London. There, it is not usual for women who are interested in social matters to do regular work of any kind. It was not till I became acquainted with Mr. Thurston, who has always been greatly interested in literature, that the thought first occurred to me. Finally, after coming to London, about four and a half years ago, I wrote a short story, and it was almost immediately accepted for publication. After that I wrote a few more stories, and then I was advised by an editor friend to undertake 'The Apple of Eden,' has induced him to undertake a second, now practically completed. It is said by critics who have read the manuscript to be of unusual power."

HUGHES MASSIE.

A JOLLY MONARCH.

King Carlos of Portugal, who last year paid a visit to Paris and thence to London, has the reputation of being a jolly good fellow. During his visit to the French capital King Carlos was entertained by Count Boni de Castell-



lane and his wife, who was the American Anna Gould. The king was once a model of physical perfection, slender, graceful and an athlete. Nowadays, he is known as the royal good liver of Europe, "always hungry and seldom free from thirst."

BEGGING LETTER FACTORY.

A man named Kamansky, formerly an officer in the Russian service, and three accomplices have been tried in Berlin for carrying on an elaborate conducted factory for the manufacture of begging letters. About forty models of letters were discovered by the police, most of them skillfully worded, appeals to the hearts of the benevolent. They did a very large business.



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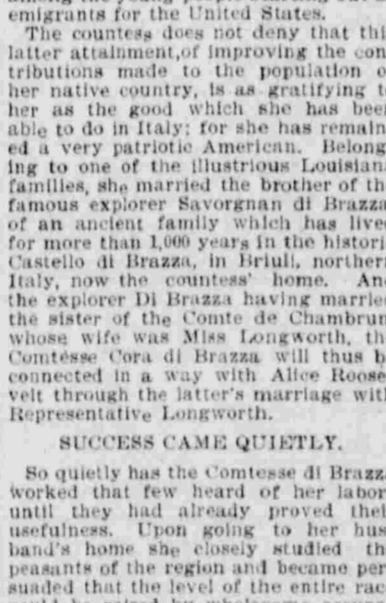
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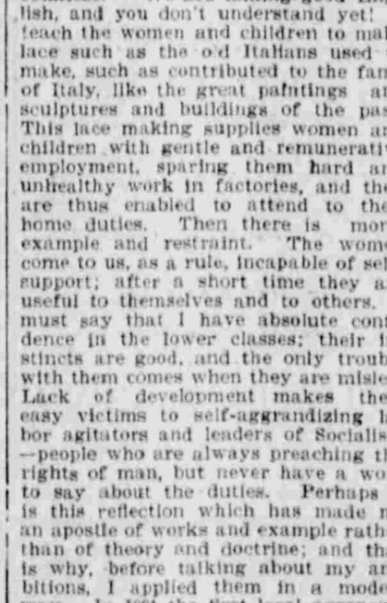
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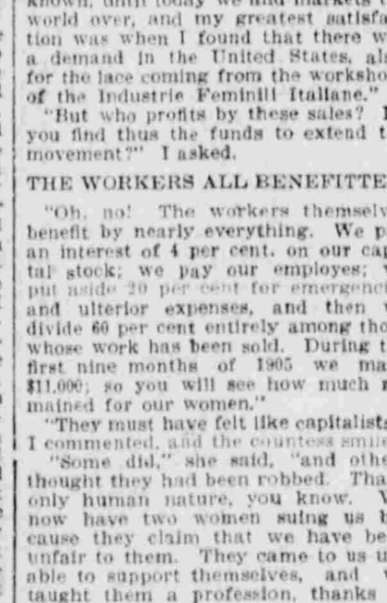
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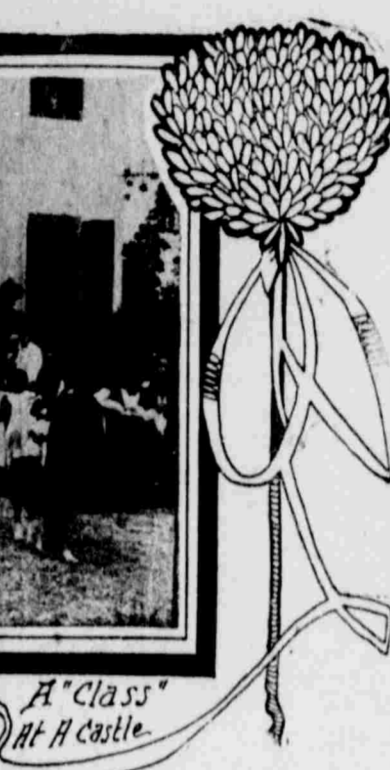
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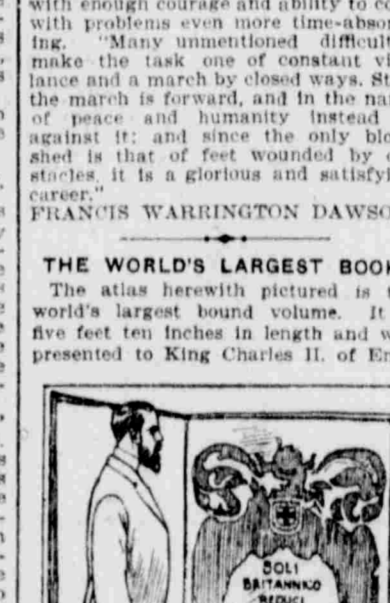
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PEERS WITH PAST HAVE TO PAY HIGH

When it Comes to Getting Married They Must Pay Big Price Therefore.

SQUARING "OTHER WOMAN."

A Private Settlement That Preceded A Notable Anglo-American Union—Lady Mary's Gossip.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, March 7.—I wonder how many peers there are, actual or prospective, who marry without a "past." If half the stories that are told in the club smoking room and whispered in feminine boudoirs are true, their number is small indeed. Occasionally the "other woman" makes trouble in a fashion that brings the whole story to light, but far oftener she is "squared" by a private settlement, and the "past" receives decent burial. It is well known, for instance, that one of our dukes who contracted an international marriage, paid \$100,000 or rather his prospective step-mother paid it for him, to escape being compelled to defend a breach of promise suit.

It was generally supposed that a certain young nobleman who married an American heiress, not so long ago that everybody does not remember it, was among the blessed few who managed to sow his wild oats without becoming involved in such an entanglement. But there is now living in London a woman who has substantial reasons for knowing otherwise in the shape of a beautiful blue London residence, and \$120,000 in cash. She possesses an extensive acquaintance in aristocratic circles, and her name is only whispered in Mayfair. Unlike most such stories it is vouched for on good authority and, incidentally, it throws an interesting light on certain phases of modern society with the big "S."

BEGAN AS A MODEL.

She began life as a model in a fashionable dress-making establishment—did this lady—at a salary of \$7.50 a week. She left that position to marry a clever young journalist. Exquisitely pretty, vain, ambitious and utterly selfish, she soon tired of a humdrum domestic life on a moderate income. She left her husband to try what her beauty could win from the world. He, poor fellow, took to drink and drifted into a life of dissipation. At last she met a young man whose name she had heard of in connection with the blue-blooded young man who afterwards wedded one of Columbia's daughters. He installed her in a handsome flat and surrounded her with all the luxuries she craved.

A BLUE-BLOODED FRIEND.

Before she was discarded she had made the acquaintance of a friend of the blue-blooded young man—Princess Francis of Teck, who, as everybody knows, is a brother of the Princess of Wales. He occasionally partook of the dainty little banquets she used to serve in her handsome flat.

One day recently, driving in Piccadilly, she espied the prince and promptly ordered the coachman to stop. The prince fought shy of speaking to her, but she refused to be ignored.

"Come and drive home with me," she said.

"Well," he replied, after casting a hasty glance around, "if I will you will have to pay for it. I won't."

"Not likely," she replied. "I'll see you in a much warmer place, first."

She drove off without his serene highness, who thus lost the \$50 he would not have scrupled to accept from a notorious woman. The Tecks are dreadfully hard up, but there are limits which honor imposes even on impecunious royalty.

How did the incident leak out? That's interesting, too. Had the other woman told it no one would have believed her. But caught in the jam of vehicles while crossing Piccadilly, a well-known club man sought refuge behind the carriage that had halted, and overheard the brief and tart conversation.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.

There would not have been such a rumour made over the capture of Lord de Clifford by Miss Carrington, the "Gibson girl," in the "Catch of the Season," had it been generally known that his income is well under \$10,000 a year. On that account it was generally supposed that he was on the lookout for an American heiress, who would be willing to pay a good price for an ancient title. Matchmaking British matrons, who esteem money much more highly than they do patrician nobility, are well aware of his pecuniary circumstances, and have fought shy of him in consequence. As a small boy he developed an unfortunate habit of biting his nails, and all the efforts of his relations failed to cure him of it. He still sticks to it though he has hardly a vestige of nail left. Yet it can hardly be regarded as evidence of weakness of character on his part, for he is a daring sportsman, and no one in the hunting field rides straighter to hounds. But that sort of thing doesn't bring in any money. True, it is not his fault that he is hard up for a peer. His 13,000 Irish acres came to him heavily encumbered. An old title, a castle, there it was seen and described by John Evelyn in 1660.

(Continued on page 13.)

Practical Scheme of American Countess.

Success is Crowned the Efforts of Comtesse Di Brazza, Formerly Clara Slocum of New Orleans, in Bringing Prosperity to the Peasants of Italy by Reviving the Ancient Industry of Making Lace.

Special Correspondence.

ROME, March 1.—Great as always has been the courage and initiative of American women, and sincerely as they have identified themselves with their husbands' interests, none of them have ever attempted so great a work under apparently hopeless conditions as the Comtesse Slocum of New Orleans. Her ambition was nothing less than to raise the moral and intellectual level of the Italian race by teaching the peasants to make lace and by guaranteeing the sale of the products; and so successful has been her attempt that not only vast sections of Italy formerly in a half-ruined condition are today self-supporting, thanks to the revived lace industry, but the regenerating effect has been shown even among the young people starting out as emigrants for the United States.

The countess does not deny that this latter attainment of improving the contributions made to the population of her native country, is as gratifying to her as the good which she has been able to do in Italy; for she has remained a very patriotic American. Belonging to one of the illustrious Louisiana families, she married the brother of the famous explorer Savorgnan di Brazza, of an ancient family which has lived for more than 1,000 years in the historic Castello di Brazza, in Brilli, northern Italy, now the countess' home. And the explorer di Brazza having married the sister of the Comte de Chambrai, whose wife was Miss Longworth, the Comtesse Slocum di Brazza will thus be connected in a way with Alice Roosevelt through the latter's marriage with Representative Longworth.

SUCCESS CAME QUIETLY.

So quietly has the Comtesse di Brazza worked that few heard of her labors until they had already proved their usefulness. Upon going to her husband's home she closely studied the peasants of the region and became persuaded that the level of the entire race could be raised by wholesome occupation for the women and children, together with education and physical assistance. Since it is from Friuli that most of the emigrants for the United States start out, the countess saw a double motive for making her utmost endeavor. Beginning with individual experiments, she gradually got an organization started; and today she is president of a great society of which Queen Helena, Queen Margherita, the Duchess d'Aosta and most of the ladies of the Italian nobility are members, while its moralizing effects and financial benefits extend over 24 regions of Italy, each of which has been made a working center, and affect thousands of Italian women and girls.

TO MAKE GOOD CITIZENS.

When I saw the Comtesse di Brazza to question her about her work, I found

her rather indignant over a report recently circulated in America, which represented her as saying she was indifferent to the fate of the girls who have been protecting and educating as soon as they leave her charge to go to America.

"It is to lay the foundation for their active life and make useful citizens of them, either for their country or for my own, that I work most zealously," the countess said. "But somehow people find it so hard to understand the true object of the Industrie Femminile Italiana!"

"Perhaps, like me, they don't know Italian," I suggested. "Will you please translate?"

"Better still, I will explain. I teach them to make lace. 'You cater to frills and fashions'—and you call that regeneration?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

"There you are!" exclaimed the countess. "We are talking good English, and you don't understand yet! I teach the women and children to make lace such as the old Italians used to make, such as contributed to the fame of Italy, like the great paintings and sculptures and buildings of the past."

This lace-making supplies women and children with gentle and remunerative employment, sparing them hard and unhealthy work in factories, and they are thus enabled to attend to their home duties. There is no moral example and restraint. The women come to us, as a rule, incapable of self-support; after a short time they are useful to themselves and to others. I must say that I have absolute confidence in the lower classes; their instincts are good, and the only trouble with them comes when they are misled. Lack of development makes them easy victims to self-aggrandizing labor agitators and leaders of Socialism—people who are always preaching the rights of man, but never have a word to say about the duties. Perhaps it is this reflection which has made me an apostle of works and example rather than of theory and doctrine; and that is why, before talking about my ambitions, I applied them in a modest way. In 1881 the first local agricultural exposition for emulation among peasants was held at the Castello di Brazza, and attention was centered on six little girls with lace on their knees and spindles in their hands, working with exemplary care. In two weeks I had prepared these children, and their success encouraged me to begin my efforts seriously."

AMBITION TO DO SOMETHING.

"You had then already thought of your plan for regeneration?"

"The ambition to do something of the sort came to me when I was myself a child. The countess said, 'I had only been seeking means. On a battlefield of the Confederacy my father, viewing the frightful carnage, wished that he might save as many lives as had been sacrificed there. He talked to this end until he himself met his death in saving

men at a mine disaster in Louisiana, and, young as I was at the time, my father's example and pacific precepts inspired me to carry on a work which necessarily has discouraging sides. I knew that the suffering class must be surrounded by love from those who enjoy; that assistance must be offered spontaneously or even imposed instead of being met back until it is imposed; and that the form taken must be that of some institution providing for self-support and not of mere alms. But all this was theory, and I was still seeking means for applying it when I was impressed with the decline of lacemaking in Italy, and at the same time with the dangers to the peasant population from ignorance, from neglect, and from a loosening of the home ties through the labor required of the women in factories. So I experimented with the little girls; then I went on to older children, and finally to women. I chose rare and ancient models to give character to our products. Gradually our work became known, until today we find markets the world over, and my greatest satisfaction was when I found that there was a demand in the United States, also, for the lace coming from the workshops of the Industrie Femminile Italiana."

"But you profits by these sales? Do you find thus the funds to extend the movement?" I asked.

THE WORKERS ALL BENEFITED.

"Oh, no! The workers themselves benefit by nearly everything. We pay an interest of 4 per cent. on our capital stock; we pay our employees; we put aside 20 per cent. for emergencies and ulterior expenses, and then we divide 60 per cent. entirely among those whose work has been sold. During the first nine months of 1905 we made \$11,000; so you will see how much remained for our women."

"They must have felt like capitalists," I commented, and the countess smiled. "Some did," she said, "and others thought they had been robbed. That's only human nature, you know. We now have two women suing us because they claim that we have been unfair to them. They came to us unable to support themselves, and we taught them a profession, thanks to which they have prospered; now they think that we have been exploiting them. But I take such experiences as inevitable, and they do not decrease my confidence either in mankind or in the eventual elevating effect of my work. Of course, we stand the best chance with those whom we train from childhood. The age for recruits in our work rooms is from 7 to 15, though exceptions are made for deformed children or little ones able to learn the first points at home. They work with the mothers under our supervision and we have a system of rewards aiming first at moral development, since we seek to form character as well as to relieve immediate needs."

"Therefore, our first prize is for kindness toward one another and obedience to superiors; the second prize is for those who have shown themselves most willing in teaching to oth-

CENTERS HER ENERGY.

"That is where all my energies are centered," the countess said, her eyes brightening. "We have wonderful opportunities here. For while help was sent, and with particular generosity from America, it was applied only to the immediate needs of the population. What impressed me was the necessity of providing for the future of these people, whose homes had been destroyed, whose business had been ruined, whose entire life had been disorganized. I have been building refuges down there, homes, workshops and relief funds combined, and I have found that for each refuge sheltering and employing 25 women with their infants and 50 children, a credit of \$3,000 sufficed, of which \$1,200 were for the cost of erecting, and the remainder sufficed to run the refuge at a dead loss for four months, after which it could not only support itself, but could start branching out in other refuges near by. At the start we were held back from lack of funds; but contributions have flowed in from Italy, from France, from England, from Belgium, in all of which countries I traveled for the cause; and today they are progressing in a most encouraging way."

"And do you devote all your time to this?" I asked.

"I have no time for anything else," the countess said, but with such energy that one would have credited her with enough courage and ability to cope with problems even more time-absorbing. "Many unmentioned difficulties make the task one of constant vigilance and a march by closed ways. Still, the march is forward, and in the name of peace and humanity instead of against it; and since the only blood shed is that of feet wounded by obstacles, it is a glorious and satisfying career."

FRANCIS WARRINGTON DAWSON.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BOOK.