

Any kind of a job except a political one can be secured through "the pull" of a want ad.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

The people in this city who first "got acquainted" through a want advertisement would make a pretty big crowd.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

"MIMIC" BATTLES AND GERMAN ANGER

First Reports Failed to Tell How "Real" Kaiser's "Play" Contests Were.

WAS LIKE GENUINE WARFARE.

According to Complainant Emperors' Army Always "Won." Even When It Was "Licked."

Special Correspondence.
BERLIN, Oct. 4, 1904.—"Militarism" seems likely to be exorcised more than ever in this country as the result of the uncommonly deadly maneuvers which have just come to an end. Public indignation is keen over the amazing number of fatalities and accidents which have marked the mimic battles—a number, as has been said, not so far short of what might have been expected had the strife been real.

TERRIBLY REAL.
These mishaps—the real total of which was not given in the first reports—were particularly numerous in those brilliant cavalry charges which the Kaiser delighted to witness, but which would be impossible in real warfare. In one of them over fifty men were unhorsed or more or less badly hurt. In another, where the opposing cavalry were brought into close contact, a trooper ran his lance clean through an officer, killing him on the spot. Another lancer wounded an opposing trooper in the leg, injuring him so seriously that the member had to be amputated. During a cavalry charge at Schoenhausen two officers and twenty men were unhorsed and injured, some fatally. In another sham fight in the same district, the results were still more disastrous, forty-eight men being tumbled out of their saddles and several of them were killed.

WAS NO "MAKE BELIEVE."
In other branches of the service such accidents were far less numerous, but there were enough of them to show that sham fighting, as conducted by the Kaiser, is by no means all "make believe." A private of the Ninety-ninth Infantry regiment was shot dead. In the Kaiser's own regiment of the Guards a private was shot in the eye and permanently blinded. At Muhlenschen, during an artillery contest, a private attached to one of the field batteries had both his legs blown off. An officer was severely injured by the explosion of a military balloon and a similar explosion cost a corporal his life. In an infantry attack a sergeant was killed and a lancer pierced a dragoon, fatally wounding him.

AMERICA WOULD "STORM."
In America, or England, such a long list of killed and wounded resulting from what are supposed to be bloodless engagements would arouse a storm of popular indignation that could be abated only by an investigation and the punishment of those responsible for the blunders. But in Germany that is impossible. It could not be done without involving the Emperor himself and open criticism of his sacred person in "lese majeste" of the worst kind.

MUST ALWAYS WIN.

Another source of dissatisfaction with these maneuvers, and which greatly impairs their military value, is the fact that the Kaiser always insists on being on the winning side. The Emperor's decisions are governed by the necessity of paying tribute to his infallibility. On the first day of the maneuvers he assumed the command of the Red, or invading army, and was credited with winning a brilliant victory over the Blue, or defending army. Next day he gave a demonstration of his Napoleonic genius by changing sides and leading the Blues, with the result, according to the complainant headquarters staff, that the Reds were soundly thrashed.

SUB ROSA COMMENT.

In previous years this great war lord, who has never been under fire, has won similar triumphs over veterans who went through the Franco-Prussian war. Sub rosa, many of them declare that the Kaiser plays the war game like an amateur, that he really has very little knowledge of strategy, and that in actual battle several of the armies with which he is credited on paper with winning brilliant victories would have suffered crushing defeats. They say that in maneuvering an army he makes no adequate allowance for what the other side might do if well led, and that as the umpires similarly ignore such considerations and always award him the fight he has never discovered how much he has yet to learn to make a capable leader. Nor will he, unless in an evil day for Germany, be should undertake to lead a German army against an actual foe commanded by a man who understood his business.

CARNEGIE HALL FOR TRADE UNIONISTS.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Oct. 1.—When Andrew Carnegie, a few months ago, expressed a wish to provide a trade union hall for London, the idea was ridiculed by a number of trade union leaders, who cannot forget the great Pittsburgh strike. Meetings have been held privately since the offer was made, and although a large section of the labor leaders are opposed to having anything to do with Mr. Carnegie or his surplus dollars there is a responsible portion of them prepared to bury the hatchet. John Morley's friendship with Carnegie and the unbounded confidence for honesty which the former enjoys among the general body of trade unionists, have gone a long way towards effecting a reconciliation between the more moderate of the labor leaders and the millionaires. The views of the moderate section have now been placed before Mr. Carnegie, and there is every hope that before he leaves for the United States all the differences will be adjusted and a Carnegie Trade Union hall in London will be an accomplished fact. It is estimated that a building sufficiently large to accommodate under one roof all the trade unions of London and district can be put up for about \$150,000. The expenses of furnishing would not devolve upon Mr. Carnegie, because the various unions have sufficient furniture already that could be easily moved into the new building. A site has been fixed upon in Gray's Inn Road close to the terminus of the large railways.

IS AN ADVOCATE OF POLYGAMY.



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE of Saxe-Meiningen.

The royal circles of Europe have been startled by the publication of a paper by Princess Charlotte, the sister of the Emperor of Germany, in which that royal lady advocates the advantages of polygamy as a corrector of the social evil. It is said that the Kaiser is very angry with the princess, and that things may happen in a way known only to kings.

IN PEACE A WASHERWOMAN: IN WAR A GODDESS.

New Details of the Astonishing Career of the Girl Who Married Crispi When She Was Young and Beautiful, and Was Repudiated by Him When She Became Old and He Became Premier of Italy.

Special Correspondence.

ROME, Oct. 3.—Brief accounts appear in the American papers just at hand of the dramatic career of the washerwoman Rosalie Montanaron whose husband became premier of Italy. But since her death many details have come to light which are worth adding to the record of one of the most extraordinary women of our day. And furthermore I have succeeded in obtaining an authentic photograph of Rosalie in her later days, and also an authentic picture of Premier Crispi's first wife of whose existence most folk in Italy had been unaware.

It was when Francesco Crispi was in prison in Turin in 1833 because Austria considered him in a measure responsible for the abortive rising in Lombardy that he first caught sight of Rosalie Montanaron as she went to and fro before his cell, she being a washerwoman to the prison. Admiration soon turned to passion, which endured through privations and storm and

ROSINA SCIARRA, CRISPI'S FIRST WIFE.



and," having Rosalie ever at his side. Here was where her real character came out. Dressed in the red Garibaldian shirt, with a short gray-blue skirt, rifle in one hand and bandages in the other, she was the true goddess of war, the idol of the soldiers, and the confidence of the officers. She fought with the best of them, comforted the dying, gave courage to the wavering, and performed such marvels of bravery that she was four times decorated.

A BRAVE FAILURE.

Once only did she fail. Some volunteers had shown weakness and she was rallying them when she saw her husband, from whose side she was only absent when duty called her elsewhere, waver and then disappear. With a scream she plunged through the maze of men and horses, and found Crispi unconscious. She picked him up in her arms and fought her way to the rear, while bullets whizzed past, and she stopped occasionally to shoot an enemy whom she thought was coming too near. For this brave deed she was decorated by Garibaldi himself, who, impulsively taking from his breast one of his own medals, pinned it on her, saying: "If



CRISPI AT 42 YEARS OF AGE.

ROSALIE IN HER LATER YEARS.

stress, but broke down in the more trying days of prosperity. Rosalie Montanaron made history, loved, fought and suffered, and then, like Crispi, made the mistake of living too long. In later days she often said, "Would that I had died then, when I was loved and was of use."

BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN TYPE.

At the time she met Crispi in the Turin goal, Rosalie was about 20 and a perfect example of the best Italian type, tall and graceful, with the color of a blush rose in her cheeks, and a pair of large, dark, changing eyes, which produced a thrill in the most indifferent

breast when she chose to return glance for glance.

Crispi, when released, was almost immediately exiled, so the pair, without a cent in their pockets, but with love in their hearts and a happy defiance of poverty, sailed for Malta, where the girl was obliged to sing in the streets, thus gaining a few pennies, before they could have their first meal on foreign soil. Then followed the sweetest days of their romance. There was no flying of love from the window when poverty entered, as there were neither windows nor doors to their habitation, but love and poverty dwelt together in peace in the open fields, outside the town, offering the young couple salad and bread for breakfast, lunch and dinner, while it was a great feast when a little wine was added.

Crispi and Rosalie conspired together with the other refugees, as poor as themselves, and between times the former gave lessons in languages, and the latter washed. But the idyl was only too short. Crispi was expelled from Malta, and through the kindness of a friend was given passage to Paris, but Rosalie was left behind until her companion could send her money for the journey.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Crispi seems to have had a conscience besides which he was deeply in love, so he decided that a marriage service should be performed before he left. Many and anxious were the confessions, marriages, most moves, and that was just what they lacked, but on the point of Crispi's departure, when poor Rosalie had given up all hope, a wandering priest turned up, who, for a glass of wine, gave his services, while a ring was borrowed for the occasion and returned at once. Rosalie put on a new ribbon for the ceremony, took the arm of her lover, who also had done honor to his wedding-day by a flower (a wild one) in his button-hole, and thus they went, like two children, to the priest's humble room.

WAS HE A PRIEST?

Was he really a priest? That is a question being asked here in Rome after more than 50 years have passed. However that may be, Rosalie had no doubts, and knelt on the pillow taken from the bed with the same confidence as she would have felt in church, accepted her betrothed, rose with the same fervor as though it had been her own, and left that poor room firmly convinced, as was Crispi himself at that time, that she was a wife, a conviction from which she never receded. How happy they were, those two, although not knowing when or how the next meal would be obtained; she delighting in her man because he was hers, he in her beauty and faithfulness.

LONDON AS A BACKGROUND.

The next step in the young wife's career had London as its background. Here she joined her husband, conspiracy being their business, and the earning of enough money to eat, a mere detail, which, however, often obtained itself in a most disconcerting way. Her chief duty was to carry letters from one conspirator to another, often between London and Paris, on which hung the fate of more than one brave Italian patriot. It was in these days that jealousy shouldered perfect confidence out of the way; Rosalie brought about her men, as mothers, to a flame, Crispi liked women's society, and neither was content to give full liberty to the other.

"THOUSAND" EXPEDITION.

But this unsatisfactory state of things was ended for the time by Crispi's return to Italy. He took part in the famous expedition of the "Thous-

and," having Rosalie ever at his side. Here was where her real character came out. Dressed in the red Garibaldian shirt, with a short gray-blue skirt, rifle in one hand and bandages in the other, she was the true goddess of war, the idol of the soldiers, and the confidence of the officers. She fought with the best of them, comforted the dying, gave courage to the wavering, and performed such marvels of bravery that she was four times decorated.

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ROSALIE IN HER LATER YEARS.

These past glories (beautiful days) passed, the cause was won and her husband was one of those who set about the task of "making" the new state into a great power. Here was his chance and he seized it. Honors and riches followed, and the clever Sicilian rose step by step, with only one thorn in his side—poor Rosalie. The Amazon could not change into the fine lady; in peace she was a washerwoman, in war a goddess; in prosperity an extravagant, in poverty a cheerful helpmeet. "Scenes" became the order of the day, until she voluntarily gave her consent to a separation, but when she was asked to acknowledge that her marriage was a sham, she stoutly refused. Alas! Where were the witnesses, the priest, the proofs, so she was obliged to suffer the humiliation of being repudiated—because her husband desired to marry again.

ROSALIE IS GENERALLY ALLUDED TO AS Crispi's first wife, but she is not so.

At 19 he was already married, under circumstances which called forth, for the first time, those qualities of resource and rashness which marked his political career. While a student at Palermo, he met on the stairs of his lodging-house, a pretty girl, Rosina Sciarra, crying over a letter. He then and there fell in love and became furiously jealous of his supposed rival, the writer of the letter, who proved to be her brother. They eventually exchanged vows, which were cut short through the intervention of his father, who absolutely refused his consent. Not long after the cholera broke out in Palermo, and Francesco Crispi, who had left the city, appropriated a horse, and without fear rode into that charmed house thinking only of Rosina. Twelve hundred people had died the day he arrived, the streets were too horrible for description, but he went resolutely on, with death in his heart for what he should find in the end. Rosina herself opened the door to his knock and, of course, nothing could keep them apart after that. But two years later found Crispi a widower, his child-wife having died in child-birth together with her infant. Signora Crispi, as Rosalia Montanaron always insisted on being called, outlived not only her husband and her child's consolation—for he died under a cloud—but her own ideals and happiness. She died disappointed, the recognition of a grateful country and the remembrance of her glorious youth, being as dust and ashes in her mouth, because one man could not find it possible to be true to her.

ISABELLA COCHRANE.

SOME MORE ABOUT HENRIETTE GAY.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Oct. 1.—Astonishing cruelties practised upon a Swiss peasant girl named Henriette Gay to exorcise an alleged evil spirit were described in this correspondence in an article published recently, and aroused so much indignation in the United States that many letters of protest were sent to the officials of Pins-Hauts, Switzerland, where the events took place. A Buffalo clergyman sent the article to Pins-Hauts, asking the officials if the facts were as stated. The officials in great perturbation declared the account false on the peculiar ground that whereas the main points were true, some

of the details were misinterpreted, and they intimated that the writer of the article had some personal or religious axe to grind.

The reply of the Pins-Hauts officials was sent to the correspondent in question, and the answer, just received and given herewith, makes an interesting reading:

"My attention has been called to a denial signed by several local officials of Pins-Hauts, Switzerland, declaring that my account of the girl Henriette Gay's sufferings, published on July 5, 1904, was entirely untrue. My reply is that my account was true and that the worthy signatories of the denial have an interest in suppressing the truth.

"One of the signatories is the local Abbot, who, however, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Heubacher, of Buffalo, admitted the central facts of my story. Firstly, the Abbot admits that the local priest and the population of Pins-Hauts believed Henriette Gay to be possessed by an evil spirit. Secondly, he admits that 'exorcisms' took place at Pins-Hauts. Thirdly, he admits that Henriette Gay was led on pilgrimages to St. Maurice and St. Bernard for the purpose of getting rid of the evil spirit. Admitting these facts, the reverend Abbot has no right to dispute the supplementary details which I added to them. He does not reside at Pins-Hauts and the only authority for his denial is the hearsay evidence of local officials who naturally desire to suppress the unpleasant truth.

"The scandal connected with Henriette Gay throws an unfavorable light on Pins-Hauts, and the local officials cannot be blamed for defending the reputation of their native place. I cannot, however, permit them to do so at the expense of my own reputation for accuracy. The main facts of the story which I wrote were previously published in the leading newspapers of Geneva and Zurich. Subsequently the story was published in the leading papers of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Why did not the local officials at Pins-Hauts send denials to the European press? Because they were well aware that the truth of the story could be substantiated without difficulty. They sent no denials to the London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna papers, but they think it safe to publish a contradiction 3,000 miles away, knowing that the writer of the article is in Europe and therefore unable to meet the attack on her veracity in person. After the publication of the story in the Swiss newspapers, I paid a visit to Pins-Hauts and gained my knowledge of the case through conscientious investigation on the spot. I found many persons who resolutely denied the truth of the story, but on the other hand I collected evidence to the contrary which seemed to me to be absolutely reliable. At the conclusion of my investigations, which extended over three days, I came to the conviction that the story as I wrote it was accurate, and I still hold this conviction, which all the concerted official denials in the world cannot shake.

"As a devout Catholic myself, I desire to repudiate most emphatically the suggestion made in some quarters that my article was aimed at Roman Catholicism. It is absurd to suppose that I am attacking my own religion because I expose errors of a handful of misguided Catholics living in the remotest Swiss highlands. It is not I who have discredited Catholicism, but those American Catholics who have quite unnecessarily identified themselves with the medieval superstition which passes as Catholicism in darkest Europe. When Catholics far away in the old world proclaim their belief that a girl can be possessed by an evil spirit, and claim that they have practised exorcisms to expel that evil spirit, and proclaim that they led the girl on pilgrimages to rid her of the evil spirit, American Catholics simply strengthen the hands of hostile heretics in taking up the cudgels on their behalf. Enlightened Catholics all over the world keenly resent any attempt to identify the Catholic Church with such a cause."

ELSA WALLACE.

ELINOR GLYN ON AMERICAN WOMEN

Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth" Planning a Novel About Them.

SOME LIVELY LONDON GOSSIP.

Lady Mary Writes Another of Her Intensely Interesting Letters for Saturday "News" Readers.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 4.—On the part of the fair American leaders of London society there is no little curiosity as to what will be contained in a book which Mrs. Clayton Glyn is about to write. "Elinor" Glyn is, of course, the authoress of the rather daring "Visits of Elizabeth" and "Reflections of Ambrosia," and the American women in society here are especially interested in her new book because it is understood that several of them are to figure in it. However, it is admitted on all sides that Mrs. Glyn's picture is likely to be a faithful one, for there are few greater favorites amongst the smartest and most fashionable in English society than this most beautiful and gifted authoress.

A PERSONAL PICTURE.

"She has almost too much beauty," has often been said of Mrs. Glyn. She is somewhat small, with an exquisite figure and glorious red gold hair. Her complexion is pale, but her face is lit up with large dark eyes and she is on each and every occasion most beautifully turned out. Her dressmaker, as all the fashionable world knows, is her sister, Lady Duff Gordon, who trades under the name of Lucile, and whose taste is acknowledged as being of the very finest order. "She is as great an artist in dress as the old masters were in paint," said a famous authority when speaking of Lady Duff Gordon, and it is a similar perfection of taste that belongs to her sister, the young authoress.

GIRLHOOD IN JERSEY.

Before she was married, Elinor Glyn was a Miss Sutherland. She passed her early days in Jersey, and for some years after her marriage to Mr. Clayton Glyn, who is an Essex squire, she lived a quiet life with her husband at Dorrington Hall, their beautiful old place in Essex. On the publication of "The Visits of Elizabeth," her first book, she quickly became famous, and has been much sought after ever since. Among her most intimate friends is the Countess of Warwick.

ILLNESS PREVENTED.

Society people at home would have met Mrs. Glyn before this, had it not been for the recent illness of James Van Allen, whose guest in America the famous authoress was to have been, beginning with the month of August. Mr. Van Allen had declared that he would give Mrs. Glyn the best time that anyone ever had in America—surely an undertaking not to be lightly

COUNTRESS OF YARMOUTH.



America is indeed a land of Democratic institutions and now we are to have the honor thrust upon us of a real English earl being born within our boundaries. The Earl of Yarmouth is with his wife awaiting the coming of the happy event.