

The horse may starve, waiting for the grass to grow; and your store may grow lean if you wait until you are ENTIRELY READY to advertise it adequately.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

SPEED RECORD FOR AN ENGLISH BOAT

Claims for a Motor Craft That it Surpasses All Creations Of Its Type.

TRAVELS 31 MILES AN HOUR.

Is as Full of Science as a Torpedo Boat—John Bull Expects to Beat Uncle Sam With It.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 6.—Within a few days after the cable had flashed over the tidings that the American motor boat Challenger had established a new record on Lake Worth, Florida, with a speed of 23.8

but though they are full of eloquence for marine engineers, to laymen they convey only a faint idea of the marvelous performance of this little boat. She must be seen at full speed to be appreciated. Ordinary steam craft she passes as a dragon fly darting by a dromedary. She seems actually to fly over the water—not through it. A roar as of a rapid fire artillery—a smother of foam—a white streak—and she is a mile away. Seen approaching stem on, driven at full power, with great cascades of spray spraying from each side of her bow, she looks like some monster, shrieking, white-winged butterfly of the paleoae age skimming over the surface. It is a sight worth seeing. To travel in her is a really thrilling experience. This is how one who has enjoyed that privilege described it:

"As the boat gained in speed, dashing her passengers against their back supports, as the propellers grip and fairly hurt her forward, the mild roar of the engines ascends to a shriek; the sounds of her rapid exhausts emit the ear like the continuous reports of a machine-gun, mingled with the scream of the river water, while the shore, dimly seen through a veil of powdered spray, flies by like a train. There is no swing or plume, no lurch or roll. The grand little craft pouts on her way on an absolutely even keel, with no sense of being driven, but a feeling as though boat and crew were flying and feeling on the wings of the wind. There is absolutely no sense of vibration, no water-borne feeling whatsoever. If one shuts one's eyes it is not difficult to

Pope's Troubles in His Splendid Prison.

A Victim of Diplomacy Against Which He is Making a Valiant Struggle, but to Which His Three Timid Sisters Have Had to be Sacrificed—Can Only See Him at a Distance—His Empty Chair at Their Humble Table.



THE POPE'S THREE SISTERS.

(From a Photograph Secured in Rome by the Deseret News Special Correspondent.)

ROME, April 6.—Much has been said about the absurdity of calling Pius X a prisoner. Materially, of course, he is not; but morally he is as much so as any poor wretch shut in a cell.

"Papa Sarto," as he is familiarly called, entered the Vatican as pontiff with great reluctance. From certain phrases which he has lately let fall, he must have had a premonition of what was before him. While considered infallible by all good sons of the church, in reality he is governed by a force all the more potent because intangible, and all the more heavy because opposed to the deep sentiments of his nature.

When Patriarch Cardinal Saraceni went to the Vatican as seldom as was compatible with his position, and when he rendered himself as colorless as possible. He was thus considered a thoroughly pious and capable man by Leo XIII, and a decidedly negative quantity by the papal entourage. Then came the day when he entered the apostolic palace never to leave it again alive.

Every step since has been fought for. His secretary of state was of his own choosing, and has proved a broken reed. He certainly has succumbed to the sub-

influence of reaction, the center of which is the Vatican, and the direction of which comes from the general house of the Jesuits, and is now only another person in opposition. Pius X has always frankly said that he is no diplomatist, and what is more, would prefer not to use "diplomatic" methods; but Cardinal Merry del Val thinks otherwise, consequently diplomacy, such as it is, reigns supreme in all negotiations. Pius X would have liked to speak boldly of the relations between church and state in the audience he gave at the beginning of January to the Duke of Genoa, brother of Queen Margherita, and to his wife, but he was not allowed. Of course, no one can "forbid" the pope, but he knew as well as his entourage that if he followed his own course, and did not practically promise to do nothing of the kind, means, apparently natural, but in reality full of art, would be found to prevent the meeting.

METHODS OF DIPLOMACY. Outside of these contrivances of state the pope is no better off in his private relations. There is always the pretty story of his three devoted sisters, who have followed him to Rome, and are content to give up home and friends for his sake. This is true as far as it goes, but these same sisters, and the rest of his family, are made the instruments to "bring him to reason," wounding him in his affections.

"I have it on the highest authority from one who assisted at the scene that one day, when the three sisters were with him, Signorina Maria turned to her brother and said, 'Beppi, don't you think—' but got no further, as the eminent cardinal present coughed admonitory. Poor Signorina Maria flushed and embarrassed, began again, 'Holy Father, can Angelo' (the other brother) ' lodge in the Vatican—' but was again interrupted by the same personage, who began a discourse on the recent usage of popes keeping themselves entirely apart from their families and the world, which lasted until the three sisters were driven from the room. Angelo, needless to say, did not put up at the apostolic palace.

If Pius X proposes something which does not meet with general approval (and this often happens), there is no open opposition, but he is sure to hear remarks, more or less diffuse, about the aristocratic ways of his predecessors, who, it is hinted, knew so well how to maintain the dignity of the papacy, together with great piety. Or he will be treated to examples of the fiasco which certain persons of lowly birth have made by wanting to follow their own ways.

To a callous, ambitious man, these would be mere pin pricks, but they cause tender-hearted Pius X hours of gloomy musing and self-reproaches, and this is the proof of his strength of character—he does not give way in essentials. For instance, compare the relations between church and state when King Humbert died and those of today! In non-essentials he gives way, they are not worth fighting for, and the victims are himself and his family. The "prisoner of the Vatican" is more literally so today than 35 years ago.

CUT OFF FROM THEIR BROTHERS. Day by day the three poor old sisters of the pope find it more and more difficult to see their brother familiarly and alone, and although he is always in Rome,

kindly and affectionate self their timidity with regard to the atmosphere of the apostolic palace is increasing instead of diminishing.

Lately a feeling of distrust toward them has arisen in the Vatican, based not from personal but from political reasons, which they, poor things, can do nothing to allay. Their influence is so small, and their position is so precarious, that for his health's sake they recommend their brother to take a change of air to Castel Gandolfo, for instance, which implies reconciliation between the Vatican and the world.

Arguing from human nature, and the characters of these particular ladies, it is supposed that all the ceremony and the red tape necessary to penetrate to the papal apartment, will, if not content, at least not be agreeable to those accustomed to simplicity and sincerity. Thus elaborate formalities have been introduced which must be observed every time they go to the Vatican.

First of all, Monsignor Biletti, the master of the chamber, and a future cardinal, is advised. He usually objects, saying that the holy father is much engaged. Then, when a decision is suggested, he gives a reluctant consent, and when they do actually arrive at the papal door, it is to find a dash, and he is ignored by the fast set—except well for his future career. What special form of activity he will go in for is not known—perhaps he has not settled it with himself yet—but one thing his friends are sure of: that he will be one of England's greatest territorial magnates reckless extravagance will never be his besetting sin. It is expected that he will live quietly for some years, regarding the management of his predecessors and making his 30,000 acres again one of the best paying properties in the kingdom.

As a cousin of the pontiff whose he succeeds he escapes that fearful penalty of heredity which visits the sin of the fathers upon the children. His full name is Charles Henry Alexander Paoli, and he is the eldest son of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paoli. His mother is still living. He has two beautiful sisters, Lady Herbert, who married Lord Pembroke's eldest son last year, and Lady Innes, who married Lord Shrewsbury's eldest son at the same time. He has no sweetheart as yet, but when he gets his property in proper shape, yielding an income of \$200,000 a year, he will be a great catch. Aristocratic British matrons with marriageable daughters will do their best to prevent any American girl capturing him.

THEIR ONE FRIEND AT COURT. One good friend they have, the pope's private secretary and friend, Mr. Bressan, who knew them in Venice and pities their distress now. Many a time has he met them at the bronze doors of the pontifical palace, and has escorted them to the grounds, and then, leaving them there and guarding their privacy and returning with them to the door of their home. In Signorina Maria's own words to me:

"I can endure almost anything except the supercilious guards and the servants! They look at me with such condescension that I am ready to sink through the floor. Beppi has no idea what we suffer to see him!"

Thus the visits grow less and less. They hear of the holy father's health from the faithful Bressan, and that suffices. The good ladies have recently changed their quarters and are now in the ancient Rustic Palace, which faces St. Peter's and the papal apartments in the Vatican. From their terrace at a certain hour every morning they have the vision of a white-clad figure at a window, who waves his hand and disappears, and thus the day opens gladly for them.

The rooms in their new abode are spacious, indeed vast, and had with them from which one looks upon one of the most beautiful scenes in Rome,

the vast piazza of St. Peter's, backed by the majestic basilica, frowned down upon by the Vatican and lighted and softened by the sparkling fountains, which throw out ribbons of spray, and seem to be vying with each other in their efforts to sprinkle the venerable obelisk, which for centuries has defied the winds of heaven. The ladies find themselves in a large hall simply furnished, with a few chairs against the wall, and three small tables, on which are three albums bound in parchment, with the royal arms, in which visitors are asked to sign their names. At the window is a simple crocheted curtain in yellow.

The drawing room is more pretentious, the prevailing colors being green and blue. The furniture is covered with stuff in pale green with dark green flowers, the curtains being of the same material. The walls are hung with tapestries in which a blue, red, and gold pattern predominates, which harmonizes with the green, the same color being noticed on the carpet.

The most prominent objects in the room are pictures of the pope. One, life size, with a dedication, hangs over a huge divan, and was a present from some friends. The other represents Cardinal Sarto—as the pope was then—taking leave just before entering his gondola to go to Rome for the jubilee, on what proved to be the last time. On a round table in the middle of the room are albums, books and a crystal stand for visiting cards, and in a corner on a stand a big photograph, in which the pontiff has spoken several times.

The diningroom has carved walnut furniture, the prevailing color being blue. The terrace is specially "paved" as it is closer than any other part of the house to the Vatican. One ascends a narrow winding staircase and soon comes out on a balcony where the pope has decided the taking of the apartment. "It is so near Beppi," as one sister exclaimed. It is in process of being turned into a hothouse of roses and sweet smelling flowers, where "one shall spend all our time," said Signorina Rosa with pride.

ALWAYS AN EMPTY CHAIR FOR THE POPE. The Sarto sisters have continued in Rome a custom of their Venetian days—hospitality. In their house there is ever a spare bedroom, and the tables are always large enough for several additional persons. "We like it so," they explain. "If a friend comes he finds that he is not inconvenient, and we make no difference, all are welcome."

One evening a stranger was taken through the diningroom to the terrace, and happening to cast his eye on the dining table, already laid, noticed that there were covers for four.

"I must hurry," he said to the maid. "The ladies, I see, have a guest for dinner."

"Where?" exclaimed the servant, startled. "They must have opened the door for him themselves!"

"No, no, I don't mean that," said the other. "I merely inferred so, as there are places for four at the table."

"Oh! that doesn't mean anything," was the explanation. At every meal there are four places, three for themselves and one for his holiness. He cannot come, but he is with them in spirit, they say. No matter how many guests they have, one ever notices that there are four places at the table. It is sacred!"

Could anything be more touching, the empty chair symbolical of the empty lives, but the dear one "with them in spirit!"

ISABELLA COCHRANE.

A DIFFERENT MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 6.—One of the first acts of the new Marquis of Anglesey has been to restore the old Welsh name of Plas Newydd to the family seat which the late marquis had rechristened Anglesey Castle.

This is regarded as indicative of his purpose to re-establish the prestige of a noble family which was brought into disrepute and contempt by the frail, degenerate and reckless spendthrift who did a bankrupt's exile at Nice. Between the new peer and the old one, the latter, who sold himself in the last weeks of his wasted life by knitting homely comforters and making bead bags the contrast is a striking one.

The physiognomy of the dead marquis proclaimed his weakness of will and irresponsible temperament. His successor, though only in his twentieth year, possesses a singularly mature face, with a broad intellectual forehead, a firm mouth, a decisive chin and clear, penetrating eyes. The fact that he is little known in society has never cut a dash, and he is ignored by the fast set—except well for his future career. What special form of activity he will go in for is not known—perhaps he has not settled it with himself yet—but one thing his friends are sure of: that he will be one of England's greatest territorial magnates reckless extravagance will never be his besetting sin. It is expected that he will live quietly for some years, regarding the management of his predecessors and making his 30,000 acres again one of the best paying properties in the kingdom.

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VIOLENT ATTACK MADE ON COLUMBUS

French-American Iconoclast Says He Got His Glory by Distortion and Stealth.

MARINER'S YOUTH NOT GOOD.

Vignaud of the American Embassy in Paris, After Long Study Makes Astonishing Statements.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, April 6.—Christopher Columbus, a man of limited intelligence and unscrupulous proclivities! Thus is howled over one of the few remaining heroes of history. Columbus is not accused of discovering America by proxy, as Shakespeare is alleged to have written his plays. He is only charged with profiting by the discoveries of others and distorting facts according to his fancy in order to pose before the world as the genius which he was not.

Such are the statements now boldly made, after 40 years of careful research, by Henry Vignaud, who for nearly 30 years has been secretary of the American embassy at Paris. From early youth Mr. Vignaud has devoted nearly all his leisure time to the study of Columbus. He has in his library, one of the most private collections in Europe, comprising more than 13,000 volumes, all known works relating to Columbus. And for many years he has been recognized as one of the greatest living authorities on Columbus.

In 1901 Mr. Vignaud started Columbus scholars by the publication of his book "Columbus and Columbus," proving that the well-known letter attributed to the Italian astronomer, which represents Columbus as endeavoring to present to India by sailing westward, was a forgery, and that instead of plunging into the unknown in search of the eastern coast of Asia he started out from Palos possessed with information, long preserved, is not exactly known, but which gave him the certainty that he would find the islands he was in quest of and which he discovered.

Throwing an entirely new light on the life and character of Columbus, this was already disconcerting for those who had been brought up to revere the discoverer of America as one of the transcendent geniuses of all time. But Mr. Vignaud had been merely clearing the way for more important revelations. In a forthcoming work he has developed the real character of Columbus as displayed in his youth, and it is far from being wholly creditable. Having this much of his hands, Mr. Vignaud is now gathering evidence for the crowning work of all, which giving for the first time the full and authentic history of the discovery of America, will, Mr. Vignaud says, shatter Columbus as a great genius, and leave him only as the instrument of a great deed.

HISTORY "DOCTORED" BY COLUMBUS.

"I have not sought to attack Columbus, but to separate the fact from the fiction," Mr. Vignaud said to me when I questioned him concerning his ideas and intentions. "The object which I had in mind for many years is to prove that the history of Columbus is imperfectly known and that the most erroneous ideas prevail as to the true career of the discoverer of America."

"Like all men who have a notion and papers on the events in which they have played a part, Columbus arranged things as he wanted them to be. He knew it was wrong, but he was so set in his ways that he could not see his error. He was a great man, but he was not a genius."

"The glory of Columbus is certainly diminished by these studies. As a man he was neither truthful nor of superior attainments. Columbus can only be called a great man if we understand by that term those who have accomplished great things. But if one means a man whose intelligence can grasp the hidden connections of things, which gives perspective and which is the variable form of genius, then Columbus was not a great man. He displayed superiority in two things—energy and perseverance, qualities which are often characteristic of mediocrity. In his whole career Columbus never took the point of view of genius. He was mistaken in all his previous and persistent in his error even after making discoveries which should have sufficed to open his eyes."

"But," I interposed, "might not an objection be raised? The sources of Columbus' glory are surely accessible to every one. Washington Irving, Harbison and Fluke, to mention only the American authors, must have been acquainted with them all."

PAULY HISTORY.

"However enlightened one may be, there is always something to learn," answered Mr. Vignaud. "This is particularly true of history, which consists of a mass of facts, but whose interpretation depends upon the meaning with which these facts are invested. The meaning varies with the development of our ideas and the extension of our sphere of knowledge. Within the past 30 or 40 years our opinion on many subjects have been modified. Furthermore, it is not true that all the sources of Columbus history were known when the eminent men you have mentioned wrote."

"For a long time the history of Columbus, which is that of the discovery of America, was known solely



LINTON HOPE.

Famous English Yacht Designer Who Has Built Two Competitive Cup Boats.

miles an hour, a British 40-foot racing motor launch, the Napier II, surpassed these figures and is now acclaimed the fastest craft of her size in the world. In consequence John Bull feels pretty confident that he will win the International Challenge cup this year, whatever flyers Uncle Sam may send over to compete for the trophy.

The speed trials of the Napier II took place over the admiralty measured knot at Long Reach, near the mouth of the Thames, and were timed by Mr. Swindley, the official timekeeper of the Automobile club. The figures, therefore, cannot be disputed. The conditions were by no means favorable to the attainment of the fastest time the wonderful little craft is capable of, for it was blowing half a gale of wind, the sea was quite choppy and more than once the steersman was thoroughly drenched. The time occupied in running a knot against the tide, under these circumstances, was 2 minutes, 25 seconds, and with the tide 2 minutes 32.5 seconds. This corresponds in the one case to a speed of 24.8 knots or 29.2 miles an hour, and in the other to 23.4 knots, which is equivalent to 31.28 miles an hour—faster than that of the average railway local train. Taking the two runs together the mean speed attained was 25.98 knots or 29.9 miles an hour. The previous best on record in European waters with this style of boat was a trifle under 23 knots.

SEEMS TO ALMOST FLY.

Such is the story as told by figures.

Imagine oneself on some tearing vehicle running on small rollers over a smooth steel road, at an incredible speed, sustained for the first time, it is like no other experience to be had in this world, but after the first half-minute or less there settles upon one a quite delightful sense of security and safety, so evenly and so truly does she run."

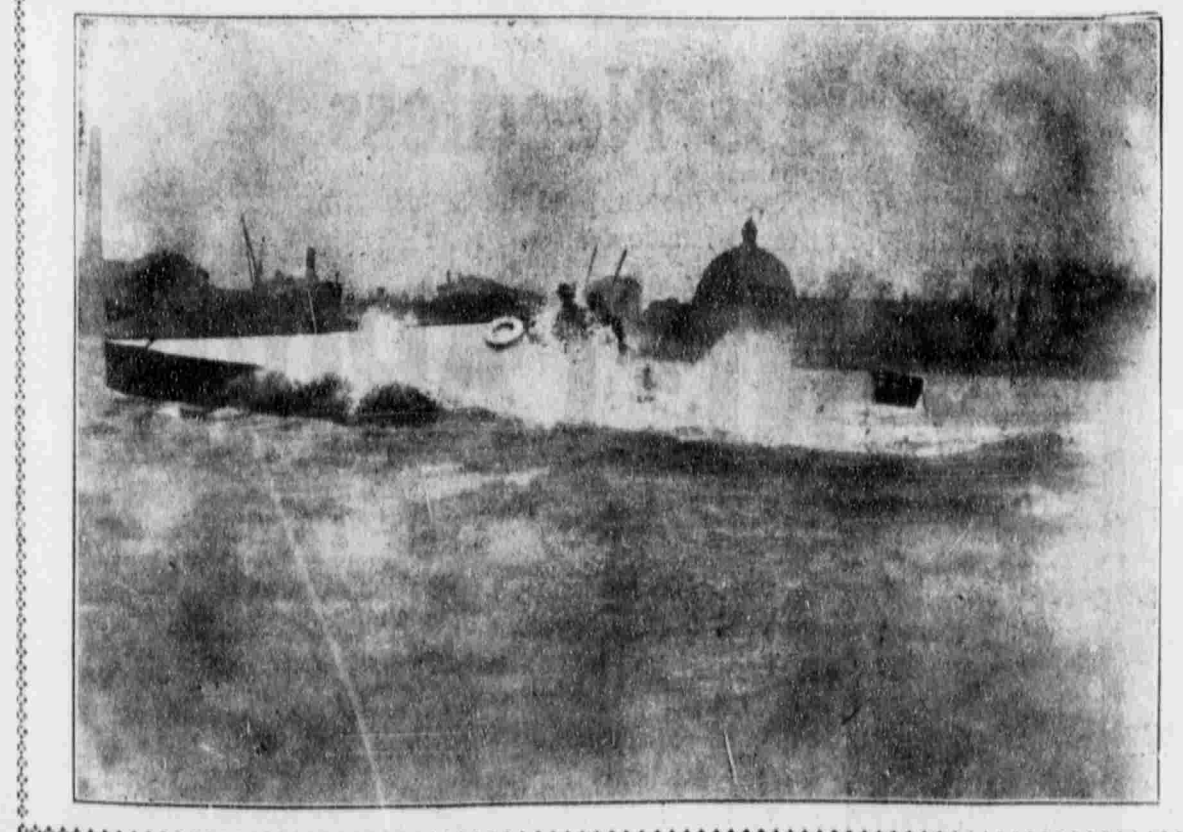
A FAILURE LAST YEAR.

The Napier II was constructed by Messrs. Farrow & Co., the world's greatest torpedo boat builders, and is engaged with two 45-horse power Napier motor engines, each driving its own propeller shaft. She was a failure last year. In the trial races for the international cup her bow plates became cracked under the strain of meeting the sea, and her engines did not work smoothly. She succeeded, however, in beating the American flyer Challenger, which was then also a victim of bad luck, faulty ignition depriving her of the use of some of her cylinders. But the Napier II broke down completely before the final race and was unable to come to the starting line—the prize, after a squabble, being awarded to a French boat, the Treize-Quatre.

MANY EXPERIMENTS.

No craft ever before built has been the subject of so many and varied experiments to arrive at the best shape of boat and most efficient mechanism. She is as chock full of science as the latest battleship. To ascertain what

(Continued on page 14.)



FOAM-COVERED AND ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT IN MIGHTY SEA DASH. When This Somewhat Obscure and Lightning Snapped Photograph Was Taken the Boat Was Traveling at Over 31 Miles an Hour, Which is a World's Record.