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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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PART TWO.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1906. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



MORGANATIC WIFE MAKES TROUBLE

Belgian King Has Established Her in Chateau Opposite His Country Home.

SHE LIVES IN MAGNIFICENCE.

Is in Strange Contrast to the Dignity of the Villa in Which He Has Installed the Princess.

Special Correspondence.

RUSSELS, Aug. 15.—Such a violent attack on the private life of King Leopold has just appeared in one of the Brussels newspapers that it is causing excitement throughout the country. The writer plainly accuses his ruler of using money wrung from the Congo, and the heavy taxation of his country peoples, to satisfy the caprices of his morganatic wife. It is feared that the king may be induced to recognize as his legal heir, if not successor, the baby boy to whom the lady has given birth, there being no law to prevent this.

BARONESS VAUGHAN.

The lady who now reigns supreme over the fancy of King Leopold is known by the title of Baroness Vaughan-Voght, as the Belgians call her. It will be remembered that her little son was born, to Leopold's intense delight, while she was at the Riviera last winter. She then lived in a pretty villa which ostensibly belonged to Dr. Thiriar, his majesty's physician, who had charge of the lady's health at the interesting moment. But the royal yacht was lying off the shore close by and the king was in constant and devoted attendance. He much amused himself with strangers who tried to get a peep into the villa, and loved to give confusing answers to such as occasionally asked for information, not knowing who he was.

IN BEAUTIFUL CHATEAU.

Now the baroness is installed in a beautiful chateau near Brussels, just over the road from the king's own palace at Laeken, to which access is had by a bridge that crosses from one estate to the other. This bridge which extends over the high road and above the tram lines is a light iron construction, always decorated with flowers, and flanked with two small domes. It has rather an air of a cage for that captive of Love, the old king, who crosses and re-crosses it. The chateau, which has been renamed the Villa Flora, is surrounded by a high wall, and a strict porter keeps the gate. It stands close to the church of the village of Heyssel, and just within the gates and near the stables is a small riding school, wherein the Baroness Vaughan has learned to ride, her royal lord being also her riding master. The house has three towers, and a verandah. There is a fine music room and a summer room of alabaster and marble, whence in warm days the baroness lies gazing over her pretty gardens. A curious fact about the drawingroom is that everywhere there are mirrors which reflect every turn of the person occupying it. This and a curious choice of furniture reveal a certain taste on the part of him who furnished the abode. The bedroom of the baroness is fitted with a beautiful carved oak bed in the Louis XV style, and hung with old gold brocade. Close by is the apartment of the baby "prince," and this is hung with pale blue, while everywhere are designs of flying birds for baby hands to stretch after.

FROM ROYAL PALACE.

All the linen, all the silver, all the appointments for the house come from

the royal palace and bear the royal mark. Quite a retinue of servants is kept, and a certain royal state is maintained. Indeed, the article which is so denunciatory of the king's private life, declares that the baroness aims at the throne, and asserts that every day fresh and is added to the lady's domain, peasant proprietors and others being absolutely forced out of their holdings.

GILDED EQUIPAGES.

Four automobiles and a handsome victoria with black and bay horses are in the stables of the baroness, and every day sees her in one or the other, with the king beside her, driving in the neighborhood of Laeken. There is no doubt that such open behavior is arousing criticism here. Naturally such a life puts a strong card in the hands of the Socialists, who make great use of it. They declare that the king is unfit to govern, that he is in his dotage, and in the hands of a rapacious and ambitious woman. Attention is drawn, too, by the king's detractors to the contrast between the splendid home provided for the king's favorite, with all its luxury and brightness, and the little villa close by, gloomy and badly furnished, which has been assigned to the Princess Clementine—the king's only remaining unmarried daughter. It is said that the princess insisted on a home of her own as the price of her giving up, to please her father, the idea of marrying Prince Louis Napoleon last year, finding life with her father impossible. Even in her own home Princess Clementine has not apparently found life too pleasant, with her father's favorite close by, and so has withdrawn for the summer to the villa at Spa where the late queen, her mother, died, and which her majesty bequeathed to Baron Goffinet who has lent it to the princess. There she will be happy among friends, for she will have a little court about her, while the inhabitants will love her for their troubles, and in memory of the queen, who did a great deal for the little town among the hills. King Leopold is absolutely indifferent to what he said of him, so the scathing newspaper article with its accusations is likely to pass unnoticed, unless the editor brought to book by some question in the house of representatives.

CAROLINE LACROIX.

The Baroness Vaughan's real name is Caroline Lacroix. She is just 28, rather over middle height, with a beautiful natural complexion and skin, and has quantities of chestnut hair. She is plump but graceful, her principal charm lying in her smile and expression, which has all the innocent candor of a child. Her eyes are clear, and modest looking. In character she

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Gay Young Sultan May Lose His Kingdom

When the Fast and Festive Johore Bids Adieu to Lights of London, the Indications Are That the British Crown Will Have Absorbed His Government and That He Will Get a Settlement of \$200,000 a Year Therefor.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—When the gay and festive young sultan of Johore makes up his mind to bid a temporary adieu to the delights of London and return to the land of his fathers he may find himself without a throne or a kingdom. The foreign office is gravely considering the advisability of annexing the little state to the British crown and giving his highness Ibrahim a solatium in the shape of a pension of \$200,000 a year.

The dusky monarch has never shown any great fondness for his domain and is much more partial to the modern Babylon than to his own primitive capital, where the opportunities for going the pace are acceptably more limited. Probably he would make a vigorous protest for form's sake, but there is little doubt that privately he would welcome an exchange which would relieve him of all the cares of state and provide him with a magnificent income.

WEDGED IN BETWEEN.

Wedged in between the British-protected federation of Malay states and the British-owned island of Singapore, Johore has long been overshadowed by British influence, but British political agents are tactful, and it is seldom that the sultans of Johore have been made to feel the steel links within the silken strands that bind them to the Indian empire. But it happens that the sultan derives the bulk of his revenue from the gambling and opium dens in his capital, and it is the scandal arising therefrom that now furnishes the British authorities with a plausible excuse for absorbing his little kingdom and adding another blotch of red to the British empire.

Johore is 10,000 square miles in extent and stretches right across the Malay peninsula from the Malacca straits to the south China sea. Its 200,000 or more common people are rather barbarous and adhere strictly to the simple life, but its nobility, headed by the sultan, are European ways and particularly European vices and regard themselves as highly civilized and up to date. The splendid Casino, where

gambling goes on from morning till night, is avowedly copied from the well known building on the Monaco rock by the blue Mediterranean. And honestly when one comes to compare Monte Carlo with Johore the advantage lies with the eastern paradise. The sea is bluer, the sun blazes brighter, the tufted palms rise to more graceful heights, and the royal rights of the Johore sultan are certainly wider than those of the Prince of Monaco.

AFTER A GAY TIME.

The sultan of Johore is 32 years old. He succeeded to the throne 11 years ago. He was educated by English tutors, and as the crown prince made a European tour. Then he was feted and made much of and formed the opinion that money could command a much better time in Europe than in Asia. Soon after he had been proclaimed sultan he came to England to take his initial fling. He was ambitious to get into society with a capital "S," and was willing to spend money lavishly for that purpose. But he soon discovered to his chagrin and amazement that as a more or less permanent resident, despite his wealth and rank, society took a very different view of him from that which it did as a touring prince.

England has often been called a paradise for colored folk. At restaurants and places of public entertainment they are treated just the same as white people. They can get whatever they can lay for. They must every-day sort of people on terms of social equality. They may even give themselves airs if they please. I have heard an ebony-hued negro holding forth in Hyde Park on the superiority of the black race over the white without incurring the slightest risk of getting his head broken. But in the upper circles there is no such spirit of toleration. Prejudice against what is termed the "tar brush" in these exalted spheres is deep, strong, Hindoo and Malay of whatever caste or shade of color are regarded as "niggers."

WHAT HAPPENED.

A good proof of this was furnished by the ball which the sultan of Johore gave to mark his debut into London society. He issued invitations to every one of importance from the king and queen downward. He meant it to be

the greatest social festivity of the year. There were less than 100 acceptances. These came mostly from diplomatic people who could not very well refuse, but the king and queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales as well as numerous other royalties found they had very important engagements elsewhere. So did society. Enraged at this state of affairs, his highness went forth and consulted his acquaintances in musical comedy circles and the variety stage and gave them carte blanche to bring all their friends and their friends' friends.

And they came in their hundreds. Nothing like it was ever before seen in the days of ancient Rome. Everything in and out of season was served at supper and hundreds of cases of champagne were consumed. After a comparatively short time the few diplomatic people who had arrived from the embassies took to their heels and fled, and after that all semblance of ceremony was abandoned.

HOW HE FELT.

Speaking of it afterward the sultan said, "British society is the cruellest institution going, and if I had the power I would like another mutiny to serve England out for its brutality to me." Now and again the sultan has been invited to important dinner parties, and more than once it has been his luck to find the partner assigned for him refuse to walk to her seat at table with him. On another occasion it was his lot to hear the lady he sat beside say to the hostess after dinner: "I say, how dare you send me in with that blessed nigger. I feel as if I could smack your face."

The sultan made a rather good remark when referring to the above. "When an English woman is vulgar," he said, "she is not only the most vulgar, but also the most cruel woman in the world."

The Curzon entertained the sultan, and to the surprise of many of her friends, the late Lady Curzon occasionally drove with him in the park. Every one who is aware of the Indian policy of the late viceroy knows that he sought to conciliate the native princes, and Lady Curzon's rides with the sultan of Johore were prompted by diplomatic rather than social considerations. The king and queen are

always courteous to all Indian princes and potentates when they come to court, but their majesties are invariably glad to see their backs.

DEMORALIZED STAGE.

If, however, the sultan has endured the mortification of being called a "nigger" by some of England's stately dames, he has had for consolation the admiration of several of the queens of musical comedy, who have in turn called him "the most generous dear on earth." Some one has said that with the magnificence of his presents and his generosity he has demoralized the musical comedy stage. This is the phase of art which fascinates him most. When in London he is every night either at a hall or a theater. He thinks nothing of spending \$50 on a bouquet for any favorite on a first night, while concealed in the flowers is sure to be a jewel worthy of the occasion. There is one actress who boasts that she could make an entire garment which would cover her from head to foot of the diamonds with which he has presented her. Another has turquoises, her favorite stone, larger and more beautiful in color than even those of the Queen of Spain.

Not long ago, it is said, Princess Henry of Battenberg was at a well known jeweler's looking at some precious stones when she took a fancy to some turquoises and expressed a desire to purchase them for her daughter, Queen Victoria.

"It would be absolutely impossible for me to give you these, your highness," said the jeweler. "They are for Miss Johore." — a present from the Sultan of Johore.

HARD TO GET.

"Oh, dear no, madame," said the jeweler. "You have no idea of the trouble I have had to procure these; in fact, it would be impossible to get another set to match so perfectly, and this is what his highness is so particular about, because Miss — said unless they were quite perfect she would not take them! Besides, I doubt if your highness would care to pay the price for them!"

The princess, who has a keen sense of humor, laughed and said: "It strikes me it is better in some respects to be a queen of the stage than to be a queen of the realm. I quite agree with you, I could not afford fifteen hundred pounds for these stones."

Few men have had such wide experiences with blackballers as his highness of Johore. Their games have been tried upon him year in and year out. At first when he burned with

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DIRE PROPHECY OF GIPSY SEERESS

Train of Tragic Ill-Luck Pursues Lady Hesketh, Titled American Woman.

SUFFERS A FINANCIAL LOSS.

After Gloomy Forecast Came the Destruction of Her Property in the San Francisco Disaster.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 8.—As most of my readers know, a run of tragic ill-luck has of late pursued Lady Hesketh. As soon as she was convalescent from a long and tedious illness, she awoke one morning to find that nearly half her income had been swallowed up in the San Francisco earthquake. She is one of the very few American women who have gone in seriously for hunting, to which she is most devoted, so it was uncommonly hard lines that she had to sell all her hunters and several of her carriage horses.

A GREAT HORSEWOMAN.

There are few women who hold the ribbons of a four-in-hand with more grace than she does. Indeed her only rival in this form of driving was the late Lady Howe, the wife of the queen's chamberlain. The king when he was Prince of Wales, visited the Heskeths constantly, and used to delight in sitting on the box seat of the coach while Lady Hesketh drove her four matchless bays. Many a time the king has said she was the most perfect driver he had ever sat with.

A gipsy fortune-teller whom Lady Hesketh met on a country road about six months ago foretold the loss of the American woman's principal income. So annoyed was Lady Hesketh that she said if the gipsy did not betake herself out of her path at once she would hand her over to the police! After the catastrophe in San Francisco, and when Lady Hesketh's loss had become known, the gipsy wrote to the lady reminding her of what she had told her, whereupon Lady Hesketh sent her a 15 note.

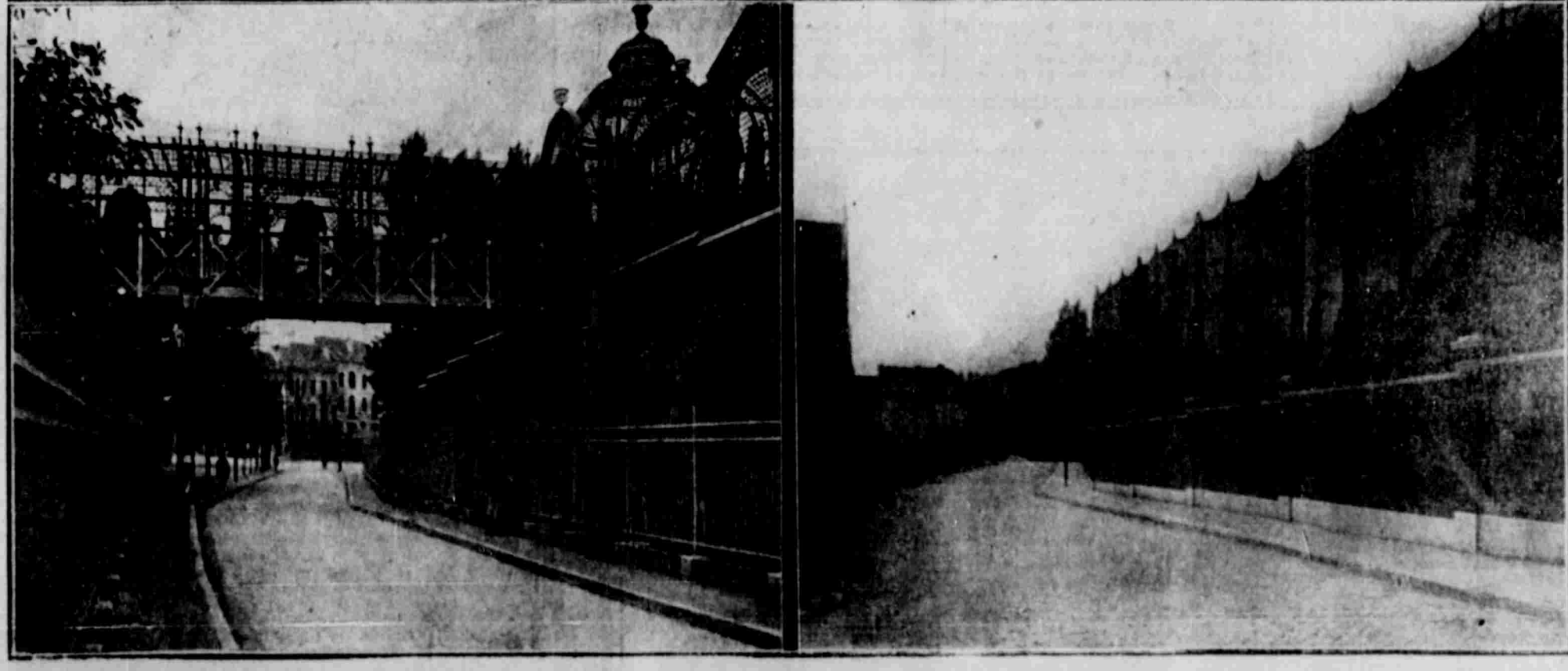
For a while, nothing was heard from the seeress, but a few days ago, she called on Lady Hesketh, and assured her that in a few years all will be well. When San Francisco is rebuilt, says the gipsy, her ladyship will more than recoup her losses.

AT ROSEBURY'S BALL.

At Lord Rosebery's ball—the great event which wound up the season—everyone said that Maxine Elliot (Mrs. Nat Goodwin) was the handsomest woman in the room. The host himself took her straight to the Princess of Wales, to whom she was introduced for the first time, and although, as every one knows, that lady is far from keen on American women, she made quite a fuss of the actress and then and there invited her to come and have tea with her at Frogmore house, Windsor. Lord Rosebery danced twice with Mrs. Goodwin, and Lord Dalmeny and his brother, Neil, were also on her program. If it was for the sake of effect, she decided not to wear a single jewel, she certainly succeeded, the more so because on the occasion every other woman in the room had on all her best beads. Mrs. Goodwin's frock was a finest creation of rose pink tulle, simple in itself, yet stamped with the initials of her designer. Deep red roses rested in her corsage and there was a bertha of wonderful old lace. Whenever she moved, people asked who she was.

IS AN AMERICAN.

Comparatively few people, even at this side of the Atlantic, are aware



BRIDGE CONNECTING GROUNDS OF KING WITH THOSE OF MORGANATIC WIFE.

TRELLIS WORK ERECTED BY KING TO GIVE GREATER PRIVACY FOR HIMSELF AND WIFE.