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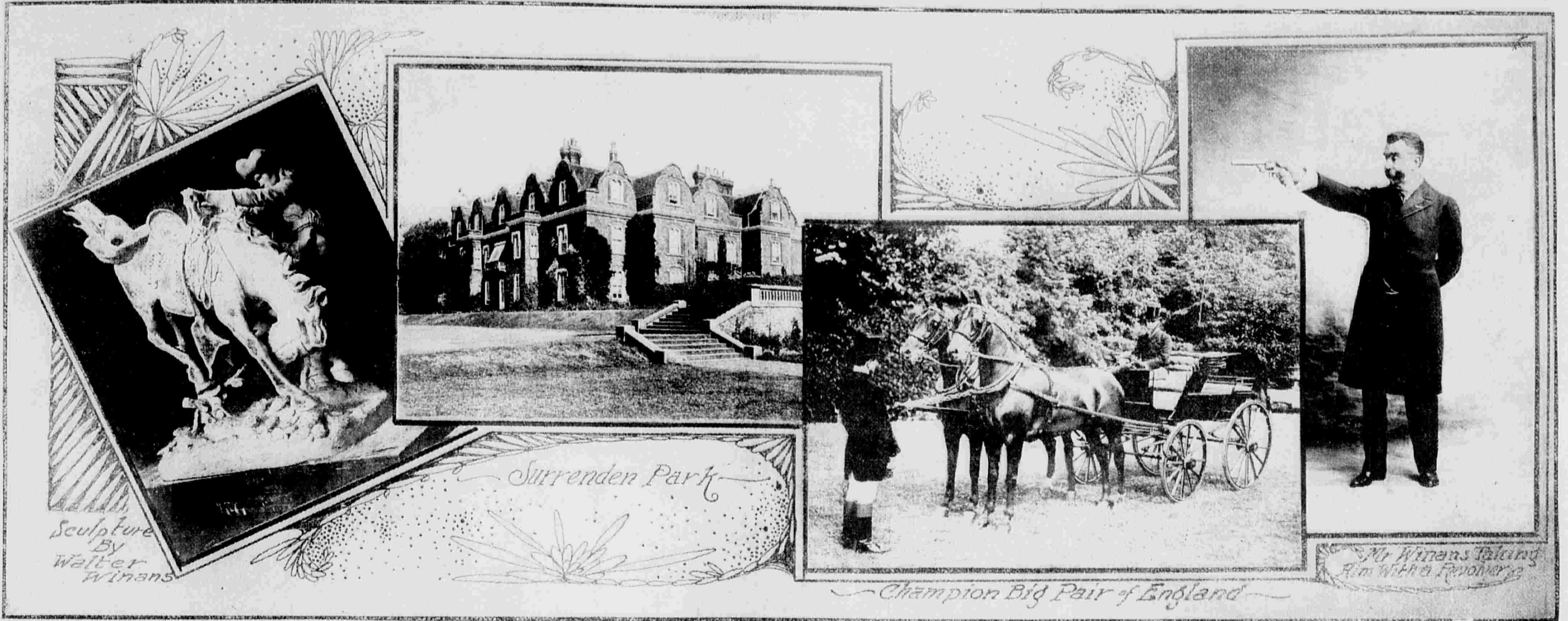
SATURDAY JUNE 1 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

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

PART TWO

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

Saturday News Special Service From Lands Across the Sea



AMERICAN GIRL MAY WED A PEER

Scotch Lord's Attention to Miss Gladys Grace Leads Society to Anticipate Engagement.

LORD LOVAT SEEKS A BRIDE.

He Has 180,000 Acres, a Fine Old Castle and Can Afford the Luxury of Marrying for Love.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 22.—Society is anticipating an announcement in the near future which will mean that another American girl is to become a British peeress. That expectation is based on the marked attention which Lord Lovat has been paying recently to Miss Gladys Grace, daughter of Michael P. Grace, erstwhile of New York, but now of Battle Abbey, Sussex. In several other noblewomen who have not yet taken themselves life partners, it might mean nothing more than a passing fancy, but Lord Lovat is not one of the butterfly sort. Mayfair drawing-rooms and swaggy social functions possess few attractions for him. So little is he of a lady's man that although only 37 or thereabouts, many despairing British matrons with marriageable daughters have reluctantly come to the conclusion that he is a confirmed bachelor. Reluctantly, because he is one of the most distinctly eligible parties in society. He owns 180,000 acres in Scotland. His chief country seat is Beaumont castle, a stately old pile situated amidst the finest scenery in picturesque Inverness. He can afford to marry for money. He can afford the luxury of wedding for love! It would therefore be a genuine triumph for American beauty and not umph for American dollars—though they are not lacking by any means—should he make Miss Gladys Grace the chateau of Beaumont. He is one of those quiet unassuming fellows who, when the opportunity occurs, astonish people by showing they have a lot more in them than their best friends had suspected. The South African war gave him his opportunity and Lovat's scouts was the result.

THE THREE GRACES.

One of Miss Grace's sisters, Elena, has been a peeress several years, having married Lord Donoughmore. Another married a wealthy man without a title—Hubert Beaumont. The three sisters are all remarkably pretty women. They were dubbed the "Three Graces" on their advent in English society. Gladys Grace is one of the best dancers in England. Highland reels and flings and strathspeys she trips to perfection and it is said it was these accomplishments, displayed at a Scotch ball, that first led Lord Lovat to suspect that Venus might be worth pursuing, as well as Mars.

WILL NOT VISIT AMERICA.

There never was the slightest truth in the statements made in several newspapers here and doubtless cabled to America that the Duchess of Marlborough intended to pay a long visit to America. Of one thing you may be assured the duchess will never be far from the particular spot at which the duke happens to be residing. She has now taken an apartment house at Rottenburg, which is a few miles from Brighton and like it, is the happy hunting-ground of thieves. Rudyard Kipling used to live there and so did the late Barne Jones and several other artistic and literary celebrities in the days before the "vulgar herd"

had begun to swarm to it. It is the breeding air of the place which attracts the Duchess of Marlborough, this being necessary for her second son, Lord Ivor Churchill who has never been strong since his attack of measles last winter. Her grace, as everyone knows is a most devoted mother, and she is greatly distressed about the little boy. Since his illness, he sleeps in her own room and at other times is seldom absent from her side. Everyone is sorry that she should have this fresh trouble added to her already large portion.

FORTUNE HUNTERS INTERESTED.

Nellie Post, Lady Barrymore's daughter by her first and American husband, is spending the season with her aunt, Mrs. Adair, who is devoted to her. Mrs. Adair is, as everybody knows, enormously rich. A rumor has got around that she has added a cottage to her will by which Miss Post becomes an heiress worth taking into account. The report has aroused great interest among titled fortune-hunters. But her grace is one of those girls who does not need great wealth in order to make what is called a brilliant match, if she be that way inclined. She has beauty and brains and a nimble wit and is one of the most popular young women in society. Mrs. Adair's last operation for cataract has proved most successful. Her eyesight is now better than it has been for years and she is again able to play her part in the gay world.

SHE WILL GO THE PACE.

I hear from a friend of Mrs. Endicott (Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain's mother) that the venerable lady does not think of missing the London season. For years she has come over here in the summer and notwithstanding the fact that her daughter will not be seen in town at all this year, she means to make London her headquarters and will go the pace until the middle of July. Although Mrs. Endicott looks her age, she is amazingly young in feeling and for this reason is far more interesting to talk to than many women who are only half her age. She has always a fund of good stories. When the king meets her, she invariably asks if she has not another good tale to relate. She is by far better informed and more up-to-date in most ways than her daughter, who, of course, has just emerged from her seclusion. This year, she has practically given up everything for the aged politician whose right hand she is. Mrs. Chamberlain, from whom great things were expected at one time, has emerged herself completely in the personality of "Joe" and cares nothing for anything in which he is not interested or concerned.

AMERICANS AT THE OPERA.

Americans will be conspicuous among the patrons of grand opera at Covent Garden during the season. The American ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burns have secured boxes for every night. Lily Duchess of Marlborough, Madame von Andre, Mrs. Newhouse, Lady Pigot, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Adair, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Parkinson Sharp, Lady Leigh and Mrs. Almeric Paget have taken boxes for three nights a week. As a social function the opera promises to be quite as attractive this year as in past seasons, despite the reports which were current that swell folk who don't really care for it, instead of taking their seats in the boxes, and staying away. But they will be before fashion's frown and yield.

REQUIREMENTS FOR SUCCESS.

Commenting on the changes that have taken place in society in the last 10 years, my friend, Lady Troubridge, writes: "To be really successful nowadays a debutante must have many other qualifications besides beauty, and an aptitude for small talk and graceful dancing. She must love the open air, she must be gay, fearless and bright, fond of a rousing spin in a motor, addicted to golf, also, if possible, a good rider to horses. She must also be able to take an intelligent interest in the topics of the day; and furthermore, she must have a serious side to her character."

"For the days of what I may call 'mashiness' are over. Emancipation has its drawbacks as well as its advantages, and although the debutante knows nothing yet of women's suffrage and women's rights, yet the change of ideas has penetrated even to her exclusive circles. She somehow feels that if much is given to her something also is required. If she is to take her place among people who count she must be more than a butterfly, she must be a real woman. Even in a London season such lessons as these can be learned. Here, as elsewhere, it is a case of the survival of the fittest."

Not always, I venture to suggest, Mammon worship still hampers the lot of the survival of the fittest. The "millionaire" can still come on making what is called a brilliant match and being made much of as long as she spends money lavishly.

LADY MARY.

Multi-Millionaire is Coming Home to Live.

Walter L. Winans, Who Claims American Citizenship, Though He Never Has Been in the United States, Authorizes the Exclusive Announcement Here That He Has Decided to Settle There for Good and All—Will Cross Atlantic for the First Time Next Year.

LONDON, May 18.—Next year an American multi-millionaire who never yet has been in America proposes to go there, and what is more, to settle down in the United States for the rest of his natural life. Such is the uncommonly interesting announcement which I am able to make on the authority of the man of millions himself, Walter L. Winans, who is going to compete with two other American millionaires next month for the honors of the international horse show in London.

Mr. Winans, whose "barrel" is so big that it would be futile to guess at the extent of it, and whose accomplishments probably are more varied than those of any other millionaire living, tells me that he has made up his mind definitely to end the "expatriation" which has lasted ever since his birth. In less than a twelvemonth he will move across the Atlantic and build a house in Baltimore, where he owns a lot of property and where the foundations of the family fortune were laid by Ross Winans, who built the Baltimore & Ohio railway.

Mr. Winans is 53 years old. For 35 years England has been his home, or at least his headquarters, and it will be a big change to leave the land where millionaires can enjoy life as they please, without being jumped on for the country where criticism and denunciation of millionaires is a sort of national pastime. Many of his ilk, by the way, find the problem of what to do with their millions a perplexing one, but Mr. Winans has solved this problem to his own complete satisfaction at any rate. He has devoted himself to trying to get all the enjoyment possible out of his great wealth, and he has very largely succeeded.

"I don't see why a man who starts in life with all the money he can possibly have any use for should devote the best years of his life to piling up more," he said to me. "Do you?"

HAS ALL HE WANTS.

I acknowledged that I didn't. And as I faintly contrasted Mr. Winans with several stay-at-home American millionaires whom I have met who have gone in for the "piling up" game—John D. Rockefeller, for instance, to mention only one—the comparison was all in Mr. Winans's favor. He is alert and vigorous, sound in wind and limb, eats well and sleeps well, doesn't know what nerves are, and has none of that feverish hurry-up-and-get-through-with-it air characteristic of the man who measures time by dollars. Yes, if happiness be "four being's end and aim," then I should say that Walter L. Winans must be accounted a shining success.

He has won far more fame, too, than he would have acquired by the process of doubling his pile. A mighty hunter, the winner as well as the donor of innumerable Biscay cups, the best pistol shot in Europe if not in the world, the greatest literary authority on shooting, a thorough sportsman, a sculptor and painter of no mean ability, exhibiting at the Royal Academy, the French salon and elsewhere, and not least, the owner and breeder of the finest lot of trotting horses, hackneys and show horses in England, Mr. Winans has a claim to renown he does not covet. It is doubtful if in the hustling atmosphere of America he could have had such an undisturbed good time of it, but in spite of all temptations he has always remained an American. I asked him why.

IT IS IN HIS BLOOD.

"Oh, just because I have always felt that way," he replied. "It is in my blood. I suppose I always have expected some day or other to make my home in America. In my travels in Europe I always have stood on my American citizenship. It has helped

me, too. Whenever may be the reason Americans certainly are more popular on the continent than English folk. By the way, I have been told that I have a bit of American accent. Do you think so?"

I couldn't detect it. But if Mr. Winans lacks the much abused American accent which he seems to regard as something to be desired, he has the cordial, unaffected, American manner which puts the stranger in his presence instantly at ease. He is free from that air of haughty frigidity which characterizes the typical Englishman of wealth and leisure in dealing with such humble folk as American newspaper correspondents. He doesn't make you feel you have to thank him to get at him.

BUILT RUSSIAN RAILROADS.

He was born in St. Petersburg. His father, William Louis Winans, and his uncle, Thomas Winans, rich railway contractors from Baltimore, made a huge fortune building railways for the Russian government. The story goes that the Russian engineers angered the czar by their confused plans for a railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow. At last, taking a straight line between the two cities and said that was the line the railway would have to follow. The route thus arbitrarily chosen involved such enormous physical difficulties that no one could be found to undertake the task until the Winans brothers appeared on the scene and offered to take the contract for the railway at a fixed price.

"Give it to me," the audacious American, said the czar, at the same time stipulating for heavy penalties if they failed to complete the work in a specified time. But they didn't fail, and they cleared nobody knows how many million dollars between them before they left Russia. Both brothers had a nervous dread of the sea. Winans, Sr. died in London in 1877. His widow survived him until 1905. Both his parents were delicate. Mr. Winans told me that it was due to their wish that he should come to America. He had his own sense of filial duty, that he did not take up his residence in America long years ago.

SURRENDER PARK.

The attraction of the land he never has seen must be strong indeed to induce him to give up Surrender Park, the beautiful country seat which has been his home for many years. Situated near the quaint old village of Pluckley, in Kent—the garden of England, as it is not unjustly called in the guide books—it is one of those places which require centuries for the making and no amount of money can create or buy. In the New World, here the gallant family of the Derings made their home, the stately old manor house, the park, the deer park and mile-long avenue of beeches. It still belongs to descendants of that "very brave knight" who fought at Tewkesbury, and who, as well as his own sense of filial duty, that he did not take up his residence in America long years ago.

Probably breaking records is Mr. Winans' greatest hobby. He has shot more stags than any man living. One thousand have fallen to his rifle and about half as many birds in Scotland. If that sounds like slaughter it should be remembered that he has been at it for many years. And if any man thinks deer stalking is an easy game he never has tried it. It isn't in the same category with that favorite sport of aristocratic Englishmen—pleasant battles—in which the birds are driven on the guns by game keepers and beaters, and each shooter has one or two attendants to lead his weapons for him. The deer forests which he rented from 1873 to 1885—twice of them altogether—extended right across Scotland, through Inverness.

GREAT DEER FANCIER.

One of Mr. Winans' ambitions is to bring down a deer of every known species. He has accounted for at least a hundred of every species that Europe furnishes. He has shot deer also in Siberia, Manchuria and Japan. And the hunting of new varieties is one of the delights he looks forward to in America. But his favorite sport is wild horse shooting. He had just returned from an expedition in pursuit of that game when I met him.

"That is the sport," he said, "to test

one's nerves and try one's skill. The prize winners at the shooting competitions at Biscay would not stand much chance, as a rule, at that kind of shooting. There is no lying down to take a pot shot at a long distance. You must fire at your mark with the glance of an eye, one shot as you catch sight of him, and another, if that doesn't stop him, as he makes for your legs with his murderous tusks. It is apt to go hard with you if you fail to kill him."

REVOLVER CHAMPION.

But it is as a pistol shot that Mr. Winans' fame is world wide. For twelve years he has held the revolver championship of England. He has won no less than forty-one championship medals in England and on the continent and trophies enough to fill a big van. It is said that he has adopted for his armorial bearings a big gold-barreled revolver, with the motto, "Vive mitique directus," which has been freely translated, "Live straight and shoot straight." Doubtless it is to his remarkable eyesight that he owes much of his marvelous accuracy of aim, especially at moving targets. In this most difficult branch of the art he is unapproachable either with the revolver or the rifle. He has eyes which reveal things as they are in a flash, as the photographic camera does.

HE KNEW BETTER.

In his schoolboy days this gift used to get him into trouble with his art teacher, and still later with more competent critics, before instantaneous action had shown the true direction of his hand in walking, galloping and jumping. He depicted them in motion just as he saw them. He was told that his horse was all wrong, that it was impossible, for instance, that a horse should have one foot on the ground and the other three raised. But the camera has proved him to be right.

For many years he has kept a pack of dog hounds. One day when out for a run with some friends he came up with a fellow huntsman who had lost the trail of the hounds and was casting about for a hopeless man. He knew nothing of the pack to turn. The owner of the pack galloped to the right with a moment's hesitation, and the other followed him.

PIGEON RACING.

Another of his hobbies is pigeon racing. His best bird, now poisoned off, won a memorable race from Barcelona, in Spain to Spain in Belgium. Hawks constitute a serious obstacle in these pigeon races. They often chase the birds, if they don't succeed in catching and killing them, frighten them and drive them off the course. This only method now employed of coping with this trouble is a rather cruel one. It is to release with the racing pigeons a number of ordinary white pigeons, whose conspicuous color attracts the hawks, and they are consequently the first objects of attack. Fish-hooks are attached to their backs, in which the hawk strikes them and gets tangled up, the result usually being death for both. Mr. Winans is now exercising his ingenuity by experimenting with an aluminum whistle attached to the back of a pigeon, the idea being that the noise made by the whistle when a racing pigeon is in flight will scare off the hawk.

CLEVER SCULPTOR.

It is not generally known that Mr. Winans is a clever sculptor as well as a great artist whose work for purposes that are most amateurish. It is due to these accomplishments that he never suffers from ennui, which is apt to afflict the millionaire whose only recreation is the "Coney Mountain" of a "Bucking Broncho." In bronze, he awarded a silver medal at the Paris exhibition of 1906. Buffalo Bill's show enticed him with the models for this piece. It is to be shown at the international exhibition in Dublin with other statues.

His two sons, aged 20 and 21 respectively, have won distinction in the polo field. They played in the Oxford team last year as No. 1 and No. 2 in the match against Cambridge with the result that Oxford, which had been previously beaten three years in succession, won.

E. Lisle Snell.

"But they don't take after me altogether," said Mr. Winans. "They want to go to work. Query, isn't it? I suppose that comes in them through my father, though he discovered that he had had enough of it before he was 16 and knocked off. However, I am glad they feel that way, and mightily pleased, too, that they want to go to work in America. That is one reason why I am going there."

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FRENCH SCHOLAR'S ECCENTRICITIES

Oriental Savant Who Loves His Work Better Than He Does His Wife.

DISREGARDS ALL OBLIGATIONS

Madame de Rosny Says Her Distinguished Husband is Unbearable and Is a Confirmed Crank.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, May 22.—Men of genius generally make bad husbands and too much learning is apt to beget indifference to family obligations. Of which the latest proof is furnished by M. Leon de Rosny, the venerable French savant and one of the most distinguished of living Oriental scholars. His wife finds him so hard to get along with that she has begun proceedings for a judicial separation, plus an allowance of \$100 a month. According to Madame de Rosny's story he is so absorbed in his studies that he cares for nothing else and arranges his life without the slightest regard to the convenience of the other members of his household. In consequence his nearest relations have been compelled to leave him alone in his flat in the Rue Mazurine, near the French academy, and to retire to a country estate belonging to him.

He goes to bed at sundown and rises between 12 and one in the morning. Then he works at home until eight o'clock, and then he goes to the lectures at the school of Oriental languages. He returns home at noon and again goes to bed for some hours. He is usually asleep when his wife wakes up. He is a confirmed bachelor, and he cares for nothing else and arranges his life without the slightest regard to the convenience of the other members of his household. In consequence his nearest relations have been compelled to leave him alone in his flat in the Rue Mazurine, near the French academy, and to retire to a country estate belonging to him.

So great is his horror of noise that he has bought an entire apartment house and moved into it. He is a confirmed bachelor, and he cares for nothing else and arranges his life without the slightest regard to the convenience of the other members of his household. In consequence his nearest relations have been compelled to leave him alone in his flat in the Rue Mazurine, near the French academy, and to retire to a country estate belonging to him.

Madame de Rosny complains further that he is allowing his property to go to rack and ruin. Therefore, she wants a commission appointed to look into that matter too, that steps may be taken to prevent his fortune being lost.

Was Joan of Arc's hair fair or dark? The perpetual and palpitating subject of discussion has come to the front once more in consequence of the quarrel between M. Clemenceau and the people of Orleans over the annual festival of the city. There is no summing up the evidence, which seems to be as follows: A number of writers have concluded that Joan's hair was as red as the hair of the Virgin Mary. A writer in the Figaro, however, derived from two sources—the testimony of a writer who was not born until after Joan's death, and the famous letter which she wrote to the king, attached to the wax seal of a document addressed by Joan to the town of Reims. Authorities, however, declare that the portrait of Joan with hair as red as the hair of the Virgin Mary was very rare, and that it had quite disappeared before the fifteenth century. On the other hand, a portrait exists in the museum of Orleans, which is represented with fair hair, and other paintings and writings of the little later date bear the same testimony, so that on the whole the balance of evidence goes to show that "la bonne Lorraine" had fair, not dark, tresses.