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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

PART TWO.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

TRAPPED AFRICA; SAW ITS MYSTERIES

A Dauntless English Explorer's Story That Reads Like a Rider Haggard Novel.

HIS HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

Magicians, Cave-Dwellers, and Elephants' Cemeteries—How the Photographer Saved His Life.

Special Correspondence.

London, Oct. 15.—Major Powell-Cotton's account of the 20 months' journey through the heart of Eastern Africa at the end of which he dragged himself into Khartoum the other day reeling with fever and dysentery, is worthy of a good deal more attention than the cable dispatches are likely to give it at this time of important political happenings. For the intrepid British officer, who, during the greater part of his trip, was unaccompanied by any white man, not only discovered six new tribes and many animals, and succeeded in mapping several thousand miles of unknown country, but he went through some experiences that recall Rider Haggard in his most exciting vein.

DARING OUTSET.

Major Powell-Cotton, who is a member of the Northumberland Fusiliers, went off on his own responsibility. He started from Mombasa, in Uganda, in February, 1902, and headed for the Upper Nile, being accompanied as far as Lake Baringo, near Victoria Nyanza, by F. C. Cobb, the naturalist. Their caravan consisted of 50 men, including 20 armed natives. At Lake Baringo, however, Cobb turned back, taking with him the natives with him, and Major Powell-Cotton set off on his ticklish march toward and through the region between the Upper Nile, Lake Rudolf and Lake Victoria—the heart of equatorial East Africa—in which no white men previously had set foot.

SAVED BY PHONOGRAPH.

Time after time he had brushes with the natives, and more than once he expected to be "wiped out," as he expresses it. The major, however, who, besides uncommon presence of mind seems to have a pretty keen sense of humor, was generally equal to the occasion, and once saved a mighty delicate situation by entertaining the savages in whose hands he found himself by treating them to a selection on his phonograph. This was near the Tarash river, about half way between Lakes Rudolf and Albert. When Powell-Cotton and three of his men, who were ahead of the caravan, marched right in to the midst of 300 fully armed Turkana who were guarding herds of camel.

"These were the most hostile tribe we expected to meet," says the major, "being the same through whose territory the Austen and Bright expedition suffered so heavily. The situation was critical for I had no interpreter with me, and the least sign of fear would have been the signal for our death. As soon as we were noticed the fighting men collected round while the women and children drove off the flocks. Then the chief—a man of great stature—came forward and led me under a tree. I did not know what it was proposed to do

with me, but we all expected to be "wiped out." However, it was at this point that Major Powell-Cotton turned on his trusty phonograph, to the merry piping of which the natives presently began to dance, and so things went on pleasantly until the explorer's interpreter arrived and explained matters so satisfactorily that the Turkana made no further trouble.

HOSTILE RECEPTION.

Powell-Cotton was less fortunate, however, in the Dodinga country, farther along in his journey. "Here," he says, "we met with a most hostile reception. While traveling through dense forest we became aware that the adjacent hills were alive with armed men, the only sign of their presence being the glitter of innumerable spearheads above the vegetation. Occasionally numbers of what looked like tin helmets appeared and shone in the sunlight. I only had three men with me, and as we came nearer I was prepared for an attack from the strange natives whom I now saw were all quite naked, except for a curious head dress, shaped like a helmet and covered with white beads, which at a distance looked like tin. All were over six feet high. I took every precaution," the major adds, "and built a strong zarba round my caravan, which had now come up. It was well I did so, for that night these natives came down in force and surrounded the camp. During the whole night, as on two succeeding nights, they attacked us from several sides with great persistence, but did not succeed in forcing the zarba. I lost two of my men who were speared to death, while several others were wounded. I got out of the Dodinga country with all speed, as I was in no position to stand a further siege at their hands, and after a prolonged march among unknown tribes, some of whom were hostile, I reached the British post of Nimule, on the Upper Nile, in June."

Earlier in his journey, however, Powell-Cotton had cause to admire the loyalty of a native tribe. At this time, the explorer was following the route of an earlier expedition, the leader of which had left large quantities of stores in charge of the local chiefs. "Most of these goods," Powell-Cotton says, "but at another village where supplies had also been left by that expedition the natives had proved so true to their trust that fighting was actually in progress, as I was told it had been ever since the stores had been left, and in defense of two huts full of flour and other stores, much of which must long since have become decomposed and useless from marauding natives. These tribesmen had lost hundreds of lives."

IN THE JUNGLE.

The explorer had any number of hair-breadth escapes from animals. "While elephant hunting on the south-west slope of Mt. Kenia," he says, "we were lost for a time in the almost impenetrable forests, and while descending a bamboo slope were attacked by an elephant of whose presence we were quite unaware, and which was not visible till we saw him charging down on us at eight paces distance. A lucky shot of mine, however, brought him down, the ball going straight through his brain."

And, having made his way through the region around Mt. Sirigi, which he says teems with zebra, harbeeste and eland, Maj. Powell-Cotton had a lively brush with a lion. Early one morning, on rising, he discovered no less than seven of these brutes lying asleep on the hillside, and started out alone in the hope of getting a shot at them. To accomplish this he made a detour, but, in the meantime, the lions waked up and, discovering Powell-Cotton's men, surrounded them and prepared for an attack. Luckily the major succeeded in warning the natives of their danger and rejoined them as soon as he could, where some quick shooting by all hands put four of the lions out of business and the rest took to their heels.

ELEPHANT CEMETERY.

While passing through the Tarash country this explorer discovered the first "elephant cemetery" that any white man has seen. The natives always have declared that these beasts

ROYAL RIVALS IN THE FAR EAST.



The scene of possible international complications again shifts from the Near East to the Far East, where the aggressiveness of Russia seems purposely calculated to provoke the Japanese, who alone are prepared to challenge with force of arms the assumption of privileges which Russia is endeavoring to monopolize to the exclusion of other nations. Emperor and Mikado are both said to be anxious for peace, but their ministers are preparing for war as if it were ultimately unavoidable.

have their special "valhallas" so to speak, but previously this has been believed, no traveler having hit upon such a place. Powell-Cotton, however, says: "I now came upon a series of brackish streams at the foot of the mountain range and found that the whole country round was dotted over with several hundred skeletons of elephants. On inquiry my guides told me that this was known as the place where the elephants came to die, and that the natives regularly congregated here to cut the ivory from the dead beasts. I had previously heard from the Swahili traders stories of elephant cemeteries, but hitherto had always refused to credit them."

MAGICIANS.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the six new tribes which Maj. Powell-Cotton discovered during his 20 months of travel were the so-called "magicians" and the cave-dwellers. The magicians, who live about midway between Lake Rudolf and Lake Albert, are locally regarded as the possessors of supernatural powers, and, says the explorer, "are quite distinct both in appearance and customs from any other tribe. Their villages were remarkable. Built of wattle and grouped together in dozens on the upper slopes of the hill, these dwellings were constructed with two stories, the upper floor being approached through a dormer window reached from the ground by means of a rude ladder. At no other point have I seen native houses consisting of two floors. These people living in the higher altitudes are able to grow corn, while the warlike natives in the plains below are scorched by drought, and yet in such awe are these so-called magicians held that the starving people below, who outnumber the hill villagers by perhaps 1,000 to one, have never been known to attack them. These people had never before seen a white man, and during the several days I spent in their country they were quite friendly and supplied us with food."

The African cave-dwellers, according to Maj. Powell-Cotton, live on Mount Elgon, not far from Mumias, a native village. "Up the northeast slopes of this mountain we marched," he says, "and found many of the caves among

the mountains still inhabited. I spent some time in investigating the habits of these cave-dwellers, a considerable number of whom still exist in these prehistoric hewn caves. Under the guidance of an old man I visited several of the caves and found them to contain the houses in which these people live. Both men and women are clothed in skins and, though exceedingly timid, were quite friendly."

IN TURKEY'S CAPITAL

Place Where Foreign Envoys Live As Upon a Veritable Volcano.

ARE CONSTANTLY APPREHENSIVE

This is Expressed in the Elaborate Protection of Their Official Residences.

Special Correspondence.

Constantinople, Oct. 19.—The recent landing of marines to protect the Constantinople embassies of the European powers emphasizes the state of constant apprehension in which diplomats stationed in the Turkish capital live. Twice before this gunboats have been called upon to land men to insure the safety of the foreign envoys, the first time during the massacre of Greeks at Phanar, Old Constantinople, and again during the Armenian massacres in Constantinople itself. But it is not only when such crises as these arrive that fear invades the palaces of the ambassadors. There is a vital undercurrent of distrust which haunts the embassy each legation has its own military force of Montenegrins or Bulgarians, armed to the teeth, and at times of special unrest, like the present, a strong detachment of Turkish regulars is posted before the different diplomatic residences.

Besides this, most of the powers keep gunboats within easy call. The United States, having no permanent residence to protect, has hitherto dispensed with a regularly attached war ship, relying on the military guard and the cable. Just now, however, the United States has a larger naval force in Turkish waters than has any other power.

It is said that in his earlier years Abdul Hamid was a student of the life of Napoleon, that he dreamed dreams and saw visions, none of which was ever realized. Every one of them, however, mottos remain with him: "Divide and you will conquer." So when the ambassadors come to see him the sultan receives them with unvarying politeness, tells them unending oriental lies and finally does about as he pleases.

Nearly all the European ambassadors in Turkey have their permanent residences along the Grande Rue de Pera, in the European quarter of Constantinople, on the northeast side of the Golden Horn.

The social life of the diplomatic circle in Constantinople is not essentially different from that of the ambassadorial colony of other capitals except that the foreigners have to depend more upon one another for their entertainment.

The peculiar life of the Yildiz palace, due to the sultan's morbid fears, precludes any elaborate court festivities. The time was when the concerts, banquets and theatrical performances given by the sultan were conspicuous features of the social season, but these entertainments have been almost entirely abandoned. Among themselves the ambassadors maintain the forms of social intercourse to which they have been accustomed at other posts. The cosmopolitan character of the foreign element here, outside of the diplomatic circle, as well as the proverbial urban-

ity of the educated Turks, assures sufficient gaiety to keep any one from dying of ennui.

The ambassadors form the most noteworthy single circle of influence in Constantinople, and they are about the only force which can move the sultan. It is impressive enough to look upon the embassies, some of them real palaces, able to withstand a siege, to think that absolute as the sultan may be he probably never decides any question which may by any chance have an international bearing without glancing figuratively at least, from his hill at Yildiz to the heights of Pera. And yet for 26 years he has kept the ambassadors knocking their heads together, not always without harm to himself, with a diplomacy little short of genius.

Minister Lelishan, the American envoy, has his home at Prinkipo, the largest of the Princes Islands, in the sea of Marmora, about 10 miles from Constantinople.

Aside from their permanent residences in the city, the European ambassadors have their summer palaces at Therapia and Buyukdereh. Therapia was at one time the favorite resort of the great families of old Constantinople, and the palace of the French embassy today was formerly the country seat of the noted Ypsilanti family.

THE BARTON AIRSHIP.

Features of English Craft Which Its Inventor Believes In.

Special Correspondence.

London, Oct. 15.—People over here who take an interest in the subject of airship building have an idea that the prize offered by the St. Louis exposition company for the most practical vessel of this kind, will be carried off by Dr. Barton, the English aeronaut, with the flying machine upon which he has been working for so many months and which is now almost completed. Speaking by the card, the Barton production is not a true flying machine, but the thing of chief importance about it is that the inventor believes he can develop it into such. He begins with both a balloon and aeroplanes—that is, wings—but his intention is gradually to decrease the size of his gas-bag and increase that of his aeroplanes until the latter only will be necessary to lift the ship in the air. This is the same craft which Dr. Barton began under contract for the Brit-

ish war office. On account, however, of the unexpected difficulties which the doctor experienced in obtaining the bamboo of which almost the whole body of the ship is constructed, he was unable to deliver the vessel on the day promised, and in spite of his explanations, officialdom—which probably had been a bit frightened at its own daring in ordering the airship anyway—proved unable to appreciate anything except the fact that Dr. Barton's contract was not fulfilled, and so the aeronaut was left—so to speak, with the partly completed ship on his hands.

The doctor kept at work, however, and his airship is now almost ready for its trial trip. As the accompanying sketch shows, the vessel is very simple in construction. The bamboo rods, chosen for strength and lightness, are lashed together and nine netting covered compartments contain all the driving machinery, as well as accommodation for the crew. Projecting on each side from the frame which is 127 feet in length are the great aeroplanes used in ascending and descending and the propellers for sending the craft forward.

The aeroplanes are the most important feature of the new ship. The front edge of each is in a fixed position, while the back edge can be raised or lowered. When the operator wishes to ascend he drops the back edge which causes a resistance to the air, tending to raise the ship, and when he wishes to descend he simply throws his lever the other way and the aeroplanes tilt up again like a Venetian blind so that the rushing current of air forces the ship downwards. To prevent the craft from tilting as the aeroplanes change their position, the doctor has placed a 50-gallon tank at each end of the car. The tanks are connected by a pipe running through a pump so that water may be forced from one tank to the other to trim or ballast the car.

The propellers, of which there is a pair on each side of the frame work, carry six blades each and will be driven by motors having a combined force of 150 horse power.

Once in the air the doctor will depend upon the great rudder at the stern to keep the vessel in her course. His balloon will have a lifting power equal only to the weight of the car. As the car weighs about seven tons, the gas-bag has to be a pretty big affair and its total area is about 250,000 cubic feet.

Dr. Barton hopes to make his trial trip early in October and will be out for a good weather. If the preliminary flights about the open country near his workshop are successful he will take a sail across London and he declares the next trip after that will take him to Scotland.

KING'S ECONOMIES.

He Transfers His Custom From Bond Street.

Special Correspondence.

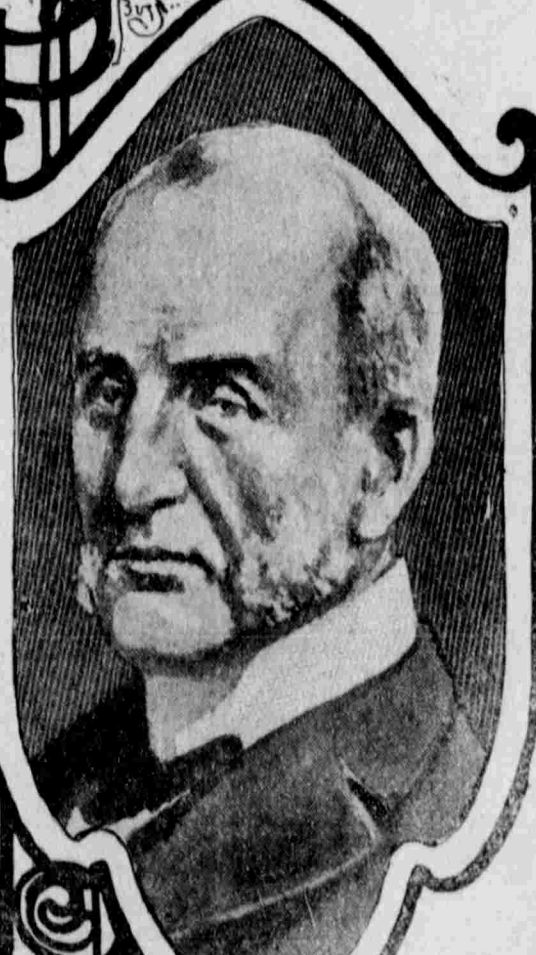
London, Oct. 15.—Fond as King Edward VII is of display and all the pomp and circumstance that environs royalty, he claims the privilege of looking after the purse so as to make his pounds go further. Since time immemorial a modest looking little store in narrow, crooked, high-priced Bond street has supplied the royal table with hams, bacon, cheese and the like, and the proprietors have grown rich thereby. Under the basement there are special rooms in which mellow York hams and golden colored sides of bacon reserved for the breakfasts of royalty are stored in series. But suddenly a blow has fallen. The official who is charged by the king with the supply of such edibles paid a visit to the shop in Bond street the other day and remarked that the price paid by the king for his breakfast had been much too high.

"The lacon for which you charge his majesty 24 cents a pound can be had elsewhere at 15 cents a pound. How is this?" The upbane manager explained that the goods of the Bond street store were of the finest quality because their pigs had the daintiest upbringing—all kinds of extravagances in style and diet—hence the high price of the meat. But the buyer drily remarked that the cheaper wares from an ordinary everyday store tasted just as good, and that unless Bond street prices could be reduced the king's custom would go to the more democratic emporium. The shop-keeper wouldn't come down, and as a result, the king is saving a considerable amount of money.

DONEGAL'S HEIR WILL BE EARL.



Marchioness of DONEGAL



The Marchioness of Donegal, who has just made her aged husband famous by presenting him with a son and heir, is a daughter of the late Henry St. George Twining, of Halifax, N. S. Her mother was Miss Ada Black, whose family is largely interested in Nova Scotia shipping. The Marchioness brought her husband a dowry of \$49,000 a year. They were married Dec. 22, 1902.



COUNTESS UBALDEILA



LA GIORGINA

The story of the "Countess" Ubaldeila's career is in many respects similar to that of Mme. Humbert. The "Countess" occupied a magnificent mansion, the Villa Fumaroli, in the outskirts of Rome, where she lavishly entertained her dupes and friends, including the cream of the Italian aristocracy. The late Pope was among her dupes, and American insurance companies are among her accusers. The alleged daughter, Giorgia, was adopted to further one of the "Countess's" criminal schemes.