

Two or three simple statements of fact—in a want ad—may change and enlarge the whole outlook for you!

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY AUGUST 3 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

Half a dozen lines of type may be the link between you and something you want.

PART TWO

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



MRS. FIELD IS TO STAY IN ENGLAND

Rich American Widow Has Found A Country Seat to Suit Her.

WILL RESIDE PERMANENTLY

In the Land Where Dollars Secure the Greatest Social Triumphs—Society Gossip of American Interest

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 25.—After a long search, Mrs. Marshall Field has at last found a delightful country seat which she means to have turned into one of the most beautiful houses in England. It will be a considerable time before the place will be ready, and during the interval she will visit towns. She will also make a business visit to America. On her return she will settle down definitely in England, and thereafter her trips across the Atlantic will be few and far between.

I have previously mentioned that she intends her two boys who are now at school in Rugby to enter the British service, one joining the navy and the other the army.

During the season now practically at an end, Mrs. Marshall Field has been greatly to the fore, and though she gave no crushes, she had several small parties for her immediate friends. She is very popular here and is regarded as a great hostess of the future. Decidedly exclusive she is determined to start carefully and she means to gather round her the right set.

THOROUGHLY BAD LOT.

Significant proof of the breach that has been caused in the Duke of Marlborough's own family circle by his disagreement with the Duchess was furnished by the big house-party which he gave recently at Blenheim. His guests, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, Lady de Ramsey and Lady Blandford, Lady de Ramsey and Lady Blandford rallied to his support on that occasion, but his mother, Lady Blandford and his sisters were conspicuous by their absence. They side with the duchess and hold the duke entirely to blame for the separation. "Considering the circumstances, I cannot be friends with both," said Lady Blandford the other day to a great friend, "and I prefer to stick to the duchess. I have definitely decided to have nothing to do with my son-in-law and I am sure that my son-in-law will be glad to do the same."

MARVEL OF PRUDENCE.

The Duchess of Marlborough has become a marvel of prudence and discretion. She will not go anywhere unless she is attended. She is determined to give scandal-mongers no excuse for gossip. Although just now she is under the immediate chaperonage of her father, and as I write, is cruising with him in his steam yacht the *Valiant*, quite a suite is accompanying her—a companion, a secretary and a maid. Someone recently told me she finds it impossible never being able to be quite alone. Although she looked extraordinarily pretty this season—she has improved wonderfully in looks of late—she gave away the idea of being far from happy.

PROUD OF HUSBAND.

Many people have gone to Hurling.

ham, the great polo club's headquarters, this year out of pure curiosity to see the Duchess of Roxburgh gazing with rapt admiration at the duke plays. He acquits himself remarkably well, but this does not alter the fact that it is regarded as quaint in the extreme to find a society woman going two and three times a week, whatever the weather, to see her own husband play. As he does so she has eyes for no one else. There she sits in the gale or rain with eyes riveted upon one figure. Men have been saying he ought to be a proud man and there are a few who have been positively touched by it. On the other hand there are women who laugh and regard the duchess's behavior as scarcely funny. It has been said that she is setting a fashion. Somebody undertook to tell the king the affair as a joke. His majesty, however, turned round and said, "I see nothing to laugh at. On the contrary, I think the story sounds charming."

GEMS GALORE.

The duke has quite got over his aversion to seeing his wife covered with jewels. One time there used to be a great deal of trouble about this. At several of the great royal parties this year the Duchess of Roxburgh has been the observed of all observers, cutting out completely every princess of the blood and the queen herself. There are scores of women who would look outrageously vulgar were they to array themselves with gems as this duchess does. She, however, manages always to look refined though almost every inch of her gown glitters with diamonds. She has had a new set of emeralds this season which have literally "done for" the emeralds of every woman in England. Six immense stones such as big as a small plum have been decorating the front of her corsage, and her necklace and crown of diamonds and emeralds have made up the set. A good judge assures me that these jewels are worth something between \$300,000 and \$400,000.

SHE HAS TAMED HIM.

At the final court of the season Lady Ellenborough made her first appearance in society since her marriage to the elderly and impecunious peer. Their honeymoon was spent in some outlandish part of Europe. The duke, a British nobleman, was the bridegroom. The idea of a pleasant spot in which to escape the "maddening crowd," Lady Ellenborough, who was Miss Scott of Pittsburgh before her marriage, looks remarkably well. She appears to have tamed her husband a bit. He had the reputation of being a stern martinet when in the navy and was somewhat proud of his nickname, "the terror." It is quite clear that to the American woman all things are possible, for to have subdued a Lady Ellenborough has done this grim old sailor—he will soon be 67—is an achievement very few women would ever have accomplished. Of late he has been known to be quite pleasant to other people besides his wife. She has not yet, however, succeeded in getting him to relinquish his distaste for society and they live a very retired life, so far. Having accomplished as much, she no doubt will manage this in time.

REGARDED AS A RARA AVIS.

Lady Falkland has never loved London. Although she married into one of the most aristocratic families in the kingdom she has never asserted herself. She was one of the first Anglo-American marriages of 30 odd years and I am told her beauty in those days made a great sensation. That was the time when the American woman was looked at askance by English women and the story goes that the young daughter of Robert R. Lee of New York married quite a poor fellow. She received as a bride from those who ought to have known better. Here she is regarded as a rara avis among Americans, never having been in the slightest degree spoiled by her American marriages. To-day the majority of her more intimate friends hail from the other side of the hurrying pond.

At a court a year or two ago Queen Alexandra was much struck by her delicate beauty and later paid her a surprise visit. Lady Falkland, however, did not make much of this favor. Although Falkland is essentially a Scotch name and her eldest son has the title of "Master," curiously to relate the family does not own an acre of land in Scotland. Once Lord Falkland was the proud possessor of an historic palace in north Britain where, in Scotch kings' residence, but the late Lord Falkland found the place for his second son, Lord Niall Stuart, who is the present owner of it.

The very fine house the Falklands have in Eaton square is to be sold in September and after that Lady Falkland does not mean to have a London establishment.

LADY MARY.

Leader "Camorra" to be Tried for Murder

All Italy Waits for the Appearance in the Dock at Naples of Enrico Alfano, Head of the Most Famous Secret Criminal Organization of Modern Times—While Directing Its Operations He Posed as a Wealthy Dilettante.

Special Correspondence.

NAPLES, July 26.—All Italy is looking forward with intense interest to the approaching trial of Enrico Alfano, head of the Camorra, the most powerful criminal organization in the country. Alfano was deported from New York whither he had fled, but the proceedings there were of a merely formal character and few details were divulged concerning his connection with the Camorra and his sensational double murder for which he was "wanted" here. As he had sailed from a French port he was shipped back to France. On his arrival at Havre he was arrested at the instance of the Italian government. His counsel did their best to prevent it, but he was finally handed over to the Italian authorities and taught Turin a few days ago.

Almost a year has elapsed since Naples was thrown into an uproar by the murder of Signor Giovanni Cuocolo and his wife. Murderers are common enough in Italy. It takes something unusual in that line to cause a sensation. But there were circumstances about these crimes that raised them far above the level of the ordinary knife-thrust affair. Cuocolo was literally butchered while passing through a little-frequented street in one of the suburbs of Naples. A few hours later his wife was hacked to death in the home where she was awaiting her husband's return.

Apparent motive for exercising such barbaric vengeance upon them there was none. Cuocolo enjoyed something more than a local reputation as a strong man. He had a superb voice. He was in constant demand at private entertainments given by people of means. Many of those who enjoyed his singing were surprised that a man so highly gifted should confine himself to appearances in private instead of essaying a more ambitious and lucrative role in the operatic or concert hall platforms. But that was his business, and nobody bothered much about it. He was numbered among the famous of Naples, and his popularity was increased by the fact that he spent money freely and was apparently always well supplied with it. He was then known to the frequency with which burglaries took place at the houses where he had sung. Arrests were sometimes made, but none of the stolen property was ever recovered.

COLLECTING EVIDENCE.

For a long time the affair was shrouded in mystery. Whispers were heard that the murders were the work of the Camorra, but the police brought forward no evidence definitely connecting that organization, of which little was then known, with the crimes. It was left to 18 carabinieri to probe things to the bottom. Of their exploits, doubtless, America has heard something. Taking their lives in their hands, these fellows turned thieves and qualified themselves by demonstrating efficiency as criminals for admission to the society. After joining it they wormed their way into the confidence of those in the inner circle. And all the while they were collecting evidence.

ALFANO DISAPPEARS.

When everything was in readiness to set the law in motion Alfano suddenly disappeared from Naples. It is supposed that he got a tip from the police, for by methods not entirely correct he was able to elude police protection. It was in the disguise of a coal heaver that he took ship for America. Up to the time of his public mind that he was a criminal. He was well known in society, had the entrée to all the best houses and was, in fact, in the first flight of the Neapolitan dandies. He drove magnificent horses, wore English-made clothes and cut a dash wherever he went. Nobody cared much for the means for such a display nobody knew and nobody cared much for, like Cuocolo, he spent money lavishly. He seemed to have no other aim in life than to get all the enjoyment possible out of it. Possessed of leisure and ample means he was about the last man in Naples that would have been picked out as a leader of the Camorra.

JEALOUS THIEVES.

But, as everybody has now learned from the detective work of the carabinieri, both men were hand in glove with Cuocolo. Alfano was at the top, but Cuocolo was not far below him. He was an ambitious man and aspired to

leadership himself. The rivalry between them naturally began in feeling on both sides. They watched each other like two jealous tom cats intent on feline conquests in the same back yard.

SINGING A MERE BLIND.

Cuocolo's singing, of course, was a mere blind. His voice gained him admission to the big houses, and there he utilized his opportunities to spot the booty best worth stealing. This information he conveyed to confederates in the Camorra. By obtaining many keys of locks and keys, tampering with burglar alarms and in various other ways he did all in his power to make the task of the actual thieves an easy one. He claimed as his share a lion's share of the swag this obtained. He complained that in the division of the profits he did not always get his fair share, but his claim for extra compensation was rejected.

BETRAYAL MEANT DEATH.

It was this in revenge he betrayed some of his associates to the police, and that in consequence they were arrested. This is denied by Cuocolo's friends, who assert that Alfano manufactured evidence by which that charge could be brought home to him. The code of the Camorra sanctions private vengeance for wrongs, but appeal to the minions of the law is forbidden in the settlement of quarrels between members. A Camorra man may knife a fellow criminal to get square with him without incurring any greater risk than being knifed in return by the friends of his enemy, but to "betray" on any of the band his the word of honor, for which the penalty is death.

CONDEMNED TO DIE.

When Alfano denounced Cuocolo as a traitor who had dealings with the police he adopted the most efficacious method of getting rid of the rival who threatened his supremacy. At a secret meeting of the supreme tribunal of the dread society Cuocolo was tried, judged and condemned without being afforded an opportunity to defend himself. He did not even know of the accusation against him. But the evidence against him was regarded as conclusive.

HE NEVER RETURNED.

The last day of Cuocolo's dawned gray and heavy. It was in summer and the heat was overpowering. Did he have a presentiment? That will never be known, but it would seem so, as he hung about his house all day, and without a word struck him with their knives on the chest and back. Although he fell without a murmur five others of the 15 who had been charged with the execution, were then taken into custody. It was then known to a meeting of the society that he had been killed. He was dead. Not a shout, not a moan, not even a word, and a human creature of the death sentence plunged their knives into his back. The murder was the absolute silence with which it was done.

FEROCIOUS CRIME.

In a lonely lane in Torre del Greco, a suburb of Naples, sandy at times and then a foot deep with Vesuvian ashes after the eruption, two men sprang out at him in the darkness and intense quietness of the still summer night, and without a word struck him with their knives on the chest and back. Although he fell without a murmur five others of the 15 who had been charged with the execution, were then taken into custody. It was then known to a meeting of the society that he had been killed. He was dead. Not a shout, not a moan, not even a word, and a human creature of the death sentence plunged their knives into his back. The murder was the absolute silence with which it was done.

SECOND MURDER.

The 15, well pleased with their work, went gayly back to Naples in a tram-car and there separated. Two of the number went on to the higher part of the city and knocked out a certain door. "Who is there?" was asked. "Friend," was the reply. "We have come with a message from your husband, Cuocolo." The door was immediately opened and a good-looking woman appeared, holding a lamp high over her head and invited them to enter.

"Well, what is it?" she asked. "Oh, nothing," said the visitors. "Cuocolo

has suddenly gone on a long journey and you are to join him." Then, with a grin, one of the miscreants put his arm round her saying, "Here, give me a kiss before you go," and held the now terrified woman while his companion struck her from behind. When the body had ceased to twitch they looked at each other, and after a few words of congratulation on their neat methods, sacked the house, which contained many valuables. Cuocolo's share of stolen booty which he had not been able to dispose of. They left, and the two bodies—miles apart—lay stiff and still in the darkness until found the next morning.

BECAUSE SHE WAS HIS WIFE.

The tribunal which pronounced sentence of death against Cuocolo only deemed his wife to the same fate simply because she was his wife, and knew of his association with the Camorra. If she were allowed to live, it was argued by the merciless judges, she would put the police on the track of the society.

CELEBRATED THE CRIME.

After the successful accomplishment of the double murder the fifteen met next day in the little tavern at Torre del Greco, at that time much frequented by the Camorra, and there indulged in a feast to celebrate their bloody work. It has since become famous, and is doing a better legitimate business than ever before.

CONVICTION IMPROBABLE.

The Camorra will exert its means and influence to the utmost to save Alfano from the gallows. Despite the evidence against him it is doubtful if he can be convicted of murder. The accusation against him is that after denouncing Cuocolo to the Camorra he instigated the sentence that was passed on him and his wife and arranged for carrying it into effect. This, if proved, would make him equally guilty with those who committed the crime. But to prove it will prove a formidable task. He took no part in the actual murders. He was not even present at the meeting at which the death of Cuocolo and his wife was decreed. For the head of the society never personally appears at the Camorra's "courts of justice." An understudy of his, Gaetano De Marinis, officiated as the chief of the tribunal. It is doubtful if even to save their own lives those in the innermost circles of the Camorra would give evidence against their leader for loyalty is the strongest article of their criminal creed. Besides, if they secure immunity from the law themselves by turning informers they would incur the vengeance of the Camorra, and their lives would not be worth a moment's purchase.

TYPICAL CAREER.

The career of De Marinis is almost as interesting as that of his chief, and throws an illuminating light on the underground life of Naples. As a barefoot boy he started in Naples and obtained a precarious livelihood by petty pilfering. When still in his teens he was admitted to the Camorra as a probationer. His resourcefulness and daring soon won him full membership, and thereafter his rise was rapid. He got into the inner circle, posed as a sportsman and drove fast horses. Before his share of the loot he derived from robberies large and small, he derived a considerable income from low gambling dens which he ran under police protection. It was Gaetano Donatelli, a comparatively humble but ambitious member of the criminal brotherhood, who arranged the details of the double murder, though it is alleged that he got his orders direct from Alfano. As a successful assassin he possessed a claim upon the Camorra which entitled him to speedy promotion, but through the investigations of the carabinieri he was "nabbed" before he had received the reward which, according to the ethics of the Camorra, he had so richly merited.

MORE THAN 900 ARRESTS.

More than 900 arrests have been made in Naples as a result of the investigations originally begun to discover the murderers of Cuocolo and his wife. Among those who have been arrested is Baron Cliente, a member of one of the best known aristocratic families in Naples. Don Ciro Vittorio, a priest, who is said to have been the chaplain of the Camorra, is also lodged in jail. Part of the evidence against him is a snapshot photograph which the police

found showing him driving in a pony trap with Alfano.

DIVIDED INTO CORPS.

The ramifications of the Camorra extend through all grades of society. Under the Bourbons it was a species of political organization, but in its modern form it is simply a secret society for the benefit of criminals. It is divided into corps, each one of which is composed of 24 "Camorristi"—full-fledged members of the society—and 48 "Picciotti" or recruits. Each of the former has two of the latter at his disposal. The "Picciotti" in turn are served by "Giovanna Onorati" or honorary members. These latter, having paid for the privilege, enjoy the protection of the society.

Each corps has its chief and cashier, both of whom are elected by the votes of the members of the corps. The chief plans and directs the criminal operations of the corps. The cashier looks after the booty. Each member is supposed to turn over to the cashier daily whatever loot or money he has obtained dishonestly. If he really earns anything he is entitled to keep it, but honest toil is held to be degrading among the Camorra and few demagogues by indulging in it. The chief presides over the division of the spoil, which is carried out according to an elaborately graded schedule.

ERNEST L. SCOTT.

WORD-SHELVES IN BRAIN.

Disorders of speech, due to physical damage in the brain, show that words are there arranged somewhat like the words on library shelves. When a man, therefore, learns a new language, he has to provide a new shelf for its words. This is proved by the case, among many others like it, of a man who removed his mother's English learned French, Latin and Greek. He became word blind in English, but still could read French, though with some mistakes, and Latin with fewer mistakes. When French, which he could read perfectly—showing that his English shelf was ruined, his French shelf damaged, his Latin shelf less so, while his Greek row escaped entirely.

Other instances show that the books may be so jammed sideways, so to speak, that not one of them can be got out, in which case the event proves that on each shelf the words are placed first, the pronouns next, then the prepositions and adverbs, and the nouns last. A man was brought to my clinic who had been unable to speak for several months. A diagnosis ascribed his disability to a tumor-like swelling in the speech area, which might be absorbed by giving him iodine of potassium. I then had him removed so that he could not hear what was said, while I told the class that if he recovered he would very likely get his verbs first and his nouns last. When he returned two weeks afterwards, my showing him a knife he said, "You cut," a pencil, "You write," etc. Three weeks later he had all his prepositions, but he could name no nouns for several weeks. The reasons are that verbs are our innermost and first learned words, because we know that we see, we hear, etc., because we know nouns represent things outside of us, to which we later give names. The nouns that we learn last and therefore forget soonest, are the names of persons, that is why elderly people are ever complaining that they cannot recall names.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson in July Every-body's.

GOOD BAIT.

A resident of Hudson, Wis., was depicting the resignation of Senator Spooner.

"The senate can't afford to lose a mind like that," he said. "I know the names of persons that is why elderly people are ever complaining that they cannot recall names.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson in July Every-body's."

"I remember to this day a story that he once told in court in a case where he was showing how, with a good motive, one might still do a lot of harm to my kind. And since it was an awful could, enaw, stormy morn' I just took them over to the manse, read a chapter, fed them a prayer, and then to ward off the rheumatics, a gold stiff glass of the best whisky." "The other minister smiled." "Awelle," he said, "ye will have a fine congregation, my brother, the next stormy day."

MAKING OF PEERS IN OLD ENGLAND

Details of the Process By Which Plain Mortals Are Transformed Into Legislators.

HOW ASPIRANTS QUALIFY.

While the Commons Denounce the Lords the King Still Goes on Creating Them.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 25.—While the Liberal majority in the house of commons continues to wage war on the house of lords the creation of new peers still goes on. To commemorate his birthday King Edward has been "graciously pleased" to add four new names to the hereditary and irresponsible legislature, who, according to his constitutional advisers, are at present the greatest obstacles to social and political progress in the kingdom. It is just another illustration of those inconsistencies and anomalies which abound in England. Incidentally, it conveys an assurance that the supply of peers will more than keep pace with the demands of American heralds.

While exercising their law making, or law rejecting, functions, peers dress just like ordinary folk, and, for the most part, are indistinguishable from the common herd, for few of them really possess those aristocratic features which the authors of servant girl serenade so generally bestow on nobles and titled horses. But a new peer is required to make his first appearance in the Gilded chamber in his official robes. Thus gorgeously attired and supported on either side by a nobleman of his own rank, the new lord walks down the floor of the house until the throne is reached. He bows solemnly to it three times while his two companions make the same number of salaams in unison. The lord chancellor bows his horse-hair bewigged head three times in acknowledgement and then receives from the new member the badge of nobility. He makes a pretense of perusing the royal authorization and hands it back, and with nine more obeisances to the throne, the ceremony is over. The new peer or baron may take his seat in peace, and in plain clothes, but he is now, becomes once more outwardly a commonplace mortal.

KING NOT RESPONSIBLE.

Nominally, of course, it is the king who bestows these exalted honors, but in most cases it is the prime minister who is responsible for them. He tells the king on whom he wants peerages conferred and the king confers them. It is a case of the prime minister pressing the button, as it were, and his majesty doing the rest. Before Mr. Balfour resigned the helm of the ship of state he paid off some of his political debts with coronets, and when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman grasped the tiller he added some more to the august muster roll of the house of lords. In some enlightened countries titles are still openly bought and sold. This is regarded as disgraceful here, but it is well known that several peerages have been bestowed on rich men for no other reason than that they have contributed heavily to their party's campaign funds. Most people of unbiased minds would regard the open purchase system as the better one.

PEERS ARE C. O. D.

But whatever it may have cost the aspirant for aristocratic dignities to get his name on the list which the prime minister submits to the sovereign he has to shell out more money before he can blossom forth as a full-fledged peer. He has to pay a considerable fee for the letters patent conveying the royal authority by which he is ennobled, the amount varies in an ascending scale according to the rank given him. For a baron it is \$750, for a viscount \$1,000, for an earl \$1,250, for a marquess \$1,500, and for a duke \$1,750. No reduction is

(Continued on page eighteen.)