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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY JANUARY 11 1908 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

PART TWO

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Sir Claude and His Largest Rhino



Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny in Hunting Costume



Miss Long leading her simple life

ROYALTY FEARS HER DISCLOSURE

Is Worrying Over Just What Lady Warwick's Memoirs May Contain.

WAS GREAT FRIEND OF KING.

Countess Could Tell Some Interesting Things About Him That Would Make Very Spicy Reading.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—Society is on the tip toe of expectation with regard to the forthcoming "Memoirs" of Lady Warwick. No one is more worried concerning what those pages may unfold than the king himself who was for years a great chum of the countess. An intimate friend of Lady Warwick tells me that there is no woman in all England who feels more bitterly the slights, and indeed deliberate snubs, which have been put upon her by royalty than Lady Warwick. And by all accounts she is determined to serve royalty out, especially the king. There are women who never forgive. The countess is one of them. Her opportunity has now come to square her accounts with the royal family. And what she can tell if she chooses! Heaven and earth are being moved to induce her to relate certain portions of her "Memoirs," the idea being that if they appear in cold print they will unquestionably injure very greatly the popularity of King Edward. Some people go so far as to say that if Lady Warwick persists in making certain disclosures that the book will be suppressed. As every one knows the Warwicks are sadly in need of money and were the sale of the work to be forbidden, it would be a most serious loss to them. However, in the circumstances the writer may decide that discretion is the better part of valor and at the last moment agree to tone down some of her recollections where they concern royalty.

DISCARDED FAVORITE.

Those who know the countess best feel very sorry for her. There is something peculiarly pathetic in the position of a discarded royal favorite, whatever her role may have been. In regard to that, W. T. Stead once said to me that Lady Warwick was "the only good influence that ever came into the life of the Prince of Wales," as the king was at that time, and Mr. Stead could speak on that subject with some authority for there are few men in England who get more information as to what goes on behind the scenes.

DOLLARS COME NOT.

Lady Warwick's recent visit to America was undertaken in the hope of raising funds which would obviate the necessity of selling Warwick House and its contents and if report speaks truly she was prepared to give certain securities. But your financiers did not see the advisability of putting out dollars for the purpose and she returned a sorely disappointed woman. The last thing she did was to place the house on the market. That did not matter so much; it is the sale of the contents, many of them historic, which

hurts the pride of Lord Warwick and his family.

But whatever her wife does must be right in his estimation. He worships the very ground she treads on. He has over and over remarked:

"If my wife were the worst woman in the world—and she is not, but one of the best—it would make no difference to me. I love her today as devotedly as the day we were married at Easton."

MARRIED A GIBSON GIRL.

"Never to the day of our deaths, will we forgive Lyndhurst for his marriage," such were the words of Lord Aberdeen when his son married the Gibson Girl, Camille Clifford. At the time he meant them, no doubt. But time softens even a nobleman's wrath against his heir, and a Gibson girl who to her personal charms adds tact and discretion can accomplish much. In the case of Camille Clifford it has done great things; for the bridging of the breach is due to her rather than to her husband. Ever since her marriage she has been like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. Once when her husband was laid up with a cold, Lady Aberdeen came to visit her son unexpectedly and entered the sick room unannounced. "There she found Camille administering beef tea to her husband," the actress, but Lyndhurst turned to his mother and said, "You don't appear to have noticed my wife, whereupon the haughty lady, already touched by the picture of domestic bliss she had observed, went up to her daughter-in-law and putting her arms round her neck, exclaimed:

"I hope you will forgive us. I am afraid we have been very hard upon you."

ACTRESS AND ACTRESS.

The fair American promptly explained that "she did not think so at all," and put Lady Aberdeen on good terms with herself by saying it was quite natural that the Aberdeens should wish their son-in-law to be a good man, that she would not like her own child to do so, knowing what she knew about the stage, etc., etc. But she wound up by saying, in effect, that there were actresses and actresses and she herself was one of the right sort.

Now the burning desire of the Aberdeens is to get all Camille Clifford's photographs out of the shop windows. Her admirers are buying up what are left, for the story goes this will be their last opportunity of securing her likeness.

"RAFFLES" ABROAD.

An extraordinary story is going the rounds about "Mrs. Beatty's stolen jewels, which, as all the world knows by now, disappeared from the hunting-box the Beattys are renting at Melton. It is said that a guest, said to be staying with them at the time, knows a great deal about the affair. Ever since the production of "The Thief," and other plays of the same nature, in which the society man or woman is somewhat glorified in the capacity of burglar, thieving takes place continually in English and Scotch country houses, though, as a rule, it rarely gets into the newspapers. Hosts on this side are extremely averse to having it found out that they have been harboring society burglars under their roofs and generally prefer pocketing their loss to having the matter made public. Some time ago there was a society burglary at Blooms castle, which, if I remember rightly, I recorded in this correspondence—and although the Duchess of Roxburghe was willing to have it exposed—in fact, she had telephoned for the local police. The duke put his foot down and said on no account would he have a scandal connected with his house, with the result that a check was signed then and there for the worth of the missing jewels on the condition that the guest from whom they had been stolen took no further action in the matter.

Mrs. Beatty's jewels were, of course, extremely valuable, but much of the historic interest supposed to be attached to many of the gems are fakes, tales, pure and simple. To use a vulgar expression, Marshall Field was "had" right, left and center by unscrupulous dealers on the continent who had learned of his passion for "historic" gems and bric-a-brac.

Mrs. Beatty's distress is nevertheless intense, for she valued the collection apart altogether from its intrinsic worth—because of its association with her father's memory.

LADY MARY.

English Baronet Who is a Dead Game Sport.

Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, Whose Whole Life Has Been Devoted to Perilous Adventure, Will Seek Novel Risks by Attempting a Feat Which Has Baffled All White Men Heretofore.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—Your genuine soldier of fortune usually is a shy, modest individual, woefully lacking in self-appreciation. As a rule one finds him totally unlike the mental picture one has formed of him. Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, who, after 40 years of daredevil recklessness, is preparing, at 65, for a dash across the hitherto unexplored Kalahari Desert of South Africa, proves no exception to the rule. He has had more narrow escapes than he has inches of stature to boast of—were he inclined that way—yet when I met him at his London club by appointment to put together some kind of a connected story of his wonderful career, he opened up with the amazing assertion that he didn't think he had anything of interest to tell. This from a veteran who probably is the best example in England of the man who lives for adventure alone and who, in the comparative quiet of English life, is like a duck out of water.

Just why Sir Claude should risk his life in crossing the Kalahari Desert is not plain. He does not know himself. Very probably it is because it has baffled all the attempts that heretofore have been made to explore it. No white man ever has reached the central regions, and the prospect of hitherto untasted adventures lures the intrepid spirit of this English baronet. The practical non-existence of water in the second "Death Valley" does not deter him. Quite the opposite, for it seems to add zest to the trip. It formed the point of a jest from his lips when he mentioned it.

AFTER BIG GAME.

"I don't mind admitting," he said, as he outlined his plans, "that my chief interest in seeing the famous Kalahari Desert is not exploration. I will leave that end of the business to Maj. J. R. Scott, late of the Third Hussars, who will accompany me. We will have a third member, but the man we have in mind has not yet been sounded, and so I am not at liberty to mention his name. But I go primarily for big game shooting. Around the edges of the desert all kinds of African game abound, and that's where I expect to get the return for my time and trouble."

600-MILE TREK.

"The date of the departure has not been decided yet, but it will be some time next spring. We shall start from Palachive, at the eastern margin of the desert, work due east for about 200 miles, and then southward to the junction of the Nosob and the Molopo rivers. The total distance covered will be something like 600 miles.

"The fact that a large portion of the desert is waterless will of course make progression slow. We shall use camels, which are known to thrive on the borders of this peculiar region. Water posts will be established in chosen places and supplied from previous posts by means of camel transport. We do not expect to make more than 10 miles a day, so you see the full trip across the desert will take us all of two months."

LOOKS FOR COAL.

Maj. Scott wants to look for coal; he was on the borders of the desert several years ago with his regiment, and his curiosity was aroused. Now he wants to satisfy it. His stories of the good shooting there have aroused my curiosity, or, I might say, have made my mouth water. Danger? Oh, yes, there's danger of our being very thirsty sometimes.

DESERT OF THE DEAD.

Although Sir Claude dismissed my question as to the risks in a rather airy fashion, if he and his two equally daring companions succeed in crossing the desert they will accomplish a feat that has cost many lives. The natives who live on the border call it the "Desert of the Countess Dead," and the folk lore of the tribes for miles around abound in stories of the weird enchantments and awful dangers that threaten those who venture within the confines of the trackless waste. It is interwoven with their religion, and in its center is supposed to reside their boss deity and his court.

So strong is this feeling that Sir Claude and his party will not depend upon the tribes living near the desert for carriers and guards, but will bring blacks from the coast to do the work. The savages living in the immediate vicinity believe that an excursion into the desert will bring misfortune to the family of the transgressor forever afterward.

GOING PREPARED.

"I do not look for any opposition on the part of the natives," said Sir Claude. "The district is not very thickly populated and the natives are not very warlike. They prefer to leave the white man alone, for they felt the long arm of Great Britain before. You may be sure, for you know, it is better to be safe than sorry."

If a novelist, out of a prolific and unfettered imagination, set out to write a life of pure adventure, he could not crowd the pages of his story more full of stirring adventures than have befallen Sir Claude. Ever since he was able to stand and go through the narrow gorges of the Nile, he has been on a tireless search for excitement out of the beaten tracks of the every-day traveler. His sporting memoirs alone have already filled a fat volume.

SOME OF HIS FEATS.

He has crossed the North Sea in a balloon, and thereby captured the gold medal of the Balloon society; he is the only white man who has successfully swum the narrow gulf of the First Cataract of the Nile; he has escaped from the coils of a python, cheated the sharks at Bermuda for the entertainment of a party of friends, and he has been lost and found in the swamps of Florida.

He has served in the navy and, not content with five years thus devoted to his country, he served another term in the army. He also managed to get into the danger zone as a war correspondent in the expedition up the Nile in 1870. Between fights this pugacious baronet filled in the time with expeditions to Africa, the Austrian Tyrol and Florida on the trail of big game. When the South African war broke out he applied to Downing street for a billet. Red tape promised to keep him in England until all the "fun was over," as he phrases it. Growing impatient at the delay he took passage to South Africa as a free lance, and although he was more than 53 years old, enlisted as a scout.

DARING PRINCE.

It was while serving in this capacity that he ran across Prince Radziwill, the intrepid Russian who so conspicuously distinguished himself as one of Kitchener's scouts, and later at Port Arthur in the service of his own country, where he won the Russian V. C. not only once but twice. A mutual admiration sprang up between the two men, and their feats accomplished together were the talk of the entire army. Although wounded no less than seven times, Prince Radziwill refused to be invalided home, but finally hastened to St. Petersburg at the first rumors of impending trouble between his country and Japan. Sir Claude, when Lord Roberts issued his now famous manifesto declaring war on an end, brought wounded Lord Roberts under his arm, and he was twice winning the D. S. O. home to England to recuperate.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

When a real first class war is not at hand Sir Claude does not scruple about using a small punitive expedition as an excuse for fighting. So when the expedition under Maj. Paul Hensley was sent out against the Sothos in East Africa on the baronet, through influence and

his reputation as a slayer of big game, obtained permission to accompany it as a hunter. The Sothos had attacked the Masai, at that time on friendly terms with the British, burned their villages and carried off all their pretty women. In their unbending, though unobtrusive, confidence in himself, although he is an athlete, constantly in trim, he never laid claim to being a swimmer of great powers. He was watching the mad, arate with a number of friends when a party of natives stopped and spoke to them. Sir Claude asked if anybody had ever swum the gulf, and one of the natives replied that it was impossible for a European, and he who he would surely go under. Despite the objections of his friends, Sir Claude pulled off his clothes and jumped in. To the astonishment of the natives he not only swam the gulf, but declared it to be "fine exercise."

AS A HANGMAN.

A story is told of Sir Claude, the accuracy of which he admits, showing that he once assisted at the hanging of three famous criminals. The men were Judge, Martin and Baker, the Northern ball murderers, and Berry, a famous hangman in his day, was billed to do the job. The latter was temporarily unfit for the work, and Sir Claude, fearing that if the work was bungled in any way the murderers would escape hanging thereafter, stepped in and advised the nooses on the scaffold.

Sir Claude had a thrilling experience in Florida while shooting big game in that state. Night came upon him while he was traversing a swamp, and he wandered from the trail in the darkness. He had but six matches, four of which he exhausted in a vain search for the vanished path. Finally, after wandering about in the mud, threatened by bugs and quicksands, with his fifth match he located the hard, solid strip of ground that led to his camp.

HOW HE WON MEDAL.

The doughty English baronet is the only living man who has the gold medal of the Balloon society. He won it 20 years ago for crossing the North Sea in a balloon. He was the first man to accomplish the feat, and it remained unique until a few weeks ago, when the Daily Graphic balloon traversed the same route.

Sir Claude's journey was accomplished at a time when those who were venturesome enough to go up in a balloon were considered foolhardy. He had made a previous attempt on June 10, 1882, but the start was bad, and the basket was dashed against a brick wall. "Sir Claude struck out his leg to break the force of the contact, and his leg was broken in two places. The trip was then abandoned by him."

DID NOT HEED.

The following year he secured the services of Simmons, a famous aviator, who had made many ascents in the United States, and about 12 o'clock

noon, July 30, a start was made. Sir Claude was warned not to attempt the trip, as pilot balloons which were sent up made it evident that the balloon would be blown out to the North sea. But he refused to listen to the warnings and ordered the balloon released. By 3 o'clock they were traveling rapidly at a height of 10,000 feet and in another hour had entered a dense mist. They completely lost their bearings, but suddenly, at the end of two hours came out of the mist into bright sunlight. The action of the sun on the bag caused them to rise with astounding rapidity from 8,000 to 17,000 feet. The escape was opened immediately and covers more ground in 10 minutes than a taximeter cab in the same time. His arms and legs are as hard as steel. Judging by his manner and his smile he is the most heroic of men; judging by his record he is the most belligerent. He is the hero of a dozen famous private boxing bouts. He is the most pugacious member of the National Sporting league, and John Burns, the famous labor member of the cabinet, must have overlooked the name of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny when some years ago he offered to meet any member of that association in the squared ring. At any rate, Sir Claude lost no time in taking up the challenge, although he was conceding the labor leader 14 pounds in weight and 10 years in age at the time of life when years tell or ought to tell. But although the National Sporting league offered to provide the arena of the famous National Sporting club, and an audience sufficient to tickle the vanity of a Joffrey, John Burns could not be coaxed into the ring with the pugilistic baronet.

SOMEWHAT OF A PUG.

Sir Claude is a small man, as men go, weighing barely 140 pounds in jockey costume. He has closely cropped hair, and his face is covered with little red lines. He is in a constant state of hustle and covers more ground in 10 minutes than a taximeter cab in the same time. His arms and legs are as hard as steel. Judging by his manner and his smile he is the most heroic of men; judging by his record he is the most belligerent. He is the hero of a dozen famous private boxing bouts. He is the most pugacious member of the National Sporting league, and John Burns, the famous labor member of the cabinet, must have overlooked the name of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny when some years ago he offered to meet any member of that association in the squared ring. At any rate, Sir Claude lost no time in taking up the challenge, although he was conceding the labor leader 14 pounds in weight and 10 years in age at the time of life when years tell or ought to tell. But although the National Sporting league offered to provide the arena of the famous National Sporting club, and an audience sufficient to tickle the vanity of a Joffrey, John Burns could not be coaxed into the ring with the pugilistic baronet.

STEEPLECHASE RIDER TOO.

Although it is 40 years since Sir Claude won his first steeplechase, he will ride again the coming season. It is perhaps typical of the man that while he is planning a trip that may cost him his life he is making arrangements for a trip to Russia to follow his return. He will visit Prince Radziwill at the latter's home on the Berezna, at the very spot where Napoleon and his army crossed in their famous and disastrous retreat from Moscow.

Beside his other distinctions, Sir Claude can claim one which may be said to be partly accidental. He is the only possessor of an hereditary title in Great Britain who has five sons in the service. Four of his sons are now in the army and one in the navy, and, according to the proud father, they are all "fighters."

ERNEST L. HEITKAMP.

THE FRANK CRITIC.

Frank R. Elwell, the noted New York sculptor, declared at a recent dinner that, save for the work of Rodin and one or two others, American sculpture was superior to the French. "Nor do I speak," said Mr. Elwell, smiling, "without authority. I will ask you not to put me in the category of critics to which Sir John Mills' famous railway porter belonged."

When Sir John was engaged in painting his "Crucifixion" among the soldiers on the banks of the Tay near Perth, a railway porter from the station at Kinfauna used to carry the canvas back and forth for him.

The porter was a quack, but his services were called for many days in requisition; he became quite friendly with Sir John, and seemed to take a hearty interest in the progress of the painting.

"Well, 'Crucifixion' was eventually finished, and sold a little while afterward for \$1,000. This fact somehow reached the porter's ears. He met Sir John's brother-in-law at Kinfauna one day, and said excitedly:

"Men, isn't true that Sir John's sold 'Crucifixion' and got \$1,000 for it?" "Yes, certainly," was the reply. "A \$1,000! repeated the porter. Why, man, I would've given half a crown for it!"

WOMAN WANTS TO LEAD SIMPLE LIFE

Mabel Estelle Long, Daughter of English Professor of Agriculture, is Original.

SEEKS AMERICAN HUSBAND.

Starts Fruit and Poultry Farm and Violates By-Laws of an Unsympathetic Rural Council.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—Miss Mabel Estelle Long is a young English woman with a purpose in life—or rather two purposes. She wants to lead the simple life and she wants to wed an American. Whether these two ambitions will ever be realized in one harmonious dream of bliss is a question which the future alone can answer. But unkind Fate, in the form of the Dorking rural district council, has recently upset her plans for the simple life here by declaring that her Arcadian abode had been erected in defiance of no end of its by-laws, and prosecuting her before a board of luxury-loving court magistrates who decreed that she should be fined \$10 for her heinous offence. But if she dares out the threat she made to me before this happened she will soon be off to America where the pursuit of unconventional happiness and an idyllic husband can be undertaken free from old fogy restrictions.

REMARKABLE GIRL.

Miss Long is a remarkable young woman. She has youth—she is only three and twenty—brains, good looks, courage, robust health and plenty of muscle. Her father, Prof. Long, is a well known agricultural writer. He is said to be a relative of the American naturalist of the same name on whom President Roosevelt laid his big stick for writing stories about animals that weren't there. But the English Long sticks to turnips and cabbages and other humble products, and indulges in no fanciful flights of rhetoric concerning them. Wherefore he has achieved a reputation as an accurate, if somewhat ponderous and tedious authority.

INHERITED TASTES.

From her father Miss Long inherited her taste for the things of the open-air and out-door life and from her mother or some other ancestor she got imagination. She studied horticulture in the Countess of Warwick's school and subsequently became a teacher there. Her family lived for years in the old manor house at Newdigate—a place with a moat, and lots of historic associations attached to it, and some people say a haunted house. But the English Long sticks to turnips and cabbages and other humble products, and indulges in no fanciful flights of rhetoric concerning them. Wherefore he has achieved a reputation as an accurate, if somewhat ponderous and tedious authority.

"ON HER OWN HOOK."

She decided to do something on her own hook. In the vicinity of the old Manor House was some 15 acres of waste land, overgrown with trees, scrub and brush, with one or two little streams meandering through it, which belonged to her in her own right. Here she resolved to start a poultry and fruit farm, and carried out her resolution despite the protests of her family. There was no building on the place and with the aid of a village carpenter she constructed for herself a primitive