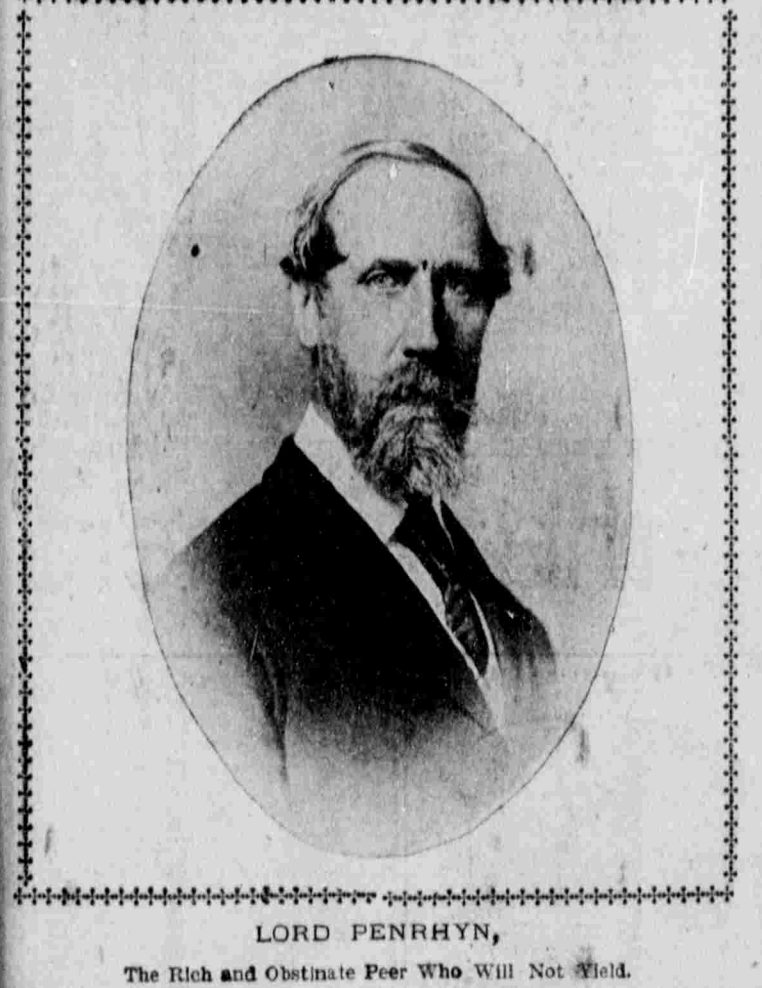


THE GREAT FIGHT OF AN OBSTINATE PEER.

Special Correspondence.
London, July 28.—Andrew Carnegie is the latest to take a hand in a strange conflict that has been raging off and on for several years between a rich and powerful peer and a little townful of men, women and children who have been dependent on him for their bread and butter.
It was just an ordinary little labor dispute, to begin with, but as it went on it developed queer manifestations of human nature, led to cruel fights and



LORD PENRHYN,
The Rich and Obstinate Peer Who Will Not Yield.

Byoots, laid waste a prosperous village, and finally became a big party question in parliament, and the cause of a speech by the strongest man on the opposition side, moving, in behalf of the Liberal party, a vote of censure on the government for not trying to put a stop to so disastrous a struggle. The government's answer was that the noble peer wouldn't have paid any attention to them if they had tried to interfere, and they saved themselves on the strength of that plea.
All the trouble arose over a famous

SARGENT FLIES FROM HIS ADMIRERS.

American Artist Makes \$100,000 a Year From Sale of His Portraits, and Was so Overrun With Applications That He Had to Hide Himself.

Special Correspondence.
London, July 28.—Chelsea, the artist suburb of London, and once the home of Carlyle, is in process of passing away. The old-fashioned quarter along the Thames, three miles south of Westminster Abbey, was at the zenith of its glory 25 years ago, when Rossetti climbed the tree beneath his studio windows to escape the wrath of his Sacred Bull. The Sacred Bull and Rossetti are both dead now, and on the spot where the Bull did the chasing is erected a modern apartment building known as Rossetti Mansions. Turner, who died in a tumbledown building, near Rossetti's studio, knew Chelsea at its best. Today the prestige of the famous haunt of artists is maintained chiefly because two famous men, delighting in the bohemian associations, continue to live there.
The Thames is no longer particularly beautiful there, and many of the ancient landmarks themselves, one after another, have been destroyed. Most of Chelsea no longer looks centuries old. The Bohemian element of artists has largely disappeared and in its place a less reputable contingent, neither Bohemian nor conventional, has flooded the quarter.
But so long as Sargent and Abbey live, Chelsea will not cease to be the Mecca of many modern pilgrimages. Sargent is at present the greatest drawing card of the three. How long he will remain so is a question much discussed in London just now.
FLED INTO SPAIN.
Sargent's position is unique. Three



EDWIN A. ABBEY IN HIS STUDIO.

King, Queen, Premier and British Government in General Couldn't Budge Him, and Now Andrew Carnegie is Going to Try His Hand at It. Queer Dispute Over a Point of Pride, That Has Cost Vast Sums and Years of Misery, and Incidentally Has Led in American Competition.

with the committee, and perhaps they had grown a little aggressive in consequence. Anyway, the present lord did not take a liking to the committee-men when he came into power. The men said it was because he wanted to deprive them of the right of combination. The noble lord said it was because the committee didn't actually represent the workmen, but had become to some extent a hired body of labor agitators.
Wherever the merits of the dispute lay, the only point of interest in this connection is that the whole affair arose chiefly from a bit of pride on both sides. The quarrel grew until the men went out on strike in 1897. Eventually some sort of compromise was reached, but it didn't work long, and the men went out again in 1900 and have been out ever since, with no prospect at present of getting back except as individuals.
The appeals of men who have settled great industrial troubles in the past have been as fruitless as the attempt to get the government to interfere in the dispute. Lord Penrhyn has openly declared that even if he never realizes another penny out of the Bethesda quarries, he will not discuss the subject of the trouble with anyone except the men themselves. He insists that he and the workmen would have settled their grievances long ago if it had not been for the interference and agitation of persons whom he chooses to describe as busybodies.
REFUSED THE KING AND QUEEN.
The sufferings of the wives and children of the men were brought to the notice of Queen Alexandra about 12 months ago, and she suggested that Lord Rosebery and Sir Thomas Lipton should be asked to try to arbitrate. Both gentlemen, knowing how determined the lord of Bethesda was, refused to act, or approach him in any way. Before the trouble became the subject of discussion in the houses of parliament, the king himself tried indirectly to smooth over the difficulties that had arisen. He sent for the men's advisers and made suggestions which it was thought would meet with the approval of Lord Penrhyn, but all was in vain.
"If I am not capable of managing my own affairs," says Lord Penrhyn to such offers, "I have no right to be in business at all, and as soon as I am convinced of my incapacity I will leave Bethesda for ever."
Heaven only knows the full tale of misery and hatred brought about by this absurd conflict between the obstinate philanthropist and the obstinate leaders of his obstinate men. Starvation has stalked abroad in the poorest streets of Bethesda, for the town was

wholly dependent on the great quarries. On the one hand there have been the usual bloody conflicts with the "brad yars"—as they call the men who replace strikers in Wales—and all sorts of cruelties practised on the women and children of the new-comers. On the other hand the families of the strikers have suffered all the tortures of hunger, and some of them have been elected from the homes they built. The shop-keepers of the town are ruined, and the place is falling into decay. Instances are on record of men who have gone mad from the misery of the strike. The \$150,000 raised for the sufferers by popular subscriptions has been only enough to keep them alive.
Some 400 of the strikers have gone back to work, about 600 of them have gone to the South Wales mines, and a number have gone to America. A hundred have died chiefly of starvation. In all about a thousand men are now working in the quarries, but it is said that the work is being done at a loss, whereas Lord Penrhyn's net income from this source used to be about \$150,000 a year.
WHERE CARNEGIE COMES IN.
King, queen, prime minister, and government in general having failed to get Lord Penrhyn to budge, the next effort is now on foot to cut him out—and that is where Andrew Carnegie comes in. "At the American millionaire's suggestion, I am told, three of the largest and most generous employers of labor in this country, namely, W. H. Lever of Port Sunlight, George Cadbury, the millionaire cocoa manufacturer, and Alderman Bowring of Liverpool, are formulating a scheme to buy up the quarries in the immediate neighborhood of Bethesda, and work them in opposition to Lord Penrhyn on co-operative lines.
The company will start on a modest capital of \$150,000, to be increased as occasion demands; and of this, my informant says, Mr. Carnegie will subscribe a substantial sum. He does not purpose to take any active part in the scheme, but he has expressed his confidence in the undertaking, especially as its operations will be directed by such practical business men as those referred to. The concern will be known as the "North Wales Quarries, Ltd.," and it will have such men as William Abraham, M. P., and Richard Bell, M. P., in it. The area to be acquired is about 300 acres, and it is estimated that from the very start employment will be provided for a thousand men.
A CONTEST OF DOLLARS.
Lord Penrhyn, on discovering the movement, instructed his agent to look around and buy up any land in the neighborhood that had the remotest

suspicion of containing minerals of any value. The agent secured several acres on the mountain sides and for these properties prices were paid out of all proportion to their anticipated mineral value. The co-operative people say that his lordship's idea was to shut out the possibilities of competition and starve the strikers into submission at any cost. The co-operators had secured a portion of the Maelon mountain, which was favorably reported on as containing slates of great value. Lord Penrhyn immediately bought up the remaining portion although geologists had always agreed that it could not contain minerals of any worth. His lordship also secured sporting rights over the whole of the mountain and he now defies the co-operators to touch a bit of their own property. This action of his will involve litigation that will be long and costly, but with his usual good luck, backed by his



PROFESSOR EVAN STEPHENS' PICTURESQUE NEW HOME.
Lake That He Has Dug and Trees That He Has Planted With His Own Hands.

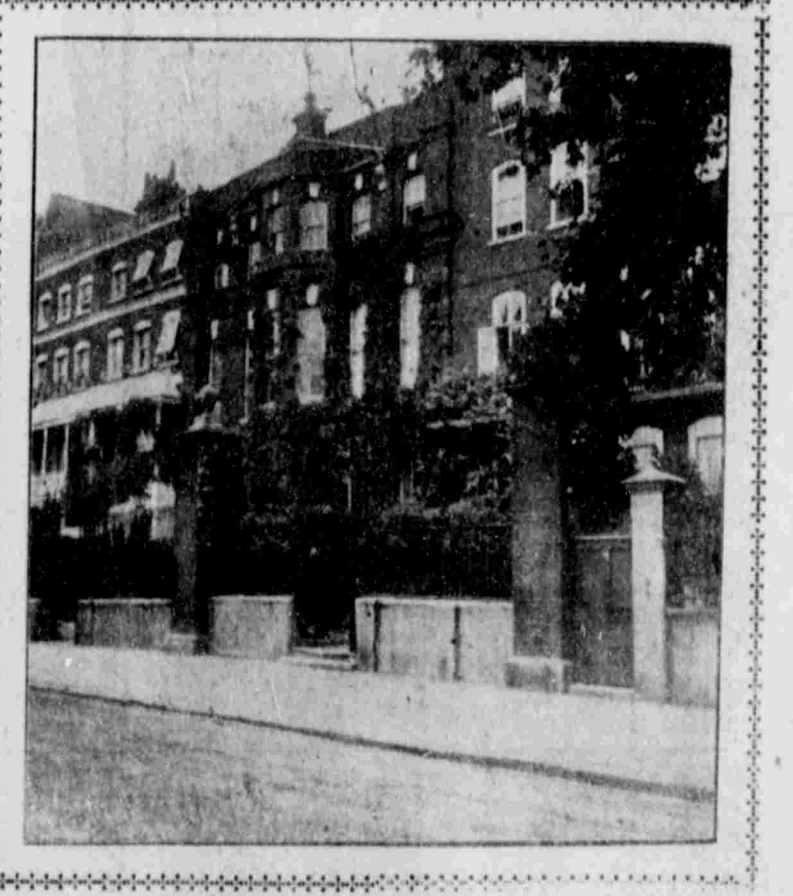
Few artists in Utah, musical or otherwise, get closer to nature than Prof. Evan Stephens, conductor of the Tabernacle choir. His affinities are found in the rugged mountain tops; along babbling brooks and upon the lakes; in the forests where the birds sing and the winds sigh amid the branches; where the mysterious and beautiful of creation stand forth and speak with a soul and feeling deeper than the meaning of words, and where man beholds that he is but man in the presence of Greater Things.
Prof. Stephens has long since been aware of the fact that it is not always convenient or practicable to live oneself off into the solitudes and out-of-the-way places to "get close to nature." Wherefore he has done for himself what nature has made it possible for him to do—built a home and set it in surroundings as picturesque and pretty as a scene in fairyland. Near the corner of State and Twelfth South streets there has recently been erected a modest cottage on the shores of an artificial lake in which different species of the finny tribe have been planted; where water lilies grow, flowers bloom, and birds carol all the day long; where young shade and fruit trees are threaded by mazy paths and where friends always find warm welcome. That cottage is the home of Prof. Stephens. Much of it was built by his own hands. The excavation which holds the lake was dug out of the earth by his own personal labor. The trees that dot the lake are put there by himself. He transplanted the fish that swim in the waters roundabout. He cares for the premises in the most painstaking manner and deems himself one of the happiest of men. And so he is, notwithstanding the worry and work and anxieties of an ever-busy musician. By and by he hopes to see his little home the prettiest in all the county, and in and about its shelter and shade he expects also to do the best work of his life. It is his dream—his ambition, to compose something here that will cause his name to be remembered among his people. Surely it should not be difficult to realize such a hope amidst such inspiring settings as furrow the face of the landscape about his new dwelling place.

great wealth, it is believed he will beat his opponents.
A QUEER COMBINATION.
Yet this man who was described in the house of commons the other day as an unmitigated tyrant, and whose life probably would not be safe in Bethesda, has been famous for his charity and kindly interest in those who are dependent upon him. The tenants on his vast estates have found him tender-hearted to a degree.
Some years ago when he was high sheriff of his county, it became his duty to attend a hanging. The thought of the thing made him sick, powers of his wife and family to cause him to attend. His absence would have been regarded as a contempt for the law sufficient to land him in jail. He went, but the scene so affected him as to cause a severe illness and he declared after his convalescence that he would sooner suffer the death penalty himself than witness another execution. He resigned the office of high sheriff immediately and no one has ever been able to persuade him to accept a position of the kind since. At his club, among his political friends and opponents, and at social functions of all kinds he is a most unobtrusive man, simple in his habits and apparently at peace with all the world. Even the quarry men themselves admit that his attitude toward them is not dictated by motives of cruelty but from sheer obstinacy which has cost him at least \$300,000.
LET IN AMERICAN SLATES.
One outcome of the struggle is of especial American interest. "As a result of this dispute," said a speaker in the house of commons, "the slate market is now flooded for the first time with American slates. The American quarry owners have for many years tried to effect a lodgment for their slates in this country; they have now succeeded and it will be difficult to dislodge them." Another interesting point in the parliamentary debate was the frequent reference to President Roosevelt's action in the coal strike. Various speakers wanted to know of Mr. Roosevelt and his cabinet why it was that such things could be done over there and yet couldn't be done here.
Lord Penrhyn has enormous wealth, and three country seats including about 50,000 acres. One of them, Penrhyn Castle at Bangor, is famous among tourists all over the world for its beauty and is distinguished among the great English mansions for splendid hospitality, as the king himself can testify. One of Lord Penrhyn's ancestors was so keen a patriot that he fitted out and manned a ship at his own expense to fight the Spanish Armada, and incurred so much in fines by his zeal against the Spaniards that he had to part with the Penrhyn estate for a time.
CURTIS BROWN.



PENRHYN QUARRIES SHOWING THE GREAT SLATE GALLERIES.

teaching art.
No living artist makes such a fabulous income from his actual work-in-hand as Sargent. His fee is \$5,000 a figure, and last year he exhibited sixteen pictures, several of which included three figures. The seventeen excluded a number of paintings which for reasons best known to himself Mr. Sargent sent direct to his purchasers. The Sargent invests his money immediately and spends comparatively little on himself. He lives at the studios and has a single man servant.
Boldini, who painted that haunting portrait of Whistler, displayed for the first time this year at the New Gallery, has a large following in London which is making a strong attempt to push Boldini into Sargent's place of prime favor. Sargent doesn't seem worried, but the critics who always look askance at such continued and boundless success as Sargent's, prophesy that his day is almost run. Boldini is the man named who will be greatest next.
Edwin Austin Abbey, "who does painted illustrations," is painting his vast official picture of the Coronation partly in Chelsea and partly at his country place, Morgan Hall, where all sorts of armor and other historic setting help him in the staging of the ponderous picture. For this, too, the king has already given Mr. Abbey several sittings, and the queen will give at least one before the work is concluded six months hence. Nearly all the great Dukes and Duchesses have sat. It is a fact not generally known that Mr. Abbey's picture of the coronation is not primarily for English consumption, if one may use the expression, but for traveling purposes in the United States. It is being painted at the expense of



WHERE GREATNESS DWELT.
The Former Home, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, of Dante Gabriel and Rossetti, the Painter Poet.