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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

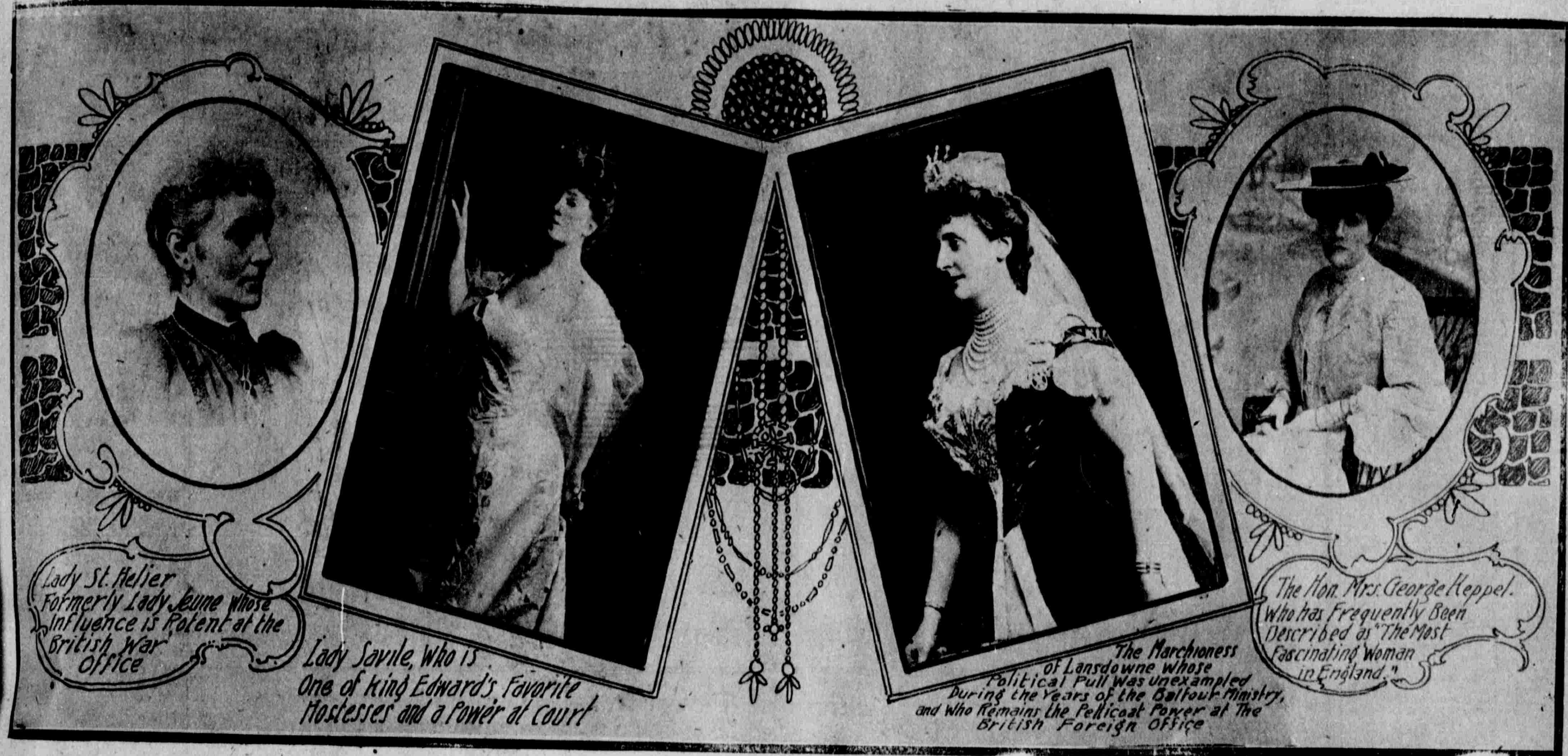
If You Are Just "Waking Up" To the Fact of Want Advertising—of its Possibilities for YOU—Why, "Better Late Than Never!"

PART TWO

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 10 1906 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

Saturday News Special Service From Lands Across the Sea



Lady St. Helier
Formerly Lady June whose
influence is potent at the
British War
Office

Lady Savile, who is
One of King Edward's favorite
hostesses and a power at court

The Marchioness
of Lansdowne whose
Political Pull was unexampled
during the years of the Balfour Ministry,
and who remains the Petticoat Power at the
British Foreign Office

The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel
who has frequently been
described as "The Most
Fascinating Woman
in England."

WARSAW FEARS JEWISH PROGRAM

The Solidarity is Bitterly Incensed
Against the Hebrew In-
habitants.

SAYS JEWS ARE ASSAILANTS.

Matters Ripe for Another Massacre
Which Russian Authorities May
Start Any Moment.

Special Correspondence.

WARSAW, Nov. 1.—Less than a year ago, fears of a Jewish pogrom caused the peace-loving inhabitants of Warsaw to use every means in their power to calm the spirits of the masses, incensed at some excesses of Jewish "boogymen," for they knew that the Russian authorities would be glad to see the disgraced scenes of Odessa and Kieff repeated in the Polish capital. The danger passed over, but recent events in Siedlce have renewed the possibilities of a pogrom in Warsaw.

WITH TWO FORCES.

Here, as in other Polish towns, the Jew has to reckon with two forces—the Polish masses and the Russian authorities. The first may be altogether ignored except when encouraged by the second in moments of intense national excitement, for though the Poles do not love the Jew, he is content to live and let live. But the danger of the second is twofold, consisting of the organized hostility of the authorities and the personal hatred of the individual soldier—an element whose importance has not been sufficiently considered out of Russia. When judging the Jewish massacres, the military forces in Poland are made up of men drawn from diverse districts, such as the steppes of Little Russia, the Caucasus and the remote governments beyond the Ural. These men have little in common with each other and nothing with the civil population they serve amongst. This has always been so; but now they consider that they have special grievances against the Jewish and Polish elements.

HARD SENTRY DUTY.

For nearly two years they have been doing hard sentry duty. They have frozen in the streets by night and scorched in the sun by day. They have carried their rifles, fingers on trigger, in their right hands; and kept their reins in their left, till their bones have ached with the strain. They have stood at their posts week in, week out, for 12 hours at a stretch, without respite, on Sundays, holidays and gala days. They have patrolled the streets of Warsaw and other large towns in all weathers, under a sky at times upon which, as they have been called upon to protect the life of the streets as so many marks of "terrorists." They have experienced the constant thought that they will be struck at from behind by an unknown hand or attacked from a pass-

ing tram, cab or carriage, for the means of the marcher are invulnerable. And all this without the excitement of regular warfare, without a word of praise, a censure of extra pay, without a day in camp and often when the field kitchen forgets to leave their soup—without food. In the depth of winter, when men need warm food to keep the blood circulating in their veins, sentries have dropped from sheer exhaustion, whilst their comrades have gone to the nearest baker's and vainly begged a piece of bread to stay the pangs of hunger. Yet they are not the products of crowded cities, but strong well-built giants, who can live upon daily fare of hot soup and black bread. Many of them have seen their comrades shot in the streets or mutilated beyond recognition by bombs, but during a brawl or big disturbance, but on what the Poles call "normal" days, men, going about their business, heart with indifference that "another bomb has been thrown" or "another sentry killed."

BLAME THE JEWS.

Rightly or wrongly these soldiers affirm that their assailants are nearly always young Jews. If they display doing sentry work in the Polish quarters of the towns, they hate it still more in the Ghetto. Indeed, there are streets in the Jewish part of Warsaw where soldiers singly or in couples dare not venture, for fear of assassination. Patrols, searching passers-by in the Jewish quarters, are frequently shot by spectators, for the streets are full of Jews who like to transact their business—political or commercial—in the open air. On a Wednesday, last August, a number of soldiers were shot in Warsaw, mostly in the Jewish streets. As usual, the innocent suffered for the guilty, and the dead men's comrades carried out orders to close the Jewish shops with a liberal use of their rifle-bullets, beating all within their reach. They told their frightened victims that eight of them should perish for every comrade shot, and their officers had the greatest difficulty to prevent them from carrying out their threats.

GENERALLY JOILY.

The average Russian soldier—the Cosack excepted—is a good tempered fellow under ordinary conditions. He always will answer a civil question with a broad grin. At harvest time, he hires himself out to the Polish squires, working hard all day and passing the evenings in singing the beautiful folk-songs of Russia. But he is like the proverbial lion that will people refrain from making. He has been taken from the plough to do sentry work in Poland, and the experience has spoiled his temper. His mental range is limited, he sees that the Poles and especially the Polish Jews are responsible for the dangers he now encounters, and when he gets the chance of revenge he uses it without hesitation.

He has another grudge against the Hebrew. The Jews who serve in the army are often drafted into the regimental bands and it has frequently been proved of late that mutinies and cases of insubordination come from the musicians. The soldier who gets punished for joining in an unsuccessful movement which he is too ignorant to understand and which was to land him in a kind of military paradise, bears a grudge against the Jewish agitators and pays off some old scores when he has the chance of besting a Jew who refuses to "move on" or shut up his shop when ordered to do so.

His officers have the greatest trouble to keep him in hand whilst searching flats and houses in the vicinity of places from which bombs have been thrown or dignitaries shot. He invariably makes havoc among the furniture and valuables. Rooms which he has entered present a sad spectacle of broken furniture, smashed mirrors and ripped-up mattresses. He makes no secret of his motive—to pay out the Poles and Jews for the trouble they have given him. The better-informed Poles know of these feelings and the more reasonable understand them. As to the Jews—those who have anything to lose—are convinced that they will be the first victims, whereas their co-religionists who do the shooting have neither shop nor counting house and risk but little. The Russian authorities in Warsaw, therefore need not "incite" but merely "sanction" a program, the officers have only to release their pressure on the men to let the contents of the barracks loose, first upon the Jews as arch-offenders, then on the Poles as the next culprits.

B. C. BASKERVILLE.

Real British Empire Rulers Wear Petticoats

American Duchess is Chief of Half a Dozen Women of Title, Including "Dodo" Asquith, Whose Power of Influencing Affairs of State Surpasses That of Cabinet Ministers and Extends to the Throne Itself.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—"Who governs the British empire?"

"Five women, two financiers, four cabinet ministers and King Edward."

"Where is the seat of government?"

"In a dozen country houses of England and in a few English villas on the shore of the Mediterranean."

It is taught in the schools that the British empire is ruled by parliament and the cabinet and that London is the seat of government. But if the actual truth was stated in the school books they would all contain the above questions and answers.

Only a short time ago a small sensation was made by a newspaper of the North country. It published an anonymous article generalizing happenings at English country houses and declared that Britain was an empire run by the smart set. It made the assertion that great affairs of state are decided in the smoking rooms and over the bridge tables of country houses and aristocratic mansions settled in an atmosphere of moral recklessness and enervating luxury.

SOME JUST SMILED.

Some of the public, reading the article, smiled knowingly; others, with less

knowledge of the secrets of happenings behind the throne were startled and shocked.

Other papers ignored the article. There have been no quotations or repetitions of it of its subject. Up to that date no publication in England had had the temerity to draw aside a single fold of the curtain over England's skeleton in the closet. There have been paragraphs about the smart set's doings in country houses, but they have referred to heavy bridge gambling, the playing of leap-frog by the men and women guests and the practical jokes of apple pie beds and the pouring of wine down each other's back, and such horseplay.

There has only been one hint of women's interference in the administration of the government and that was made in a speech by Dr. T. Miller Maguire, M. A., LL. D., a famous army tutor, orator and author and known as the greatest military strategist of England. Dr. Maguire, though holding the post of literary lecturer under the government to the British army, is absolutely fearless in his utterances. He charged petticoat influence in a public speech a year ago. The papers printed the speech. There was no comment, no answer, no following up.

PERILOUS TO MAKE CHARGE.

I asked Dr. Maguire for a statement the other day.

He was cautious. It is perilous to a public man of his standing to make a serious charge such as this. In a few days he wrote me a long letter.

"It is time the truth was known," he wrote, "but I speak solely for the army, including all the best generals, who are not only friends of mine but were my pupils. However, in all fairness, I cannot particularize or furnish details."

"I am quite convinced that England is a country petticoat-ridden beyond compare. Any petticoat does, but especially one supposed to reside against finance or royalty. English society is out of it. Petticoats champion public schools, and boys are sent to these dens of decadence, though the fathers know well their worthlessness."

"I say that England is a decadent nation—rotten with petticoats, games and snobbery. What is called 'good form' is mere ignorance, base selfishness and moral cowardice."

Army and naval officers are the only decent members of the richer English, but they are getting worse yearly and no wonder, for they are grossly betrayed. Parents are not fools enough to trust their sons to the endless caprices of official impostors, like the army council; whilst army ministers who make three boulevards of the army in five years

and ends who would lie or cheat for the smile of some paltry, slithering society dame."

It should be said in all honor to the liberal Cabinet of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that while a few women and their allies still rule the empire the rule is not so rampant as in the days of the Balfour ministry.

HUMAN "JELLY FISH."

Arthur Balfour, the former prime minister, commonly known in the smart set as "the jelly fish," is first and foremost a society man. He is, unlike the great house of Cecil, from which he comes, an indolent aesthete, whose heaven is bed and a book. He is always in a state of boredom. While a brilliant thinker, a striking speaker, a man of wonderful artistic perceptions and tastes, he dawdles through life and scarcely took seriously the hours of his prime minister-ship. His favorite time for getting out of bed is the afternoon. Balfour is a man of words, not deeds. Instead of thumping his fist and calling a man a liar, as would a vigorous American or Briton, Balfour would fix an insolent, supercilious look on his man and then, in his silky voice, say: "My right honorable friend approaches perilously near the precipice of terminological inexactitude."

LEFT OPENING WEDGE.

It was such a man, with his languid voice and his indolent manner, who left the opening for the wedge of women's influence in the affairs of the empire. The important widow of Scripture was "not in it" compared with the wives and women friends of recent recipients of titles and honors. Balfour literally shoved out titles and honors. He gave more in five years of office than any other prime minister in history.

His ministers followed his lead. Petticoats ruled, and found the rule so pleasing that they have continued it. Despite the change in government, the election of a new, and in social qualification a lower grade of legislator, the fetters forged by women are too strong to be easily broken.

As in Balfour's day, so at present the petticoat influence in the government is stronger than any other influence. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is premier by title. The Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, P. C., etc., Chancellor of the Exchequer, is really the governing head of the Liberal cabinet, and Mrs. Asquith, formerly Miss Margaret Tennant, the original "Dodo," yields the mighty but invisible sceptre, so far as the Liberal party is concerned.

GIFTED AND BRILLIANT.

In Balfour's time the woman who ruled the cabinet was that exceptionally gifted and brilliant diplomat, the Marchioness of Lansdowne. She still remains the petticoat power at the foreign office, though the Hon. Lady Hardinge is beginning to take the reins.

At the war office Lady St. Helier, formerly Lady June, continues her reign in face of the powerful combativeness of Mr. Haldane, the war minister. The Countess Howe, until the day of her recent death, had more to say regarding the royal navy than the lords of the admiralty, with the exception of Sir John Fisher. "Jacky" Fisher is the English "Fighting Bob" Evans. That explains sufficiently why, near him, petticoats rustle in vain.

THE EAR TO GET.

In financial matters the pretty German ear of Mrs. Sassoon is the one to get. In social affairs favors are asked of Lady Savile, whose husband is one of the king's favorite hosts.

But in the matter of appointments, honors, titles and all the hundred and one things of moment which the king can grant, two women, one an American, reign absolute.

Through her influence with the queen as well as with the king, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, has more direct power over social affairs in England than any woman in the empire, and she is an American.

The other woman who wields a sceptre as of royalty is the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel.

So long as Edward VII lives and reigns, so long will these two women help him administer through appointments and honors, the affairs of state.

OTHER WOMEN.

One could truthfully mention other women—the names of a score come readily to one's mind—but they are not leaders in the petticoated government.

(Continued on page eighteen.)

GUILLOTINE TO BE ABOLISHED

Radical Majority in Chamber of
Deputies to Put a Stop to
Capital Punishment.

END OF TERRIBLE "WIDOW."

Executioner Has Saved Enough to
Keep Him for Rest of His Days—
Guarded Against Surprises.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Nov. 1.—When the long parliamentary vacations are over and the French chamber meets again, a portentous question will have to be decided once and for all: "Is capital punishment to be abolished in France and the executioner to go?"

There seems little doubt that the Radical majority will answer this question in the affirmative and we may expect that ere long the terrible guillotine—the "Widow" as it is facetiously termed in Paris land—will leave its present quarters in the Rue de la Folie Regault for a permanent home in the Carnavalet museum, to be gazed at as a relic of bygone times and thrill the blood of lovers of the sensational. The Budget committee has anticipated the vote of parliament by recommending the suppression of M. Antoine Deibler's salary and allowances as public executioner.

SERIOUS SITUATION.

The situation created by this recommendation is altogether curious and anomalous. For some time past, no execution has been witnessed at Paris, for the simple reason that since La Roquette prison was pulled down about four years ago the guillotine has no abiding place in the capital. Every time it is proposed to confer this honor on this or that quarter or square, such a storm of protest is raised by the inhabitants interested, that the project drops forthwith. More than one criminal is lying in a Paris prison under sentence of death and the president of the republic finds himself practically compelled to commute the capital sentence into one of lifelong imprisonment. One jovial assassin, who delights in the nickname of "Le Friseur des Hâtes" ("Curly Wig of the market") vows that he will not be resented. "They have condemned me!" he says, "and they shall execute me!"

"WIDOW'S" BLOODY WORK.

Meanwhile the "Widow" has been doing her bloody work in the provinces, and M. Fallieres has been free to exercise the prerogative of mercy strictly on the merits of each case. Now, however, that the Budget committee has spoken, the president will in all probability, feel himself constrained to give provincial criminals the benefit of the doubt until the question is settled. Only the other day the jury of the Bouches-du-Rhône condemned a murderer to the death penalty. It is to say the least, an embarrassing situation.

After the criminals themselves, this question most nearly affects M. Antoine Deibler, the public executioner. M. Antoine, M. de Paris, as he is termed for Frenchmen will cut a joke at death himself—in the third member of a famous dynasty. His grandfather was the founder of the line, so to speak. His deity was such that he once guillotined eight sailors at a single stroke of the knife. Louis, who succeeded him, died two years ago at the ripe age of 81, after having terminated the existence of 27 criminals of both sexes.

The executioner's mantle descended on the shoulders of Antoine, who, as his father's assistant had already distinguished himself on many tragic occasions by his coolness and resourcefulness. He is a big powerful man with blue eyes and a short, churning beard and looks in private life anything but an executioner. Since his nomination he has presided at four executions, the



Executioner's Residence