

The horse may starve, waiting for the grass to grow; and your store may grow lean if you wait until you are ENTIRELY READY to advertise it adequately.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

If you are building a house to sell don't wait until it is finished before advertising it. You might as well have the first cash payment in hand by the time painters and decorators are through.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

HOW DUCHESS SAW CONNEMARA WILDS

Discarded Her Motor Car Because Old Irish Guide Was Much Afraid.

MORE LIBERAL THAN KING.

William Waldorf Astor a Prey to Melancholy Since Marriage of His Highly Idolized Daughter.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Feb. 15.—Although the Duchess of Marlborough has been to Ireland many times, until she joined Lord Ardilaun's party when that nobleman entertained the Prince of Wales at his Connaught seat a few days ago, she had never had an opportunity of exploring the wild and picturesque beauty of Connemara. She made the most of it. She had her own motor car sent across from London, and while the men of the party were engaged in shooting woodcock, she was spending every minute she had at her disposal in making herself acquainted with the natural beauties of the locality. Not satisfied with her guide book, she commissioned the services of an old resident to show her around. Larry Mullahy, the man in question, knows Connemara as no other man knows it. He has acted as guide to most of the noted personages, including King Edward, who have for the last five years ventured into Connemara's wilds. But there is one thing he has never experienced, and that is a ride in a motor car. The duchess, in spite of his entreaties and frisks, invited him to join her and her maid and chauffeur in the motor, but Larry stubbornly refused to risk his precious life by riding in any conveyance possessing greater speed than an Irish jaunting car. It was a question of dispensing with the motor car or doing without Larry, and she decided in favor of the celebrated guide. Larry was employed for three days and received \$15, which was the largest sum he had ever earned under similar circumstances. "She is a great lady entirely," said Larry in relating his experience to the neighbors. "She paid me three times more than King Edward did when he was Prince of Wales. May the Lord send that she may be Lady Lieutenant one day; it's the great blessing it would be for Ireland."

IRISH RESIDENCE RUMOR.

Kilmor Castle, the Connemara seat of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, was a special object of the Duchess of Marlborough's curiosity, and so minutely did she explore the neighborhood that a rumor gained currency in the locality that she had her eye on it for an Irish residence. She went into many of the cottages by the roadside in the course of her journey and was much interested in the turf fires which were burning on the hearth stones. It was the first time in her life, she said, she had seen a fire of the sort. Kilmor Castle, the huge family seat of the Duke of Manchester in Huntingdonshire, has been let to his uncle, Lord Charles Montagu, who has taken it for a term of years and it is reported, intends spending a lot of money in fixing it up. The duke's American wife, it is said, flatly declined to devote any of her cash to

that purpose, declaring that nothing short of bankruptcy could ever induce her to make her home there. The big house certainly possesses little architectural beauty though it is not lacking in historic associations and has—or did have—a ghost. Lord Ronald Gower, in his amusing volume of "Reminiscences," described it as the ugliest place he had ever seen. The grounds and gardens have been sadly neglected of late years and the surrounding country is singularly unattractive. But money, if expended with good taste, is a wonderful beautifier. Trentham hall, the Staffordshire seat of the Duke of Sutherland, had originally all the natural disadvantages of Kilmor Castle, but the present duke's grandmother transformed it into one of the most exquisite domains in England.

FOR AMERICAN MAMAS.
Lord Charles Montagu, by the way, is deserving of some attention from American mamas who seek titled husbands for their daughters. In the prime of middle life he is still a bachelor, and being fairly well off—he is a partner in a London stockbroking firm—would not require a lot of money with a wife. Socially he is the heaviest sort of swell. He is the only surviving son of the seventh Duke of Manchester, and the Duchess of Devonshire, Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, the Countess of Gosford and Lady Alice Stanley are numbered among his close relations.

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester still retain a residence in Huntingdonshire—a smaller but much prettier place than Kilmor Castle—and with the lordly domain of Kilmor Castle in Connemara, acquired with the duchess' money since their marriage, they can well dispense with the ugly family castle.

A PREY TO MELANCHOLY.
That William Waldorf Astor was wrapped up in his daughter, Pauline, everybody in society knew, but his friends did not expect that her marriage would affect him so keenly. Since she left his home he has become a changed man. He seems unable to reconcile himself to her loss. He has lost that buoyancy of spirit which was one of his distinguished characteristics when entertaining friends at his various clubs or at his riverside house. He has become morose and it is only persons having the closest intimacy with him that are now invited to share his hospitality. Hitherto he has been noted as a strict disciplinarian at his offices on the Thames embankment. He was regular in attendance and demanded punctuality from every one under his control. Now he comes and goes irregularly and the supervision he formerly exercised is relaxed. He was a daily visitor at the offices of his newspaper—the Pall Mall Gazette—of one time; now he rarely goes there. He has practically given up theaters, too, and his recreations are almost entirely confined to a little fishing in the Thames near his place at Cliveden. The London cabmen miss him sorely, because when in town he went about very much and was an exceedingly generous fare. One old chap whose cab stands in Pall Mall close to the Marlborough club, speaking at a cabmen's meeting a few evenings ago deplored the fact that he had lost one of his best customers, meaning Mr. Astor.

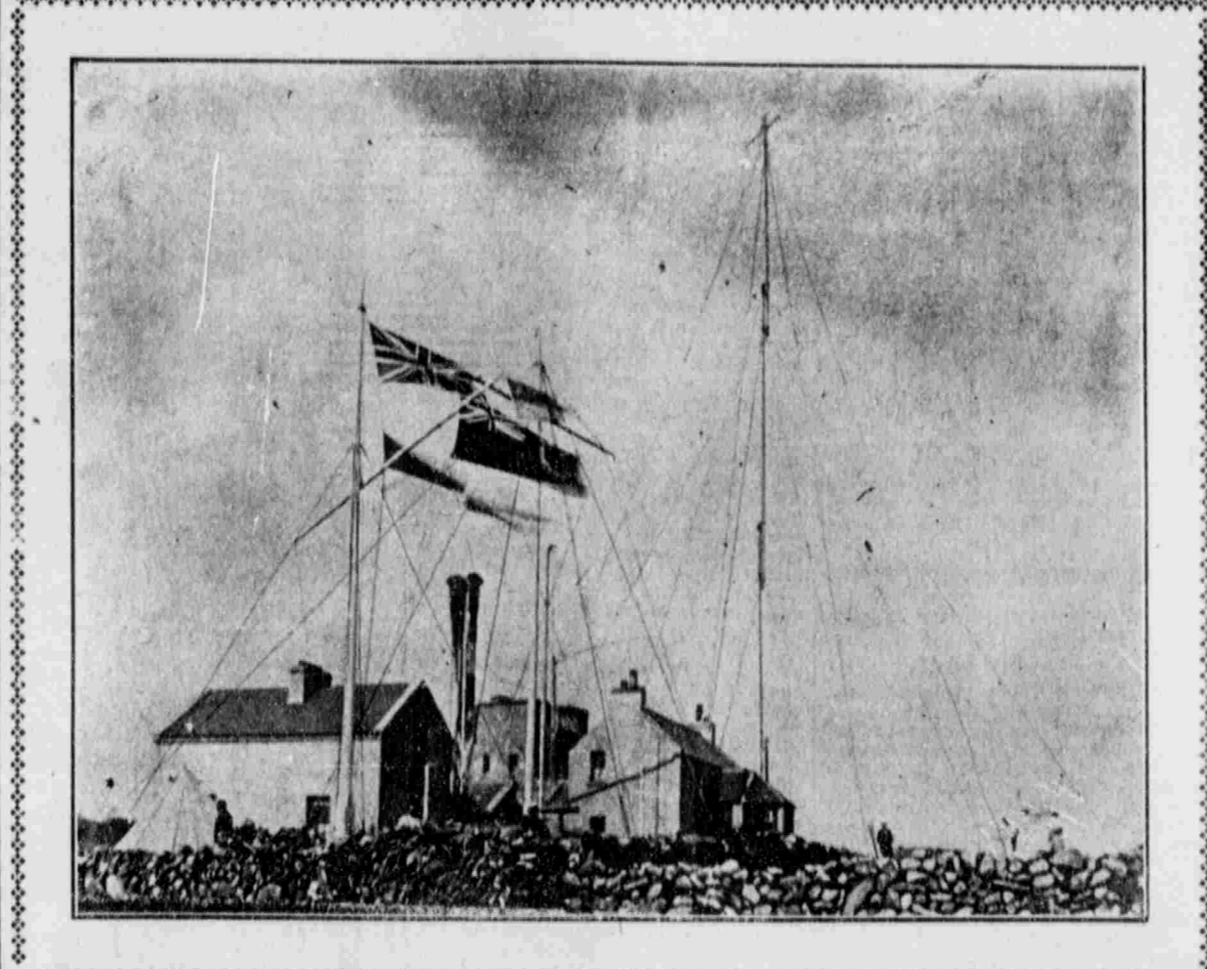
CZAR NOT ECONOMICAL.

Though economy was never before so much needed in Russia, and the country groans under the burden of taxation imposed to maintain the war, the czar has taken no steps to reduce his household expenses, which are the most extravagant of any European court. The money thus squandered would suffice to keep half a dozen regiments on the field. The sums spent on feasting and drinking and maintaining a legion of servants at the palace are colossal. The kitchen is run on French lines. More than one Parisian "restaurateur" made a fortune in the czar's employ, before he started in business on his own account at home. In fact, the heads of the various departments, with abundant opportunities for perquisites and pickings, rapidly became rich. A knowledge of cookery has in more than one instance proved an easy path to greatness. Nominally the household arrangements are in charge of the court

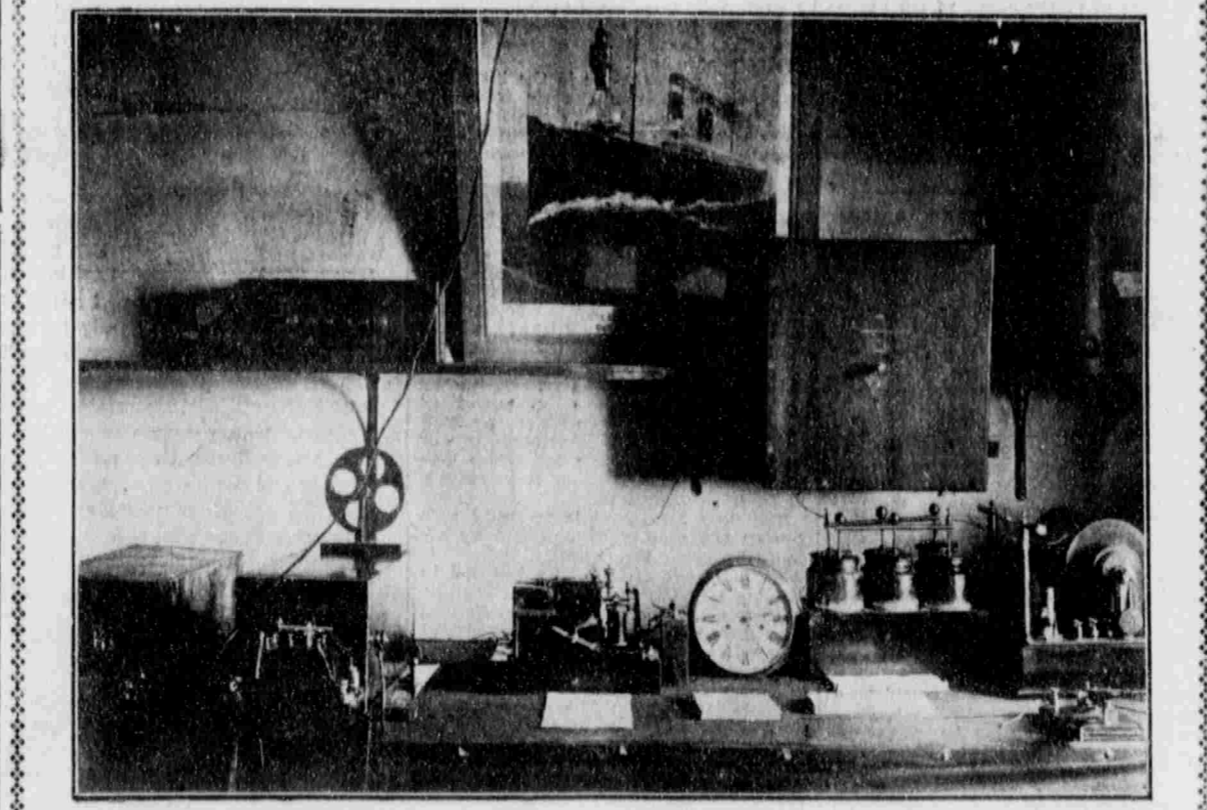
(Continued on page twelve.)

Marconi Talks of His "Wireless" Plans.

Tells Deseret News London Correspondent That Arrangements for Transmitting Messages Over the Atlantic Will be Ready Much Sooner Than Public Thinks—Only Waiting to Complete Some Improvements.



THE BROW HEAD (IRELAND) WIRELESS STATION. Where all Messages of Cunard and White Star Steamers are Received.



INSIDE THE WIRELESS STATION AT THE LIZARD. Messages from all of the American and German Steamers are Received Here.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, Feb. 15.—William Marconi's head offices in narrow Finch Lane, just back of the Royal Exchange, and round the corner from the Bank of England, are a busy place, and any sightseer who strayed in just to see what the headquarters of wireless telegraphy looked like would find himself much in the way of messenger boys, clerks, mechanical experts and administrative officials, all moving about as if electricity were in the air. The guiding spirit of the establishment has a plain, dingy little room which tells the story that its occupant is too busy with one of the biggest ideas of the century to bother himself about appearance. Cavalier Marconi is rarely interviewed, partly because he is always desperately busy and doesn't care to talk, and partly because, wherever you go to see him, the chances are ten to one that he is somewhere else. I caught him by appointment just as he was preparing to dash off for his native Italy for a few days. Then he will turn up at his station away down in Cornwall, and then, it seems, he is to make another flying trip to the United States to take another big step—perhaps almost the last—toward the complete establishment of wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic. He has never been willing to set any date for this feat, and I wanted to see if I could not pin him down to one. "Is it absolutely certain," I asked, "that we are about to have wireless telegraphy across the ocean established on a commercial basis?" "Absolutely certain," said Mr. Marconi, chopping his words off as if there were no more to be said on the subject. "Aren't you prepared now to say exactly when?" "Probably this year; maybe in a month. You see there are 14 cable lines, and if one of them breaks down

there are the others to fall back on. With us there is only one system, and if there is any breakdown people will say they always knew the plan was not practicable. I can send a message clear across the Atlantic now, but want to effect certain improvements and alterations to ensure success. "Then we shall have messages across the Atlantic at 10 cents a word instead of 25, and press messages at 5 cents instead of 10 and we shall probably get faster transmission than at present." "Then what will you do?" "I want to see what the Pacific will do, and to experiment with currents around the earth. There are many new conditions that would have to be made and many obstacles removed before we can send a message clear around the earth." "And are you going to enable us to talk back and forth across the Atlantic without wires?" "What is the prospect for ocean telephony?" "I do not see anything in it at present; you will be able to telegraph faster than you can talk so it would not pay apparently to work at the changes necessary to effect long distance telephony without wires." "It is not possible then to make use of the same current you will use in telegraphing?" "No, besides there is an unsolved problem concerning long distance telephony. Sir William Preece's experiments show that it is all right for 15 miles but beyond that there is trouble. I have tried it, too, and found the same difficulty. There seems to be no way to tune the receivers to keep out all voices except the one you want to hear. Everybody would be talking at once." "Do you mean that you have given up long distance wireless telephony as a bad job?" "No, no; I may take it up again if it becomes apparent that there are possibilities in it. At present I have my hands full with experiments at the station in Cornwall and with adminis-

trative work here. Our greatest distance so far is 3,000 miles from Cape Cod to Cornwall and 2,200 from shore to vessel." "Have you anything up your sleeve?" IMPORTANT AGREEMENT. At this point Mr. Marconi's somewhat stern face was permitted to relax a little and he smiled. "I always have something up my sleeve," he said. I have up my sleeve for six months the agreement we have just made with the British government for the sending of messages to ships anywhere on the Atlantic from any postoffice in England. We have such an arrangement with the Western Union in the United States, but the facilities there seem to be hardly as good as they are in England." "And if it gets wireless telephony in the complete form what is the world going to want most next?" "Maybe it is an unpuncturable tire." Mr. Marconi, who has become a victim of the motor craze, "No, I never tried to make an unpuncturable tire and would not in the least know how to begin. And even if I had something of the sort in mind I should not like to tell you about it, for I do not care to make revelations." HEAD ALL RIGHT. The honors showered upon him by the nations of the earth do not appear to have turned Marconi's head in the least. He is simple, direct and straightforward and gives one the impression that he is too much occupied with important matters to concern himself about trying to make an impression. Hard work, however, is beginning to tell on him and although he will be only 39 on the 24th of next April he looks near 55. His approaching marriage to the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien will probably bring about a considerable change in his work. Last year he traveled nearly 4,000 miles—mostly back and forth between England and America, but he can be expected to be a bit more stationary hereafter. Mr. Marconi is as little given to writing from his discoveries as he is to talking of them, and has repeatedly refused glittering offers from editors and publishers. He says writing is a slow and difficult business for him. An invitation from the Royal Society, however, is not to be overlooked and consequently the inventor has been devoting a good deal of his time of late to a paper containing his first com-

JAPANESE MANCHURIAN WAR MONEY.

The cut is an illustration of the readiness with which the Japanese authorities in Manchuria adapt themselves to any emergency. It is war money for use in Manchuria only and valued at a yen. One of the most notable and careful account of his work, which he is to read before some of the chief British scientists at the request of the Royal Society on March 3.



able features of these peculiarly makeshifts is the artistic feeling which is displayed in their designing. Something less attractive would doubtless answer the purpose, but the Japanese possess the true artistic temperament, and it is revealed in everything they do.

A MADAGASCAR TROOPER.

The picture depicts a member of what is probably the most unique military organization in the world. These mounted troopers are distinguished from all other cavalrymen in having oxen for steeds. The oxen who carry these well trained war cattle are mem-



bers of the most warlike tribe in the island. Previous to the organization of this oxen troop it was found impossible to use these savage warriors to any advantage. Now, however, they form one of the most effective bodies of military men in the world. The beasts are found to be extremely intelligent and are taught most of the evolutions belonging to the cavalry arm. In addition, they are trained to charge effectively with their long, sharp horns, and they are able to stampede a troop of horses in a remarkably short time.

FRANCE IS AFTER A SPIDER TAMER.

Big Fortune Awaits Any One Who Can Make the "Halabes" Work Better.

PRODUCE FINEST OF SILK.

But Are Damaging Government Business by Cannibalism and Slothfulness—Eat Their Own Lovers.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Feb. 9.—There is an uncommonly promising sort of a job in the service of the French government waiting for any one who happens to have just the right qualifications for filling it.

"Wanted"—such, put into words, is the desire of the French colonial office—"Wanted, a spider tamer and trainer for the silk spinning factory of Madagascar." On first reading, this might be taken to mean that an overseer was needed for certain recalcitrant natives, or perhaps an expert to run some queer piece of machinery. In reality, however, it means that the "spiders" to be tamed and trained are genuine insects, and that nothing less than a fortune is in store for whoever can succeed in disciplining them.

Anxious to learn everything about an occupation which might be the exact thing some of your readers are seeking, I made the fullest investigation, and learned from the French government that its silk spinning industry in Madagascar, begun with so much promise a few years ago, is actually languishing through the vagaries of the spiders from whom the silk is obtained. "Cursed with the worst of tempers and possessed of deplorable habits these 'hands' have so far defeated all efforts to bring them into line with modern labor regulations, and that is why a 'spider tamer' is so ardently sought. He should, according to accounts—be a man with a good knowledge of natural history and well up in the ways of the 'halabes,' or Madagascar spider, while having also some knowledge of silk work management and silk spinning. The Madagascar spider differs as much from the domesticated insect as chalk from cheese, and requires a firm hand over it. Let him who is prepared to undertake its education start at once for Madagascar, but before applying for the appointment of 'spider tamer in chief to the French government,' he ought to know as much as possible about the rebellious workers with whom he will have to deal, and the information which I specially obtained with this view in mind is, therefore, quitted at his service.

FEMALES EAT THEIR LOVERS.

In the first place, the spider of Madagascar is very much larger than those we are accustomed to see fighting a daily round with the housewife's broom, the female being (as is often the case in the insect kingdom) the finer of the two and distinctly the "better man." She possesses a most uncertain temper, and her husband, poor hen-pecked creature, has a sorry time of it. Even when that period arrives in a lady spider's life when her young must settle to see her in the evening pretty frequently, she is as likely as not, if a little annoyed, to pounce on him and devour him before the poor fellow even knows where he is at; and even should love's young dream rain smoothly till the spider knot be tied, he is pretty sure (unless he prefers suicide) to furnish in his own form a col-

POPE REBUKES THE CZAR.



Cardinal Guiseppe Sarato, Patriarch of Venice. Pope Pius XI is the only one of the great heads of Europe who has dared to openly criticize the czar for the internal conditions of Russia. Pius XI is one of the most progressive of the popes. He is said to be an automobile enthusiast and thoroughly in favor of everything of a progressive nature.

TO BE KAISER'S GUEST.



Rev. JOHN HENSCHMANN. The Rev. John J. Henschmann, D. D., pastor of St. Peter's Evangelical German Church, Brooklyn, has been invited by Emperor William to take part February 27th in the dedication in Berlin of the Lutheran Cathedral. Dr. Henschmann has sailed for Europe. He is president of the Lutheran Synod in New York, and goes to the cathedral dedication as the representative of the Lutheran denomination. He will be the guest of the emperor.