

The fox (knowing the force of publicity) "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."

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

A TITLED WOMAN TURNS SHOPKEEPER

The Countess Fabbricotti Frankly
Stated that She Wanted
The Money.

THEREFORE BECAME MILLINER.

Says She Loses No Prestige by Being
A Working Woman and that Work
Is Now Fashionable.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 26.—"We have been dreadfully hard up and are doing this just to make money."

In this frank fashion, and with a cheery laugh as though making light of the ill-fortune which had driven her into trade, the Countess Fabbricotti told me why she had opened a millinery shop.

Her ingenuousness rendered almost superfluous the statement that it was the first time she had ever been interviewed.

"But who compose the 'we'?" I queried.

"Oh, my brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Carson. Mr. Carson got hard up, too, through losing money on the stock exchange. That put us all in the same boat. So we have formed a partnership and started this business in the hope that we may all be able to make a good thing out of it. There is nothing romantic about making and selling hats and bonnets."

Again the countess laughed merrily.



THE COUNTESS FABBRICOTTI.
A Famous Society Beauty Who Has Just Opened a Millinery Establishment
in London Because, as She Frankly Confesses, She is Tired of Being
Hard Up.

but it is better than idly enduring poverty and wishfully one had money."

NO FALSE COLORS.

There is no nothing under false colors about the countess. Her name is well known over the shop she has just opened in South Molton street. In her new role of a business woman she recognizes the value of her title as a commercial asset and intends to make the most of it. Whether the countess likes it or not doesn't matter. She obtained a divorce from him a few years ago, and the title was the only thing she got from him that was worth keeping.

DOES NOT DESIGN.

"No," she said, "I shall not go in for designing headgear myself. I may make some suggestions and help that way, but it strikes me that women who have been trained to do things like that are better off doing them than an amateur like myself. I have engaged a staff of expert Frenchwomen—there is no doubt that they turn out the best hats and bonnets in the world—and I shall not interfere with their work more than is necessary."

"But," I ventured to suggest, "you are missing a chance there. There are some women, I imagine, who would be able to say that their hats were designed by a countess."

"Dear me! I had not thought of that. You see, I know nothing of the tricks of trade. But the hats bought here will bear my name and of those who buy them choose to say that they were designed by me personally I don't suppose that even the recording angel will care much. But all the same, I'm not going to say so. I expect to make a hit by selling hats at low prices, designed in the best Parisian style, at considerably less than the Paris prices. For myself I shall generally peruse the establishment, you know, and give the customers as much attention as I can. In that way I shall be able to make my personality count for more than it would otherwise."

Speaking as a mere man I said that I did. The countess Fabbricotti has for some years been famous as a society beauty. At charity bazaar after bazaar she has been successful in getting men to pay big prices for her little knickknacks on account of the smiles that went with them. If men were her customers, I have no doubt that she would be equally successful in the millinery business. But it can hardly

be expected that her good looks will count for as much among women. Encouraged by her frankness I put a frank question to her. "How do you find that going into business has affected your social standing?"

GROWS MORE POPULAR.

"Certainly not adversely," she replied. "Since I announced my intention of joining the ranks of workingwomen I have received more invitations to social affairs than I can begin to avail myself of. Perhaps it is meant as a sort of way of encouraging me. But you see I am by no means the first woman with a title to go into business. The old notion that there is anything disgraceful in engaging in trade, even for a woman, is dying out. The fact is it is becoming quite fashionable to make money. And it never was fashionable to be poor. One may lose social standing through idleness, but never through riches honestly acquired, no matter in what line of business. Think of the brewers who have been made peers! Some folk may think that fashionable milliners minister merely to feminine vanity, but even so, making and selling hats should be counted at least as creditable a business as making and selling beer. Don't you think so?"

Probably no one would dispute that. But while the countess might be on the friendliest terms with reality the lady who engages in the millinery business, or any other business, is debased from being presented at court. Is that not the case?"

LOVES NO SLEEP.

"That is true, though really I had never thought of it before. And it would not have made any difference if I had. Being presented at court is a great loss, as most great functions are. I shall not lose any sleep over the thought that that privilege can never again be mine—at least as long as I run this shop. And I assure you I intend to stick to it hard. I am not going to play at keeping shop. We have rented this entire building and over the workrooms I shall have my living apartments and make my home here. I don't expect it will be all fun by any means, but it won't be so bad as being in a chronic state of impecuniosity."

WAS VERY AMUSING.

Again the countess laughed merrily.

The combat was precipitated by Cavallotti, who, though he was then 36, overfat and extremely short-sighted, was determined to fight. The Italian leader already had fought six duels and come off practically unscathed, and regarded himself as invincible.

"I must have my thirty-sixth battle," he is reported to have said, "I don't want the fellow's life, but I'm determined to let out some of that thick blood of his."

FORCED TO FIGHT.

Count Macola, on the other hand, had no wish to meet his rival, although he had no special reason to fear the issue. For he was not only Cavallotti's equal as a swordsman, but had the advantage of him in years, being only 35. Macola also had many successful duels to his credit. He did all in his power to avoid the encounter, but the adversary upon him notwithstanding. To refuse absolutely to meet his rival meant the accusation of cowardice, made by a faction which attacks at all opportunities. Fight or be branded was the alternative, and Macola chose the former.

The scene of the duel was a villa not far outside the Magore gate to Rome, belonging to the famous Countess Cellere. This noblesman had been a great beauty and the more or less intimate friend of all the latter-day great men of Italy. Her friendship with Cavallotti was said at one time to have been somewhat more than platonic. Why the garden of her villa should have been selected as the scene of the Cavallotti-Macola duel has never been satisfactorily explained, but so it was, and the combat was fought from a window of the house.

At about 11 o'clock in the morning the combatants arrived on the ground, and at that moment the differences in their characters were clearly marked. Macola was steady and cool, wishing a disagreeable incident well over. Cavallotti, excited, it is said, by the burning to show himself still the invincible swordsman. Each was accompanied by friends and a physician. After the usual preliminaries the word was given. Two assaults came at once with both men unhurt. But in the third Macola, on guard, was furiously attacked by the Radical leader, who, aiming for his opponent's head, was absolutely spitted on the Countess's sword, which entered Cavallotti's mouth, although Macola had not moved his weapon.

The fatal mischance evidently was due to the short-sightedness of the injured man and his mad fury. Cavallotti, who had been hit, without a hand being stretched forth to support him, fell, and the Countess, who was standing by, was aroused from her trance of terror, however, by the blood-curdling screams of the man, who, still in a dazed state, was burning to show himself still the invincible swordsman. Each was accompanied by friends and a physician. After the usual preliminaries the word was given. Two assaults came at once with both men unhurt. But in the third Macola, on guard, was furiously attacked by the Radical leader, who, aiming for his opponent's head, was absolutely spitted on the Countess's sword, which entered Cavallotti's mouth, although Macola had not moved his weapon.

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Hounded for Years Because of a Duel.

Terrible Revenge Taken by Members of the Italian Parliament Upon Count Ferruccio Macola, for Killing Their Leader, Felice Cavallotti—Combat Was Forced Upon Macola, Yet Are His Footsteps Dogged.

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ROME, May 14.—What a probably, though not certainly, its last act has just been played in one of the most pathetic dramas in real life on record in this country. It has been a parliamentary drama, the chief players, with two exceptions, having been members of the Italian chamber of deputies, while the chamber itself has been the theater in which most of the action has passed.

For the beginning of this drama one must go back seven years. At that time the Italian chamber of deputies was divided by the ill and bitter qualities of two bitter antagonists, Felice Cavallotti, the Radical leader, and Count Ferruccio Macola, the brilliant Conservative deputy. Cavallotti, besides being one of the most striking figures in parliament, was an eloquent orator, a dramatist of some distinction and a famous duelist. Hot tempered and impulsive, he was the idol of the Italian Radicals.

His great rival, Count Ferruccio Macola, was the epitome of a Cavalier in every respect except that of being a more fighter, violent and dogged. For many months the men had opposed each other in debate on the floor of the chamber, and the adherents of both dreaded the day when they should come to an open rupture. The day came in the early spring of 1904. The Radical leader, who was an absolutely technical expert in the use of a sword, and a guage was used on both sides and it was practically certain that serious consequences would follow. The friends of both men, however, intervened, and the matter was smoothed over, and it was generally supposed that they had been successful, when all Rome was startled by hearing that there was to be a duel between the two leaders.

The combat was precipitated by Cavallotti, who, though he was then 36, overfat and extremely short-sighted, was determined to fight. The Italian leader already had fought six duels and come off practically unscathed, and regarded himself as invincible.

"I must have my thirty-sixth battle," he is reported to have said, "I don't want the fellow's life, but I'm determined to let out some of that thick blood of his."

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