

Bacon, unconsciously writing for the modern merchant, said: "Riches have wings, and sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more."

# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

The fact that you do not advertise a particular article is good enough reason for your patrons to assume that you do not have it.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

## The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

### ENGLAND NOW HAS TITLED AUTHORS

One Duke, Three Duchesses, Four Countesses, Five Earls and Dozens of Others

### SCRIBBLERS AMONG PEERS.

Until Queen Victoria Set the Pace It Was Not Good Form to Write.

#### SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—Probably when Queen Victoria wrote and published those two unassuming works, "Leaves from a Highland Journal" and "More Leaves" she had no idea what a remarkable effect her example would have. Probably it never entered her royal head that titled folk of every rank on this side of the water would take the tip from her and that after a while it would be an unenviable task that did not produce a novel, a book of poems, or at least a magazine article by one of them.

That is the state of things at present, however. To take the first instance that comes to mind, there appeared recently all within a few days of each other a novel by the Earl of Idlesleigh, a historical work by the Countess of Warwick, and a collection of poems edited by the Duchess of Sutherland. And within the last week there have been announcements to the effect that Lady Jeanie is writing a society novel, that Lady Ellenmore is doing the same, that Lady Colin Campbell is hard at work on an emotional play, and that Lady Betty Balfour is collaborating on a comedy with the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lytton, wife of the colonial secretary.

#### ALL THE QUEEN'S FAULT.

It is all Queen Victoria's fault. Up to about 20 years ago, although members of the peerage frequently patronized men of letters, they mostly made no attempt to shine in the literary domain themselves. Women of title, especially, led the business of authorship severely alone. Count D'Orsay's fair friend, the Countess of Blessington, was an exception, it is true, but she was always more of a loss of an "outsider." In fact, so far as can be remembered, up to the time mentioned the one and only work of any importance published by an Englishwoman of high rank was that rather gruesome "Ellen Middleton," written by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, sister of the famous Lord Granville—and it appeared anonymously.

Almost immediately after the appearance of Queen Victoria's book, however, came a lot of women belonging to the court world "went and did likewise," by giving to the world portions of their distinguished diaries and letters written accounts of their travels, and after a while two or three members of the peerage, both men and women, came out boldly with novels. Others tried their hands at poetry, and others had a go at writing for the stage, and of late years the thing has become so much the fashion that the list of titled scribblers includes one duke, three duchesses, four countesses, five earls, and plain lords and ladies till you simply can't read.

#### MEDIOCRE EFFORTS.

Frankly the Thames has yet to be set on fire as the result of a work by any number of the illustrious aggregation. But if the literary, poetic, and dramatic work produced thus far by British titled folk isn't on the whole so very good, it isn't so very bad either, and there are perhaps half a dozen men and women of title among the number who have no small share of the real stuff of which successful writers are made.

First and foremost among these comes the youngest of the three duchesses mentioned—her grace of Sutherland. She was the eldest daughter of the third earl of Roslyn, and is a sister of the present earl, however, of that title who also has had a shy at literature

and likewise at acting, but who is perhaps best known as one of the men who didn't "break the bank at Monte Carlo." The duchess of Sutherland is distinguished in a number of ways. She is a beautiful woman, and since her marriage has dispensed hospitality at what is called the most private residence in the world. She has done a lot of really important social work, too, and her wide spread philanthropy has carried her the title of the "Charity Duchess."

#### HER REAL PASSION.

But literary work is her real passion, and it is no exaggeration to say that if she hadn't happened to be born in the purple, she would have made a name for herself as an authoress. Even as a child she wrote, and had quite a lot of things published by the periodical, "Little Folks," and before she became of age things of hers had appeared in a dozen or more leading reviews and magazines. Nor was her work accepted because of her social position either, for until after her marriage she wrote only under the pen-name of "Eveline Trevor." Her first book was called "How I Spent My Twentieth Year," and was quite an original little piece of work, though of no great strength. Not till 10 years later—the duchess is now 35—did she publish anything else of any importance, but then her novel "One Hour and the Next," came out and was immediately recognized as a serious and thoughtful book and one to be reckoned with. Since then the duchess, who now writes under her full title, has published a dozen or more short stories, most of them full of genuine merit, and some of these recently appeared in book form under the title of "The Winds of the World."

The duchess of Leeds is another Englishwoman of title who has real literary ability. Unfortunately her health is extremely delicate, a fact which has prevented her from doing any great quantity of writing. She is a daughter of the late Earl of Durham, was one of a rather remarkable family of 13 brothers and sisters, and is married to one of the greatest of English nobles. The Duke of Leeds is a descendant of Charles II's famous minister, and his own 24,000 acres.

#### NOVEL BY DUCHESS.

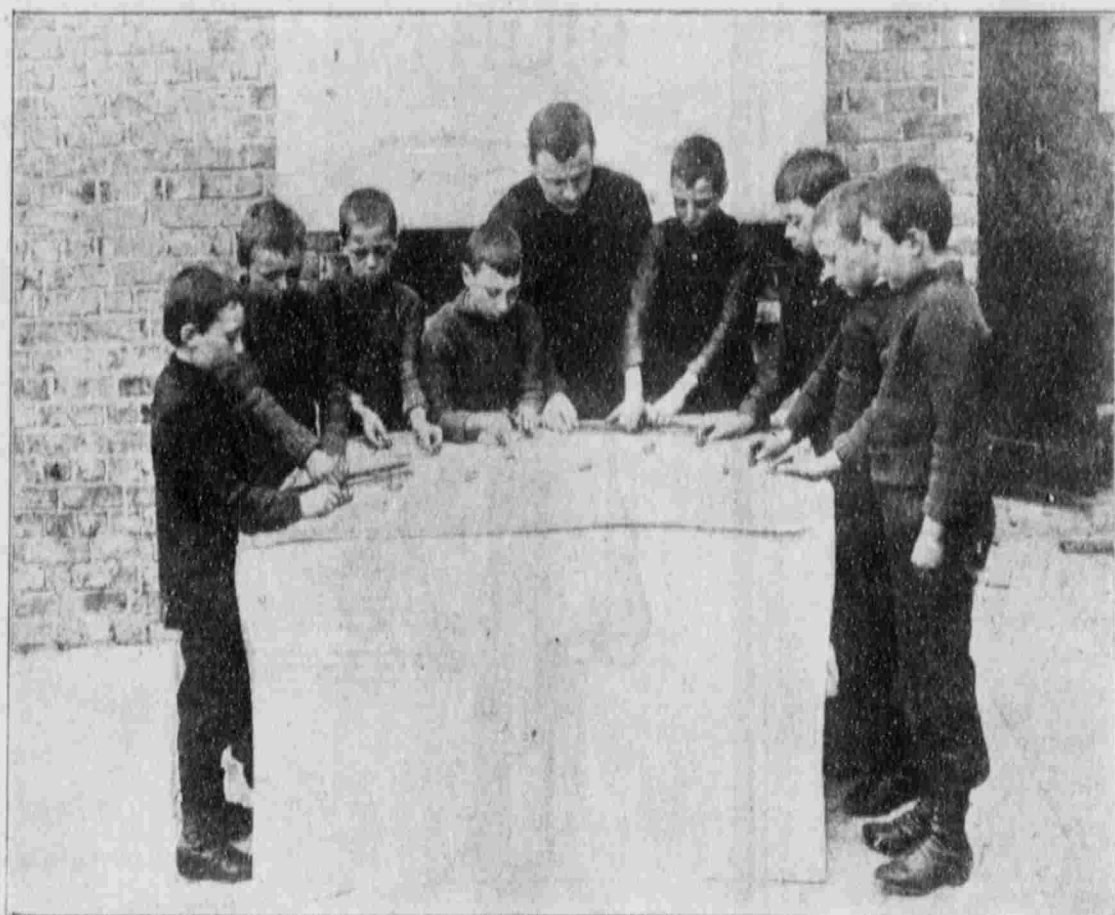
The duchess' first important literary work was a novel called "A Lover of the Beautiful." It scored a distinct success and gave the duchess, who even better work might be expected from its author—an impression that was fully confirmed by the duchess' next work, a volume of short stories which she left the other day for her villa in Bordighera, after sending me the accompanying photograph which is the latest and best that has been taken. The other literary duchess—her grace of Devonshire—is only so to a limited extent, for her work with the pen has been confined to the editing of certain letters written by the love-lives of her predecessors which were published in Lady Randolph Churchill's "Anglo-Saxon Review."

England's literary duke is one of the most exalted personages in the kingdom. For his grace of Argyll, besides being the author of quite a lot of serious works, many tales and poems, and an opera libretto, is closely related to the royal family by virtue of having married Princess Louise, own sister of King Edward VII. Besides his duties, he has 12 other titles, is keeper of the great seal of Scotland, constable of Windsor castle, and has been governor-general of Canada. But the duke is happiest when he is writing, and one of his favorite themes is the United States and American matters generally. His most successful work was "The United States of America After the War."

#### LADY JERSEY IS BUSY.

Perhaps the most prolific of the four English countesses who write is Lady Jersey. Most of her literary work has been in the way of juvenile literature. Her "Hymns for Very Little Children"—two series of them—were published before her marriage, since when she has written "Sleeping Beauty, A Play for Children," "Maurice, or the Red Jar," and quite a lot of other works for little folk, most of which have been quite successful. The beautiful Countess of Warwick has really an uncommon gift for writing, but her many other activities—of which readers have heard so much—have prevented her from writing books to any extent and her only published works, exclusive of numberless magazine articles are her "History of Warwick Castle and its Earls" and "Reminiscences of Joseph Arch." The other literary countesses

(Continued on page 14.)



BELGIAN BOYS LEARNING PRACTICAL NAVIGATION.

## School Where Boys Are Taught to Fish.

Ostend's "Fishing Academy," Founded by a Priest to Bolster Up One of His Country's Chief Industries, Has Been So Successful That Other European Countries Are Copying It—It is Now Subsidized by the Belgian Government and Has More Than A Hundred Pupils.

#### SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

RUSSELS, Nov. 24.—What must be one of the oddest schools in the world exists in Belgium for the purpose of teaching everything connected with the business of fishing. Fishing—the deep sea kind—is one of the most important industries of the country. At the Fisheries school at Ostend, which, oddly enough, is conducted by a Catholic priest, boys are trained to be expert fishermen, just as they might be trained to be experts in any other profession.

This little school—no wide-awake that she surely might adopt the vessel as her emblematic animal in the menagerie of European national lions, bears and eagles—came to the conclusion some time ago that her fishing industry was on the wane. Her forty miles of coast, with its sandy bottom that contains so many excellent shrimps, that shelters so many fish, and which, moreover, is so good for traveling, was once the starting place for much larger and more successful fishing fleets than those which put out today. These had diminished gradually, and it was discovered that Belgium was actually importing fish from neighboring countries to satisfy the needs of her Roman Catholic inhabitants, because the home catch was unequal to the demand. It began to be fancied that the Belgian fishers were not as expert as their rivals, and it was proved also that unable to make a good living in the old way by "going down to the sea in ships," the young men of the coast were deserting the calling of their fathers and being drawn away to the factories which are springing up like mushrooms all over this busy little country.

#### A LONG-HEADED ARBE.

This state of things was especially noticed and mourned over in Ostend, and one day the Abbe Pype—who has lived long in the seaport, and been going to sea with the fishing fleets for fifteen years or more—noticing the increasing misery of his poor fisher folk, was struck with the idea that, perhaps, a better knowledge of their business might help the Belgian fishers to hold their own against their rivals.

With this end in view he started in 1880 a small school for the express purpose of teaching "the gentle art of fishing." Little by little his untiring efforts were crowned with success, and now he has his regularly established school of Fisheries, recognized and encouraged by the government, which grants it a small subsidy, and whose good work is so widely recognized that other countries are starting similar institutions. Newport and Blankenberge, the two Dutch ports near Ostend, are imitating Ostend's example with equally good effect, while France and Germany are seriously inquiring into the matter.

The improvement in the fishing industry as the result of better education has thus been officially recognized, while the change in the men themselves is most marked. Many of those who had given up the sea as their calling are coming back to it now that comparative prosperity smiles for it is a good proverb that says: "The honest of the true fisherman is richest in his own heart," and since King Leopold and his government hold it as one of their chief ambitions to create a flourishing folk for the marine which it is hoped will some day fall under the black, yellow and red flag of Belgium, the experiment is fostered and watched with much interest.

To begin with, before any small boy can attend the abbe's classes—his school, in fact, being the fishers' finishing school—he must have gone to the common schools and have mastered the three R's or their equivalent in Flemish. Besides knowing a little of mathematics. The pupils average from 13 to 19, but there is nothing to prevent any fisherman with a thirst for knowledge from attending the school as long as he likes, the course of study being absolutely free, the abbe

generously devoting all his means to it, besides devoting himself entirely to the service of the fisher folk. There is an average of about 100 pupils, with about 40 in the first class, and lessons are given two days a week (to allow for the going out and return of the fishing boats), the hours being from 8:30 to 10 a. m. and from 1:30 to 4:30 p. m. The elder students take much of their instruction in the long winter evenings, but the youngsters who either have not started on their career or whose sea trips are shorter are able to attend the classes during the day and more frequently.

#### TEACHING SEAMANSHIP ON LAND

The abbe believes greatly in practical instruction, and with this idea has built in his garden the model, actual bulk of a fishing boat. True, everything that is below decks seems to have sunk in the garden, but the upper part is all that is necessary for his purpose, and it is here that the boys learn to mount the rigging without fear, so that when they do go to sea they shall not have that sickening terror which has been so often described in sea stories, and which, they learn signaling, to use their sextants, and, in fact, all the things which surely will be done on the deck of a boat. It is not difficult to realize that the youngsters who have not yet been to sea thoroughly enjoy this "make believe," fancying themselves already full-blown sailors.

All the pupils, whether they be curly-headed boys or grizzled, weather-beaten men, are devoted to the good abbe. The small boy has much to learn in this professional school of fishery, for there are, to begin with, no less than 200 nautical knots to master, all more or less intricate and puzzling to small fingers; there are blocks to be rigged and ropes to be spliced; there are sails to be mended and nets to be made and repaired. Nothing is more amusing than the seeing class, where the boys sit, tugging the hard thread through the tough sailcloth, each furnished with a flat piece of leather for the palm of his hand and known as the sailor's thumb, and learn to learn to heave the log, too, and reckon the number of miles run after that fashion which is so puzzling to a landman.

The professional school of fishery, however, does not stop here. Classes are held for astronomy, for the computation of latitude and longitude, and an immense raised map of the North sea (this region being that most particularly studied, since few Belgian fishers go further afield) shows the boys where a rocky bed is to be found, where the bottom is of seaweed, where the different kinds of sand, with the run of the different tides and currents. Since you cannot catch holes round rocks nor cod in very shallow water, any more than you can gather fish from thistles, it is evident that the fisherman who has an intimate knowledge of the sea places to look for his prey is on the right road to success. In this the Fishing museum greatly aids, for every thing brought up by the nets, down to the very smallest atom, is carefully collected and classified, so that the youngster learns all about the different life of the animalculae in the sea water over which he floats, the food various fish take, their parasites and all about their eggs.

#### GETTING IT DOWN FINE.

Moreover, the school contains most interesting diagrams respecting the fishing industry in all the north European coasts, with the quantities taken each month. The pupils are thus able to follow the peregrinations of the different fish, which are often, to the great disgust of those who live by them, extremely fickle in their abiding places. They learn, too, all about the sea birds of the North sea, the polyps, the sea plants, the zoophytes, etc., so that every prize pupil who quits the professional school is bursting with information about sea life in all its particulars and knows certainly far more about the ways and habits of his finny friends than he does about mere human beings.

Practical navigation is taught, as well as winds and tides and the use of the donkey engines. A very ingenious method of teaching how to steer has been thought out by the abbe, who has devised a number of large, square cards, marked with the points of the compass, on which small models may be maneuvered, while the quantities taken are learned, too, so that collisions may be avoided. And small boys who

are being taught how to manage when meeting at close quarters with another fishing boat may be heard muttering the equivalent in Flemish of:

Green to green and red to red,  
Port your helm and go ahead.

The various lightships placed at different dangerous points must be thoroughly well studied, too, these being distinguished by certain signs during the day and by various lights and flashes at night. One of the accompanying illustrations shows a group of boys bending over these model lightships. While the boys are pursuing their theoretical studies at the school they are also going short fishing trips in smacks which serve as training boats, and of these the abbe himself owns a great number. Four boys only are allowed on each of these boats, and they are placed in the hands of the captain to be taught the practical side of a fisherman's life.

#### PRIZES FOR SMART BOYS.

The abbe, who makes frequent trips to the various fishing fleets, constantly visits these training boats to keep an eye on the bodily and moral welfare of the pupils. At the end of a year each youngster goes up for a regular government examination, and if the result be good and the examiners think the master of the boat has done well by the boy, he receives \$10 in addition to the \$15 paid for his year's care of the youth. The good scholar is awarded a savings bank book in which \$10 stands to his credit as a prize, which he may not touch, however, until he is 21. The profits of a fishing boat are divided into two-thirds for the crew and one-third for the owner of the ship, while the boys who have attained the proud position of being paid get one-fourth, one-third or one-half of a man's share.

The youngsters who show exceptional intelligence are drafted into a special group that goes to serve the Belgian ship doing its share of the hydrographic work in the North sea. This work is carried on in connection with other north European nations four times a year, each country being engaged in surveying her own particular portion at the same time. That of Belgium extends from Cape Gris Nez on the French coast to Dover, and from Old Furness to Blankenberge.

The abbe is aided by other clerics and professors, who try to turn out good men as well as good fishers, and by a devoted staff to whom the laboratory is entrusted. Here all kinds of experiments are carefully studied, the knowledge gained being accessible to any Belgian.

#### NO DETAIL OVERLOOKED.

Here, too, the best method of tanning sails so that they shall be strong and serviceable, as well as a joy to the artist's eye, is practiced, and is taught freely to any fisherman who applies; and here, too, is a dynamometer for testing the strength of nets, so that any boat owner who has his doubts as to the good condition of his nets and dreads to lose a good haul can send them here and have them tested. Instruction is given, too, in making time for tanning, and for canning itself, while any manufacturer or private person who has doubts as to the good condition of the contents of a tin can send it to the laboratory for testing in the hot oven.

The training boats usually arrive in port on Saturdays so that the boys may have the Sunday before, and one of the illustrations shows such a boat arriving in Ostend harbor for that day.

round with wild shouts of delight. To secure helpmeets for the boys when grown into young men he has established a similar institution for little girls, where they are taught to wash and mend and cook, and where, in fact, these little girls are deliberately trained into suitable life companions for the little lads.

As for this second and equally successful venture should not properly be called a "Professional School for Fishermen's Wives," the good abbe only laughed, but there was a knowing twinkle in his eye as he acknowledged that the boys decidedly approved of his girls, who are, he said, much in demand in the matrimonial market of Ostend seafaring society.

J. E. WHITBY.

#### HINDOO ENGLISH.

Since the death of Max Muller, Prof. Francis A. March of Lafayette College is admitted to be the world's foremost linguist. Prof. March has an admirable sense of humor, and this humor is permitted to reveal itself often in his conversation, and occasionally in his clear and graceful prose.

One of the distinguished scholars, now living in India, sent to Prof. March last week an amusing specimen of Hindoo-English. It was an excerpt from a speech delivered in an Indian court by an attorney whose client, a widow, had been assaulted. It ran:

"My learned friend, with mere wind from a coast, thinks to broom beat me from my legs. But this is mere gorilla warfare. I stand under the shoes of my client, and only seek to place my bone of contention plainly in your honore's eye. My learned friend vainly runs amuck upon the sheet iron of my case. Your honor will be pleased to observe that my client is a widow, a poor chap with one post mortem son. A widow of this country, your honor, is not to be observed, is not like a widow of your honor's country. A widow of this country is not able to eat more than one meal a day, or to wear clean clothes, or to look after a man. So my poor client had not such phylax or mind as to be able to assault the luty complainant. Yet she has been deprived of some of her most valuable leather—the leather of her nose. I do not say, though the witness is a man of my own feathers, that there are in my profession black sheep of every complexion. Until this witness explains what has become of my client's nose leather, he cannot be believed."

#### THE HYPERBOLICAL MOSQUITO.

John E. Redmond, at a reception in his honor, was asked for his opinion of a political prophecy that had been printed in a London newspaper.

Mr. Redmond read the prophecy. Then he smiled.

"This," he said, "is hyperbolic. It is as hyperbolic as the mosquito story that a resident of New Jersey told me the other day."

"This gentleman desired to impress upon me the great size and ferocity of the New Jersey mosquitoes. He said: 'I had a valuable cow in the spring, and usually I kept her in the stable, for the mosquitoes were growing in size and in numbers, and I feared that they might do her harm.'

"One hot, cloudy, humid day, though, I permitted the cow to pasture in a marshy field. She spent the day in a daze. And toward evening I went with one of the farm boys to bring her home to the milking."

"Alas! her skeleton lay beneath a tree, and on an adjacent fence sat a mosquito, picking his teeth with one of her horns."

HE'D HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY.

St. Lauder Brunton, the noted English physician, was talking about nervous ill temper at a reception that was given in his honor by the Medical club of Philadelphia.

After he had described the beneficial effect of certain drugs upon nervous ill temper, Dr. Brunton said:

"In temper of the nervous sort is worthy of serious attention. It makes many lives unhappy. I remember a middle aged woman of most nervous disposition, who told me with tears in her eyes how she had once said to her husband:

"John, I know I'm cross at times. I know you find me unkind often. Sometimes, perhaps, you think I do not love you. But, John, remember, when such unhappy thoughts assail you, that if I had my life to live over again, I'd marry you just the same."

"I'm not so sure of that," John answered shortly."

## TRAINED STEERS FOR THE SADDLES.

Ingenuous Gallic Sportsmen Develop Unsuspected Capabilities in Long-Horned Cattle

### UNIQUE BOVINE ARMY CORPS.

Bullocks May Become a Feature in Military Charges in Countries Unfitted for Horses.

#### SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Nov. 24.—No longer is the steer to be regarded merely as a so much potential roast beef or as a slow-moving dragger of cumbersome vehicles. Ingenious Gallic sportsmen have discovered a new mission and a new dignity for him. He is to be ridden like a horse and to participate in racing, steeple-chasing and fox-hunting. They have proved that this beast, heretofore credited with abundance of "innate "cussedness" but little intelligence, is capable of all these things when properly trained. Several races have been organized to test their capacities, with results that amply justify the experiments now making, for the Frenchmen concerned have taken the matter up seriously.

#### "LE BARON CH- C."

Most successful in developing their latent capacities is a French nobleman, in his sporting circles, is known as "Le Baron Ch. C." His favorite mount is an ox that can assume various gaits, gallop swiftly over flats and leap nimbly over obstacles. It obeys the rein or the rowel as readily as a horse. The bridle and saddle used with these riding steers are similar in general design to those used with horses, but the bit is exceptionally powerful. For obvious reasons it has been found desirable to affix rubber pads to the ends of their long horns. In one respect the steer is possessed of agility superior to that of the horse. He can turn sharp at right angles when galloping at full speed.

#### TO BREED SPEEDY OXEN.

In a semi-wild state on the western plains the steer is capable of a good turn of speed and at round-ups often leads cowboys mounted on fleet ponies a long chase. How far this may be improved by judicious breeding remains to be seen. Heretofore the only object aimed at by that means has been to develop their beef qualities. The horse in its present state is the result of centuries of evolution directed by human agencies. It is quite possible, French scientists declare, that the ox is capable of similar development and improvement, and that the result would be something vastly different from the present breed.

It is well known that in certain parts of America horses succumb so rapidly to poisonous flies and other pests that even only can be employed as beasts of burden. In such regions it is evident that there would be a demand for fast, sure-footed animals in these portions of the dark continent. "Steer corps" may be employed by the British army just as now camel corps are used in the Sudan. A charge of mounted steers, with the pads removed from their formidable horns, would suggest to the ordinary man the desirability of having a hasty retreat even quicker than would a charge of ordinary cavalry. Whatever may be the outcome of it the French experiment is certainly a novel and interesting one.

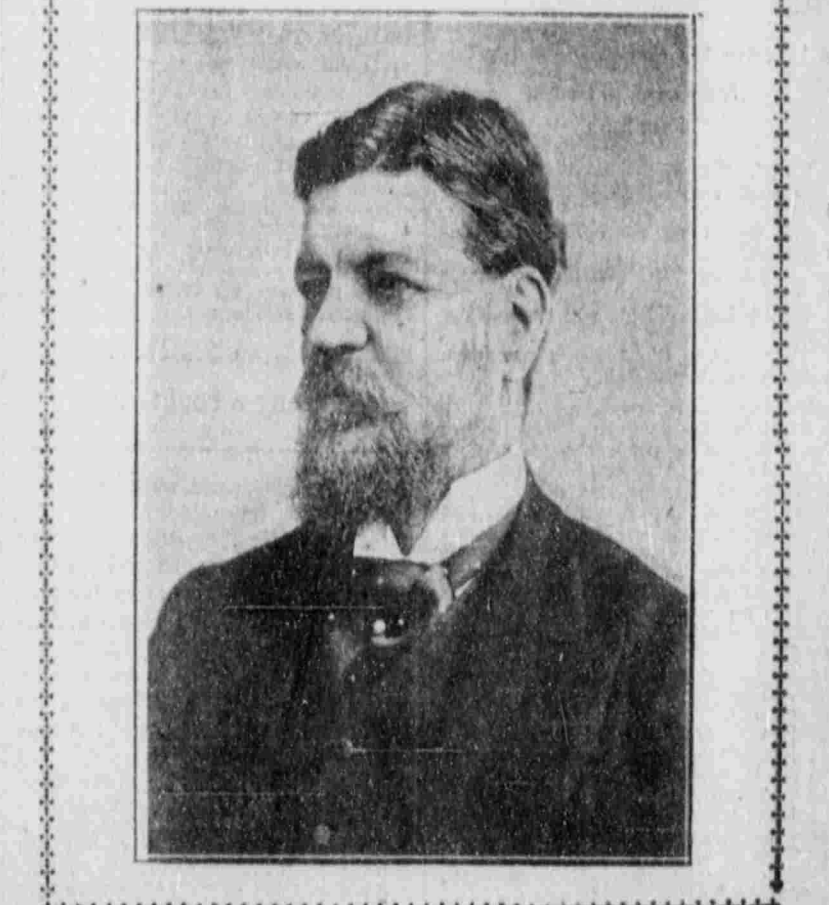
#### COMMON SENSE.

"Stand up straight, don't look at the boys, and keep your shoes tied," is the advice given by a dean of a big college for girl students. Nothing about spiritual ideas or higher life in it and sounds almost too sensible to be true.—Mount Morris Index.



THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

Who Writes Novels and Short Stories That are Superior to Most of the Literary Productions of Titled Folk.



THE EARL OF IDLESLEIGH.

Who Writes Novels and Who Has Just Finished One of Interest Under the Striking Title of "Charm."