

If "they laugh who win," and "they who laugh grow fat," then want advertisers should be both mirthful and obese.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

"Necessity, the mother of invention," has an interesting family; but the Want Advertiser is her favorite grand-child.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

HORSE CAN READ, WRITE AND COUNT

Exploits of Queer Old German's Equine Pet Have Astonished The World.

HE WON'T SELL HIS MARVEL.

Is a Philosopher and Wants to Prove That Horses Have Minds, and Perhaps, Souls, Too.

Special Correspondence.
BERLIN, Sept. 5.—There is a growing tendency to credit animals of all kinds with moral and intellectual qualities like those of human beings. In the infancy of the race, men were accustomed to think of animals as almost on a level with themselves in all kinds of intellectual and moral capacity. And children reflect this condition of mind by imagining their pet animals to be capable of understanding all their thoughts and wishes. The whole class of fables and children's stories illustrate this naive condition of the early human fancy. The unevolved man and the child find no difficulty in conceiving their familiar quadrupeds talking, behaving and eating quite in human fashion. As the race grew in intelligence, it began to think of the lower creation as further removed from itself. Proud of its attainments, it arrogated to itself the exclusive possession of reflection, reason, and voluntary choice. The final expression of this disposition was the philosophical doctrine of Descartes that animals are without souls and consciousness, their seemingly intelligent actions being simply the result of a nicely-contrived piece of bodily mechanism of habit and of training.

UPSETTING MAN'S CONCEIT.
It is not a little curious that modern science is doing much to upset this view of the animal world so flattering to man's self-conceit. Closer and wider observation of the habits of animals is bringing to light here and there indications of a degree of consciousness which may well put to shame the so-called rationality of many members of our own species. The doctrine of evolution plainly suggests that in animals are to be found the germs of mental qualities previously supposed to be man's exclusive possession. Darwin has taught us, for instance, that certain birds display a considerable amount of taste and skill in the matter of decorative coloring and it is a well known fact that many animals manifest a striking delight for music.

ACTS OF PUNISHMENT.
Serious and close observers of nature have described acts of punishment dealt out by animals to each other. The cat will box her kittens when they play too long with her tail, and the mother hen will separate her chickens when they get into a fight, and sometimes peck one, or both of them, on the head, as much as to say, "There, don't you do that again." The rooster in the same way will separate two hens when they are fighting. Only a short while ago a country doctor wrote to a city paper, giving his name and address, and telling of a regular "trial by jury," the condemnation, and the execution of a crow by a body of his fellow crows, which he had witnessed. And Darwin, again, tells of

a baboon which examined the paws of the cat that had scratched it, and then deliberately bit off the nails. On another occasion he describes how a cat taught her young by putting her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk jug and then licking off the milk, and how soon the kittens learned the same trick. This is only a small selection from hundreds of well authenticated cases tending to prove that some animals are endowed with some degree of intelligent thinking. But the most conclusive proof of this much-discussed theory is being furnished just now in one of the northern districts of Berlin where the much-talked-of "thinking horse" is performing marvelous feats of intelligence in the presence of thousands of spectators.

A MARVEL, INDEED.

"Der Kluge Hans" (Smart Johnny) is a marvel, indeed. He is of Russian pedigree, 9 years old and of fine build. His master and teacher, Herr von Osten, is what the Germans call a "Sonderling"—a quaint, old, withered, long-haired little man with the looks of a professor and the garb of a mendicant. A large gray slouch hat covers his grizzled locks, and a well worn coat of an undelible color and trousers to match, both several sizes too large, flap around his thin physique. He speaks and behaves with the obstinacy of a man of firm convictions whose work and aims have been unappreciated and even misconstrued. And such in fact has been his fate. For many months his arduous endeavors to draw the attention of scientific people and men of influence to his work have been without avail. He is a confirmed idealist; he believes not only in the progress of the human race, but also in the faculty of some animal species to attain human achievements, if properly educated. He claims that mental faculties of a higher order are latent in some animals which may be brought out by means of the methods of the school education of children.

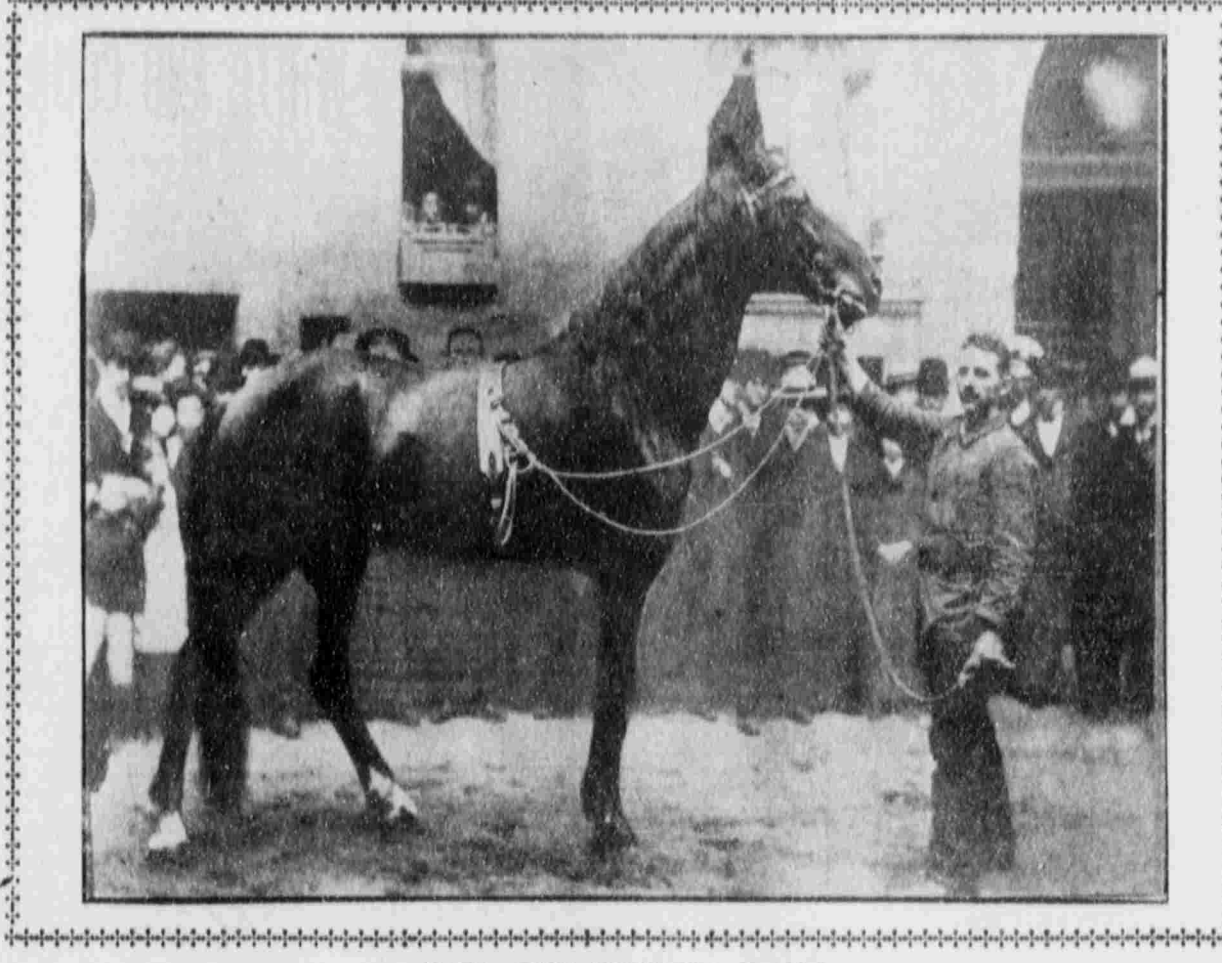
It took him 14 years of assiduous experimental work before he arrived at the results which are today the sensation of all Berlin, including the scientific world which had previously observed at the methods of distinct reserve, not to say suspicion.

ADMISSION IS FREE.

Herr von Osten does not charge a cent admission to the masses which throng daily into the courtyard of his plain house in Griebenow street, not "out for money," he says he means to serve the cause of science. He is practically penniless; yet he has been very determined in rejecting the advances of his friends to make capital out of his wonderful animal.

What are Hans' achievements? A dry enumeration of his feats would fail to convey a perfect sense of his intellectual capacity. His intelligence is shown in his look, no less than in his feats. His glance seems to say: "I know exactly what I am doing; do you?" He is asked by some one among the bystanders: "How many people are there to-day?" "Twenty," he answers. "How many about and gives, with his head, the exact number." "How many persons do you see here?" "Another glance of almost human understanding, and again he 'hoofs' the right number. "How many children are here?" "Three," he answers. "How many females?" "Four," he answers. "How many males?" "Five," he answers. "How many horses?" "Six," he answers. "How many cows?" "Seven," he answers. "How many pigs?" "Eight," he answers. "How many chickens?" "Nine," he answers. "How many ducks?" "Ten," he answers. "How many geese?" "Eleven," he answers. "How many turkeys?" "Twelve," he answers. "How many sheep?" "Thirteen," he answers. "How many goats?" "Fourteen," he answers. "How many cats?" "Fifteen," he answers. "How many dogs?" "Sixteen," he answers. "How many birds?" "Seventeen," he answers. "How many insects?" "Eighteen," he answers. "How many plants?" "Nineteen," he answers. "How many stones?" "Twenty," he answers. "How many trees?" "Twenty-one," he answers. "How many flowers?" "Twenty-two," he answers. "How many fruits?" "Twenty-three," he answers. "How many vegetables?" "Twenty-four," he answers. "How many minerals?" "Twenty-five," he answers. "How many metals?" "Twenty-six," he answers. "How many colors?" "Twenty-seven," he answers. "How many sounds?" "Twenty-eight," he answers. "How many smells?" "Twenty-nine," he answers. "How many tastes?" "Thirty," he answers. "How many feelings?" "Thirty-one," he answers. "How many thoughts?" "Thirty-two," he answers. "How many actions?" "Thirty-three," he answers. "How many passions?" "Thirty-four," he answers. "How many virtues?" "Thirty-five," he answers. "How many vices?" "Thirty-six," he answers. "How many sins?" "Thirty-seven," he answers. "How many crimes?" "Thirty-eight," he answers. "How many virtues?" "Thirty-nine," he answers. "How many vices?" "Forty," he answers. "How many sins?" "Forty-one," he answers. "How many crimes?" "Forty-two," he answers. "How many virtues?" "Forty-three," he answers. "How many vices?" "Forty-four," he answers. "How many sins?" "Forty-five," he answers. "How many crimes?" "Forty-six," he answers. "How many virtues?" "Forty-seven," he answers. "How many vices?" "Forty-eight," he answers. "How many sins?" "Forty-nine," he answers. "How many crimes?" "Fifty," he answers.

(Continued on page 11.)



HANS, THE THINKING HORSE. That is Engaging the Attention of the German Minister of Education.

Peerage Pickings for American Heiresses

Rare Lot of Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons and Lords Who Are, or Soon Will Be, Matrimonially Eligible and Desirable—Something Of the Women Who May Marry Them.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Sept. 7.—Though the British peerage has of late years yielded many titled husbands to American heiresses, there is no danger of the supply running short. With more than 600 families entitled to representation in the house of lords, it will be understood that John Bull's output of peers, making no allowance for new creations, is in a fair way to keep pace for some time to come with Uncle Sam's surplus of vastly rich and pretty girls. As a matter of fact there are at present far finer matrimonial plums to be plucked from the tree of the British aristocracy than have been gathered yet by the American feminine invaders. Dukes rank first in the British peerage after princes of the blood royal and the two archbishops. Matrimonially viewed, among the most eligible of them is the Duke of Richmond, who is four times a duke—of Richmond, Lennox and Gordon in Great Britain and d'Aubigny in France. He also has three earldoms—March, Darnley and Kinrara—and the baronial appendages of Settrington and Methuen. He owns nearly 200,000 acres of land, which is about 15 times as much as the Duke of Marlborough has. He possesses the old Scotch castle, Gordon Castle, in Braemarshire, a magnificent mansion at Chichester (Goodwood House), which deservedly ranks among the best of the "stately homes of England," and several other residences. He succeeded to his estates only last year, and is, but tall thin and of active habits. He carries his age well—and where titled marriage are concerned youth and romance are secondary considerations. He is a brainy man, too, and a plucky one. He was a member of Parliament for 19 years, and as colonel of the Third Royal Scots regiment he distinguished himself in the South African war.

He has no objection to an untitled bride, for he has been twice married and each time to a plain "Miss." His first wife was Miss Amy Ricardo, and his second, who has been dead 17 years, was Miss Isabel Chayton. With neither did he receive a big pecuniary settlement, but he was only the heir when he married them. Now that he is a four-ply duke he finds himself sorely in need of "ducat" to maintain his estates in proper style, for much of his property is in Scotland, where rents are low.

RARE DUCAL PRIZES.

Well worth cultivating by American matchmaking mams, is the Duke of St. Albans, hereditary grand falconer of England, who, though 34 years old, has thus far succeeded in eluding the net of the fowler. He is not a drawing room duke, and prefers a "wet sheet and a flowing sea" on a yacht to all the gayeties of town. He is a handsome fellow, with one of the finest seats in England at Bestwood in Nottinghamshire, and one of the finest in Ireland, somewhere in Tipperary, but he never has shown any disposition to settle down since he entered upon his inheritance in 1898, much to the regret of several English matrons with marriageable daughters. His property covers some 9,000 acres. At present his half-brother, Lord Osborne de Vere, is the heir-presumptive. Incidentally the Duke of St. Albans is a descendant of Charles II and Nell Gwynn. As he celebrated his seventeenth birthday only a few months ago, a few years must elapse before the Duke of Leinster can be regarded as in the eligible list, but he is well worth waiting for. He is the premier Duke, Marquis and Earl of Ireland all in one, and unlike many scions of the nobility, when he enters into his hereditary possessions he will have plenty of money to maintain them. He was only six

years old when his father died, and his trustees have been carefully nursing the property ever since, so that when he comes of age there will be a big fortune awaiting him. His Kildare estate was recently sold for close on to \$7,000,000, and he still retains a few thousand acres of ancestral domains elsewhere. Should an American girl marry him there would be no ground for the usual cynical jests about swopping British titles for American dollars. As he is one of the few peers who will be able to afford the luxury of a love match, an American girl without much money would stand about as good a chance of landing him as one with lots of it. And such a marriage would establish a new record in international alliances.

TITLES GALORE.

The generous money grant made by a grateful nation to the noblest of terminated, which consists of some 10,000 acres, does not yield enough in the shape of rents to maintain a ducal style of living. This state of affairs should make Lord Douro an easy catch for some rich American heiress. With enough of the powerful blood of the Duke of Wellington, Duchess of Clondra, and Duchess of Devonshire, the latter being a Belgian title, would stand socially at least on an equal footing with the American Duchess of Marlborough. As far as titles go the Wellington dukedom is much richer in them than the Marlborough one. Spain and Portugal vied with England in lavishing them on the Iron Duke, but did not sully the manifestations of gratitude by associating them with anything so sordid and vulgar as cash. Counting these titles, Lord Douro will some day be Duke of Wellington, Duchess of Clondra, Marchioness of Wellington, Marchioness of Douro and Marchioness of Torres Vedras. Viscountess Wellesley and Viscountess Wellington of Talavera, and Countess of Wellington, Baroness Mornington and Princess of Waterloo, the latter being a Belgian title. There is no house in London better adapted to entertaining than Apsley House, with its magnificent hall, rare art treasures and priceless monuments of the conqueror of Napoleon. It needs only money and taste to make it the most popular resort of the social elite. Lord Douro is reputed to be a very decent fellow. In the Guards he made the mistake of taking his promotion seriously instead of "going the pace" and was "ragged" by his brother officers. In the circumstances, the incident was creditable to him rather than otherwise. An American heiress bent on making a brilliant match with the aid of her cash will find Lord Douro well worth taking into account.

RICHEST OF BACHELOR PEERS.

By long odds the richest bachelor peer in the United Kingdom is the Marquis of Bute, who is only 24 years old. At a low estimate his property is worth at least \$30,000,000. Could will count for more than cash in determining his matrimonial choice, but that is no reason why it should not fall on one of Columbia's fair daughters. He is an aristocrat from way back, three times an earl and several sons of baronet and a Benedictine monk, always has accompanied him on his travels, which have included two pilgrimages to the Holy Land. On one of these he bore with him his father's heart, that it might be buried in Palestine, in accordance with the greater portion of his hundred thousand odd acres in Scotland, most of his wealth is derived

from Cardiff, which he practically owns. He cares little for society, and he and his mother usually reside in one of the other of his northern strongholds, surrounded by the superbly baronial state of the old-fashioned Scotch nobility. Instead of evening dress, he dons the kilt at dinner, and insists on all his servants arraying themselves in Highland costume. His mother keeps him pretty closely tied to her apron strings, and the American matchmaker with designs on the British aristocracy will find it very hard to ensnare the Marquis of Bute in the matrimonial meshes. But as the greatest prize package in the whole British peerage he would be well worth trying for.

WANTS MONEY.

Although a married man, the Marquis of Downshire figures among the eligible peers, for a few years ago he divorced his wife, whom he had married when he was 22. He is now 32. He owns about 120,000 acres; a castle in County Down, Ireland, and a fine old park and residence in Berkshire. His father died when he was only 3 years old, and during his minority a big fortune was accumulated for him, but it is understood now that there is not much left of it, and the fact that he recently left his handsome town house in Belgrave square has been accepted as an indication that he begins to feel the need of raising money. That situation spells opportunity for the American girl with dollars.

LOTS TO CHOOSE FROM.

Viscount Dunsany's poverty renders him conspicuous among the titled bachelors who might easily be induced to contribute to American beauty backed by wealth. He is 35 and practices law as a barrister in the inner temple. His title came to him unexpectedly through the death of an uncle, who succumbed to hydrophobia after being bitten by a pet fox. His grandmother, it is said, was the only woman who ever became a Freemason. According to the currently accepted story, concealed in a cloak and overheard the secrets of a lodge meeting and escaped paying the death penalty for her folly and curiosity only by being sworn in as a member and pledging herself to secrecy by divers terrible oaths. Lord Gerard, whose father died two years ago, will come of age this autumn. The family is not a notably rich one, but socially it is well at the top, and the wife of the young man would contribute to American beauty backed by wealth. His mother, Lady Gerard, is a great favorite with the king, and recently entertained him and a house party of

his particular friends at the fine family residence, Eastwell Park. Among the eldest sons of peers who will some day inherit distinguished titles, historic seats and large estates there is a goodly number deserving of the attention of socially ambitious American mothers with pretty daughters for whose benefit their fathers are willing to shell out handsomely. Conspicuous among them is Lord Dalmeny, the Rosbery heir, whose coming of age was the occasion of so much rejoicing and sumptuous hospitality a couple of years ago. He is a tall, athletic, manly young fellow and popular everywhere. Thus far he has shown a greater predilection for sports than politics, and is a first class cricketer. Lord Haldie, now 23, the heir of the Earl of Aberdeen, is equally well spoken of and matrimonially viewed would be quite as good a catch. He has already begun to take life seriously, and is casting around for a parliamentary seat.

That young nobleman rejoicing in the foreboding title of Lord Rockingham, whose twenty-first birthday was recently celebrated in great style, will some day exchange it for the Marquess of Cholmondeley, orthographically the greatest puzzle in the peerage, for it is pronounced Chalmersley. But the property that goes with it can well stand such an incubus, for it is a magnificent one, embracing 34,000 acres in England and two superb seats, Cholmondeley Castle and Houghton Hall. The British peerage offers just as attractive a matrimonial field for the American girl as it ever did. If at first she does not succeed she can try, try again. There are lots to choose from.

E. Lisle Snell.

AMERICAN MONEY HELPED BUY TITIAN'S PORTRAIT.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Sept. 1.—Here is the first sketch published on this side of the famous portrait of Ariosto by Titian which has just been purchased for the nation and is now on exhibition at the National gallery in Trafalgar square. It was bought from Sir Donaldson, the wealthy amateur, for \$150,000, that being the same price at which he obtained it from Lord Darnley. Of the purchase money \$92,500 was provided by private subscription, J. Pierpont Morgan and William Waldorf Astor being the most generous contributors to the fund. The other contributors were Lord Iveagh, Lord Burton, Lady Wantage and Alfred Beit. The remaining \$57,500 was furnished by the government.

Of necessity a pen and ink drawing does faint justice to this relic of "the universal master," which competent critics have pronounced fully equal to his world-famed portrait of Charles V, which is one of the most prized art treasures of Spain. The canvas measures about two and a half feet across by four feet in length. The poet is represented against a middle green-gray background and leaning upon a stone balcony or parapet. He wears a loose quilted robe of dark color, carelessly thrown over the right shoulder, which is turned towards the beholder, affording a close three-quarter view of his face.

One of Titian's maxims, it is said, was to hold fast to the three main colors of white, black and red. In the picture the first two are easily perceived, but it is in the fullness and contour of the lips one sees where the artist has preserved and concentrated the dominant note of color. It is the poet's mouth which has received the utmost worship of the brush. The lips are full and sensuous, despite the countenance, and stand out prominently from the luxuriant and fine black texture of the beard. The blackness of the hair throws the high lights of the cheeks and brow into strong relief, but the eyes balance and control everything in their quiet penetration and beauty. They are small, but turned towards the spectator, and with the tilt of the head are strongly suggestive of courtly pride and habitual disdain so characteristic of the representatives of the Renaissance period.

SEEKING LOST HEIRS.

Representing a firm of New York lawyers, Mr. Fred H. Harman has arrived in Ireland seeking heirs to many valuable estates left by people who have died and intestate in various towns and cities in the United States. The great bulk of the realty and personality is in New York, he says, but substantial sums and valuable property in Boston, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Chicago and San Francisco, now in the hands of the public administrators, await lawful claimants. The object of the lawyers is to find the heirs and charge them a commission of ten per cent on all money recovered. Mr. Harman's investigations in Ireland, he says, have already resulted in finding four legitimate heirs, two in Galway, one in Mayo and one in Tipperary. Between them, he declares, they will be able to share about \$50,000. But this is a mere flea-bite compared with what Mr. Har-

HE DIDN'T KNOW BIG BOSS CROKER.

Ex-Leader of Tammany Found London Salesman Who Would Not Take His Check.

THE BARCAINS IN ANTIQUES.

Extraordinary Career of Marquis de Several, the Most Fascinating Man in London.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—While taking life easy in this country, Boss Croker is seeking to acquire some of those cultivated tastes for which his arduous but highly profitable pursuit of politics on the other side allowed him no leisure. He has become a devotee of the fashionable craze for antiques, but displays characteristic shrewdness in making purchases. The dealer who undertakes to "play him for a sucker," gets left. He is especially fond of examining the contents of second-hand furniture shops. He walks in in a casual fashion, looks around, and if there is anything he fancies he asks the price, but generally departs without completing the purchase. If he considers it good value for his money, he usually sends an agent later on to strike a bargain.

He had a somewhat strange experience a day or two ago. In a second-hand shop he saw a table he liked. It was marked at \$100. He offered a check in payment, but the salesman told him checks were not accepted only from people known to the proprietors. He produced his card, but was astonished to discover that the salesman had not knowledge of "Richard Croker, Wantage, Berks." He insisted on seeing the head of the concern who immediately recognized him as the former Tammany chief. With profuse apologies the check was accepted and the table packed up for delivery. Before Croker left the shop, a cabinet, a relic of Lord Nelson, caught his eye, but the price demanded—\$500—did not suit him.

AN EXPERT JUDGE.

It is said that he has now become one of the best judges of antique furniture in England and that he is an expert also in articles of bric-a-brac. Much of the old and valuable stuff which he had accumulated at Wantage has been removed to his place in Ireland, and it is understood that he is looking around now to replace it by articles quite as valuable and as curious. But the antique dealers have discovered that he wants full value for his money, and knows how to drive a good bargain.

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GREAT CANADIAN INDUSTRY.



Sir Alfred Harmsworth, the great publisher of London, is to establish in the interior of Newfoundland a great industry for the manufacture of all the paper consumed by his English publications. He has already purchased vast tracts of timber land and the plans involve the erection of pulp mills, the building of railroads and in fact the installing of every requisite necessary to his enterprise. It is said that this great industry will involve an investment of \$10,000,000.



Major-General Velitchko, chief of the military engineers with the Russian Manchurian army, is considered one of the best of his profession. It is said to be entirely due to the skill with which Gen. Velitchko planned the defense, that the Russians were able to put up such a stubborn defense at Lao Yang.