The fox" (knowing the force of public-ity) "barks not when he would steal the lamb." In these days any busi-ness venture which fights shy of advertising is open to natural suspicion.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Job saids "The ear trioth words as the palate tasteth meat." And in these days of printing, and of ad-vertising, the word "eye" may be substituted for "ear."

PART TWO.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service. HY J. P. MORGAN masterpieces.

COULD NOT BUY IT chess of Villahermosa Tells

Famous Picture. LLIONAIRE BID \$300,000

Portrait that is Said to te One of Velasquez's Finest Works Of Art.

Why She Refused to Sell

cial Correspondence, ADRID, Jan. 12.5 M was undoubtedly Pierpont Morgan, whom one of the greatest ladies in Spain gave a rebuff Dona Maria del Carmen de gon y Azlor, Duchess of Villahera is the owner of perhapps the st known example of the work of asquez, and, as was reported in a lines by cable, has refused an ofof \$300,000 for it from some anony.

s American millionaire. have now obtained a photograph of painting, and of the duchess herand have also had the privilege an interview with the duchess in magnificent palace in Madrid. MANY CONGRATULATIONS.

have received innumerable conulations from Spaniards as well as a foreigners," she said, "for my be-lor on this occasion. Nevertheless ink I am not worthy at all of this se. I merely did what I was ged to do by the position in which heroic feat and virtuous lives of heroic feat and virtuous lives of neroic text and virtuous lives of noble ancestors put me. I am the ct heiress of the Dukedom of Villa-mosa, instituted by Don Juan II, of Arragon, Navarre and Sicily, his son Don Alfonso. Furthermore, im Countess-Duchess of Luna, in Countess Duchess of Luna, ntess of Guara, and Countess wid-of Guagui. Therefore my manner proceeding has to conform scrapu-ly with the glorious history of my

ell, among the numerous objects works of art which I inherited my ancestors and now keep relig-, there are pictures by Velasquez, o and Goya; and one of these uez pictures in particular I was sposed to sell. According to the t authoritative opinions this por-t is one of the best works of the ortal Spanish painter and is the of Don Diego Corral, inspector of oyal apartments at the court of p IV. Velasquez painted It when lip IV. ame back from Rome, in 1631.

to allow everybody to contemplate the C. Arthur Pearson, the Champion Hustler. "Some weeks ago I authorized "Some weeks ago I authorized two American gentlemen to vis-it my artistic collection, and the day after, one, of them named Hamilton (if I remember it exactly) informed me that he was ready to pay me \$300,000 for the portrait of Diego Corral in the name of an American millionaire, who had sent him to Spain for the express purpose of buying it. As you can imagine this offer wis most tempting: nevertheless I rejected it without hesitation, hecause I felt that I should be unworthy of my ancestry if I sold the masterplece of Valesquez. ANSWER OF DUCHESS.

ANSWER OF DUCHESS. "Accordingly, I at once forwarded the "Accordingly, I at once forwarded the following answer to the American gen-tleman: 'I thank you for your offer, which I esteem highly. Notwithstand-ing I cannot accept it. I would not sell my Velasquez picture at any price, hav-ing resolved to bequeath it to the Prado museum, in order to be assured that the picture will remain in my beloved Stain forever.'

"In split of this reply, Mr. Hamilton repeated his offer, adding that perhaps he could pay me a sum even greater than \$300,000, but I held to my decision and since then have heard nothing more

from him. from him. "I must own, however, that the splen-did offer of that unknown American millionaire excited my admiration, be-cause I felt that his spirit and fondness for art/must be intense, inasmuch as he demonstrated his wish to get the Velasquez picture at any cost. What a difference between the manner of utiliz-ing wealth and the manner in which most European millionaires dissipate their fortunes! their fortunes "In regard to my dear Spain, unhap-

pily she has been deprived of nearly all the immense and thriving territories that the Queen Isabel la Catolica left to her. Luckily, however, no one can deprive Spanlards of their glorious history and artistic treasures which attest their past greatness, and these all true patriots must cherish as religiously as devotees keep the holy relics. I have tried to set an unpretending example. "If events go on being so favorable to the United States, the great Ameri-can nation also will be able to pride it-self on possessing a brilliant history as

as many artistic treasures, but well meanwhile Americans must be con-vinced that not everything in the world can be got through iron or gold." After our talk the illustrious lady was kind enough to show me her sumptuous

kind enough to show me her sumptious saloons where(h is the famous nortrait of Diego Carral, and other Velasquez, Murillo and Goya pictures, and other artistic productions of the most notable modern Spanish artists. JOSE MONDEGO.

MORGAN'S AGENT

London, Jan. 12.-J. Pierpont Morgan has agents all over Europe to aid him n collecting works of art, and perhaps he most experienced of these is his English representative, whose name is Fitz-Henry. This art-expert also buys for the Rothschilds, and was of imNew Office Boy Who Calmly Asked for the Editor's Job and Got It--Englishman Who Now Has Four Daily Papers in London Alone, and a Number of Other Influential British Publications.

Special Correspondence. ONDON, Jan. 11 .- By the purchase of the staid old Standard and the hitherto remarkably dull Evening

Standard, Cyril Arthur Pearson clinches his hold on the position of being owner of more newspapers than any other man in the world. He likewise has more weekly and monthly periodicals than any one else. He has been a daily newspaper man only four years (he is only 38 now), and where he will stop goodness only knows.

Mr. Pearson himself doesn't know, for I asked him about it the other day. He said he had supposed he was content before the chance to buy the Standard suddenly popped into his

path. His program was to work like a Trojan night and day for several months to come getting the dignified but somewhat gouty old Standard into greater activity. Then he would dash off somewhere and play just as hard as he had worked. Then-well, then there was no telling what might hap-

It was in the sanctum of the Standard, a severe and plainly furnished room, sacred to the memory of a line of distinguished editors, that I had a remarkably frank and interesting interview with the new proprietor. His manner was as jaunty as if he hadn't

a care in the world and never worked more than two hours a day. But there was no affectation of languor about this young man to whom Joseph Chamberlain lately referred as the greatest "hustler" he had ever known. He was simple and direct, knew exactly what he wanted to say and how to say it quickest. I took along an expert stenographer, who said he had won a medal for speed and could do 200 words a minute. He crept away from that interview, shaking his head sadly. He had never heard before, he said, of a man who could talk 300 words a min-ute without wasting words.

HAD TO COUNT UP ON HIS FIN-GERS.

IS VERY ACTIVE

When Mr. Pearson was asked to say if he could tell quickly, without stop-ping to count, exactly how many per-odicals he owned, he said he thought so, but when he tried to do it he had to begin counting on his fingers, "Let's see," he said; "there are nine wspapers, four ense service to the late Sir Richard pars, and eight-or 18 it nine weekly prelodicals and six monthly things. That is the list, I believe-28 n all. And then there is quite a con-derable book publishing business." Of the newspapers in the Pearson list four-the Standard, the Express, the Evening Standard and the St. James' -are among the great dailies n London. His other papers are in cities outside of London. Then there are Pearson's Magazine, which has one of the largest circulations in the world; the Royal Magazine, the Ladies' the Magazine, the Rapid Review, Pear-son's Weekly, M. A. P., Home Notes and all the other "things" that their had to count up on his fingers. you ever stop," I asked him, "Did you ever stop," I asked him, "to figure out what it costs a month

books in the county library at Bedford. That made a 60-miles round trip—and made everybody laugh at me. All my people thought me very stupid." There were more than 3.000 competi-tion for note that after the competition stopped the circulation of the paper dropped back to only what it would have been anyway at the normal rate of increase, while the competition cost

there will also be an equilation of the period of the off the off the off the found that no special work had been set spart for special work had been set apart for him other than to draw his salary. It is significant that he promptly found work for himself. Whenever any de-partment was short handed there was Pears 1 fitting himself into it. At the end of six months he had acted as un-derstudy to about everybody in the of-fice, and knew all the details of man-agement. Then the promission and the agement. Then the proprietor and the manager had a row, and who should turn up promptly with an application for the position but the new boy, who had just celebrated his nineteenth

birthday ir George Newnes laughed at me," said Mr. Pearson, "and was not even go-ing to listen to me: but I held on and told him that I meant it. "Why," said the fit's about for a boy to imagine he can manage a business like this.' "'Well.' said I, 'will you promise not to appoint anybody else for awhile, and give me a chance at it meantime?'

" 'No,' said he, 'I shall do nothing of the sort.'

the sort.' "Just the same, he did not appoint a new manager, and I did the work with-out getting the appointment. Three montuhs later I tackled him again and said. 'If you are satisfied I think it is only fair to tell me so and I will man-age your business.' This time he thought so, too, and I was made man-neger. nger

AN AMERICAN IDEA.

"If I had not gone to America when I was 24 years old I probably should have then earning a salary of, say, \$5,000 a year from George Nownes at this mo-ment. You do not know how your life may turn out. I went over to the United States for George Newnes when United States for George Newnes when I was getting a salary of \$1,500 a year as manager of Tit-Bits. I came up avalast men there about my own age. ' not noticeably more intelligent tain I was, who were either running businesses for themselves or getting very high salaries from other people. That made me think, and when I got back I tackled George Newnes, and said: 'This business is making \$150,000 a year. I have been here for six years: said: "This business is making \$150,000 a year. I have been here for six years: I think I ought to get something more.' "'How much?' said he. "T said: '\$2,500 a year salary, and a slight' percent*ge on all increase of profits from today up.' "'No, I think not.' "Yery well: I must leave you.' "How soon?" "Just as soon as convenient. I am ha no great hurry, but I must try for myzelf.' And so I did."

asked his employer for that raise

in pay, and was at work on it before he had been out of the Tit-Bits office for twenty-four hours. He spent the

next four weeks traveling about the country visiting news agents and scrib-tling copy on his knee in the train. He got \$15.000 ccpital on the strength of the reputation he had made with Tit-

Bits, and came out with the first num-ber of Pearson's Weekly, most of which

he had written himself just one month

and two days from the time he had left

tra capital not forthcoming, how

but the original investor suddenly found himself pressed for funds, and asked for the return of the whole of

his cupital. It was a critical moment for the young editor, but hustle did it, and in a few days he had his support-er paid off in full and the necessary was control united.

A TOO SUCCESSFUL SCHEME.

Another episode in the career of Pearson's Weekly arose from the pro-

prietor's invention of the "missing-word" competition, which popped into

word" competition, which popped into his mind one day when he was cor-recting a proof and trying to guess what word it was that had been left out of a sentence. "Why not print the paragraph as it is," said he to himself, "and lef the readers guess the word, sending in a shilling each with the clupping from

shilling each with the clipping from the paper, with the understanding that

every one who guesses the right word shall have an equal share in the total

sum received." It is the kind of thing that has been

worked to death since, but it caught on then in an extraordinary fashion.

The elecutation jumped from a quarter of a million copies in a week to one million and a quarter. The pages had to be stereotyped and printed in half

dozen cities to keep up with the de-

mobbed. In some cases single copies brought 25 to 50 cents each. An en-

brought 25 to 50 cents each. An en-ormous staff had to be added. Printers had to be paid overtime. Advertise-ment rates, which were profitable at the normal circulation, could not be

made to go up with the increased ex-

By the time the paper had paid out

nearly a million dollars in prize it was discovered that the boom was bring-ing in a loss instead of profits, and it

was probably a relief to Mr. Pearson that the courts steped in at this time

new capital raised.

was the same kind of paper as

Newnes.

the inventor something like \$30,000, Pearson's Weekly proved itself a gold Pearson's Weekly proved itself a gold mine, however, and enabled its pro-prietor to start, one after agother, the string of weeklies and monthlies he now owns. One or two of them proved to be failures, but most of them

proved to be failures, but most of them succeeded so well that four years ago Mr. Pearson was rich and powerful enough to venture on the most expen-sive game in the world-the establish-ment of a metropolitan daily. "The Daily Express didn't pay at first," said Mr. Pearson. "It had a preity hard fight, but it kept on grow-ing, so I kept on fighting, until it be-came a success. My rule, if I find a thing does not grow, is to drop it at once. I would much rather have an-other dash at something else than keep on flogging a dead horse. If the pub-lie has firmly made up its mind it doesn't want a paper, it's no good try-ling to persuade it that it does. When a reader has made up his mind he c reader has made up his mind he doesn't want a paper, there is nothing in the world so difficult as to get that reader back. I suppose, though, I have a sort of idea what the public wants—may be it is partly instinct and native formulation of the partly instinct and partly foresight.

HOW HE WORKS.

"I lead a very methodical life, get-ting up at 7 o'clock and going to bed at midnight, although on an average I was up till about 4 for a number of days after I took over the Standard. The first thing I do is to read some of my own papers. Fortunately 1 can get over a column of type in half the time that would be taken by way one time that would be taken by say one olse I have ever come across. I get through with the lot by 7.45, and then I exercise until 8:30, swinging my arms and legs about-all that sort of thing-good, hard work, getting up a good sweat. A man comes to me every morning and puts me through my paces. I need a lot of exercise and have to take it this way, in tabloid form. At :30 I read more newspapers for a quarter of an hour, then I have for a quarter of an hour, then I have my bath. After a very light breakfast my secretaries come along with my let-ters, collected from all the different places, and I usually manage to go through these by 10 o'clock. That means that I have broken the back of the day's routine and am free to sort out the rest of the time according to or cumstances. My one great rule is that the busier I am the longer I take for lunch. It is a light lunch, but I take my lime over a cigar after it. I am perfectly certain that going directly back to work after lunch is the thing

This luck machine is the result of 15 years' experimenting on the part of its inventor. Wall says that ever since he was a boy he has been interested in the mathematical laws of chance and that his chief ambition in this connec-tion was to discover some means of neutralizing, if not benting, the turn in favor of the bank at roulette. Not un-til 12 months ago, however, dlh he hit on the idea which is embodied in the machine with which he is now expert-menting.

This luck machine is the result of 15

machine with which he is now experi-menting, "I have studied every known system," he says, "and have found their weak points. I have invented a machine to fight a machine. It does away with the laws of chance and by its use I can stand a week of steady had luck with-out everyding a bas of a medantic aguout exceeding a loss of a moderate cap-

Wall chose Christmas eve for start-Wall chose Christmas eve for start-ing his fight against the roulette tables, at Monte Carlo. About the mld-dle of the evening he entered the Ca-sino and, sitting down at one of the tables, produced a quantity of silver coins and the "luck machine" whose performances are now the chief topic of conversation here. He followed the play at the tables for a choet time, closely watching the discs of his ma-chine, and then played and "on. Then he changed the discs by touching a spring on the box, played, and won a spring on the box, played, and won a second time, whereupon a crowd gath-ered around his chair. The crouplers fidgeted and stared while Wall went en consulting his box before each bet and winning on the game. As he went on, the crowd grow larger and several offi-cials of the Casino also gathered to see the play. Having completed a hundred bets the sporisman picked up his ma-chine and his winnings, which amounted to \$200, and left the room.

Wall's worst luck with his machine came to bim on the day after Christ-mas, when for two hours he played with all the chances dead against him. with all the chances dead against him. Zero turned up three times and Wall, who began by staking \$1 at a time, was ultimately obliged to stake \$125 at each bet. Clicking his machine imper-turbably, however, he sent on with what seemed an almost impossible bat-ile, fought his way back almost to the etarting point and at the close was only \$50 to the bad.

Old players here declare that they have never seen anything like Wall's play, and are of opinion that the ex-perience just described would have broken him if he had played any known system. The officials at Monte Carlo requested the Englishman to exhibit the machine to them, and he complied with their request. It is believed that they are not entirely at ease regarding they are not entirely at ease regarding they are not entirely at case regatines what Wall may accomplish when he be-gins really serious work, but thus far they have made no attempt to pre-vent him from using his invention.

vent him from using his invention. Wall says that his "luck machine" represents the play of 64 persons fight-ing simultaneously against the bank of a preconcerted plun, each move of each of the players being decided be-forehand. He says that it was impos-sible mentally to control this number of players and that he first experiment-ed with eight, but even this proved up-satisfactory as eight sets of calcula-tions could not be made between each turn of the wheel. So he determined to invent a machine which would make the calculations mechanically. Says that if 63 of his players lose and one that if 53 of his players lose and one of them wins he comes out even. If 62 lose and two win, he wins 64 units on the balance. The game can be played with anything from a \$1 to \$20 unit, and unlike all other systems, its unit, and unitie all other systems, its inventor says, it never runs into really big figures even under the worst of bad luck. Wall's exact method of play he keeps a secret, but his plan is to gamble on all the simple chances at



Pleasing Traditions Associated With Some Buildings Upset Upon Reliable Investigation.

WERE RECULAR COLD MINES.

Some Famous Places Where Trans-Atlantic Visitors Spent Thousands of Pollars to no Account

Special Correspondence

ONDON, Jan. 12 .- Not long ago a more or less official investigation was made into the history of the

picturesque Fleet street barber shop that for years has been described by its proprietor as "formerly the Palace of Henry VIII, and Cardinal Wolsey." The investigation committee's "findings" just have been made public, and they prove conclusively that the place never was a "palace" at all and that neither the much-married sovereign nor his much-tried prelate ever lived there.

This is an uncommonly interesting development, because it means that of the three London establishments that Americans practically support because they believe them to be interesting links with the past two are absolute "fakes." And it has been pointed out in the London press only recently that while the third of these places has real claims to historic interest, its right to the distinction on the strength of which it has been a gold mine to its owner is open to a lot of doubt.

To the thousands of Americans who have visited and patronized the quaint little waste paper establishment in Portsmouth street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, that is called "The Old Curlosity Shop Immiortalized by Charles Dickens," in may be rather a shock to hear that—its proprietor's assurances to the contrary notwithstanding-the build-ing is no more the one where Little Nell and her grandfather lived than the Fleet street barber shop is a former residence of Bluff King Hal. -And, though it seems a pity to upset

pleasing tradition, investigation a pleasing tradition, investigation proves that while "The Old Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet street may have been visited by Dr. Samuel Johnson, it al-most certainly was not one of his fa-vorite haunts and not the scene of his famous symposia with Boswell and Oliver Goldsmith. Yet probabily nine Oliver Goldsmith. Yet probably nine out of every ten Americans who visit London make a point of either lunch-ing or dining at the "Cheese" in order to see "Johnson's seat" there, as nine roulette. He ignores "zero," which he out of every ten pay visits to and in-says does not affect the ultimate issue, crease the revenues of "The Old Cur-

REMARKABLE PORTRAIT.

the portrait was extolled so genly that I decided to exhibit it at the do Museum, during the feasts celeed in Madrid in connection with g Alfonso's coronation; and I left here about a month, during which it was admired by many people as also exhibited at the European is a solution to gether with r portraits of my family; and fin-was reproduced in the Senor Ber-'s notable book, 'Velasquez,' pub-ed at Paris, in 1898, and about to abble the Lordson to be a solution to be a solution. blished in London.

Madrid it is generally known the saloons of my palace contain markable collection of ancient and lern pictures, consequently I frereceive requests from both jards and foreigners to visit them, I grant these requests with very h pleasure, for I think it only right

Wallace in forming the priceless co British nation. Fitz-Henry, too, is ad-visor in artistic matters to the Sternes, the millionaire bankers of London, and to a lot of wealthy folk. The beauties of the art, treasures which pass through his hands appeal

greatly to Mr. Morgan's English agent, who personally bought so largely some time ago that he was in danger of financial trouble, but this he escaped. He has a house in Queen Anne's Gate which contains a collection which many of his principals envy, and a feature of which is its specimens of the rare French pate tendre.

Lord Rothschild and other great col-lectors have agents continually going up and down the country in the hope of being able to purchase some of the really antique things that are hidden

away in tiny villages and hamlets. In-to almost every cot has the curlosity dealer penetrated. From long chats and renewed acquaintance with the vil-

RITTIN.

(Continued on page twelve.)

to turn out all these periodicals?" "That would be interesting, wouldn't it? Must be something enormous I never figured it out, but I will as soon

never figured it out, but I will us soon as I have time." The story of Mr. Pearson's rise to, sudden power almost takes one's breath away. It is the kind of thing that happens sometimes in the United States, but is not supposed to happen in slower England. It began soon af-ter the Pearson boy had come out of that historic public school, Winchester, which ranks with Eton as a preparawhich ranks with Eton as a preparatory school for Oxford and Cambridge and which does far more to fit boys to

and which does far more to fit boys to live on other people's money than to make their way for themselves. "No boy is so bidly equipped for his future," said Mr. Pearson, "as the Eng-lish public school boy. When I was in Winchester three-quarters of an hour a week was all that was given to mode;" languages, whereas two-thirds of my time had to be devoted to get-ting a superficial knowledge of Latin of my time had to be devoted to get-ting a superficial knowledge of Latin and Greek that was never of any real use to me, so far as I have been able to see. The English public school hoy was in my day taught almost noth-ing he needs to know, and a rich as-sortment of things he doesn't need to know."

Pearson pere was a country clergy man and was taking the flaishing of his boy's education in hand himself when the youth amused his family one day by announcing that he was going in for a competition started for circulationmaking purposes for a penny weekly called Tit-Bits. Whoever turned in the best answers to a weekly series of 10 questions for 13 weeks was to have a job on the staff of the paper at \$10 a week, providing he seemed likely to be worth the money.

WAS TO HAVE BEEN A PARSON.

"I was supposed to be going into the church," said Mr. Pearson, when I talked with him about this turning point in his life. "My grandfather was a clergyman. My father had five sis-ters, and four of them married the cu-rate—not the same curate. So, of course, I was supposed to be going in for the church; but I did not care for the idea. I just happened to hear of this competition thing, and went in for it be-cause I had a great liking for general information, being of an inquiring turn of mind. Every week when Tit-Bits came out I bicycled 30 miles from my father's house to consult reference was probably a relief to Mr. Pearson that the courts steped in at this time to decree that the whole thing was in the nature of a lottery. It is worthy

BREAKING THE BANK

Special Correspondence,

break the bank at Monte Cerlo with the aid of a novel "luck machine" in-

his invention is the most successful thing of the kind ever tried at Monaco. Up to now Wall has backed his machine against the roulette tables at the Casino at 23 sittings. During 13 of these he has won and on 10 occasions tempt now being made by an Englishman named W_{all} to state of an experimental nature, has resulted in winnings to the extent of g_{22} , H is operations are watched daily by crowds of people and telegrams congratulating him on his success are com-

"Perhaps the hardest light in my life now is to get rid of detail. I keep see-ing things all the time that I fancy I can do better than the man who hap-It's no use going on with the rest of the Pearson career. Whoever reads this Tit-Bits page of it can construct the rest of it for himself, for it is all off the same plece. It is worth while to stop for a mopens to be doing them, but once you succumb to a temptation of that sort there are a thousand other temptations ment, however, to tell one or two stoof the same kind, all equally strong, and your effectiveness is lost. ries of the foundation of Pearson's Weekly. The young man had it pretty well sketched out in his mind before

"With every new venture, however, I go into details with a microscopic eye. Nothing is too small to master and rearrange until it is producing its utmost effectiveness. Then leave it alone as much as you can. One of the great rules of business is to forget things and get some one else to remember them for you. Here is my pocket notebook, for instance. The minute I think of anything to be done, down it goes in this book and my mind is free of it. The first thing my personal secretary does when he comes to me is to say 'Notebook;' then we work off all the entries accumulated. My secis my memory to the greatest possible extent.

It was the same wind of paper as Tit-Bits, but was alive with all sorts i of circulation making ideas, and boomed from the start-boomed so much, in fact, that a larger plant was needed in a few months and more cap-ital required. Not only was the ex-"I save myself in every possible way. I figure that I save several hours out of each year by signing only my initials to all of the great number of business before the several hours of business letters I dictate-excepting only those of course, that are of importance

HIS LATEST PURCHASE.

"This purchase of the Standard came about by a pure fluke. I just happened to hear by accident that the paper was for sale. Everybody in Fleet street knew that things were done here on a very lavish scale. So I wrote on th spot and told the owners of the Stand spot and told the owners of the Stand-ard that if they really wanted to sell I should like to hear about it. They said they did, and I told them I wanted answers to five questions. I wanted last year's balance sheet; the value of their freehold and leasehold premises; the price they paid for paper; the wages in their three mechanical departments; and hearth if it was true that the Morne and lastly if it was true that the Morn-ing and Evening Standard were produced in entirely different establish-ments, with entirely different appara-tus. I had the answers in about an nour, and practically decided the thing n five minutes."

"What was your idea in purchasing the Standard?"

the Standard?" "It was such an interesting proposi-tion. You see, here is a paper which has been, to begin with a tremendous money maker. The profits of the Stand-ard used to be sometimes as much as \$750,000 a year. For years the profits were \$625,000 a year. The paper pos-sesses enormous inducted. One can't think of anything in the world more attractive than not only keeping, but increasing that influence-making the paper more of a power than ever it has been and a bigger business than it ever been and a bigger business than it ever was before

'And are you going to keep on absorbling one paper after another until you have a controlling voice in the whole English press

whole English press? "Oh,well," said Mr. Pearson, chuckling non-committally "there prohably would be two voices at any rate. There is my old friend Harmi worth, you know. He and his brothers between from control a very large number of rublication CURTIS BROWN.

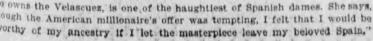
Wall, who is well known in London as a sportsman, claims that with his machine he can win 10 per cent a day for life, at roulette, or break the bank in a day. His machine is an innocent looking little sliver box about six inches long and three broad. It is flat and on its face are 16 openings about the size of a 10-cent piece. Under each opening is to be seen a number, and the numbers are variously colored red and black. By touching a spring all 16 change in an instant and as vented by him, there is no doubt that | ing to him from all parts of the conti- ; they change the player makes his bet. patriotic grounds.



THE VELASQUEZ PICTURE,

That Pierpont Morgan could not buy. The painting, which is one of the great Spanish artist's best portraits, the American millionaire offered \$300,000 to the Duchess of Villahermosa, who owns the work, but she refused to sell it on

THE DUCHESS OF VILLAHERMOSA o owns the Velascuez, is one of the haughtlest of Spanish dames. She says,



AT MONTE CARLO ONACO, Jan. 10,-Whether .r not success attends the at- lost and his play, which so far has been

mand.

mobbed.