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PART TWO. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

FRENCHMEN STILL SWEAR BY BLANC

His Luck Such That His Countrymen Think He Will Yet Win The Derby.

HAS FAILED TWICE TO DO SO.

With an Annual Income of \$2,000,000, He Devotes His Whole Time to Breeding and Racing Horses.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, July 5.—Though Edmond Blanc failed in his second attempt to win the Derby, Frenchmen are confident that he will yet succeed in capturing the Blue Ribband of the turf, and avenging Trafalgar, as the French owner of Gladiateur, by his defeat of the English champion.



EDMOND BLANC.

ajax and his rider.

The famous colt with which Edmond Blanc recently won the grand prix for the second time. This is the first year that this son of the famous Flying Fox has run, and he has already netted his owner \$125,000.

mous victory in 1865, wiped out the bitter memory of Waterloo. For Blanc has the reputation of accomplishing whatever he undertakes, especially on the turf, and he has set his heart on adding this Derby to his long list of victories. His recent success in winning the Ajax the Grand Prix, for the seventh time, has convinced his admirers that his star is still in the ascendant. So phenomenal is his good fortune, considered that here the man in the street swears "by the luck of Blanc himself." Last year his winnings on the French turf, in stakes alone, amounted to \$240,000, a sum never before equaled by a continental owner of race horses, and how much more he made through bets on his own horses. This year promises to be still more fortunate for him on the turf, for in stakes he has already pocketed \$200,000.

THEORY WON'T DO.

No theory of luck, however, will account for a title of Blanc's successes on the racetrack. It is enormous wealth, allied to brains and energy, that has allowed him so far ahead of all his turf competitors. He sticks at no money when he has made up his mind to secure a crack steed, and his judgment of horseflesh is marvelous. Even as a schoolboy a stable contained far greater attractions for him than a candyshop. It was a genuine passion that caused him to name his earliest mount First Love. He has owned a legion of colts since then, for the possessions what is reputed to be the largest breeding establishment for thoroughbred horses in the world, but every warm place in his affections. He personally supervises everything connected with the management of his magnificent stud farm and training quarters. Summer mornings find him up at 4 o'clock, and until late in the evening he bustles himself with the details of his vast establishment. It is a labor of love with him, but it is hard labor, nevertheless. He plays the racing game to win, and adopts the same methods that command success in any commercial pursuit. Though Frenchmen swear by him, he is far from being a typical Frenchman. Nothing disturbs his sangfroid. Winning or losing, he never displays any emotion. His temperament is Anglo-Saxon rather than Gallic.

A MIGHTY INCOME.

Blanc is popularly credited with an income of \$2,000,000 a year, and the probability is that it is over, rather than under, that figure. The story of the origin of his millions is a familiar one here, but it may be less generally known at home. M. Blanc's father, Francis Blanc, was the actual founder of Monte Carlo as it now exists. Blanc purchased the Monaco concession, which, up to that time had been badly managed, for what was then thought to be an excessive price—\$350,000. In his hands it proved an inexhaustible bonanza. "Red losses and black losses," he said in that celebrated pun of his, "but Blanc (white) always wins!" And, thanks to the percentage in favor of the bank, Blanc kept on winning to such an extent that when he died, about 25 years ago, was the clear conscience of a man who had always played a square game, he left \$50,000,000 to be divided between his two sons, Edmond and Camille.

"MONTE CARLO KING."

Edmond Blanc, though he is sometimes called the "Monte Carlo King" has never taken an active part in the management of the Casino. As one of the largest stockholders in the syndicate which now controls it, he is content to pocket his share of the bank's winnings and devote all his time to his one hobby—horse breeding. The great fortune he had inherited from his shrewd, money-making father was accompanied by a still rarer endowment—the ability to take care of it. The harpies who had expected to find him an easy prey could make nothing of him. As soon as Blanc became of age he got together a racing stable, displaying rare judgment in his selections, and purchased the Cote St. Cloud stud farm on the heights of Surserre, near Paris. His requirements soon outgrew this, and he began buying property on all sides. The most notable accession to his domain was made by the purchase from the ex-Empress Eugenie of the immense park of La Cote St. Cloud. It contained a chateau in which royalty had been content to sojourn, and here M. Blanc made his home for some years. But as time went on and cash came pouring in from Monte Carlo and elsewhere, fancy suggested a more stately pile on a scale somewhat commensurate with his wealth. He went about the selection of a site in characteristic fashion. A grand view being the dominating idea, he had a

EDMOND BLANC'S PARIS RESIDENCE In the Avenue des Champs Elysees.

THE KING COINS MANY NICKNAMES

And Experience Has Proved That His "Dub" Titles Usually Stick Hard.

PARK LANE, "KAFFIR CIRCUS."

Society Seeks to Emulate His Example And is Confering Numberless Queer Soubriquets.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 6.—Nicknames are many in smart London society and generally, to the disgust of the victims, they are so appropriate and clever that they stick for a life-time. The latest object of the society's cynicism is Admiral Sir John Fisher, who has just been appointed first lord of the admiralty. Before that Admiral Fisher had the command at Portsmouth, the most important naval station in Great Britain. Here, by inviting the king to visit this and the other display, and the Prince of Wales to go aboard this or the other vessel of warfare, and by otherwise keeping himself prominently before royalty, he not only obtained promotion, but has earned for himself the soubriquet of "The King Fisher."

But the king himself is often the author of the nicknames that are attached to different members of society. From his royal master, Lord Lansdowne got the title of "The Ancestor," for the king declares he looks exactly like an old portrait in the high collar and stock which he always wears around his throat. Park Lane, the home of the millionaires, has been dubbed by the king the "Kaffir Circus," because all the South African magnates of the Kaffir market have congregated there. For some unexplained reason, three stone statues were set on top of the wonderful house, which the ill-fated Barney Barnato built for himself in Park Lane, and which is now inhabited by Sir Edward Sassoon. These the king called "petrified shareholders." When Sir Edward Sassoon bought the house, the first thing he did was to remove these statues and send them to Preston park at Brighton, a town with which the Sassoons have always been largely connected. Mr. Henry Labouchere, M. P., once wittily described Brighton as a long sea-front with a Sassoon at each end and the metropole in the middle.

"BOOTS" ALSO STICKS.

So unkind are many of the nicknames that once established they are difficult to erase from the memory. The pet name for Sir Francis Jeune, the president of the divorce court, is "Boots," for his family and friends declare that he looks like a pair of boots when he comes into view long before himself is seen. Still more trying is the soubriquet of a woman who has been all her life struggling to ascend the social ladder. She is called "The Boots," because she has succeeded until last year she reached almost the height of her ambitions by marrying her daughter to an earl. And not when the gates of the social stronghold are thrown open wide to her, all the world talks of her by the comical nickname that too plainly indicates her original position. For Mrs. Edward Darrell, whose daughter is the Countess of Kinnoull, was in the days of her youth a columbia in a provincial pantomime when she met one of the Broadwoods of piano fame and married him. When he died he left her a lot of money and she later married a member of the good old Darrell family, one of whose ancestors known as "Wild" Darrell figured so largely in all the doings of the "Hell Fire" club about the end of the eighteenth century. Since Miss Darrell became Countess of Kinnoull last year, society that went timidly to greet Mrs. Darrell as a hostess, has now returned to return her invitations all the time talking about her as "Hoop-la" or the "Semi-grand!"

MUST GO THE PACE.

The up-to-date engagement in society is a very rapid affair and if there is any truth in the saying "Happy's the woodcock that's not long doing," the happiness of the son of Lord Garvagh and the daughter of Mr. Carl Rubie ought to be thoroughly assured for within an hour of the meeting of this young couple their marriage engagement was announced. There had been no thought of such an alliance beforehand, or at least it had not been discussed until the meeting took place, but the young couple took matters into their own hands and made almost without a moment's hesitation the compact which is to embrace the length of their lives. Mr. Carl Rubie is a partner in the Weinmann, Birm. South African firm, and it is said that he is so delighted with his daughter's engagement before first submitting the "skeleton" to his mother. She and her husband—Cornwallis West—are hardly ever seen at functions together, and gossip is busy with innuendoes that matters domestically are not running smoothly between them. At all events her friends say that all her spare time is devoted to her son. She was very angry when lately an American paper expressed astonishment at the report that Winston was engaged to the daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Of course, there was no truth in the report, and it was pretty well known that the announcement of Lady Marjorie's engagement to Capt. Sinclair of the Guards would be published almost immediately. Lady Randolph's opinion was expressed in a few words. "When Capt. Sinclair," she said, "is an obscure retired officer on half pay, Winston Churchill will be making a name for himself in the world of politics and literature." So angry is she at the hostility shown to her son by the members of the Conservative party that she has advised him to refuse the small allowance he had been receiving from his cousin, the Duke of Marlborough—or perhaps it might be more correct to say from the Duchess. It is pretty well known in the house of commons that there are many wealthy men on the Liberal side who would be glad to welcome Winston Churchill as a son-in-law.

He never makes an important speech before first submitting the "skeleton" to his mother. She and her husband—Cornwallis West—are hardly ever seen at functions together, and gossip is busy with innuendoes that matters domestically are not running smoothly between them. At all events her friends say that all her spare time is devoted to her son. She was very angry when lately an American paper expressed astonishment at the report that Winston was engaged to the daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Of course, there was no truth in the report, and it was pretty well known that the announcement of Lady Marjorie's engagement to Capt. Sinclair of the Guards would be published almost immediately. Lady Randolph's opinion was expressed in a few words. "When Capt. Sinclair," she said, "is an obscure retired officer on half pay, Winston Churchill will be making a name for himself in the world of politics and literature." So angry is she at the hostility shown to her son by the members of the Conservative party that she has advised him to refuse the small allowance he had been receiving from his cousin, the Duke of Marlborough—or perhaps it might be more correct to say from the Duchess. It is pretty well known in the house of commons that there are many wealthy men on the Liberal side who would be glad to welcome Winston Churchill as a son-in-law.

WEALTHY BUT NEW.

The Rubies on the other hand are extremely wealthy, though they have not long been social stars in London. About two years ago they bought the Sassoon house, No. 1, Belgrave Square, a mansion which was so very large that it was divided and made into two residences by the addition of another entrance and some extra rooms. Mrs. Rubie displayed her benevolence by lending her rooms for charity concerts and other beneficent purposes. Mrs. Rubie made many friends and this season it was felt that she was entitled to a larger social sphere. With that object in view Colonel Barrington Foote has helped her to send out in "The Rubies" for a large ball. Those in society who have met Mrs. Rubie like her and declare that her daughter, who will be the future Lady Garvagh, is a very nice girl.

ENGLAND'S WEST POINT.

There is much uneasiness in the aristocratic country households whose sons are going up to London for the bi-annual examination that will admit them to the training at Sandhurst. The English "West Point." Especially where a son has "expectations" is his every movement being watched, for the lot of young Jones-Lloyd, heir to the Wantage millions, is before us as an awful example. At the last examination for Sandhurst, which was held at Burlington House, London, this young hopeful, who age was between the examinations stipulated limits, the boy's supporters gave no hint of any unusual intentions until one morning, while the examinations were on, he said, quietly, "I must be off a little earlier this morning, mother, as I am going to be married." His mother laughed at what she thought was a jest. "I am, mother, really," the lad declared. "You silly better tell that to your father, you shilly boy!" was all that was said in reply, while the mother, busy with other affairs, entirely forgot the whole subject. Later on, in the day, however, to their overwhelming horror, Mr. and Mrs. Jones-Lloyd found that the boy's supporters had been attached, had become grim earnest. Their son, whose father is heir presumptive, though not heir apparent, to the Wantage millions, married a woman many years his senior, who held an important position in the third row of a ballet. Such a mesalliance was a cruel blow to the parents, whose pride in their growing son had been shattered. Everything possible was done to hush up the affair.

CROWDED BY "CRAMMERS."

To pass these examinations for Sandhurst most of the lads are sent to London to cram their brains with the stuff they will be asked to repeat. The lads, being freed from their mothers' apronstrings or their school-masters' eagle eyes, they spend their hours of leisure at the music halls and become an easy prey to the growing tendency of the youth to learn the exact words of the youths' expectations.

Mr. Jones-Lloyd's family is now writhing under the difficulties in which the son's folly has placed them. Jones-Lloyd, who is not now a rich man, has offered to allow his son \$5,000 a year if he will only remove his wife from the ballet and keep her somewhere in the seclusion of the country. The young man seems such an income. "What's the good of that to me?" he declares, "why I can do better with the moneylenders." And from these voracious gentry the youth, it is said, is borrowing right and left.

MOTHER AND SON.

Since Winston Churchill took up a rebellious attitude towards the political party with which his name has been identified, Lady Randolph's attachment for her enterprising boy has conspicuously increased. She is now his constant companion at all his meetings and lectures throughout the country.

FETE DEvised BY BELGIAN MAIDENS

Town Finds Itself Famous—Novel Feast Where Spinsters Revel.

SCHEME TO GET HUSBANDS.

Adventures of a Correspondent Who Found Herself at a Table With Matrimonial Candidates.

Special Correspondence.

RUSSELS, July 5.—When last year the 60 marriageable young girls of Ecaussines-Lalain in Belgium Halbaud came to the sorrowful conclusion that their small village could not provide enough husbands to go around and issued their now famous invitation to the young men of foreign parts (the expression in local parlance, including the lads from the village over the hill as well as those from strange countries) to a "gouter" that they might make acquaintance with a possible view to matrimony, they as little realized that their idea would become world celebrated as did I that I should ever be associated with it.

But fate, and the unstable appetite of the editor for anything novel, obliged me to steam away from Brussels by an early morning train a few days ago en route for that delectable spot where, the anniversary of the first successful venture having come round, the experiment was to be repeated, husbands being expected on that day to drop ripe and ready for the Hymeneal altar into the awaiting arms of the spinsters of Ecaussines.

An hour's journey through one of the most charmingly picturesque parts of Belgium, reminiscent in its rolling pastures of parts of England, brought me to the goal, where the station was faced by a little cemetery so full of grand monuments that it spoke volumes for the quarries of Ecaussines proper (not to be confounded with Ecaussines-Lalain or Ecaussines-Engelien, the three sisters being keen rivals, whose stage is exported to France and America). Here the natives get it so cheap that in the case of an extravagant wife, as a weary-looking man confided, "the monument was real economy."

Ecaussines d'Engelien, which is first reached, is on the spur of a narrow railway, whose opposite bank is crowned with Ecaussines-Lalain, the two being divided by a streamlet which might be a river of blood so effectively does it separate them. Hence, Ecaussines d'Engelien, professed to be entirely ignorant of the day's festival in its sister village, even though sundry flower arches spanned its roads. The proprietor of a small draper's shop, with a fine air of indifference, said he had read something about it in the papers but really knew nothing definite, nor could he give me the address of the editor of a local paper, of whom I was seeking information. Though the sister village lay at her very feet, the rivalry has been made more bitter than ever since Ecaussines-Lalain has hit upon an idea which has brought many matrimonial prizes and much trade, and has become famous not only in the general idea, but as having actually succeeded in originating a delightful country custom at a time when such are fast disappearing.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

On reaching Ecaussines-Lalain I found that the "gouter" to which the

HEMP MANUFACTURERS OF JAPAN.

Among the industries of Japan which are receiving special attention is the manufacture of hemp. According to a writer in Social Service for June, last year fishing nets to the value of \$30,000 were sent to Alaska, and a commission was also sent to Canada to investigate and report on the prospect of extending the market for nets in that country. There are four hemp-spinning companies in Japan, besides which spinning is carried on as a household industry in the northern provinces, and these sources fully supply the domestic demand for all grades except bleached hemp yarn, which Japanese manufacturers have not the means of producing. The yarn is manufactured into a variety of materials besides nets. It is raised freely in Japan, but the importation of flax, hemp, jute and China grass amounts to almost 10,000 tons.

MONTREAL'S CATHEDRAL.

The great landmark in Montreal is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which, next to the famous cathedral in the city of Mexico, is the largest church building in America and has a seating capacity of 12,000.

LONDON SHOPS.

It is said that there are between 24,000 and 25,000 shops open on Sunday in London.

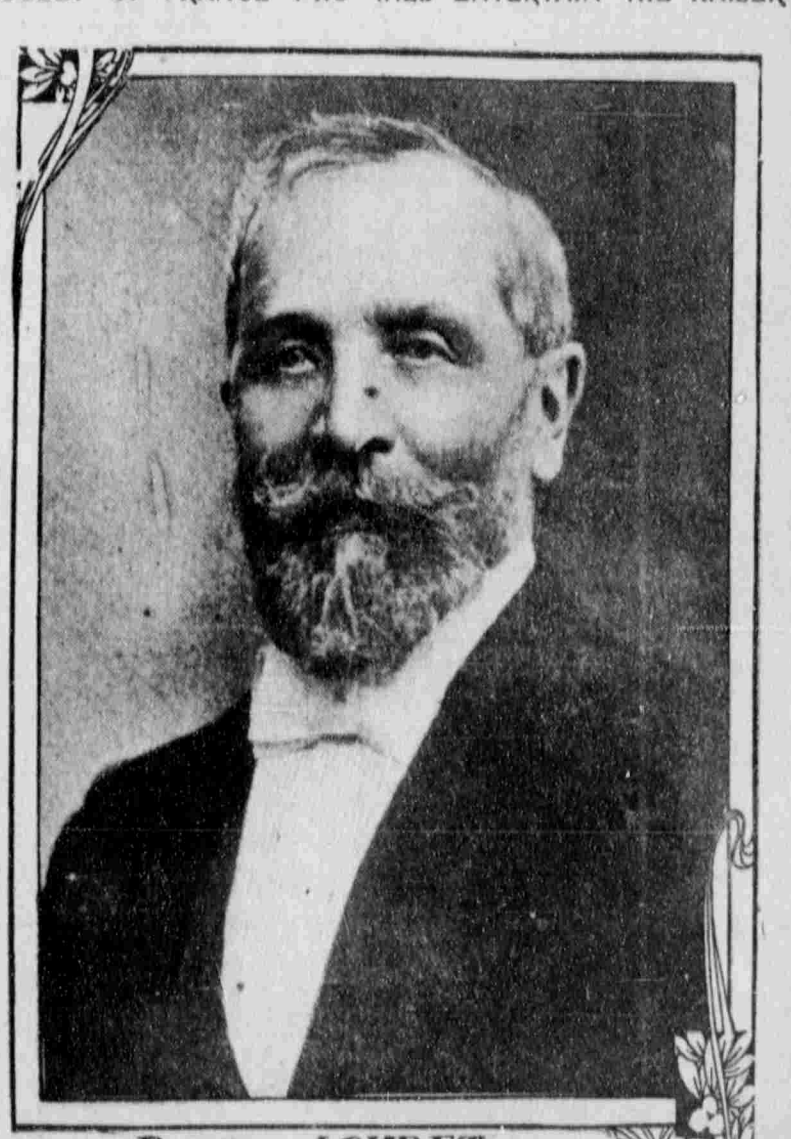
PEASANT HOMES IN EUROPE.

In many peasant homes in Europe house and stable are one. Sometimes the family lives upstairs, but often it is on the same floor with the cattle or even in the same room.

DIRTY STAGE MIRROR.

Whenever a looking-glass appears in a scene in a play above a fireplace, in a sideboard or a cabinet, one is almost sure to hear somebody ask his neighbor why the glass has been smeared with whitening or soap, or something that dulls its surface completely. All sorts of reasons are hazarded or suggested. Sometimes it is stated that it is done for luck, or other that they did not intend to leave it dirty. The real explanation is, however, a simple one. The glass is directed to prevent the illusion of the scene being destroyed, as it certainly would be if the audience saw in it the reflection of themselves, or worse still, the reflection of the people in the wings carrying on the business of the stage. (Chicago Tribune.)

LOUBET OF FRANCE WHO WILL ENTERTAIN THE KAISER



President LOUBET.

Emperor William is shortly to make a trip to England and on his way will be the guest of President Loubet of France. Germany and France, despite ancient jealousies, are said to have a close "diplomatic" agreement.

Mrs. Siegel Only Gets Queen's Autograph.

Other Fair Americans at Swaggar London Bazar Tried for Alexandra's Signature. But the New York Woman Alone Was Successful—Trick Was Done Through The Influence of the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Arthur Paget.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, July 15.—When she was Princess of Wales, Queen Alexandra was comparatively free with her autograph. As first lady in the land, however, she has abandoned this liberality, and it now requires much influence to get her to sign her name. In this direction Queen Alexandra is following in the footsteps of Queen Victoria, who during the last twenty-five years of her life signed autograph books only about half a dozen times.

At the recent Victoria hospital bazaar, quite a number of the American women present were anxious to obtain the queen's autograph, but Mrs. Henry Siegel turned out to be the only fortunate one. Her application was supported by three of the queen's most intimate friends, namely, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Arthur Paget. Much astonishment is expressed at the success of Mrs. Siegel, considering that she is but a new comer on the scene of English fashionable society. Mrs. Frank Mackey, who is

also shining in society now, was in the running for an autograph, too, but her backing was not strong enough, although she had the support of the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and Mrs. Willie James, the latter of whom is one of the queen's particular cronies. It is pretty certain that Mrs. Siegel will enjoy the distinction of being the only American lady who will carry her majesty's autograph back to the United States this season. Apropos of her majesty's autograph, she insists upon writing it diagonally across the page. This is to preclude the possibility of any other name appearing on that particular page. Queen Victoria adopted the same method during her later years.