

Two or three simple statements of fact—in a want ad—change and enlarge the whole outlook for you!

# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY MAY 11 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

Half a dozen lines of type may be the link between you and something you want.

PART TWO

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

## The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

### WOMAN'S NERVE SAVES HER LIFE

Seeing Burglar's Shadow in Mirror She Calmly Telephoned A Friend.

RUSE REQUEST FOR MONEY.

Sang and Played While Awaiting Deliverance and Then Called Police to Her Aid.

Special Correspondence.  
WARSAW, Poland, May 1.—By the exercise of courage and presence of mind such as probably few women have possessed, Madame Stresky, the wife of a Warsaw physician, has just saved herself from murder and robbery under circumstances as thrilling as ever were put into a novel. With a desperate criminal in the same room with her, the plucky woman managed to summon assistance by telephone, and afterward sat and sang at a piano during the twenty-five minutes which elapsed before help reached her—just in the nick of time.

LIVES IN SMALL VILLA.

Madame Stresky lives with her husband in a small villa on the outskirts of Warsaw. Last night she was alone in the house, but for an old deaf cook, who dined in the basement after her day's work. Madame Stresky sat with her needlework upstairs in the drawing-room. Suddenly, on looking up, she saw in a mirror, the reflection of a huge, ruffian-looking man, crouching behind a screen which stood at the back of her chair. For a moment fear petrified her, as she thought that this man, knowing she was alone, had crept into the house and was awaiting an opportune moment to murder her and strip the house of valuables. Outraged at the thought, she sprang to her feet, and her husband would not be back for hours. To rush from the room and cry madly for help meant hastening death.

TELEPHONED FRIEND.

Then a thought struck her. There was a telephone in the room. She went to it and quietly rang up a family she knew. The servant answered at the other end. "I want your mistress," she said. After two interminable minutes her friend's voice was heard. "My dear Sophie," began the doctor's wife. "Be so good as to send me this evening, I must pay it into the bank tomorrow morning. I'm very sleepy and want to go to bed."

The friend at the other end of the phone was not slow. They had never had any financial dealings together, nor had she heard of the sum in question. But before she could say anything, the doctor's wife began again—this time in French.

TALKS IN FRENCH.

"Some wretch has got into the house—I am alone. Come at once with a patrol, or the first man you get hold of!"

Then she added in Polish—"Send me money as soon as possible, I'll wait up for it."

This done, she sat down at the piano and with shaking hands and voice, began to play and sing. She calculated that ten minutes would be enough to see her out of her terrible dilemma. She could not leave the room without passing by the screen; all she could do was to sing and play, and she did know what stood behind it. Her voice got weaker and shakier every minute, though she hoped the ruffian would forget her for the fictitious four thousand rubles. But fifteen minutes passed, and there was no sign of help.

She feared the wretch would suspect her. She determined to ring up the police and ask for help. She knew, trusting to the chance that one of the inspectors might understand her. Again she went to the phone, rang up the number, but the ruffian behind the screen, knowing what stood behind it, rushed forward, knife in hand, upon the defenseless woman.

She tried to wrest the weapon from him, but in vain. He pointed the knife at her and struck. Happily it clashed against a large metal buckle she wore on her belt. With an oath, he raised it again—it was with an ace of her heart, when the sound of breaking glass arrested the murderer's hand. He looked around—a soldier's head appeared in the broken window, flinging down his knife, he made for the door, only to fall into the arms of another soldier.

The doctor's wife was found on the floor, unconscious. The wretch who had all but murdered her was known to the police as one of the most desperate characters in the town, "wanted" for several crimes. Only the woman's presence of mind in ringing up her friend and asking for the money in Polish and for help in French, saved her from a horrible death.

SCISSORS AND FILES AS MURDEROUS WEAPONS.

Special Correspondence.  
PARIS, May 1.—Scissors and files are the latest weapons of the "Apaches" of Paris. Their latest victim is an Englishman and their latest scene of acting is no less frequented a street than the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

While this Briton—a well-known and wealthy resident of Paris known as "Bobby"—was passing along the Avenue the other night, two of the Apaches, hidden in shadow, suddenly sprang upon him. The Englishman carried a cane—as most of his countrymen do—and fortunately it was a heavy stick with which he gave his assailants some hard blows. In return, Mr. Bobby received some ugly gashes from scissors and files which the footpads used as weapons. The combat was proceeding fiercely, on the odds in favor of the plucky Englishman, when there was police interference. Two bluecoats rushed to the scene but one was knocked out upon his arrival by savage kicks from the second thug, and both were carried off to the police station.



### Countess Would Abolish House of Lords.

Extraordinary Conflict of Political Views in the Family of the Earl of Carlisle—At a Recent Election Members of Family Fought on Opposite Sides—Distributed Leaflets Where Brother Was "Spell Binding."

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 1.—At the recent parliamentary bye-election in the Hexham division of Northumberland the pugnant spectacle was witnessed of the members of a peer's family taking opposite sides in a red-hot political fight. Ladies Dorothy and Aurelia Howard, daughters of the Earl of Carlisle, did their best for the Liberal candidate, while their brother, Lord Morpeth, the heir to the earldom, energetically supported the Conservative candidate. But it was merely a fresh illustration of the divisions in the noble house of Carlisle, which give it a unique claim to distinction among aristocratic English families, whose members usually follow their leaders as blindly as flocks of sheep.

On political and social questions the family are hopelessly at odds. Unbridgeable controversial chasms separate them. The earl is a Conservative of the old fashioned type. A notable member of the house of lords, he regards it with veneration as the chief pillar of the constitution. He believes in the superiority of the blue blood, caste distinction and all the rest of the aristocratic creed. He is opposed to woman suffrage and every other phase of the woman's rights movement.

HER PROUD PEDIGREE.  
The countess, who can boast a pedigree quite the equal of her husband's, by some strange reversal of the law of heredity is a Liberal Radical. With her claims of long descent count for nothing. She sides with the people against the peers. She openly advocates the abolition of the house of lords if it refuses to yield to the popular will. She is an ardent advocate of the political equality of the sexes. She is a regular Susan B. Anthony sort of a woman, gleaming with quite as voluminous a flow of oratory as was that indomitable champion of the suffrage movement in America.

The children, of whom there are eight surviving, exhibit the same diversity of opinions combined with the courage of their convictions. As a general thing the men hold the same views as their father and the women those of their mother. But perhaps the most striking thing about them is that they never quarrel. They represent a paradox. There is a house divided against itself and yet it still stands and flourishes. They are a disunited family and yet they live together in sweetest unity. They afford a liberal education to their friends, for at their

home one is sure to hear both sides of any question that comes up for discussion.

SIDE THAT WINS.

When they espouse opposite sides, in public it is the side on which the women are found that generally wins. That was the case at the Hexham election. The Liberal candidate was elected by a large majority. One of the last-mentioned members of the family, Lord Morpeth, made several speeches in favor of maintaining unrestricted the legislative powers of the peers. And his sister, Lady Dorothy Howard, who has inherited her mother's gift of oratory, as often demolished them, demonstrating to the huge satisfaction of her audiences that an unfettered house of lords constituted the greatest obstacle to legislative progress in the kingdom. But that did not disturb in the least the friendly feeling between the brother and the sister.

At one of the meetings addressed by Lord Morpeth, Lady Dorothy distributed leaflets advocating Liberal principles among the very people for whose benefit her brother was engaged in propounding Conservative doctrines. While canvassing they frequently ran across each other and such meetings led to a lively exchange of banter. "I say, Dorothy," exclaimed Lord Morpeth on one occasion, "it is no use your going in there"—indicating a house which he had just left—"I have secured that little lot."

"I suppose you mean that you have kissed all the babies in the family," was the retort. "At that game I admit that I am no match for you, but I can beat you all hollow when it comes to talking over the men. When I leave that house I shall have captured that 'little lot' of yours for the other side."

CARRIED OFF HONORS.

Lady Dorothy Howard carried off honors at Gorton College, a feminine institution of learning which is supposed to be remarkably successful in transforming charming young women into unattractive blue stockings. But there is nothing suggestive of that type about Lady Dorothy. She is persuasive without being aggressive. Her general appearance and demure demeanor are those of a twentieth-century Puritan maiden. Even when she triumphed through London in the memorable march of the women suffragists, carrying a banner, she still contrived to look gentle and womanly. Her enthusiasm for the cause she advocates is tempered by that saving grace of humor which is so conspicuously absent in most women reformers. It is said that she can argue in seven languages.

But it is the Countess of Carlisle who is undoubtedly the strongest personality of this remarkable family. She was the youngest daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, at one time a Liberal cabinet minister. She was brought up in an atmosphere of politics. Her husband was plain George Howard when she married him more than twenty years ago, and then stood only a remote chance of succeeding to the earldom. The mother of six sons and five daughters, it was not until the death of an uncle in 1899 made George Howard a peer and the possessor of two fine old castles and a large estate, that she was able to devote herself to carrying out her ideas. She was then a comparatively old woman, but a remarkably vigorous one.

RULES THE ROOST.  
As soon as the new peer entered upon his inheritance she made it apparent that as the chateaux of Castle Howard and Naworth Castle it was she who would rule the roost thereafter.

A rabid teetotaler, her first move was to proceed to the wine cellars, which contained some of the finest vintages of the kingdom, and order blue stockings and snowy caps and aprons of a pattern designed by herself. If not as statuesque, they are certainly more picturesque than typical liveried maids of the stately homes of England, and they are far less awe-inspiring and frigid.

The countess is a first-rate platform speaker, and her sincerity and enthusiasm have won her a wide following. When she differs with her husband, she does so in a most tactful and unobtrusive manner. She is one of the most valuable assets of the Liberal party. Arthur Balfour, the former Conservative premier, once observed that if women were allowed to run for parliament, the Countess of Carlisle would be among the first batch to get elected. She is a shrewd and a thoroughly good woman. When her eldest son, Lord Morpeth, was contesting a Birmingham division for parliament, Chamberlain remarked to him: "If women were allowed to stand for election, I suppose we should have your mother down here running against you as a Liberal candidate."

BEST OF MOTHERS.  
"I have not a doubt of it," replied the viscount, "and a poor fellow I or any other man would cut beside her. She is one of the best of mothers, but for the good of the country, as she sees it, my defeat, so long as I was beaten by a Radical, would cause her more satisfaction than my election. And my sister Dorothy is the same way."

That it is she and not the earl who runs the family estates was strikingly illustrated at the recent trial, an action brought against Lord Carlisle by some urban council to restrain him from cutting a drain pipe over which some dispute had arisen. She said that a plan for a new work was submitted to her by the council and that she had approved it. The council then sought to restrain her from doing so, but she refused to be bound by their decision. The case was decided in her favor.

COMpletely OVERSHADOWED.  
Nowadays Lord Carlisle is so completely overshadowed by his brilliant and successful wife that he is known generally as the husband of the countess. But he is a long way from being a mere punchline. He is probably the most accomplished artist in the past age. Long before it was the fashion to dab in paint, he was a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy exhibitions. At one time it was thought that he would be made an associate, but he is the last man in the world to push himself, and the honor was never conferred on him. Lord Morpeth, who has for three years represented Birmingham in the House of Commons, married a lady who like himself, is a Conservative. He acknowledges he owes much of the



### SAYS HE'S SUN'S "HALF-BROTHER"

"Full Brother of Moon" and "Supreme Arbitrator of the Tides"—Other Names.

HE IS THE KING OF SIAM.

Now on His Way to France and Will Also Visit King Edward—One Of Richest Potentates.

Special Correspondence.  
LONDON, May 1.—Jaded Londoners are eagerly looking forward to the approaching visit of Phra Paramindr Maha Chulalongkorn, the King of Siam—which is now timed for the middle of May. Eastern monarchs are always more interesting to the crowd than European royalties. It is the misfortune of most of these latter to look just like plain, everyday folk, especially when dressed, as they generally are in the conventional somber frock coat and top hat of civilization. As a spectacle they are distinctly disappointing.

But King Chulalongkorn is different. They look different. They wear gorgeous raiment. And when they stir abroad they don't smile and stammer and jerk their heads like automata when people cheer them. No king can look dignified doing that. Dusky potentates accept homage as a matter of course, and treat it with lofty indifference, as Louis XIV. would regard themselves as a higher order of creation—real kings and not figure-heads.

HIS STRING OF TITLES.

There is no sovereign in the world who is accustomed to receive more object homage than his majesty of Siam. He possesses a most imposing string of titles. Among other things he is supreme arbitrator of the ebb and flow of the tides, brother of the moon, half brother of the sun and owner of four and twenty golden umbrellas. Whenever he takes an airing in his own domain his faithful subjects prostrate themselves before him, passing by, and bowing lowly to the ground. It is a sight to see. Even the highest in the land when they approach his august presence must do so on all fours. His favorite wives have to kneel before him. His brothers do likewise. So King Chulalongkorn is not likely to be much impressed by a crowd that kneels on their knees before him. His favorite wives have to kneel before him. His brothers do likewise. So King Chulalongkorn is not likely to be much impressed by a crowd that kneels on their knees before him. His favorite wives have to kneel before him. His brothers do likewise. So King Chulalongkorn is not likely to be much impressed by a crowd that kneels on their knees before him.

AUTOCRATIC POWERS.

As king of Siam, Chulalongkorn has inherited a throne from the occupants of European thrones. He is invested with powers as autocratic as those of the czar of Russia, but he is a paternal monarch, who rules with a temperance by assassination. Siamese folk don't throw bombs and none of them has yet reached that stage of enlightenment in which monarchs are regarded as easily superfluous. Chulalongkorn is not required to lead the strenuous life. He can take things as easy as he pleases. His income is something like \$10,000,000 a year. His gorgeous royal palace at Bangkok is a walled and battlemented city within a city. Behind the line of not less than a hundred gates, which are massive gates is contained treasure far in excess of the loot obtained by the greatest feat of robbery committed in modern times. It is the richest of palaces. It is really a double palace—an outer and an inner palace. Into the latter no European of the male sex has ever been admitted. It is a place where women and one man. And that man is the king. The Siamese call the place "The Inside" and "The Outside" and forbid any open allusion to it.

The most extraordinary feature of the King of Siam is the submerged harem, situated in a artificial lake. It is an entirely of glass of variegated colors, the plates being joined together by an insoluble cement. It is ornamented with quaint turrets and minarets. When in use it floats on the surface of the lake. When the king desires to take his ease within it, accompanied by his harem favorites he enters the shining dome, which, when closed, is air and water-tight. At a signal certain valves are opened and the house of glass descends to the bottom of the lake. The arrangements for supplying fresh air are perfect. In the hot summer weather it affords a deliciously cool retreat, and there Chulalongkorn is accustomed to while away his leisure hours. He is a man of letters, that Fate did not summon him to reign over a progressive and civilized people. This famous sayor of Shakespeare's, "Unlucky" who had that wears a crown, does not apply to him.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

In accordance with eastern custom he is a much married man. He has a score or two of official wives and no body knows just how many hundreds of what might be termed concubines. They were given a number of education in the European sense. So says an Englishman who has been in Siam for some time. He has known him since he was a boy. He is a man of letters, that Fate did not summon him to reign over a progressive and civilized people. This famous sayor of Shakespeare's, "Unlucky" who had that wears a crown, does not apply to him.

A MERE MAN.

One day one of them straggled the Brother of the Moon and Half-Brother

(Continued on page eighteen.)