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# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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PART THREE.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.  
SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

## Callao, The Principal Seaport of Peru.

Special Correspondence.

Callao, Peru, March 3, 1903.—How different is this world-renowned seaport, from anything our imagination had pictured—how disappointing in one sense because now showing no trace of its fifteenth century youth, or the glamor with which history and tradition have surrounded it! On the contrary, it is the most cosmopolitan, commonplace and matter-of-fact sort of city we have yet found in South America; a place where English is spoken as much as Spanish, and where people of all nationalities have crowded the easy-going natives to the wall, so far as business is concerned. Even the correct pronunciation of its name is a surprise to us, for whereas we were taught in school to say Cal-lay-o, it should be rendered as if spelled Cal-yow, with the accent strong on the last syllable.

Though the harbor is nothing to boast of, and on our storm-swept northern coast would be dignified by no such name, it is one of the best on this side of the southern continent, being sheltered from prevailing south winds by a projecting tongue of land and the high, bare island of San Lorenzo. But the approach of it is seen through the veil of mist that always overhangs both sea and shore in the early morning, is certainly fine. We arrived about 8 a. m. and drop anchor a mile from the beach, in a fog, which the sailors say is "thick enough to cut with a knife," and is due to the condensation of tropical moisture by the cold currents of air sweeping northward from Antarctic regions. Looming out of the mist, in dim outlines and exaggerated proportions, is a spectral forest of masts and spars belonging to sailing vessels from all seas—steamers, storeships, coke hulks and other phantom craft; while to the right, San Lorenzo lifts to the sky a light-house that is said to be more ornamental than useful, and directly in front rise the cheese-shaped turrets that top the famous old castle of San Felipe, above whose yellow walls and massive battlements the Spanish flag waved for the last time on this continent. To the left, as "through a glass darkly," we see a low shore covered with yellowish verdure, and trees pale green for lack of rain, rising gradually to the foothills of the Andes, overhanging the sea. In the distance, one behind another, each tier mounting higher, still beyond them all and behind a screen of motionless clouds, we faintly discern the snowy Cordillera blending with the blue of the sky. At the foot of those brown hills, only six miles inland, lies the ultima thule of our dreams—Lima, the "City of Kings," which Pizarro founded just about 350 years ago.

Hardly has the anchor gone overboard before the steamer is surrounded by a clamorous crowd of mariners, or boatmen, who only await the coming of the captain of the port to swarm upon the decks and beseege passengers with offers of service in rowing them and their luggage ashore; but until his aquatic permission has been given they are not come nearer than the low alluvial beach. The captain of the port always consults his own convenience about coming. He may be sleeping late from last night's revel, or chatting with friends, or taking his morning coffee; or he may be so busy that he cannot permit himself to be disturbed or hurried, however travelers may rage and impatient because they may, and need not be expected for an hour or more. Meantime, while the waiting mariners are wrangling

with one another and endeavoring to secure engagements at long range by shouting to passengers on the steamer, we may as well possess our souls in patience and glean what information we can concerning the locality. That the region is peculiarly volcanic, in common with all the western slopes of the Andes, is proved by the numerous upheavals that have occurred here. The worst of these on record, and one of the most terrible calamities that ever overtook any city, was the great terrate of October 23, 1746, which swept the old fort of Callao, which occupied the projecting point of land to the left, with all its inhabitants, excepting one man, into the sea. It was on a warm, but perfectly calm evening, about 10:30 o'clock when a tremendous shock of earthquake shook both Lima and Callao, doing a great deal of damage in the former city, and in five minutes reducing the latter to a mass of ruins. Then a huge wave came rolling over the devoted fort, engulfing everything and everybody; and 5,000 people perished in the raging flood. The waters, which a few minutes before had been calm as a mill-pond, suddenly rolled back with such inconceivable force as to sweep not only the water and its fortifications and inhabitants

out of existence, but a score of ships at anchor in the harbor were destroyed. Several others were borne far inland on the front of the wave, which instantly receding, left them high and dry. One of them was the Spanish man-of-war "St. Fermin," and the spot where it was stranded, between the present Callao and Buena Vista, is marked by a small monument. Naturally it took a long time for the citizens of Lima to recover from their panic; and then they chose what was believed to be a better locality for their seaport, where stands the modern Callao, and defended it by a castle in the form of a pentagon, with two round towers and a "curtain" on the ocean face. Though so carefully built to resist human invasion, and mounted with cannon, it would be but a plaything for the long mole, or the potent forces of earth, air and sea; and the people tremble in their shoes when ever a tremor gives them never so slight a shaking. Again in 1823 Callao had a narrow escape from total destruction; and many lesser shocks have done more or less damage.

If Callao looks tumble-down and shabby when viewed through a veil of mist at a mile's distance, how much more disappointing is a closer inspection in the full glare of the sun! Somebody has well described it as built generally of canes, plastered over with mud and painted a dirty yellow, its flimsy houses standing askew, with their eaves deliriously misaligned, and with familiar looking bags, bales and boxes from the United States and Europe.

Callao has a population of about 30,000, but its glory as a great commercial shipping center has departed for ever. The several modern buildings of considerable architectural pretensions, sandwiched among the mud-plastered canes, conspicuous among them being the branch house of the New York bankers, Messrs. Grant & Co., and the railway station, which is also close to the mole. The heat is intense, vile smells assail one's olfactory at every turn; and as there is no drainage except such as nature provides in the natural slope of the soil to seaward, and smart showers never fail to wash things clean, the place is proverbially dirty and unhealthy. The poverty of Peru since its first war with Chile and the consequent depression of her trade, as well as the enormous tariffs imposed by the government, and the exorbitant port duties charged, have conspired to drive commerce away from Callao to the corresponding benefit of Valparaiso, the port of Chile. A few years ago, when the Peruvian government was in dire need of funds, and willing to sell anything it could lay hands on for enough cash down to keep things going, it practically sold this harbor of Callao to a French company, who gave its docks and anchorage for a term of years, for the sum of \$200,000 per annum. The money was a Godsend to Peru, but almost death to Callao, for the company has a right to tax shipping to any extent, and has established a system of rates and rules which no seaman who can help themselves will submit to.

As before mentioned, the distance between Callao and Lima is six miles, but as the latter lies a little more than 500 feet above sea level, the short journey occupies nearly an hour. There are two lines of road, both starting from the same point, but arriving at different points in the capital city. The one we chose takes a westerly along the shore of the harbor and around the old yellow castle of San Felipe, which since republican days has been reconstructed. La Portuñela de la Independencia. Then we transfer slowly through a cane-belt suburb and strike off in a straight line past the Alden and the Campesano Santa Bella Vista. A road full of the way runs parallel with the canal, real, or royal road of the Spaniards, once well paved and lined with trees, but now covered with loose stones and sand, through which the big wheeler carts of the carretiers are dragged with difficulty by struggling mules. So slow is the ascent that the traveler in any emergency to visit the country, which is mainly a parched waste divided into squares by mud walls, with here and

there a flat roofed casa or a field of bright green alfalfa; but wherever water is regularly turned on, it blossoms like the rose. The courses of the irrigating ditches are marked by long lines of wild canes, vines, flowers and willow trees. There are acres of gorgeous nasturtiums—orange, golden and ruby red, nodding everywhere in untrivial luxuriance, covering ruins, curtaining verandas and lining the banks of the water courses.

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Dr. Abernathy, the famous physician, was as abrupt in his courtship as in his treatment of his patients. When, after a single meeting he decided that Miss Anna Threlfall would make a desirable life partner, he promptly wrote to tell her so, in a direct, businesslike way. He told her frankly that he was "much too busy a man to have time to spare for love-making," but if she was willing to marry him she might let him know in a week. Miss Threlfall did let him know, and the answer was favorable. Gainsborough's wooing was made all the easier.

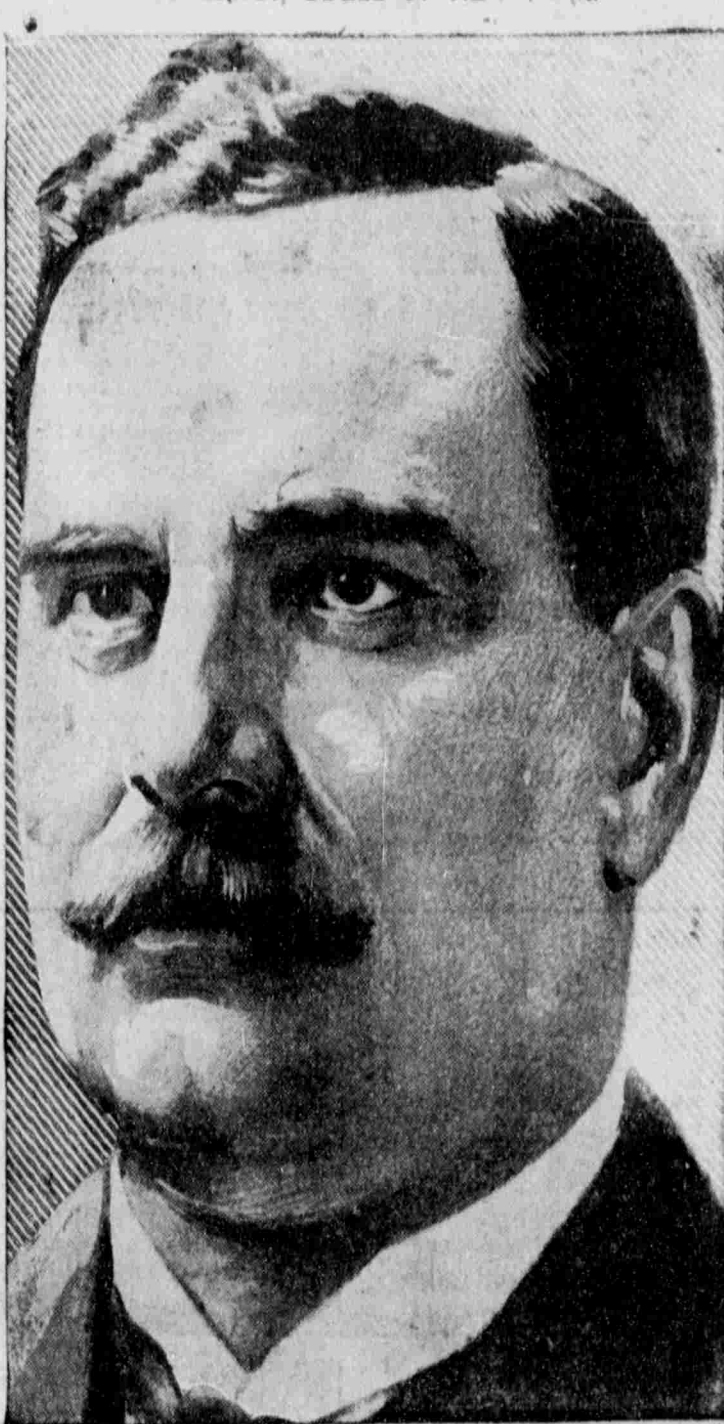
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### GOVERNOR ODELL OF NEW YORK.



Gov. Odell of New York was selected to make the address on behalf of the governors of the various states present at St. Louis today. He replied to the welcoming address of Gov. Dockery of Missouri. Gov. Odell is also conspicuous among the chief executives who are attending the exposition by reason of his imposing military escort, which is 1,000 strong.

### FOR GOEBEL'S MURDER.



As a result of the confession of Henry E. Youtsey the state government of Kentucky will make renewed efforts to secure the extradition of former Gov. Taylor now in Indiana and to obtain justice against the men responsible for the assassination of Goebel. Above are portraits of prominent Kentuckians mentioned in Youtsey's confession.

## Mrs. Maybrick, Whose Release Has at Last Been Decreed

MRS. FLORENCE MAYBRICK, who will leave Aylesbury prison, England, one year from July, a free woman, will not be liberated as the result of official clemency, but because she will have served out her life sentence. This may seem an anomaly, but it is the general rule that when a person is sentenced for life his term of imprisonment is regarded as being twenty-one years. For good behavior the usual commutation is allowed; so that a sentence for life usually means but about fifteen years of actual imprisonment. Naturally under the sentence if the authorities for any reason desire to make an exception they are within the law in keeping the prisoner in custody. But in the case of Mrs. Maybrick the home secretary will doubtless be delighted at the opportunity to get out of an awkward position in a dignified manner and without appearing to have been influenced by what has frequently been alluded to in England as the "clamor" set up in this country looking to the release of Mrs. Maybrick.

When Mrs. Maybrick finally leaves Aylesbury prison, the last act will have been enacted in a drama in which, if the best legal authorities of the world are not at fault, the principal actor has been treated with a degree of injustice usually deemed impossible under modern English law. But as out of every great wrong some good is almost sure to eventuate it is thought that the Maybrick case will result in a change in the laws of England to permit a convicted prisoner, especially one convicted of a capital offense, to appeal to some higher court than that in which he was convicted. This is the practice in every state of the Union, but with all of the Englishman's undoubted love of fair play efforts in this direction have hitherto met with signal failure.

The United States government has several times officially exercised its good offices toward obtaining the release of Mrs. Maybrick, and it is safe to say that if the alleged crime for which she has so grievously suffered had been committed in this country it would not have attracted more attention here than has been accorded it. In the first place, Mrs. Maybrick, an American girl, her father, William G. Chandler, was a respected citizen of Mobile, Ala., and one of its prominent bankers. Through both of her parents she is related to men whose names are prominent in the history of the United States. Her father died in 1862 when Florence was but a year old, and her mother was sent to school. She was exceedingly bright and won many of the honors from her classmates, al-



Mrs. Maybrick at the time of the alleged poisoning.

though the recitations were in a tongue foreign to her, Florence was carefully raised, and everything was done to instruct her in those things which the presumptive wife of some prosperous man should understand. Competent persons were employed to instruct her in the mysteries of housekeeping, and high salaried teachers were employed to develop her natural taste for art and music. In short, she was "gently reared" in the most extreme sense of that much misapplied term. As a girl she was noted for her consideration for those about her and for her tender solicitude for sick friends or relatives.

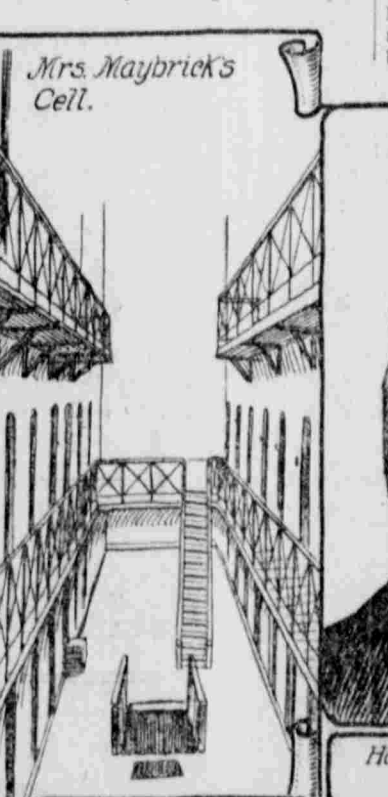


Mrs. Maybrick's cell.

much as ever. What made Mrs. Maybrick's life all the more difficult was the fact that her husband was also addicted to the drug habit, using for what purpose no one has ever been able to ascertain several powerful solutions of arsenic. On April 27, 1888, Maybrick, who had been confined to the house periodically for several weeks, accepted the invitation of a friend to attend the races. He went on horseback and was soaked to the skin by a heavy rainstorm. Nevertheless he remained out until a late hour that night and contracted a violent cold. The following day he was confined to his bed and in less than two weeks died. The physician's certificate gave the cause of death as "inflammation of the stomach, due to grave indiscretion in eating."

Up to this point there had been no breath of suspicion, but here, entered

the evil genius of Mrs. Maybrick in the person of the brothers of Mr. Maybrick. They had conceived a violent hatred for the beautiful young American, and upon their suggestion, or at least as a result of their hints, Mrs. Maybrick, who had been in a semiconscious condition for three days succeeding the death of her husband, was arrested. The public regarded the pro-



Home Secretary Akers-Douglas.

ceeding as an outrage, and this view was accentuated by the flimsy evidence against Mrs. Maybrick which was adduced at the trial. But as the trial was almost a farce press and public alike laughed at what was regarded as the slap in the face which the jury's verdict was certain to give the Maybrick brothers. This was the situation when Mr. Justice Stephen, who presided, began his charge to the jury. It was a remarkable utterance to come from the bench, being practically an injunction

great stress upon two facts—the finding in the Maybrick house of a considerable quantity of arsenic and the discovery of some fly papers which Mrs. Maybrick declared she was in the habit of soaking to make a face wash. He ignored the fact that it was proved that Maybrick was a habitual arsenic eater, and the home secretary later ignored the testimony of the man who had sold the arsenic to Maybrick himself as well as the statement of the woman who had told Mrs. Maybrick how to compound the face wash from the fly papers. Besides, it was proved that all of the fly papers which Mrs. Maybrick admitted having bought did not contain enough arsenic to kill a man when those which were left untouched were deducted. In addition to all this, but one-quarter of a grain of arsenic was found in the viscera of the dead man, while physicians on both sides testified that that quantity would have been left from a single dose of the preparation which it was conceded that Maybrick had never ceased to take. Thus there really was not a speck upon which to hang the case of the prosecution, and no one was more shocked and more pained at the astonishing verdict than the prosecuting officer.



to convict, which the jury promptly did, and Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced to be hanged a few weeks later.

But the public had now become thoroughly aroused, and such a protest was sent up that the home secretary commuted the convict's sentence to imprisonment for life on the ground that there was a reasonable doubt of her having administered arsenic to her husband. This only increased the clamor, for the English law distinctly provides that the prisoner must be given the benefit of the doubt. Thus if there was a doubt Mrs. Maybrick should have been set at liberty. If there was no doubt, she should have been executed. An appeal would have been very soon disposed of the case, but as the English law provides for no review of a criminal procedure save at the hands of the home secretary Mrs. Maybrick languished in Woking and later in Aylesbury prison.

To appreciate the injustice of the verdict it is necessary to briefly review the evidence. The judge in his charge laid

for Briery which was made to do duty as "motive."

Although Mrs. Maybrick will not be released for a good deal more than a year, rumors have already been published concerning her plans after she shall have been set at liberty. One story has it that she will proceed to the south of France, where she will remain for several months recuperating from the effects of her long confinement, after which she will come to this country and go into business in some large city. Another, and the more probable story, declares that she will at once come to the United States and, after winding up an estate in which she is interested, will retire to some quiet place and, assuming her old name, attempt to pass her days in peace, living upon the very ample income which the estate will yield her. At any rate it is likely that Mrs. Maybrick will for a long time be a marked woman, and those who best know her would not be surprised if she should carry out her long unthought purpose of spending her last dollar to demonstrate beyond all possibility of cavil that her husband's death was not brought about or even remotely contributed to by her.

ROGER P. BARNUM.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

The town marshal of Elmore, in Indiana, was called to the telephone recently by John Ketchum, a farmer who lives eight miles away. "You have a warrant for my arrest?" shouted Ketchum. "Please be good enough to read it." "The officer did as requested and added, 'Consider yourself in charge.' 'Certainly,' replied Ketchum. 'Lead guilty to being drunk and inapplicable.' The officer then called Judge Hastings to the telephone, who severely rebuked Ketchum and fined him 5 cents and costs. 'Thanks,' came the reply. 'Money shall be sent on by next post.'

most absurdly easy for him. He had completed a portrait of Miss Burr, a charming young lady of 16 summers, when his fair sitter was so delighted with her presentment that she "more than hinted that while she took the copy the artist might claim the original. Gainsborough did not decline such a tempting offer.

ALL WIDOWS.

The 106 widows invited by Alfred A. Howlett to his home to celebrate his eighty-second birthday had a good time, and their host was delighted at its success. True to his promise Mr. Howlett excluded every man from the handsome home, but he did not count upon the wives of his grandsons, who dressed as a widow, secured entrance to the house and had the best kind of a time with the rest of the guests, as Mrs. Bain of Philadelphia. Mr. Howlett did not remember having met this particular widow before, but was too polite to object to her presence. A woman's orchestra furnished the music, a feminine caterer served elaborate refreshments, and Mr. Howlett's aid in a receiving line was met by a woman who was a widow, but was too polite to object to her presence. A woman's orchestra furnished the music, a feminine caterer served elaborate refreshments, and Mr. Howlett's aid in a receiving line was met by a woman who was a widow, but was too polite to object to her presence.

HOW BISMARCK WON HIS WIFE.

Bismarck's iron resolution was never better demonstrated than in his love-making. At his first meeting with the lady who was to share his life for 40 years he proposed to her and was accepted, and on the following day, presenting himself at the house of her parents, who knew him only as a young man of undesirable reputation, he demanded the young lady's hand and refused to leave the house until her suit was granted.

Probably so gallant a hero ever laid his heart at a fair lady's feet was more undecided than Lord Byron when he wrote the letter which committed him to his unhappy marriage with Miss Milbanke. He had just proposed to another lady, and, as he held her letter of refusal in his hand, he said to a friend: "It seems that it is to be Miss Milbanke after all; I will write to her." He sat down and wrote the "fatal letter," handing it to his friend for perusal.

"A pretty letter," the friend remarked, after reading it. "It is a pity that it shouldn't go."

Then it should, exclaimed Byron, and thus opened one of the most tragic chapters of his checkered life story.

GETTING MARRIED.

When Schumann, the famous composer, fell head over heels in love with Clara Wieck, his master's daughter, his path of courtship was by no means one of roses. For Clara Wieck had no wish to see his only daughter the wife of a penniless musician, and he forbade the young lovers to hold any communication with each other. But love laughs at parental frowns, and Schumann did not even write to his lady love. He poured out his soul to her in a series of "Letters to Clara," printed in a musical journal of which he was editor. When the time was ripe for settling down, Clara made music the vehicle of this passion, and actually proposed to Clara on the piano, under the nose of her father, and received her joyful assent through the same medium.

Edison's method of wooing was no less eccentric. One day he strolled into one of his work rooms and stood behind the chair of a pretty operator, who was absorbed in her work. When the girl glanced round and looking shyly up at him said, "I know it was you, Mr. Edison. I always know when you are near." He answered to her amazement: "I've been thinking a great deal about you lately, and if you are willing to marry me, I would like to marry you."

A month later the pretty employee was promoted to a "partnership" which she has never since regretted.

Scholar won his wife with equally dramatic audacity. After playing a duet at a court concert with Dorette Scheldler, a beautiful and gifted harpist, and when the tumult of applause was still ringing in their ears, he said to his companion, "Shall we play together thus through life?" For answer "the lady burst into tears and sank into his arms."