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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

If You Are Just "Waking Up" To the Fact of Want Advertising—of its Possibilities for YOU—Why, "Better Late Than Never!"

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1906. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

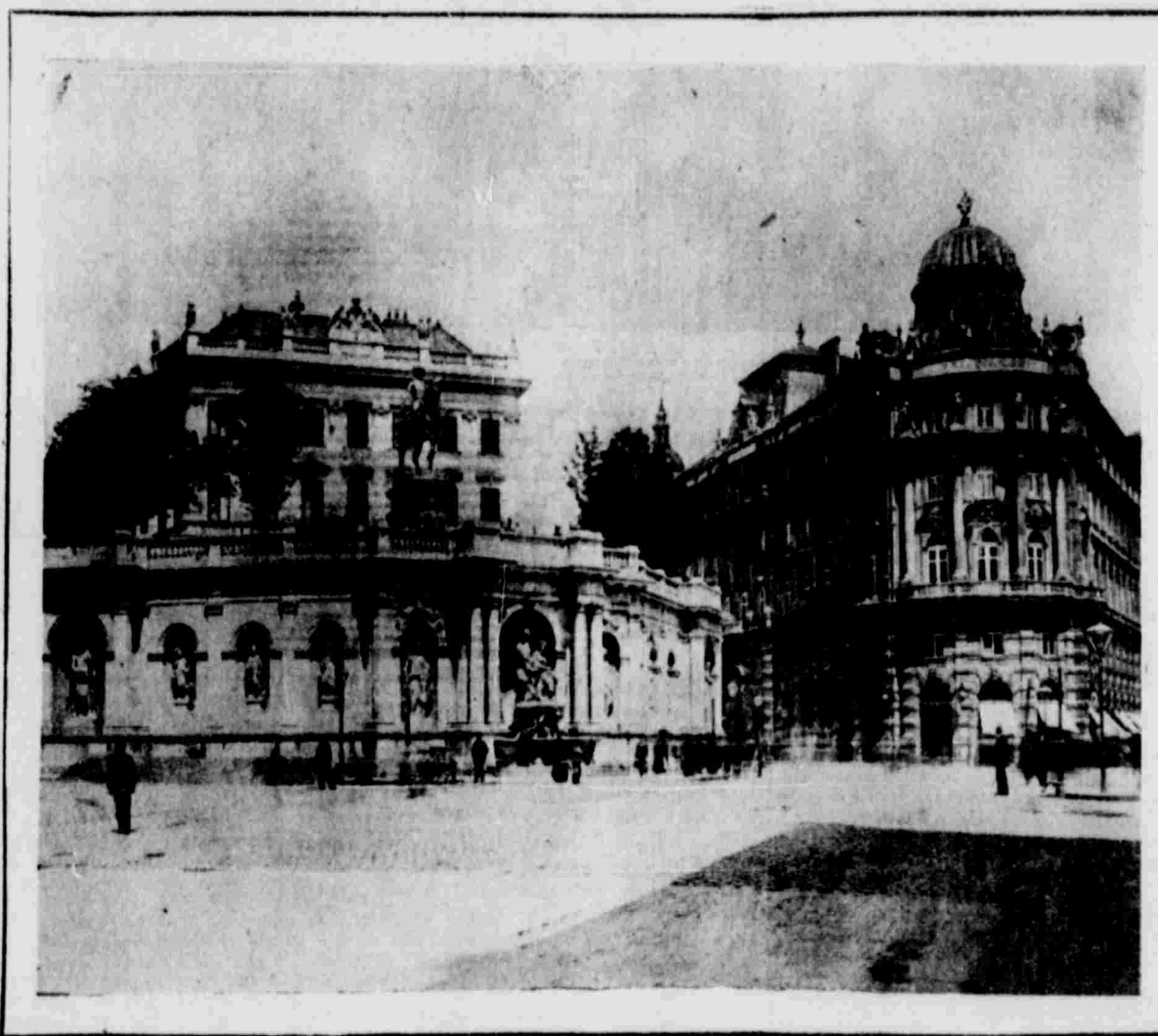
FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR.

Saturday News Special Service From Lands Across the Sea

The Building on the Right in the Center Picture of the Group is the Greatest Gambling Club of All Europe And Often Sees an Immense Fortune Wiped Out in an Hour.



A STAR MEMBER OF THE FAMOUS JOCKEY CLUB.



VIEW IN FRONT OF THE FAMOUS FORTUNE WRECKING JOCKEY CLUB.



SIR FRANCIS CARRUTHERS GOULD.

IS "CUT OUT" BY ROYAL FAVOR

Beautiful Woman Whose Name Was Once Coupled With King's Does the Trick.

CAUSES BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

Famous Siren, Though Nearly Sixty, Is Still the Terror of Wives and Finances in London.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Aug. 22.—The engagement recently announced between Nicholas Wood, the Birmingham motor-car manufacturer and reputed millionaire, and Pauline Chase, the pretty American actress, is off. A famous woman, whose name need not be mentioned, but who was once a royal favorite and the talk of London, is said to be at the bottom of the trouble. When she puts her eye on any man, he has but little chance of escape, and woe betide his fiancée or even his wife, once the lady has fascinated him. But she only puts her eye on men who have money. They know this, yet they fall into the trap. It seems incredible that a woman who is getting on for 60 and with such a record should still have it in her power to oust young and pretty women, but there it is. Most people noticed that nearly every photograph of the ex-royal favorite taken at Ascot and Newmarket showed Nicholas Wood in attendance; and her friends declare that poor little Pauline Chase is inconsolable.

A REMARKABLE CAUSE.

There is one remarkable story connected with this woman which has never got into print, yet it is absolutely true. Some years ago she got hold of the Marquis of Queensberry, a weak, good-natured person, and having got from him all the money possible she then insisted that he must give her the family jewels which, of course, were in the possession of his wife. "No," he said, "I cannot possibly give you Lady Queensberry's jewels." "Oh, but I never take 'No' from anyone," she said. "You have got to get them and what is more you must bring them at once." The marquis did not dare refuse—he was then under her sway absolutely—and in good time the jewels arrived. Lady Queensberry missed them and accused her husband of having given them to the woman who was then the sensation of London. He did not deny it. Instead of flying into a rage she took it quite calmly and said very little. "Try to find out where she has deposited them," she remarked. Grateful for his wife's calm in the matter the marquis decided that he would find out and moreover so unutterably disgusted did he grow with himself and with the other woman, that he determined he was finished with her.

PLANS FOR RECOVERY.

When Lady Queensberry discovered the bank in which they were placed, by the way, was one in Sloane Street, she made up her mind she was going to have her jewels back. Always rather clever at imitating signatures, she practised for hours together, copying that of her rival, which was really a remarkably easy one to imitate. She also managed to procure some note paper bearing the actress' address and then and there Lady Queensberry wrote an order to the manager of the

bank purporting to have come from the actress, requesting that the jewels which he was taking charge of for her be given to bearer. The manager apparently suspected nothing and handed the case to the messenger who conveyed it back to the marchioness. Everyone remembers the sequel; the excitement in Scotland Yard, the amusement of London, the rage of the actress, and the abrupt manner in which the matter was eventually hushed up. The marchioness is the one and only woman who has been a match for the notorious Mrs. X.—At the time, Lady Queensberry was made a heroine by her friends, and the late queen thought the ruse so smart that she sent for her to congratulate her on her cleverness. After this Queensberry turned over a new leaf and they have lived more or less happily ever since.

MAKING A SENSATION.

Mrs. Arthur Burdon is making quite a sensation here by her beauty and her wit, not to speak at all of her beautiful frocks. Although half Irish in parentage, she is wholly American in training, in education and in style. She and her husband have made a flying visit to Cork, whither she took like to meet, among others, her uncle, Lord Fernor, whose family name, like the bride's, is Roach. Mr. and Mrs. Burdon are making a trip on the continent before returning to America in the autumn.

TWO TYPES OF MEN.

From most points of view Dalmeny would be much more welcome to the palace of Mrs. Reid than young Lord Acheson, who is a pleasant young man enough but something of a nonentity as far as personality is concerned. Dalmeny is, however, a coming man, though he is never likely to attain the glorious success or the magnificent fortune of his father. He is a young man with "views," with plenty of ambition and plenty of promise. He is an optimist, too. Other advantages he possesses are that he is the grandson of the late Duchess of Cleveland on his father's side, while his late mother's people are the Rothschilds, which means that one day he will be fabulously rich. On the day that Lord Dalmeny marries he will come into possession of Mentmore, one of the numerous magnificent seats of his father. A great deal of money has been given to the rumor of Lord Dalmeny's possible engagement to Jean Reid in the fact that the Whiteley Reids and their daughter have spent two week-ends this season at Lord Rosebery's guests.

GOT THE MITTEN.

That Lord Acheson proposed to Miss Reid and was rejected is now pretty well known among the immediate friends of both and the very last story going round was that "he meant to have another try." Miss Reid was asked to be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Lady Mary Acheson and the Hon. Robert Ward, but the Reids got out of it, as they thought by accepting such an office little Jean would be giving encouragement to the future Earl of Gosford, and this they considered would not be right. Every one says how very much in love he is with her, and it was remarked at his sister's wedding how very unhappy he was looking. He is furiously jealous of Dalmeny, and if the days of dueling were not over there is no doubt he might look forward to some excitement of that kind in Hyde park. If the engagement to Lord Dalmeny is not announced it won't be because Miss Reid has not been "asked." If she refuses it means she will have rejected three future earls. No. 1 being Lord Brook, the eldest son of Lord and Lady Warwick, perhaps when all is said and done, the most individualistic and clever young man of the lot. There is certainly no doubt little Jean is a most fastidious young lady. MAY, she would be less so if she knew the scores and scores of girls who would literally jump at any one of the three men in question.

A PATHETIC LOVE.

To those in the know there was something pathetic in the marriage of Austen Chamberlain. For his popu-

Where European Fortunes Melt in a Night

Record for Heavy Winnings and Losses at Cards is Held by the Vienna Jockey Club, Where \$300,000 Was Recently Won in an Evening by Nikolaus Von Szemere, the Rich and Profligate Hungarian Sport of Sports.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VIENNA, Aug. 21.—Thoughtful persons in Austria-Hungary are much concerned over the terrible amount of gambling which is going on everywhere throughout the monarchy. Scarcely a week passes without some sensational story coming to light of high card playing in the aristocratic Jockey Club in Vienna or the not less famous sister institution, the National Casino in Budapest. These gambling scandals, moreover, are not confined to the two capitals—for from small provincial towns and remote country districts come frequent tales of high play. Nor is the gambling to be found among the aristocracy and wealthy classes only. The relatively poor also have their gamble, often in horse racing, but most frequently in the lotteries which are to be played everywhere and are under the auspices of the imperial royal government.

Naturally, however, the gambling stories current in society, and which often get into the newspapers, too, concern the upper classes entirely. For the Hungarian aristocrat is a born gambler and the Austrian nobles are not far behind. Few of them in either half of the empire take any real interest in politics or the serious affairs of life. They prefer to occupy themselves with the opera and theater, and racing and card playing and their talk is of ballet dancers, horses and cards. And so they dissipate their patrimony, mortgage their estates and seem only to be happy when they are head over ears in debt.

THE LAST OF THE LIST.

The last name to be added to the long and imposing list of nobles and millionaires who have made ducks and drakes of their inheritance is that of Baron Hermann Konigswarder. Once, perhaps, the wealthiest young man in the monarchy, with a patrimony of seven or eight million dollars, his income is now less than a tenth of what it once was. His vast estates in Bohemia, Hungary, and Lower Austria, and his extensive house property in Vienna are all said to be heavily encumbered with mortgages. His famous racing stable has been sold to Baron Rothschild for some sixty thousand dollars, but this does not include the stud, in which are some exceedingly valuable brood mares and horses.

The baron has certainly gone the pace and the crash is a big one even for Vienna, where heavy gambling losses are no great novelty. For the Konigswarder family is tremendously rich, in fact the wealthiest Jewish house in Austria, outside of the Rothschilds. The baron succeeded to great estates at Rendeck and Tippersgrunn and Chodan in Hungary, at Niederkreuzstetten, in Lower Austria, and vast properties at Casabadua and Kis-Szanto, in Hungary. Besides all these he inherited several big houses in Vienna, any one of which would represent a yearly income, sufficient to support a middle-class family. Then he had art treasures of no mean value,

and a picture gallery rich in examples of old Dutch and Italian as well as Austrian masters—estimated to be easily worth \$600,000. Many of these have already been disposed of.

Baron Hermann was only a second son, but he came into the bulk of his father's estate, as his elder brother was cut off with a comparatively small fortune for having married an actress. In the hope of breaking into the most exclusive circles of Austrian society the baron embarked upon a most extravagant career. He entertained lavishly, maintained a costly racing stable and at the Vienna Jockey club lost large sums of money at cards to his aristocratic companions. He won the Austrian Derby twice, and always backed his horses heavily.

After all he can have had very little satisfaction from it. For the Austrian aristocracy is the most exclusive in the world, and looks down with the utmost scorn upon all interlopers, however wealthy they may be, and especially when they chance to be Jews. The nobles would win the baron's money, but they wouldn't ask him to meet their women folk. His marriage also proved a very costly affair. To please his wife, a Fraulein von Draskovitz, he abandoned the faith of his forefathers and became a Roman Catholic. And for this, under a special clause in his father's will, he had to forfeit a sum of a million guildens, \$400,000, which was diverted to various Jewish charities. And then a few years afterward he was divorced, and that cost him another half million dollars.

Even his enormous rent roll couldn't stand such wild expenditures, so he began to borrow, and it was the beginning of the end. His total debts are estimated at more than \$2,000,000, and the estates are difficult to realize.

IS AN OLD STORY.

It is the old story of the third generation dissipating what the previous two had accumulated. The family fortunes were founded by Baron Hermann's grandfather, Jonas Konigswarder, who bought up parts of the site of the old fortifications where Vienna's magnificent Ringstrasse now stands. The old man built houses and sold them at big profits, and his son, Moritz, who became the first baron, was also a shrewd man of business and added largely to his patrimony. Besides what he bequeathed to Hermann the late baron left about \$5,000,000 among his other children and to charities.

Another prominent figure in the Austro-Hungarian gambling world, but of a very different kind, is Nikolaus von Szemere. Of noble Hungarian family he has all the gambling instincts of his class, but unlike most of his friends, he generally comes out a winner. Quite recently he is credited with having won 1,500,000 kronen (\$300,000) in baccarat at the Vienna Jockey club. He played in all 29 games. His unfortunate opponents were also scions of ancient Hungarian families, one a Count Esterhazy—the other a Count Festetics. When this story got into the Vienna papers the Jockey club officials were

greatly annoyed, and the secretary sent out an absolute denial, in which it was said that baccarat playing was not permitted in the club. But nobody took the denial seriously. The club is little else than a card playing institution. When King Edward was here two years ago he went every night to the club, no matter how late he may have been kept at official functions, and spent an hour or two at bridge.

Another equally well known Hungarian noble and member of the reichsrath, Count Nicholas Banffy, was also recently prominent in a card scandal. It was at Klausenburg, the capital of Transylvania, and the game took place in the Cafe New York there. The count and another Hungarian magnate sat down at 10 o'clock one night to play baccarat with an Armenian merchant. Banffy's friend had enough of it in an hour, and having lost all his ready money, very prudently stopped. But the count kept on until 4 in the morning, by which time the wily Armenian had won some 250,000 kronen (\$50,000). The count had some trouble in raising the money to pay his losses. His friends came to his aid and the Armenian received 100,000 kronen (\$20,000) in cash, an estate worth 40,000 kronen (\$8,000) and a pension for life of 1,000 kronen (\$200) a month.

HEAVY LOSSES AT MUNICH.

From Munich also come frequent stories of heavy losses at the gaming table on the part of aristocratic "punter." The latest card scandal from the Bavarian capital is said to involve one royal prince, two dukes, about twenty counts and many lesser members of the nobility. The scene of the gambling which led up to this scandal is a fashionable resort at Munich on exactly the lines of the Vienna Jockey club. Night after night gambling proceeds there to a reckless extent, and, as in the Austrian capital, enormous sums are won and lost daily between the hours of midnight and 6 in the morning.

Their heavy losses at this club have ruined many promising young officers of the Bavarian army, as well as numerous young noblemen and members of the civil service. Some of these, unwilling to face the disgrace of not paying debts incurred at the card tables, resorted to all sorts of frauds to secure sufficient funds to enable them to continue their membership in the club. Others took their own lives to escape the consequences of their recklessness. The most distinguished of the suicides is Count Max Preysing, who was faced with gambling debts exceeding \$500,000.

The royal prince implicated in the latest Munich scandal is Francis Joseph of Bavaria, whose name was forced to promissory notes by several officers, who thus obtained large sums of money by fraud. Other harassed members resorted to systematic card sharpening in order to fleece inexperienced players. One young infantry captain has been arrested in connection with the scandal, but the exact charge against him has not yet been made public.

R. L. BLANCHARD.

ding day, and it was only six weeks before that he behought himself that after all his father and stepmother must be right, and that he had better marry someone! On the wedding day Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain looked younger than the bride from whom she took more than half the honors. She was never a pretty woman, but she possessed what has so much more power than good looks—an infinite charm; a characteristic sweetness that even played havoc with one of the shrewdest statesmen in the world and actually induced him to treat his own son's sweetheart!

LADY MARY.

WOODED THE MOTHER TO WIN HER DAUGHTER.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Aug. 22.—At Grenoble a grocer has just hanged himself and thereby hangs a story, which, despite its tragic sequel has in it more of the elements of farce-comedy than tragedy.

The grocer had established a snug little business. He was 77, good looking, and of good address. He cast around for a wife. His choice fell on the pretty 18-year-old daughter and only child of a rich tradesman. From the grocer's point of view it was a most desirable match. But he was aware that it would hardly present itself in the same light to the rich tradesman. A girl with a big dot in France, and especially a pretty one, to whatever class she belongs, is considered as entitled to a husband higher in the social scale than a retail grocer.

To overcome this difficulty the grocer decided on the plan which generally proves most effective in overcoming parental obstacles. He resolved to make himself exceedingly agreeable to the rich tradesman's wife—his intended mother-in-law—a buxom woman still under 40 and by no means unprepossessing. He succeeded so well that she gave her consent to his suit. Unfortunately for him his success did not stop there. She found his society much more agreeable than that of her own husband, who was too much engrossed in business to fill a woman's life.

She began to talk of her own heart-hunger, and he listened sympathetically. She said she wished that she had her own life to lead over again and sighed. He soon found that he was seeing considerably more of the mother than of the daughter. She received him with long and tender pressures of the hand and lingering glances. At last the terrifying discovery dawned upon him that he had won not the daughter, but the mother. It was an embarrassing situation. Discretion suggested that he should cease visiting the house. But if he did that he would lose all chance of winning the daughter. So he continued to play the dangerous game. He wasn't out to play the role of Joseph to Potiphar's wife.

The death of the rich tradesman left him in a worse plight than ever. She wanted to marry him and he wanted to marry the daughter. At last he summoned up courage to tell her that he would never take the place of her departed husband. Tears and protestations, threats and entreaties failed to move him.

He set to work courting the daughter for all he was worth and dodged her mother as best he could. His wooing prospered. The girl accepted him and they were married. Scorned and rejected the affection of the elder woman turned to hate. She planned a terrible revenge. When the bride retired after the wedding to change her dress for the honeymoon journey her mother told her all. Then there was a scene. The bride refused to see her husband. The mother saw him though. It was her hour of triumph, and she made the most of it. She just let her tongue loose upon him.

In the commotion the bride was lost sight of. When the grocer finally succeeded in securing from his mother-in-law and went in search of her he found she had left the house. The best man was also missing. She had speedily found consolation.

For a week the grocer hunted the couple in vain. Then he closed his shop, shut himself up in his lodgings, and hanged himself. Maybe there is a moral in the story somewhere. Several dramatists are of the opinion that there is a good play in it—for the French stage—and are working upon it.

KING KNIGHTS BIG CARTOONIST

Honor for Man Whose Pictorial Satires Shape Policies and Shake Nations.

A MERITED RECOGNITION.

Won More Votes for the Liberal Party in Last Election Than Any Other Man—His Career.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—Lord Rosebery once described Francis Carruthers Gould, the famous caricaturist of the Westminster Gazette, as "one of the most remarkable assets of the Liberal party." His cartoons figured in thousands on the hoardings at the general election, and there can be no doubt that his clever skits won more votes for his party than were gained by the speeches of the most brilliant of its orators. It was therefore eminently fitting that he should get something when the king's birthday honors were distributed. Most of the recipients of these dignities, it is well known, are chosen by the prime minister. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would have played the part of a rank increase had he failed to include among his nominees for titles the genial, stout, white-bearded little man who has done so much to place him on the top perch among the seats of the mighty.

SIR FRANCIS NOW.

Sir Francis, as he will be called hereafter, now that he has been knighted and kissed the king's hand, has for years been acknowledged to be the most influential of English caricaturists—the man whose pictorial satire accomplishes most in the way of moulding public opinion. He has shaped policies and shaken governments. Good caricaturists—men whose style is broad enough for effective newspaper reproduction—are by no means so numerous in England as in America. It is doubtful if Sir Francis would ever have attained foremost rank had his work been done in the United States. It would be easy to name, off hand, half a dozen caricaturists engaged on big dailies there who are far better draughtsmen. There are several better comic artists here.

MANLY AND MODEST.

To do Sir Francis justice, he is well aware of his own limitations. With fine modesty and modesty, he has said, "I do not profess to be a good draftsman, and I am painfully conscious of hardness and crudeness, but my leading motive is to get a grip of the idea I wish to convey and to give the life expression of a face. I am consoled for my shortcomings as an artist by the feeling that sometimes good academic drawings take the real life out of a thing. For caricature is not a mere matter of careful drawing; it is more a faculty of appreciation. This faculty enables one to store in the memory the lines which make up and give the life expression to a face, and to put subjects before the public in a form which may be crude, but which bears the impression of reality. Caricatures are not made. Like Topsy they grow; and like some larvae, they eat their way out through the husks of their surroundings."

A PROLIFIC WORKER.

As regards technique, Sir Francis is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Sir John Tenniel. But working for Punch, Tenniel was never required to turn out a cartoon every day. Sir Francis is far more prolific. He excels in the lightning rapidity with which he sizes up a situation and the directness and simplicity of his appeal. He always makes his point clear. "The object of the cartoon," he has written, "is to show at a glance, in the simplest and most concrete form possible, a critical view of the situa-