

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

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

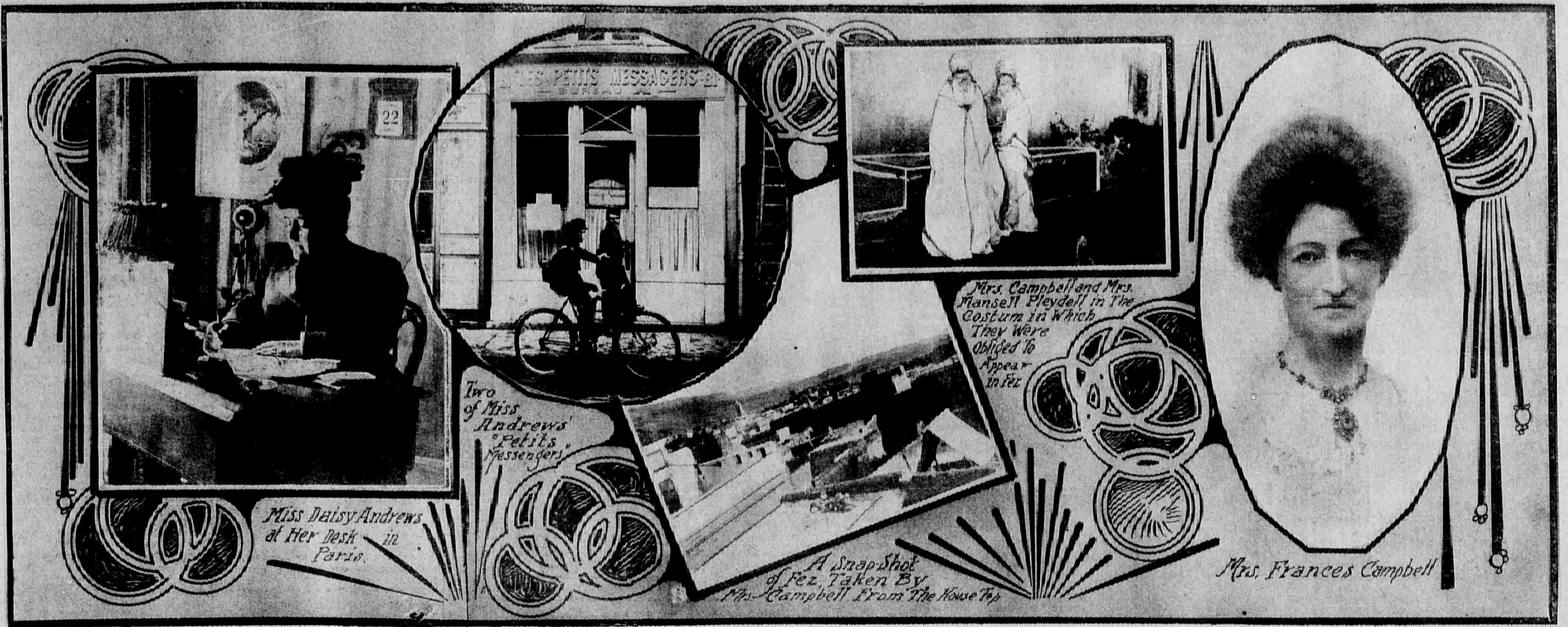
TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO

SATURDAY MARCH 16 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



FREDERICK IS RICHEST CITIZEN

Has Just Had to Pay a Tax of \$100,000 on His Two Million Dollar Income.

INHERITED ALL FROM UNCLE.

Owms Country Estates, Forests, Coal Mines and Castles Galore—Never Had to Work.

Special Correspondence.

VIENNA, March 7.—According to the income tax returns recently published, Austria's richest citizen has an income of something over \$2,000,000 a year, for which he is taxed more than \$100,000. This fact, which has been cabled to America, may have aroused curiosity as to who the individual is, and how he came to accumulate such a vast fortune.

He is the Archduke Frederick Marie Albert William Charles of Teachen. He offers no such incentive to the struggling poor youth, as do the self-made multi-millionaires of America, for he never worked for a living, nor have his ancestors for generations back. He inherited his great possessions. But that fact does not appear in the least to diminish his enjoyment of them. He is a chubby-faced man, with none of those deep care-worn furrows one is accustomed to see on the faces of those great American financial magnates who started in life with what Andrew Carnegie has declared to be the most blessed of all inheritances—poverty. He has a good appetite and his stomach has never gone back on him. He is never troubled with insomnia. He has an abundant crop of hair and all his teeth are sound.

IS A HAPPY MAN.

Of course he would be much more valuable as an object lesson if he had all sorts of things the matter with him, and his eyes were a hunted expression and he looked thoroughly wretched and miserable. Then one could point to him as a terrible example of the curse of unearned wealth, and tell poor young men how they should rejoice that they are able to begin life without such a terrible millstone hanging around their necks. But the perverse archduke has misused altogether the glorious opportunity he has enjoyed of pointing a useful moral to the rising generation. He looks, and probably is, a good deal happier than most of America's richest men who have been the architects of their own fortunes.

Several members of the Austrian imperial family are rich, but none of them have anything approaching the possessions of Frederick. These are of the most varied and comprehensive character, including iron-works and coal-mines, forests and agricultural lands, castles and country villas and city palaces. In Silesia the archduke owns some of the largest ironworks in Austria and extensive rich coal mines in the same province. An influential Berlin syndicate was recently negotiating for the purchase of the ironworks at a very high figure running into some millions of crowns. At Hegyes Hallom, on the Hungarian frontier, an hour or so from Vienna, is the archduke's model dairy farm, one of the greatest in Europe, which supplies butter and milk to a large proportion of the pop-

ulation of Vienna. There is a private railway on the farm connecting with the main line to Vienna and fast freight trains are stopped to pick up the dairy produce of the imperial farm—iron, coal, milk and butter mark the limits of the archduke's commercial activities.

SOME POSSESSIONS.

In Bohemia he owns vast tracts of forest lands covered with valuable timber and affording fine hunting and shooting. For those latter, however, his immense estates at Belya in the Danube delta, down near the Serbian frontier, are more interesting. They contain all classes of game including big bears for which hunting parties are arranged on a large scale. The archduke has yet another hunting estate in Hungary at Halb Thurn on the Austrian frontier near Pressburg.

At Baden, less than an hour from Vienna, he owns the Villa Wellbourg, a delightful summer residence with extensive and beautiful gardens. Most imposing of all the archduke's residences, however, is the Albrecht Palace in Vienna, commandingly situated on part of the old fortifications. Inside it is a veritable treasure-house of art, the "Albertina" or library of the late Archduke Albert, containing one of the most valuable and celebrated collections of drawings in Europe. They include works of Raphael, Durer, Rubens and Rembrandt. The engravings number over 220,000, there are 50,000 volumes of books, many of them rare, and a collection of 24,000 maps and plans. Below the terrace of the palace is the Albert fountain with figures representing the chief rivers falling into the Danube. Scidion living amidst these great treasures, the archduke and his family spend most of their time in another palace at Pressburg, the ancient capital of Hungary.

HIS ENORMOUS WEALTH.

It was from his uncle, the late Archduke Albert, that Frederick obtained his enormous wealth. The old archduke died in 1895 at the age of 73, leaving only one daughter, Maria Theresa, who married Prince Philip of Wurtemberg. Most of his property being entailed the archduke couldn't leave it to his daughter, and it fell to Frederick as the next heir. Albert had also another daughter, the Archduchess Matilda, a famous beauty, whose betrothal to the late King Edward of Italy was suddenly broken when she met with a most terrible and tragic death. She was staying in the palace at Schonbrunn, just outside Vienna, the favorite residence of the Emperor Franz Joseph. The archduchess was leaning out of a window talking to a gentleman on the terrace. She was a rather emaciated young lady and had been smoking a cigarette. Not caring to let the gentleman see her smoking she was holding the cigarette below the edge of the window when her light shone suddenly on the officers. Frightened terribly she ran through the corridors shrieking for assistance and enveloped in flames. Doctors kept her for two days in an oil bath, but she was so dreadfully burned that her recovery was hopeless.

Archduke Frederick married Isabella, Princess of Crovia. The first six children were all girls and it began to look as though Frederick would also have to leave his vast estates to a nephew. But in 1897 a little archduke was born—a great interest in military affairs, and when the maneuvers were held every year near one of his Hungarian properties, he always extended his hospitality to the officers. For a special purpose he had an enormous tent constructed which formed a splendid dining hall. When Frederick succeeded to his uncle's estate he thoughtfully presented the tent to the emperor. Frederick had six daughters to save up for and wasn't entertaining military officers on any such scale. For some former times members of the imperial family were exempt from taxation and archdukes however wealthy paid no income tax. The emperor, however, some time ago, changed all this, and now his family must pay income tax on everything except their appanages. The emperor himself pays no taxes. Austria is not a country of very rich men. Only 21 people paid income tax last year on incomes over \$200,000, and 305 other persons paid on incomes of \$50,000 and upwards, but of a total of \$53,499 income tax payers, nearly one-half earn \$75 a year or less.

IS GENEROUS ALSO.

The old Archduke Albert was a most generous and hospitable man, who entertained on a lavish scale. He took a great interest in military affairs, and when the maneuvers were held every year near one of his Hungarian properties, he always extended his hospitality to the officers. For a special purpose he had an enormous tent constructed which formed a splendid dining hall. When Frederick succeeded to his uncle's estate he thoughtfully presented the tent to the emperor. Frederick had six daughters to save up for and wasn't entertaining military officers on any such scale. For some former times members of the imperial family were exempt from taxation and archdukes however wealthy paid no income tax. The emperor, however, some time ago, changed all this, and now his family must pay income tax on everything except their appanages. The emperor himself pays no taxes. Austria is not a country of very rich men. Only 21 people paid income tax last year on incomes over \$200,000, and 305 other persons paid on incomes of \$50,000 and upwards, but of a total of \$53,499 income tax payers, nearly one-half earn \$75 a year or less.

RUSSELL HOLMES.

The Real Raisuli, "Robin Hood" of Morocco

Noted Author Gives Inside View of the Actual Situation in the Strange Land Over Which the Powers Are Squabbling—Says the Moorish Chieftain is a Much-Maligned Man—Intrepid Woman Explorer.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 7.—Whenever there is an enterprise too risky for a man to undertake in these days it generally happens that a woman can be found to do it. Such an enterprise is the journey lately made by a slight, delicate-looking little woman from Tangier to Fez, through a bandit-infested region of Morocco by tortuous roads known only to the natives, and without armed escort of any sort. It is as though Lady Cecil had stepped out into real life from Bernard Shaw's amusing comedy, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," in which Ellen Terry is now touring in the United States.

The heroine of this daring exploit is Mrs. Frances Campbell, the author of that fascinating novel of child life, "Dearlove," and of a book of singularly fanciful and delicate essays under the general heading, "The Measure of Life." Her husband, who died some five years ago, was a cousin of the great Duke of Argyll, King Edward's brother-in-law. By marriage she is related to most of the other distinguished Campbells, who fill more columns of "Who's Who" than any other family in the United Kingdom. But it is from her own ancestors she gets the heroic strain in her blood, for she is a descendant of Owen Roe O'Neill, a prince of Ulster and a famous rebel in his day.

HEALTH BROKE DOWN.

Last summer Mrs. Campbell's health broke down after the strain of finishing her "Dearlove" and she went to Tangier to recuperate. While there she made the acquaintance of most of the diplomats who are finding Morocco one of the most interesting places in the world just now. A large party of men and women had been arranged to visit the court of the Sultan of Morocco at Fez. But alarmist reports were received that Raisuli was on the warpath, and that Moorish brigands were prowling around seeking rich captives to hold for ransom. In consequence all the members of the projected expedition backed out save two—two women—Mrs. Campbell and her friend Mrs. Mansell Pleydell.

The latter is the wife of Col. Pleydell, an Englishman whose love of sport has caused him to sojourn long in the land of the Sheeridan sultan. There he made the acquaintance of Raisuli, the famous Moorish chief who is popularly depicted as a cut-throat brigand, living on rapine and plunder. Col. Pleydell formed the opinion that he is a much maligned man, and became a warm admirer of him. He

earned Raisuli's gratitude by championing his cause with the British government when he was an outlaw with a price upon his head. When Raisuli heard that the colonel's wife and her friend were bent on going to Fez he pledged his word that so far as lay in his power he would see to it that no harm befell them on their journey. Many adventures befell them, did their best to dissuade her from undertaking such a hazardous venture. Her trust in Raisuli was well repaid, and shielded by his name, more potent and respected among the wild tribesmen than that of the sultan, she and her companion made the journey in safety. Many adventures befell them, but no man's hand was raised against them.

They were accompanied by seven servants without weapons and took with them no armed guards, an unprecedented thing in the wild region which they traversed, where no man ventures without an escort of soldiers. Furthermore, they broke the record for Moroccan travel. Avoiding the beaten track and riding hard from dawn to sunset over howler-strewn paths, they made the journey from Tangier to Fez in five days, and were a little longer returning. The German legation took a month to do it, traveling over much better roads, and the American legation, so far from maintaining the national reputation for hustling, was six weeks on the journey.

STIRRING ADVENTURES.

Mrs. Campbell, who has just returned to England, told me some of her adventures today, and gave me a glimpse of the inside of the situation in Morocco rather different from that which has reached the world through official channels. She saw Raisuli, to whose protection she and her party owed so much, only once during the journey, but he made a profound impression upon her. It was on the second morning after leaving Tangier, when they were preparing to break camp. The men on which the cook rode had bolted, and so much amused had Mrs. Campbell been watching his efforts to catch the beast that she had not noticed a small party riding along the river bank until it was nearly upon them.

"The leader, a tall man, riding a beautiful Moorish barb, who was the most arresting personality I have ever seen," she said. "In his immaculate white robes and dark blue sash floating round him over the crimson, green and vermilion of his high-backed saddle, he looked like nothing so much as the reincarnation of some prince of the ancient Roman empire

revisiting the land his race had found such a tough handful in the barbed past. A tall man, with an ivory-white skin, flashing dark eyes, thin straight brows, high aquiline features, thin as a cameo, beautifully perfect. The mouth was hidden by the soft, silken beard, as was the chin, but the outline showed hard and resolute through the close cropped hair. He sat his horse as if he were a part of it, the reins dangling carelessly, his feet outthrust in the huge Moorish stirrups. The regal air, the easy dignity and simplicity of him made me wonder.

PASSING SALUTATION.

"He uttered a salutation as he passed, the severe beauty of his face breaking up with a smile. There was no subtlety in the face, only great power and refinement. Many adventures befell them, but no man's hand was raised against them. They were accompanied by seven servants without weapons and took with them no armed guards, an unprecedented thing in the wild region which they traversed, where no man ventures without an escort of soldiers. Furthermore, they broke the record for Moroccan travel. Avoiding the beaten track and riding hard from dawn to sunset over howler-strewn paths, they made the journey from Tangier to Fez in five days, and were a little longer returning. The German legation took a month to do it, traveling over much better roads, and the American legation, so far from maintaining the national reputation for hustling, was six weeks on the journey.

"It was due to no lack of courtesy on his part," said Mrs. Campbell. "Raisuli is an orthodox Mussalman, and as such is forbidden to hold converse with 'Naziri' women. He is true to his faith as he is to his word."

"You have a very high opinion of him?"

"He deserves it. No man has been more hotly abused and misrepresented. He has been described as a cattle thief, a highwayman, a merciless, greedy bandit. He is nothing of the sort. He is an heroic man and above all things a patriot. He is the Robin Hood of Morocco and the only man in the country fit to rule it. He was the Kaid merely of the little hill village of Abreze when he first became famous. The sultan's soldiers pillaged and plundered the village and the district round about. They killed Raisuli's uncle, robbed Raisuli's men, burnt their houses, stole their horses and cattle, outraged their women.

VAIN APPEAL MADE.

"Raisuli appealed to the governor of Tangier in vain. He sought redress from his lord the sultan and it was denied him. Then for the sake of his dependents he took matters into his own hands and compelled the sultan to act. He abdicated Mr. Pendergast, an American millionaire, and thereby brought a horse's nest of diplomatic complications about the sultan's ears.

He demanded as the price of his captive's life a free pardon for himself the release of his men who were imprisoned in Tangier, the dismissal of the governor of Tangier and the payment of \$40,000. It was a case of the end justifying the means. The sultan yielded because if he hadn't an American warship might have been sent around to collect a still heavier bill from him. Raisuli made good use of his money and power. He recompensed the ruined villagers. He made his district peaceful and prosperous and safe for travelers. He established justice."

"How comes it, then that he has acquired such a bad reputation?"

DIPLOMATIC GAME.

"That is part of the diplomatic game which is being played in Morocco. Raisuli is a power there. The Moors esteem him because of his lineage—he is a prince of the royal house of Mulai Idris and a direct descendant of that famous saint—and still more do they admire him because of his character. He stands for Morocco for the Moors. The Moors say that so long as Mulai Hummet lives no Naziri nation shall police Morocco. Having seen that I believe them. Naturally, the powers which are interested in acquiring control of Morocco—especially Germany—wish him to be suppressed as a preliminary measure. It is for this reason that such pressure was brought to bear on the sultan that he dispatched an army against Raisuli, and after his stronghold had been shelled the doughty chieftain was compelled to believe them. He is not a fighter, but he has not heard the last of him. It would not surprise me at all if he should some day become sultan of Morocco. Should the powers undertake to police Morocco I believe it would be met by a holy war. That would unite the tribesmen, however much they may quarrel among themselves. They are a brave people, magnificent of physique, manhood, and under Raisuli's leadership they would fight to the death."

Mrs. Campbell found that Col. Pleydell's name was also one to conjure with among the Moors. As an intrepid sportsman he has won their respect and friendship. They call him the "Ingles Croony." Soon after entering the Berber territory, that hot-bed of rebellion, the cavalcade came across a new-made grave in the middle of the track over which they were traveling. It was rendered the more horribly suggestive by the sudden apparition of four great giants of mountaineers, each armed with a gun. They laid hands on the foremost horses of the party, demanding to know who they were and whither they were going.

"Raisuli's head man, imperturbable as usual, came forward," said Mrs. Campbell. "The tallest of the Moors drew back that sight of him and said: 'No evil,' he said humbly, 'we did but desire to know why these ladies travel without soldiers.' 'This is the household of the Ingles Croony,' explained Raisuli's man quietly, 'the Croony who comes pig-sticking to Berber.'"

THREW UP HIS HAND.

"The kaid threw up his right hand to the edge of his turban, 'Oh Seyid Abdallah, they will be safe with me,' he said dramatically. 'The Croony is my friend even as he is the friend of Mulai Hummet.' 'It is well,' responded Seyid Abdallah. 'I leave them to your care. And forthwith, turning his horse about, he rode away, leaving us in the hands of the four men. They were terrible as they looked, they were very kind to us. They wanted the croony to come again and kill a great boar that was ravaging the cornfields. That night their chief came to our camp and laid a pair of chickens and a basket of eggs at our feet. 'I have brought you a gift,' he explained briefly, 'would explain and Raisuli's man, quietly, 'the Croony who comes pig-sticking to Berber.'"

On one occasion Mrs. Campbell owed her life to the chivalry of the Moors. Crossing a ford her horse was swept off its feet and she ran great risk of being drowned. A party of Moors were passing along one of the banks. Instantly the cry was raised among them: 'Save the stranger! Save the Naziri woman!' Five of them—one a magnificent kaid—plunged into the stream and Mrs. Campbell was speedily rescued. To them she was a member of an accursed faith—a dog of a Christian—but they rendered her prompt assistance. The incident presents a striking contrast to what happened elsewhere. One day, with characteristic energy, she determined to find a remedy by which she might benefit herself and the public at the same time. Jagers must be transplanted to French soil.

STATE SUPPORT. The great difficulty was to secure the support of the state. Ten years ago negotiations were set on foot for this purpose, but permission to lay the call wires was refused, and an attempt to use the telephone as a substitute

(Continued on page eighteen.)

YANKEE GIRL'S QUICK SERVICE

How Paris Has Secured Its First Messenger System From An American Woman.

FRENCH CAPITAL DELIGHTED.

Service is to be Extended Throughout Its Entire Domain—Story of The Achievement.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, March 7.—It will soon become generally recognized that the best way to get a novel enterprise successfully launched in a European city is to put it in the hands of an American girl. One of the chief obstacles to the introduction of up-to-date things in these old world communities is red tape. The more there is of it, the more officials there are whom it provides with snug billets. Therefore, they resist all innovations until they are able to impose all manner of absurd rules, regulations and restrictions upon them—in short, tie them up with their blessed red tape.

When a mere man—even an American—tries to break through it, he generally succeeds only in getting himself all tangled up in it and is brought to a dead halt spluttering and fuming with impotent rage. But the American girl somehow manages to cut sheer through it and gets what she wants while the gazed officials are wondering how on earth she did it. In Berlin not long ago, an American candy store got into all sorts of trouble with the municipal authorities over the introduction of an American soda-water fountain. The store was owned by a niece of President Roosevelt—Miss Maude Roosevelt Le Vinson—stepped into the breach and in a couple of hours had things running and was doing a cashing business. Since then Berliners have added a new verb to their slang dictionary—to roosevelt—which means to put things through in a hurry.

A MOMENTOUS FEAT.

In this city another American girl, Miss Andrews, erstwhile of New York, has accomplished a far more momentous feat—one which many men had essayed before and failed. She has established the long-needed messenger service. Already one may note swift, soldierly leads in a dark gray uniform, speeding along the Avenue de l'Opera, the Rue de la Paix, or the Boulevard des Capucines, with a dreadfully determined get-out-of-my-way look in their smug, youthful faces.

Some mention of the enterprise has been made in cable dispatches, but the story of how Miss Hardenbergh Andrews, nee Daisy Andrews, as she is called—she herself does not know why—succeeded in doing what had proved too difficult for others who had preceded her in the attempt, has not, I believe heretofore been told.

ON FRENCH SOIL.

Miss Andrews has been for the last five or six years the Continental agent of Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the well known representative of dramatists and authors, and her sphere of activity includes Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Milan, Rome, Moscow and London. When in Paris she is in constant cable communication with friends and with New York, and the messenger question rapidly assumed for her an importance readily to be imagined. With such returns to Paris she encountered the same obstacles. One day, with characteristic energy, she determined to find a remedy by which she might benefit herself and the public at the same time. Jagers must be transplanted to French soil.

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