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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!"

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1906. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR.

Saturday News Special Service From Lands Across the Sea

OVERHAUL TOMB OF PAUPER KING

Strange Monument of Monarch Who Pawned His Kingdom For Debt.

HAD ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

Captured Corsica Only to Meet Death From Starvation in England—A Real Life Tragedy.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 11.—An ancient monument which must be described as one of the most curious and interesting in London is just now attracting attention, owing to the necessity of its renovation. This is the tablet which was erected by Horace Walpole in 1757 to Theodore I, king of Corsica, who, while in London, distinguished himself by pawning his kingdom for the benefit of his creditors.

SINGULAR MONUMENT.

This very singular monument stands in the courtyard of St. Anne's church, Soho, in the very heart of London. At one time, St. Anne's was a fashionable place, attended by the great of the land, but now, it is tucked inconspicuously away in Wardour street, not far from Piccadilly circus. The curious inscription on the tomb of the hapless monarch frequently attracts the attention of American visitors to London. Here is the inscription:

Near this place is interred Theodore, King of Corsica, Who died in this Parish December IX, MDCCCLV. Immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison By the benefit of a writ of Insolvency In consequence of which He registered his Kingdom of Corsica For the use of his creditors.

EPITAPH IN VERSE.

Just beneath these somewhat prosaic announcements are some verses, composed by Horace Walpole, who was instrumental in having the monument placed over the grave of the impetuous king. Walpole writes:

"The grave, great teacher, to a level brings Heroes and beggars, galley slaves, and kings; But Theodore this moral learned e'er late pour'd its lessons on his living head— Bestowed a kingdom; but denied him bread."

The story of the Corsican king reads like one of the tragedies from German folklores. It seems that Theodore came by his kingdom in the good old-fashioned way, conquest. Originally, he was Baron Theodore Neuhof, son of a Westphalian nobleman who, on March 12, 1735, landed with a band of adventurers at Aleria, in Corsica. He subjugated the wild inhabitants, and was crowned king eventually by the people themselves. In those days, Corsica was being fought over by the French and Italians; and Theodore was once driven from his kingdom, and the contestants. He returned victoriously on two occasions, but ultimately his power was broken, and he sought refuge in London.

PAWNED HIS KINGDOM.

The king of Corsica, it seems, was able to obtain considerable credit on the strength of his kingship, and by pawning his realm, he managed to live. Finally, however, his creditors—who possibly, found it difficult to realize on their security—sought the aid of the king's creditors, and cast his majesty into a debtor's prison. After lingering in duress vile for several months, he was liberated in conformity with the insolvent act.

HIS SAD FLIGHT.

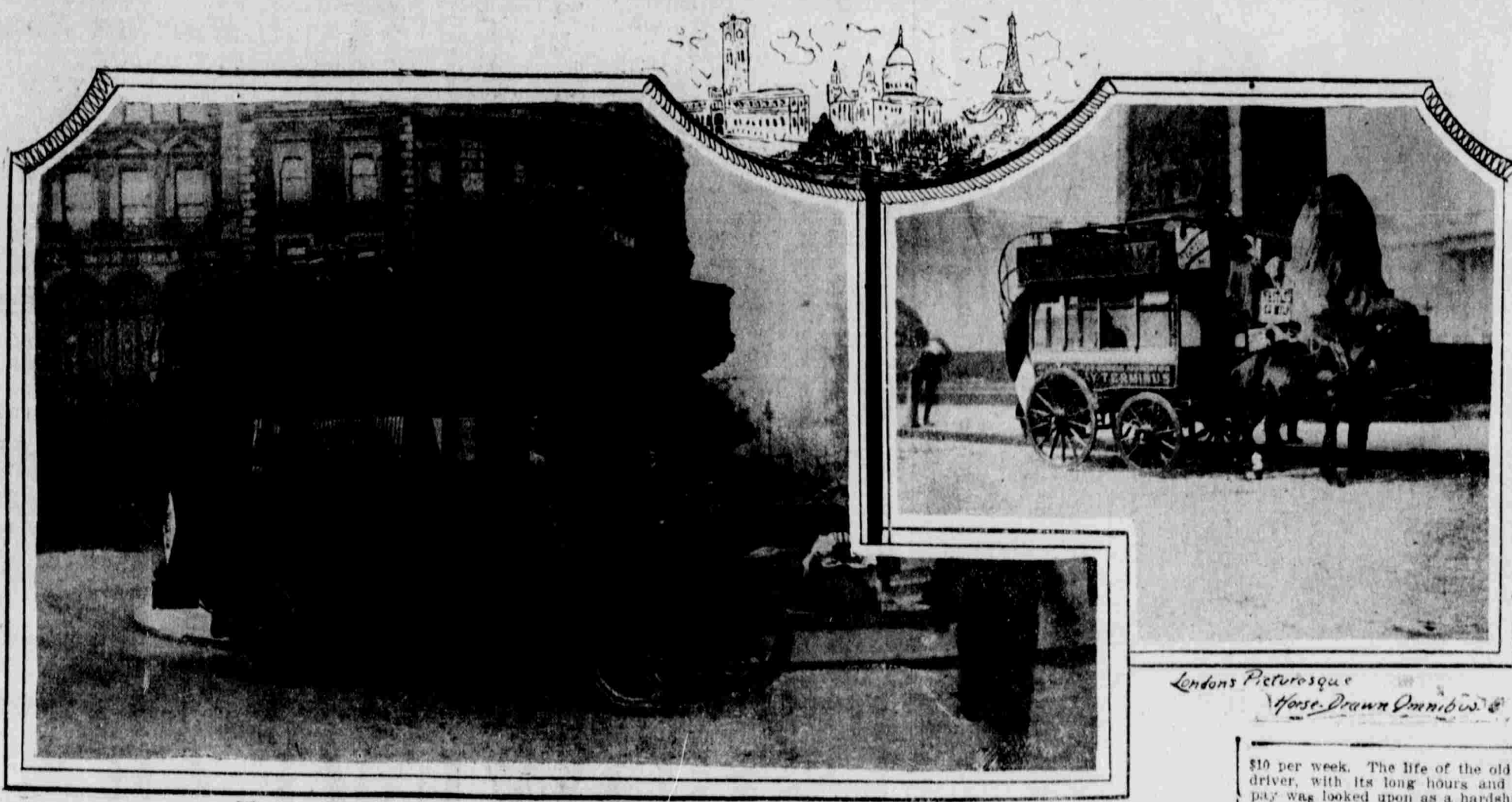
On walking out of jail, the poor king was in a worse plight than when he had been a debtor. He had no money. He hired a sedan chair—the prototype of the cab of today—and asked to be taken to the Portuguese embassy. The ambassador happened to be out—at least, to Theodore, whose mission was doubtless known to be an impetuous one—and the king, on turning to pay the sedan man, found that he did not possess the necessary sum of 12 cents. Theodore, in his predicament, was taken to a friend of his in Soho, from whom he begged shelter. Theodore's plight must have been a very sad one indeed; for, the next day after being taken to his friend's house, he became very ill, and in three days was dead. He would have been buried in Potter's field, had not a friendly citizen come forward, and given him decent burial in St. Anne's church. His death occurred on Dec. 9, 1756, but the tablet reads Dec. 9, 1756. It probably does not make much difference to either the royal personage or his descendants, just now.

HELLED AFTER DEATH.

Horace Walpole who, by the way, was a great one for assisting people after their death—as readers of Chatterton's life will recall—now came forward and paid for a monument over Theodore's grave; himself, and for this, would have been unmarked and unknown to this day. The crown cut over the table is a counterpart of the crown on the king's own coin, the purchasing power of which, unfortunately, did not extend to English graves of bread. Reading between the lines, it is pretty plainly seen that Theodore came to his untimely end from starvation and worry.

A COSTLY MEMORIAL.

When Walpole approached the authorities of the church to put in the tablet, several of them strenuously objected to Theodore being given the title of king, but, on going into the matter, Walpole came to the aid of the royal dignity of the august leader. The cost of the monument over King Theodore's grave would have kept him alive for many a day—sufficiently long, perhaps, to have enabled him to write home and raise for us to vindicate in heroes. However, prosperous Theodore may have been,



The New Omnibus of London, Berlin and Paris.

HOW THE NEW MOTOR SERVICE IS SUPPLANTING THE OLD AND PICTURESQUE HORSE-DRAWN OMNIBUS.

Doom of Slow-Going Horse Omnibus Sealed

Motor Buses Displacing the Old Equine Conveyance at the Rate of Five Per Week—Famous "Front Seat Philosopher" Becoming a Thing of the Past—Modern Progress Has Wiped Him Out of Existence.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 11.—London is fast losing what always has been one of its chief attractions to Americans—the picturesque horse-omnibus. When this year's Transatlantic visitors arrive in the metropolis they will have to look hard for this old-fashioned, rumbling and much belabored conveyance, with its garrulous driver and leisurely horses. As a partial compensation, however, they will be able to get from one point of interest to another as fast, and perhaps a little faster than they would be able to at home, by means of the new "motor-buses" which, before many months have passed, are pretty sure to have superseded the familiar horse buses altogether.

MOTOR BUSES EVERYWHERE.

Almost at every turn in London these swift traveling motor omnibuses may be seen, heard, and it may be said—smelt, for the atmosphere is beginning to reek with the fumes of petrol. And though it may take some little time to replace the 1,800 omnibuses now in London by these motor vehicles, the work is progressing very rapidly, and each day sees one or two new motor buses on the streets. Up to the present, there are about 500 of them plying over the 120 miles of roads which go to make up the principal London thoroughfares.

THE OLD HORSE BUS.

People of artistic temperament and those who have plenty of time on their hands, may look with a certain amount of sadness on the disappearance of the horse bus from the streets of "Dear old London." It is true that "human interest" attaches to the "box of the early days, which dates back to 1829, when the first bus was seen in England. It was driven by a man named Shillbeer, and—appropriately enough—its course lay between one London street and another. The buses were hauled by three horses abreast—as is the case on some of the Paris streets today—and the fare for a four-mile journey was 25 cents, which included the use of a newspaper.

As a substitute for the newspaper in modern times, American visitors will recall with pleasure the talkative driver, ever ready—with a prospective tip in the offing—to point out the names of public buildings or to dish up London history at so many words per mile.

WILL CAUSE A VOID.

The disappearance of these horse-drawn vehicles from London streets will certainly create a decided void; for all things considered the bus was

one of the most typical of London's popular institutions. Every bus taken from the streets means the emancipation of 12 horses; the total number of animals now employed being 22,300. It has been estimated that there are 42 linear miles of horses now running on the London roadway. The removal of this number will be an immense help in affording much needed space in the congested thoroughfares. The introduction of the motor buses has not only relieved the horse, but liberated the drivers by bringing their hours of labor down from 14 per day and sometimes 17, to eight and 10; while their wages have been proportionately increased. It has been found that the old bus drivers make the best motor bus chauffeurs, so the sentiment that still clings to the "profession" of bus driver need not be shocked by thinking the old drivers are to be entirely done away with.

MUST TALK NO MORE.

At the same time, there is a vast difference between the driver of a motor bus and one of the horse buses—his "quiet talk" on the box must be done away with, for the motor chauffeurs sit quite away from the passengers, the isolated position being necessary owing to the complicated mechanism under their control, which requires all their attention. The average wages of bus drivers and motor chauffeurs is about

\$10 per week. The life of the old bus driver, with its long hours and poor pay was looked upon as a hardship by many persons not well acquainted with it, but the rapid conquest made by the motor omnibus within the last year, not only in London, but in Paris and Berlin have attracted general public attention to that vehicle as a solution of the street traffic problem. The demand for these vehicles in London alone is so great that several large motor companies have orders already for two years ahead; and are turning away business. Ten big companies are turning out motor buses as rapidly as their works will allow, and no less than \$50,000,000 worth of capital is already involved in motor bus manufacture.

MANY RIVAL CONCERNS.

Many of these concerns—or nearly all of them, it might be said—are rivals; some building petrol carriages, others electric and others steam. The various types may be seen bidding for passengers on most of the streets, and there is considerable discussion as to which form of motive power has "come to stay." According to the latest reports, the steam buses are great favorites; there is less vibration in their motion and the certainty of reaching their destination seems more assured.

The wonderful progress made by this form of street transportation—amounting almost to a veritable revolution—has raised many important questions among the public bodies. Though the London county council has received by expended hundreds of thousands of pounds in building street car lines—or "tramways"—run on the ordinary rail system with electric power, and, on the ground, the advent of the motor bus has already begun to threaten the existence of these very lines. The state-owned London tramways, which for years have passed the bus, are now being patronized by street cars, which will be almost as "old fashioned" as the horses are today. The great disadvantage of the London tramways at present is the fact that they are limited as to speed, and are made to crawl along, while the motor bus, a fast and powerful vehicle, is permitted to go around obstructions—like people and horse traffic—on the streets and along the outlying suburban roads at a speed more than double that of the tram system.

THE TRAM LINES.

At the rush hours in London it has already been noted that the tram lines—though working to their full capacity with the utmost number of cars—are utterly inadequate to cope with the demands of passenger business. When the vast numbers of passengers that daily enter and leave the central districts of London is considered, a fair idea of the magnitude of the traffic problem may be obtained. For instance, the daily working population of London is 3,000,000 people, 2,907,866 are "on the move." In the central area, about the Bank and Royal Exchange—774 buses and other passenger carrying vehicles pass at a given point every hour during the busy times. With the present bus arrangement, it takes place all along the lines of route, and the board of trade has recently estimated that not less than 329 hours per day are lost in London owing to the slow movements of horse traffic. With the introduction of motor buses throughout the metropolis a big difference will be felt; and busy Londoners will be able to get from place to place in one-third the time now occupied.

TO HEAD OFF STREET CARS.

Active movements are now on foot in various quarters to pre-empt the further building of street railway lines; and the substitution in their place of fast-moving motor buses. These buses cost on an average about \$1,500 each; being far less expensive than the street cars, as no rails are required. Even on tram lines already having a service, it is proposed to place motor buses instead of cars and to dispense entirely with the electric power supply, making each car independent of the others. As is well-known now, if one car on an electric system comes to a standstill for any reason, the whole line must be paralyzed for the time being.

As the street car lines are now operated in London the speed is limited to 10 miles per hour, and the average journey of a 15 hour run, allowing for stoppages, is only about 10 miles per day. In America and other cities where street cars are operated and run by electricity, the average day's run is 150 or 160 miles.

FOURTEEN MILES AN HOUR.

With motor buses the average speed in London is 14 miles per hour; and in outlying districts where traffic is less congested, this speed is considerably increased. The average earnings of each motor bus in London are from \$50 to \$60 per day. Passengers are carried on top as well as inside, the seating

DOG REVEALS A PARISIAN MURDER

Construction That is Put on the Silence of a Famous Boarhound.

HOW THE CLUE WAS WORKED.

Chauffeur Confessed After He Was Arrested That He Had Committed The Shocking Crime.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, April 11.—Many crimes have been detected through the barking of a watch dog, but that the failure of one of these faithful canine guardians to raise an alarm should furnish the clue by which the perpetrator of a murder was discovered, is rather unusual. That, however, is only one of the elements which lends unusual interest to the crime of the Rue Saint Naur, which all Paris is discussing. It contains all the material for one of those thrilling stories in which Emile Gaboriau delighted.

WORKED AT OFFICE LATE.

Henri Bedor, the proprietor of a large bookbinding factory, frequently worked late in his office over his accounts. He was doing that on the fateful night which proved to be his last on earth. At 9 o'clock, a maid servant, Germaine Puriot, brought in, as usual, the big boarhound, Diane, which was kept in the back of the factory, to guard the safe. This dog and its mate, Tom, which guarded the factory at night, were of great size and ferocity. None of the employees in the factory dared touch them. The murder occurred at 10 o'clock, when the police subsequently ascertained, were M. Bedor himself, his wife, his brother, Frederic, the girl Germaine, August Mathieu, his chauffeur, and his coachman, Dubois.

MAID SERVANT OUT.

The maid servant left M. Bedor shortly after 9 o'clock. At a quarter past 10, Germaine heard a door slam. She rushed Dubois, and they made an investigation. They found M. Bedor lying dead at the foot of the staircase leading from his office. He had been stabbed in the back and again in the chest, apparently by a rapier or stilet. The fingers of his right hand had endeavored to wrest the weapon from the assassin.

When the police arrived on the scene, the great boarhound in the room above, which had given no tongue while his master was being done to death, began to bark furiously. When the police entered the room with Dubois, his intervention alone prevented the animal from attacking them.

KEY IN DEAD MAN'S POCKET.

They found the safe locked and the key in the dead man's pocket. On the table was the lamp which M. Bedor had used while examining his books. The glass shade had been broken. Fragments of the glass found at the foot of the stairs where M. Bedor had been slain, showed plainly it was there it had been broken. The murderer evidently had subsequently replaced it on the table in the office room. To do that he had to pass in front of the boarhound's kennel. Yet the dog had made no sound. Obviously M. Bedor had been murdered by someone who was on good terms with the dog. That was the clue—the only clue—which the detectives had to work on. M. Bedor alone knew what money he had in the safe, and they could not tell whether any had actually been stolen.

SILENCE CAUSED SUSPICION.

Of those whom the dog's silence brought under suspicion, the chauffeur alone was unable to give a satisfactory account of his movements on the night of the murder. He was arrested. At first he stoutly protested his innocence, but ultimately he broke down and made a complete confession. That brought the element of love into the crime, which is essential to all thrilling detective stories.

Mathieu was engaged to be married. To win the consent of the girl's parents, he had misrepresented his financial position. He had declared that he was in receipt of a salary twice as large as he was actually paid, and had besides a snug little sum in the bank. As a matter of fact, he had not saved anything. His prospective father-in-law had complained of the delay in the marriage, and had told him that if it did not take place soon, he would break off the match. Thus pressed, he agreed to marry his fiancée in a fortnight. In the meantime, he had to secure a flat, paying a quarter's rent in advance, and furnish it with furniture. The girl was to meet him at a dealer's and inspect the furniture, which he had not even purchased.

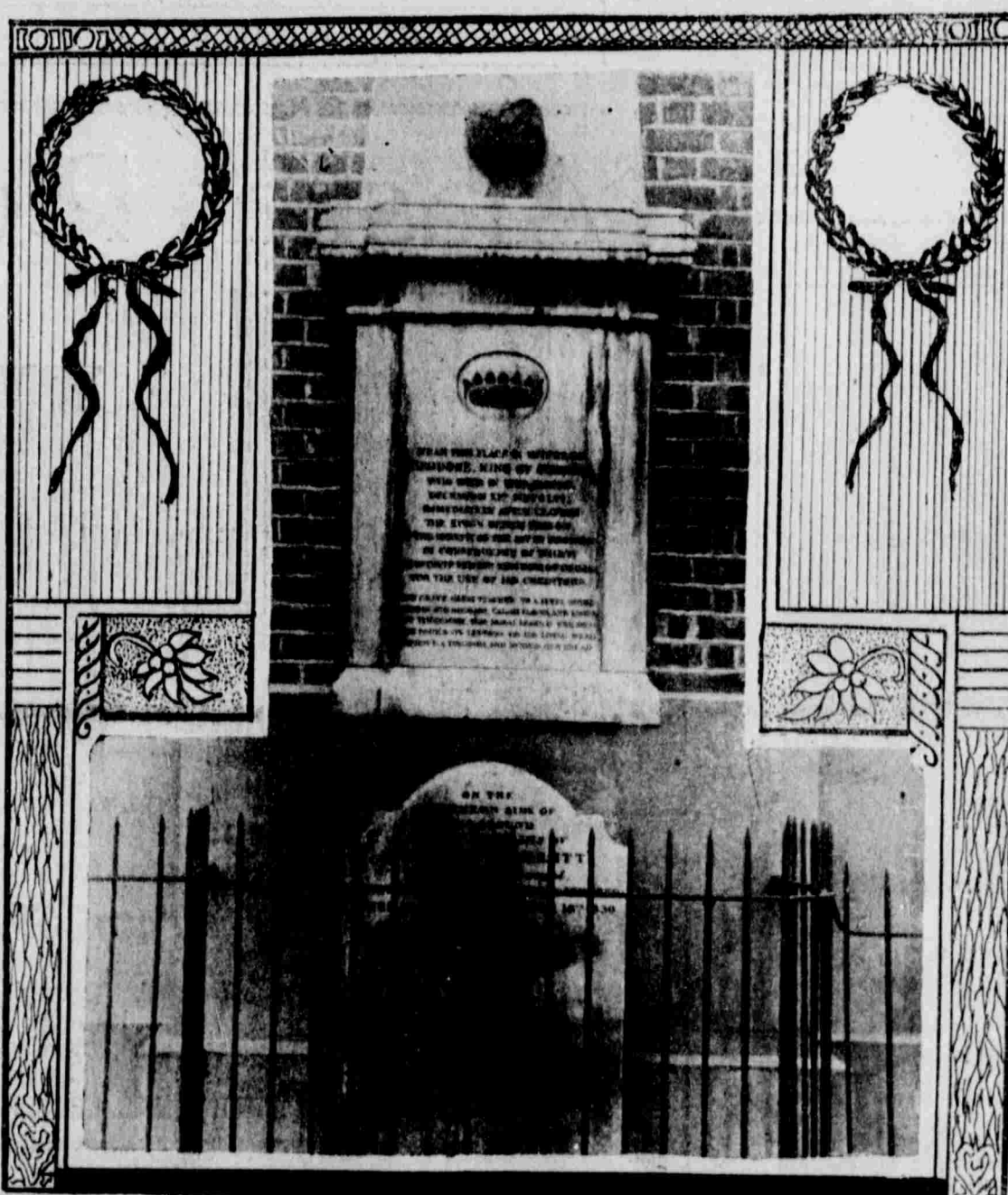
DECIDED TO TRY.

He decided to make a coup. Relying on the fact that the boarhound Tom, which guarded the factory at night, would not betray his presence, he concealed himself in the building until after the work-people had left. Then he forced open a drawer in which money was kept to meet petty cash expenses, but found only 50 francs. That was not enough for his purpose, so he hid himself again and waited. He watched his master as he went to his work, and his dinner, and while M. Bedor was writing, he slipped into his apartments, and took his swordstick which he had placed in an umbrella stand.

When M. Bedor, his work over, was returning from the office, the chauffeur, who was crouching in a recess on the landing, fancied that he had detected him. "That," he said in his confession, "was his misfortune. If he had not looked my way, I should have allowed him to pass. But I felt so sure that he had seen me, that, gripping the swordstick, I dashed forward and tried to pass him in my flight."

BARRED AT STAIRWAY.

But M. Bedor barred the way at the foot of the stairs. A struggle ensued, and the lamp which his master was carrying, fell to the ground. M. Bedor clutched at the swordstick, the chauffeur plunged it into his body, and kneeling on his chest after he had fallen.



Here Lies the King that Pawned His Kingdom.

The Monument in London to Theodore I, of Corsica, Who Pledged His Kingdom to His Creditors, and Eventually Starved to Death in the Metropolis. Near His Grave Lie the Remains of William Hazlitt, the Essayist.

(Continued on page 18.)