

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

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Job said: "The ear trieth words as the palate tasteth meat." And in these days of printing, and of advertising, the word "eye" may be substituted for "ear."

PART TWO. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

BRITISH MAYOR WHO MISSED IT

Daniel Henry Redhead, Executive For the City of Peterborough, England.

MIGHT HAVE OWNED CHICAGO.

Relative Who Had Staked Out Most Of the Site Died Before His Arrival.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 27.—When Daniel Henry Redhead recently was elected for the second time mayor of Peterborough, the fine old cathedral city, 80 miles northwest of London, a paragraph appeared in a newspaper here and was cabled to the United States to the rather surprising effect that Mr. Redhead claimed to be the real owner of the site on which the city of Chicago now stands. No details were given, and probably few American readers who saw the cabled line or two supposed that there was anything in the story.

A talk which I have just had with the new mayor of Peterborough, however, proves that he has some rather sound reasons for believing that if he had his rights a good deal of the land on which Chicago stands would belong to him and that he would be tremendously rich in consequence.

At the outset it should be made plain how substantial a citizen Daniel Henry Redhead is. Of course, the fact he is now for the second time civic head of the historic city in which he lives speaks for itself; but one finds him possessed of an uncommonly high reputation for probity of character and business integrity, and the last sort of person who would be likely to seek notoriety by stending for any story that wasn't strictly true.

Sixty years of age, Mr. Redhead is a wholesale meat dealer and the possessor of a snug fortune. The business of accumulating it has occupied all his time and he has had no chance to prosecute his claims to a large slice of the western metropolis of the United States. The story which he has given to me of the events which, had things turned out differently, might have made him a multi-millionaire, is now published for the first time.

AN INVITATION TO BE RICH.

"The period I am going to speak of," Mr. Redhead began, "was the latter part of 1833, or several years before I was born. My parents, who lived in Peterborough, had then been married about two years. My father, Daniel Redhead, was a cabinet maker in a small way. My mother's maiden name was Jane Sergeant. One of her few living relatives was an uncle of the same name, who, as a boy, had gone to America to seek his fortune.

"One day during the fall of '33 a letter was received from this uncle by one of his old friends in Peterborough. It was dated from what was then the village of Chicago and was written to him if there were any members of the Sergeant family who would care to join him in America. He went on to say that he was the owner of a considerable amount of land at the mouth of the Chicago river, on which the village where he lived was built, and that as he was old and unmarried he was prepared to bestow his holdings on any of his kinsfolk who felt disposed to come out and keep him company in his declining years.

"As my mother was one of the few

remaining members of the Sergeant family in Peterborough, as well as her uncle's next of kin, his letter was immediately handed over to her; and from the first she was anxious to go to the United States. Several reasons, however, made my father hesitate, among them the fact that my elder sister, now dead, was then so young; but my mother was a woman of enterprise and determination and she finally persuaded my father to go.

FORESTALLED BY DEATH.

"They left Peterborough in 1834, and after all sorts of hardships encountered by sea and land, finally reached the village of Chicago in something like six months from the date of starting. They passed through regions swarming with Indians and were in a state bordering on complete exhaustion before they got to their destination, only to be confronted after all with a terrible disappointment. For on arriving at my mother's uncle's house they found that the old man had died a few weeks previously without leaving a will.

"The story of these happenings was told to the present mayor of Peterborough by his mother many years after they occurred, and at the time he was too young to really grasp the importance of all her statements. As has been said, his sister was the eldest child when she arrived with her parents in Chicago, and never was able to give him much information of value. So Mr. Redhead is the first to admit that he is quite ignorant regarding many points that would be of immense importance in establishing any definite claim.

"His parents were unable to get possession of their uncle's property, but Mr. Redhead says that his mother was always most definite in declaring that this was not because of any doubt that their relative had been possessed of quite as much real estate as he had staked out in his letter. The difficulty was to prove that they were the next of kin. There was no question, Mrs. Redhead told her son, that a great part of the land upon which the town of Chicago stood had been staked out originally and he or she afterwards. He appeared to have been one of the most enterprising of the early settlers, and seemed to have got along better with the Indians than most of the men in the region. He was about 65 when he died.

LACKED MEANS FOR A LAWSUIT.

"My mother told me," continued Mr. Redhead, "that, in spite of the letter in their possession, they were looked upon as a poor lot of suspicious, and although they met many people who had been intimately acquainted with her uncle, there was a general disposition to withhold information regarding his business affairs. The men who were found in charge of his dwelling would give no information, stating that they were public officials, and had authority to keep out all strangers. They would not recognize my parents as relatives of the dead man, and actually threatened them with violence if they presumed to enter the house, which occupied an isolated position some distance away from the town. It was, my mother has told me, a large, rambling sort of place, and appeared to have been erected for many years.

"My father and mother were advised," Mr. Redhead went on, "that they stood a good chance of ultimately obtaining their inheritance, but that it would be only after a long and costly process at law. Unfortunately they had no means for that purpose. In fact, it was a case of getting bread and butter, and when, a few weeks after their arrival in Chicago, my father was offered a chance to go to work at his trade of cabinet-maker in New Orleans, he accepted it and the family went south almost immediately.

"Their intention was to save all they could and accumulate money enough to prosecute their claim on the Chicago property. My father did well until, two years after they had settled in New Orleans, he succumbed to yellow fever. Meanwhile I was born there on Jan. 22, 1837, and registered as Daniel Henry, son of Daniel Redhead and his wife, Jane.

"After my father's death my mother received several letters offering her assistance to prosecute her claim, but in her grief, with two helpless children on her hands, she rejected them all and returned to her home in Peterborough, where we arrived in 1838. To the day of her death she bitterly re-

Influence of American Wife Reforms Him

The Earl of Essex's Entrance to the London County Council Accepted as Evidence Of His Intention to Abandon a Career of Private Extravagance for One of Public Usefulness.



THE EARL OF ESSEX. After Getting Into Financial Straits Through His Extravagance, He Has Turned Over A New Leaf.



THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX. The Beautiful American Peeress Who Has Started Her Husband On a Career of Political Usefulness.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 27.—If a United States senator should seek election to a board of aldermen in any American city it would be thought that he had fallen low in the political world. But such matters are judged by a different standard here. When a peer seeks election to the London county council—the central governing body of this metropolis—it is regarded as evidence of a commendable desire on his part to play a useful role in public life. As hereditary legislators the occupants of the upper house are not held in high esteem. The newspapers pay little attention to their speeches. Their chief function is to keep the commons from going ahead too fast, but they have to be careful that they do not clap the brakes on too hard or public opinion would compel the extinction of their legislative powers.

No less an authority than Lord Rosebery, who was chairman of the first London county council, declared that a member of that democratic body had far greater opportunities of rendering good service to the community than a member of the house of lords. Therefore when the Right Honorable George Devereux de Vere Capell, Earl of Essex, announced his intention of running for the London county council, as a representative of the Borough of Marylebone, it was regarded as proof of his lordship's desire to accomplish something that should be accounted as good works in a life which heretofore has been more conspicuous for private extravagance than for public service. So his friends warmly congratulated him on his election.

MISS GRANT RESPONSIBLE.

There is no doubt that this salutary change in Lord Essex has been brought about by the influence of his wife who was formerly Miss Adela Grant, the daughter of Beach Grant of New York. It is said that the title of Countess of Essex has been borne invariably by a beautiful woman, a statement that is abundantly substantiated by the ancient family portraits that adorn the halls of the family seat at Cassiobury, in Hertfordshire. But the American Lady Essex will compare favorably with any of her predecessors among the chaperones of the noble house. At the coronation of King Edward she attracted great attention as one of the handsomest women in the state throng that filled Westminster Abbey. The beauty of her classic features is enhanced by what has been happily described as a "magnolia tinted" complexion. She has soft eyes, dark hair, a tall figure and a singularly graceful carriage. She stands at the

head of that aristocratic group which was playfully christened by society the "Lovely Five," the other four being Lady Warwick, Lady Lytton, Lady Westmoreland and the Duchess of Sutherland.

"I cannot be said with entire truth of Lady Essex that her 'face is her fortune,' but as she once declared, with characteristic frankness, 'I am not an American heiress,' it may be assumed that she did not bring her husband that inexhaustible dowry of dollars which is popularly supposed to be the price of transatlantic brides invariably pay for English titles. But in addition to beauty which more than satisfied the demands of the family traditions of his house she brought him brains, energy and enterprise.

ESSEX DOWN TO HARD PAN.

The Essex peerage is not in these days a conspicuously wealthy one. The earl inherited only 15,000 acres and tastes which demanded more money to gratify than his rent roll furnished. As a young man the finishing touches to his education were obtained in that swiftest of all regiments, the Guards, whose officers are more distinguished for 'going the pace' than for devotion to those studies which in this age of scientific warfare are essential to success in the profession of arms. The lessons learned in that costly school he has not ceased paying for yet. Of late years there have been many evidences that his financial condition was fast approaching 'hard pan,' coupled with rumors that the countess was sorely grieved at his failure to put a curb on his extravagance and settle down to taking life seriously. Only a few months ago it was recorded that he had sold the richest of the three church livings to which he has the right of appointing an incumbent. And now, because of his need of ready cash, it is reported that he has taken steps in his approaching 'hard pan' to his tenantry.

Meanwhile Lady Essex has been setting him an example of beneficent activity which has led many to think that she is by long odds his better half. Some time ago she established a model laundry in one of London's suburbs. It was run on business lines, but it was relieved from the charge of being a purely money-making speculation by the fact that it was preceded by a painstaking personal investigation of sanitary conditions in London laundries which was largely instrumental in inducing the London county council to adopt measures for their reformation. In other directions she has shown a practical interest in the condition of London's tolling legions. And the experience she has gained should prove of great value to her husband in dealing with the problems that will come before him as a member of the county council. In view of the promise he now gives of turning over a new leaf and devoting himself to a career of usefulness, his friends are agreed that it is a good thing that his wife did not bring him the dowry of a multi-millionaire's daughter. With plenty of money to spend he would have escaped the

wholesale check imposed by the need of retrenchment.

BELTED EARL WON.

It was generally expected that the Earl of Essex would have a walk over with the Marylebone constituency, for the borough has shown itself peculiarly partial to aristocratic candidates, one of its districts being already represented on the county council by Lord Audley. But a few days before the date assigned for the polling another candidate appeared in the person of T. Wheeler, the proprietor of a small coffee house. There could hardly be a better vindication of England's claim to be a democratic country than the spectacle afforded of a 'belted earl' competing for votes with the humble purveyor of cheap refreshments. The nobleman won by a large majority, largely due to the fact that his opponent was so tardy in entering the lists against him. Yet, as the earl's capacity for municipal work has never been put to the test, it is an open question whether the coffee man would not have proved the more useful member. Despite his lowly calling he is a man of parts and public spirit. He is a member of the Marylebone borough council, has been three times elected a guardian of the poor, on one occasion defeating Sir Edwin Galesworthy. And for those offices he gets no pay—nothing beyond the satisfaction they afford to laudable civic pride.

PEERS AND PLEBIANS.

The constitution of the London county council is democratic enough to meet the approval of the most ardent socialists. Peers and plebians meet there on equal ground and the former cast no favors on account of their aristocratic lineage. The present chairman is Lord Monkswell, but among the most influential members are John Burns, who boasts that he never came an overcoat, and Will Crooks, the mayor of Poplar, who lives in a small workman's cottage and appeared at the gorgeous banquet of the lord mayor in every day store clothes.

The Earl of Essex joins the council as a member of what is termed the 'Moderate' and at present the minority party. It is supposed to stand for economy as opposed to the policy of the dominant 'Progressive' party, which goes in wholesale for municipal improvements and it must be acknowledged somewhat regardless of cost. The earl, having learned the necessity of economy in the school of extravagance, should be well qualified to assist his colleagues on the council in keeping a tight grip on the public purse strings. Anyhow, he will find opportunities to acquire greater distinction than he is likely to derive from the invention of a variation of croquet—known as Cassiobury croquet—which thus far constitutes his sole claim to fame.

Lady Essex, by the way, has recently become convert to vegetarianism, that form of diet is said to be peculiarly favorable to the preservation of a "magnolia-tinted" complexion.

ELLIS ASHLEY.

AWFUL POVERTY IN LONDON TOWN.

Desperate Situation of the Poor In the Richest City of The World

ENGLAND'S DISTRESS IS GREAT

There is Said to be 200,000 Persons in Metropolis Alone on Verge of Starvation.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 26.—"If you had any pluck in you, you wouldn't stand it, you'd revolt. D—H-four and all his class of politicians! They'd revolt in 24 hours if they were in your position. Don't hide yourselves in your garrets. Bring terror into the West End and they'll listen to you then."

MORGAN GENEROUS TO LONDON WORKMEN.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—"It looks as if Mr. Morgan liked the way the job's going on," said one of the men working on the millionaire's new town house to the writer, yesterday. "Anyhow, he gave us each a brace of pheasants on New Year's day and an extra day's pay."

The men have been working at top speed for months on what is an uncommonly complicated job. Two large mansions in Price Gate—Mr. Morgan's original town house, and his neighbor, which belonged to the late Mrs. Schenley, of Pittsburgh—have been thrown into one and when the elaborate scheme of decoration has been completed the house will be the most elegantly equipped in London. Crimson and gold are beautifully blended, and the staircases are mostly of the richest Carrara marble, polished so highly that it reflects like a mirror. The great ballroom will be the largest in the kingdom, and the polished floor is designed with the view of accommodating 150 couples at a time. It throws the ballroom of the Duchess of Marlborough's new house completely into the shade. The accommodation for the band is in a side gallery. Huge mirrors hang on the walls so that the dancers can watch each other's movement.

WOMEN SLAVES IN PALESTINE.

In Palestine, the mother of men is the servant of men. Being a part of the household chattels, she is sold for as large a sum as her father can extort from the prospective bridegroom. She is a thing, a piece of goods. The father of a first-born son proudly calls himself after the boy's name, but his girl babe is not reckoned among his children. Her infant shoulders learn to bear the burdens, her little feet patter their way to the fountain even from the moment their tiny strength can support the weight of the jar. Her whole life is one of grinding, baking, fetching water, waiting on others; at twelve she is sold into married service; growing old in middle life, she may see herself supplanted by a younger wife; often being robbed of her sons by the military conscription; and finally she is put away as the last breath is leaving her body.—Corwin Knapp, London in the Metropolitan Magazine for January.

THE HEAD OF THE RED CROSS.

Count Veron of Dackhoff, President of Russian

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KOKOVITSEFF NEW RUSSIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE.

M. Kokovtzeff is the newly appointed minister of finance in Russia. He is a follower of M. Witte, a confirmed reactionary. The administration of the finances of Russia is never a sinecure; with the Japanese war on it is doubly difficult, but with a terrible internal condition the work of M. Kokovtzeff becomes Herculean.

AMERICAN COMPANY MAKES BIG DIFFERENCE

Special Correspondence.

MANCHESTER, Jan. 25.—An American company's recent location in Manchester is going to make a lot of difference in the condition of the working classes of this city during the winter and for a long time afterward. The company in question is the American Wagon and Car company, and up to the time that its representatives made their appearance in Manchester a month or so ago, it looked as if there would be nearly as acute distress here through lack of employment as exists in London at present. Things were slack everywhere, the cotton mills were on short time, and even the West-Inglishouse company showed no signs of wanting more hands.

Soon after the American Wagon and Car company started operations in Manchester, however, it became evident that the whole situation was going to be changed. The company came over at the invitation of the promoters of the new "tube" which will connect the south and southwest of London with

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COUNT VERON OF DACKHOFF President of Russian

Count Veron of Dackhoff is one of the ring of Russians that control affairs in the unhappy empire. His position as head of the Red Cross, while important, has been considered heretofore as purely honorary.