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PART TWO — SATURDAY NOVEMBER 2 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH — FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

LADY MARY'S LONDON GOSSIP

American Bride Quells An Incipient Revolt Among Her Bridesmaids.

OBJECTED TO THEIR DRESS.

Now They Are Glad They Did Not Quit For the Costume Novelties Made a Big Hit.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—There is rarely a wedding in London without a difference of opinion among the bride and bridesmaids anent the burning question of the latter's frocks. The recent marriage of Miss Anne Breese to Lord Alastair-Innes-Ker, was no exception, only in this case the trouble waxed more serious than usually happens. A week before two of the bridesmaids threatened to give up their all-important duty if the bride-elect did not come round to their way of thinking. But Miss Breese that was, proved herself worthy of the occasion, and with American spirit emphatically declined to alter her decision in regard to either the color or the style of the beautiful frocks upon which she had set her heart for her attendants.

In the selection the bride proved herself extremely original, for they were decidedly novel. One of the bridesmaids objected especially to the long floating veil from the hats. This was really the most chic addition and gave a cachet most definite and picturesque. The Granny muffs instead of bouquets were another bone of contention, but in regard to this, too, the bride carried the day.

HISTORIC LACE.

The beautiful point d'Alencon lace, with which the bride's dress was trimmed, was historic. It was said to have belonged to Josephine. The Comtesse de Paris, mother of the Duke of Orleans, one of the Pretenders to the French throne, tried to purchase it to trim the gown of her daughter's bridal robe, but Mrs. Higgins offered for it a "fancy" price and secured it. Thus once more American dollars triumphed over royalty.

Lady Orford, who has been in poor health for a long time, has improved greatly during her stay at Margate.

SOCIAL SUCCESS.

Her girl, Lady Dorothy Walpole, is a great success socially. She has all her mother's brightness and a good deal of the Walpole talent. Just lately some dull and stately house parties in Scotland have been enlivened by her wit and vivacity, for she has been paying a series of visits in the north with her father. The family are now at Wolterton Park, Norfolk, where they are to remain until the end of the shooting season. The responsibility of hostess is taken over by Lady Dorothy, as her mother is not yet strong enough to be overtaxed with many duties of the kind. Lady Dorothy is very anxious to accompany Lady Orford to America, but whether she will do so is not yet definitely settled.

MRS. MACKAY AND SOCIETY.

Mrs. Mackay is living very quietly at her beautiful flat in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. She intends to make it her headquarters all through the winter. Not only because she is in mourning, but through a natural desire to be quiet she has for a considerable time been living in great retirement practically seeing none but intimate friends and relations. She now considers society with a big "S" a bore ad tells her intimates that she never wants to return to it. She was never seen in London during last season, all her time being spent at a beautiful old house at Hawkhurst in Kent which had a perfect rose garden. Her particular friends visited her there and both Countess Telfener and Princess Colonna stayed for a considerable time with her.

Never for a moment has the idea of re-marriage entered into the mind of the widow of the "Silver King," but that has not saved her from the overtures of fortune hunters and others. Like Mrs. Potter Palmer she, too, receives proposals by post during breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Such advances amuse Mrs. Potter Palmer, who has a keen sense of humor, while they thoroughly annoy Mrs. Mackay, who regards them as impertinences.

At all times an earnest Catholic, of late Mrs. Mackay has become more devout than ever. She never fails to attend morning mass while most of her spare time is spent embroidering beautiful handiwork for the church. She is one of the few secular people who have the privilege of keeping up a regular correspondence with the present pope.

MRS. ROTHSCHILD'S SNUB.

The talk of society for days has been the snub given by Miss Alice Rothschild, the chatelaine of an immense estate in Buckingham, to the king's forces while they were maneuvering in the country. She refused to allow the troops on her property. The refusal came with peculiarly bad grace from her since she is of alien stock and the Rothschilds have accumulated much of their vast wealth in this country.

The king is peculiarly sensitive to a snub, but nevertheless he will never permit a misunderstanding. He is known among his friends for his determination to "have it out," so he wrote to Miss Rothschild for an explanation, which was in no sense derogatory to his dignity, her family having always been on terms of the greatest intimacy with the king.

The reply was sharp and bitter and as discourteous as it is only possible for a woman to be who feels she has a slight to avenge. She pointed out that the property belonged to her and that she had the right to prohibit trespass upon it. She objected to war on principle and, therefore, to soldiers. Furthermore, she objected to having her grounds littered with the rubbish which soldiers camping out invariably leave behind them.

The truth was Miss Rothschild was glad of an opportunity of resenting the attitude of the king, then Prince of Wales, when, one morning while visiting her late brother at Waddesdon Manor in 1898 he tripped on the polished floor and broke his knee-cap, the occasion bringing forth from the sufferer the remark, "Oh, these stupid polished floors. Why will people have them? It is so silly."

SISTERS RALLY.

The late Lady Curzon's sisters rally round their brother-in-law and fly to his assistance on all points more especially domestic. They are keenly anxious that he should remain a widower, which is in a way human enough if selfish, for so devoted to him were they of "Mary" that they dread the thought of a successor to her. Mrs. Leiter has been known to say that she believes if "George" were to marry again she would lose her reason. Since the death of Lady Curzon, Lord Curzon, has scarcely ever been without some of his late wife's family residing with him or he with them. It was Lady Suffolk who superintended all the decorations and arranging of his new house. She engaged the housekeeper and servants and saw that the new governess for her little nieces was all that she should be. In every other part of the house she saw that there were photographs of her dead sister while the tables in Lord Curzon's private rooms she literally covered with them. Lord Curzon worshipped his late wife and by all accounts her memory is very sacred to him, but people who know the Leiters best say they are going the wrong way to keep him a widower, their very attitude being considered sufficient to drive him to contemplate matrimony for the second time, if only for the sake of opposition. Lord Curzon is a man with too fine a sense of the fitness of things to remarry soon, but that he will do so when a decent interval has elapsed is pretty generally believed. Even now it is well known he admires "someone," but I hasten to say she is not an American.

LADY MARY.

England Has a "Man From Missouri"

Hugh Cecil Lea, Who Represents One of London's Biggest Boroughs in the House of Commons, is a Thorn in the Flesh of the Government and Recently Has Unearthed A Lot of Scandals—Spent Many Years in the United States and has Introduced American Campaign Methods into His Electioneering With Great Success—He has Had a Dramatic Career.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 24.—In Britain's house of commons there sits for the first time in history a republican. This is Hugh Cecil Lea, member of parliament for the London borough of East St. Pancras.

Mr. Lea is half American. His life is an long romance. He spent many years roaming the United States and earning a livelihood there. He imbibed the American spirit and has introduced it into the hallowed halls of Westminster.

It may be said that Mr. Lea is "the man from Missouri" in England. He is the man who "wants to know," and recently has startled the venerable house of commons by insisting that the government sit up and show him this, that and the other thing.

It was Lea who exposed the fact that the superintendent of the royal cellars was also the chief agent of one of the world's biggest champagne houses. It was Lea who brought up the fact that England is still paying a lot of people big pensions because of the kindness of some king to a distant ancestor in the dim and much mildewed past. It was Lea who startled all England by openly declaring in parliament that titles and honors were bought and sold like goods in a store and suggesting that a department be created where such things could be bargained for over the counter.

VERITABLE THORN.

This man, American in everything but birth, is a veritable thorn in the side of the present Liberal government. He would be a thorn to every government, Tory, Radical or what you will.

At the next general election one of the greatest [illegible] issues in the country will be th[illegible] East St. Pancras, for both parti[illegible] will do their utmost to defeat this [illegible] man who obeys no whip and has no [illegible] but himself.

Yet from what I hear the great political parties will have their work cut out. Lea campaigns on the American plan. He is a ward boss of the most approved kind. He believes in clam chowders and ice cream festivals and picnics or rather their English equivalents. He is one of the "boys" and as unlike the ordinary English politician as the Lusitania is unlike a New York barge.

NOT TOO DIGNIFIED.

English parliamentary candidates walk and talk with dignity. They are silk-hatted, frock-coated and gloved. Lea can be a dude when requirements call for it. But on a hot summer's day you will find him in his shirt sleeves, like the rest of the boys. He is a man of gentle breeding, of good education and a man of the world. Yet it was the world, with its hard knocks, its costly experience, which made him what he is today, a leader of men and a thinker of things that count.

DREAMS OF VAST EMPIRE.

Lea's greatest dream is a vast empire of English-speaking people. He believes in the ultimate arrival of the United States of Anglo-Saxonia. He agrees that it is apparently visionary at the moment, but also declares that it means universal peace and the ultimate solution of the perplexing problems facing the white nations.

It may be fifty—yes, a hundred—years, but this great empire, he feels sure, will come. The first step, Lea says, will be the Americanization by the United States of the entire continent of America, north and south. That will be a matter of a decade or two, scarcely much longer.

Mr. Lea is a wealthy man. He lives at No. 60 Cadogan place, in Belgravia, one of the swellest sections of London town, and has also a seaside mansion at Worthing in Sussex, not far from the noted and fashionable resort of Brighton.

FIGURE OF A SOLDIER.

In age he is 45, an upright man of six feet two. He has the trained figure every soldier possesses. His hair and Kaiser Wilhelm mustache are blond, his eyes a steely blue. He looks like a dangerous man with whom to have a row. He is both a good speaker and listener. There is nothing in sport or games of all sorts at which he is not an adept. The world has been good to him and he is good to the world. His friends are legion.

When I asked him for an interview he wrote a short note: "Come round to the house of commons any old night," it said. The house was winding up the session and its last days were lengthy ones, the sitting ending around breakfast time.

Mr. Lea met me at the portal of the commons. He took my arm and hustled me along down seemingly endless corridors and all manner of staircases. Then for the first time I noticed his walk. It was the quick march of a soldier—almost a run. And typical of the leader.

QUITE ENGLISH.

Down below in a room off the famous terrace he round two roomy armchairs and a smoke wreathing round his neck the gilt badge of office of the house of commons. To this man, as well as to brother M. P.'s that he met, Lea was very English. But the next moment he spoke turn to me and he was American. It was not the mere Americanism of speech, but of manner, of thought.

HIS EARLY SCHOOL.

"The good old states," he said, "I owe much to them. Many is the good dollar I've earned there through the sweat of my brow. I put in some hard years there, but I learned a lot. I wouldn't have missed my life there, hard as it was, for $1,000,000 dollars. It's the greatest country of modern times. And why shouldn't it be great? All the hustlers from the whole earth go there and have gone there in all years and have grown up with it and made it what it is. It isn't the puny concomposition that's into the U. S. A. for a future, but the best youths and men of all countries, those who are adventurous, ambitious, strenuous and sturdy. America gets the bold spirits, the home-sentiments have the lazybones."

TO THE "PROMISED LAND."

Though constantly interrupted by the clamor of division bells and the shouts of "Division, Division," Mr. Lea told me of the romance of his life. Nearly a quarter of a century ago both his parents died. The estate proved to be much involved. The prospects for the young fellow, nearly of age, and for his only sister, a mere girl, were not of the best. Lea had no trade or profession. He had expected to lead the ordinary life of a country gentleman. But when all was settled up there was as his share one or two thousand dollars. With little hope of a livelihood in England young Lea turned his attention to the promised land—the United States.

He arrived in New York in 1882, bound for the west, where he intended taking up land in a modest way and becoming a rancher.

BOUGHT A GOLD BRICK.

There were sharps in those days as well as these, and young Lea was a particularly soft "sucker." He practically bought a "gold brick" at the start and found himself in the city of Chicago without a cent. He soon realized that he would have to hustle and hustle he did. He got all sorts of jobs, from working on a farm to driving a stage in Michigan. As he knew all about horses and driving from-to-hand the latter job was his pleasantest. He stayed with it until he had saved a bit of money, and then sought pastures new. He was in the lumber districts of Minnesota, in the corn fields of Kansas, in the oil fields of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Through all his work he remembered the days and nights when he was "broke" in Chicago, and managed always to keep a few dollars to the good. One day he met a man who took a fancy to his hustle and he was offered a job in Pittsburg. It was as a clerk in the office of a big factory. Young Lea in a short time got thoroughly nosed on office work, bookkeeping and such things and one day got in touch with a man in Albany, N. Y., who wanted a cashier. It was in a big felt factory. Lea went there, filled the bill satisfactorily, got promotion and was soon manager. He had established a home, had money in the bank, a good salaried job, and so he sent for his sister to come and keep house for him. She had been all these years in the care of an old aunt in England. The sister came—a tall, beautiful typically English girl. She also conquered, for more than one rich and prominent New York state man sought to marry her. The owner of the factory, a millionaire, was the lucky one. She became his wife.

ENLISTED AS A SOLDIER.

Soon afterward the Boer war broke out. Lea had lived the business life long enough at one stretch. He hungered for something more strenuous than managing a felt factory. Having lost his sister as housekeeper he suddenly resigned, and, despite protests from his sister and his American brother-in-law, sailed in the next ship for England.

On arrival he went at once to the nearest depot and enlisted in the regulars as a private soldier.

Recently in the house of commons a member in his speech referred to Mr. Lea as "the gallant and honorable member from East St. Pancras." There was an immediate ripple of laughter, which soon burst into a storm. It has been the usage of the house when referring to a member who has been or is an officer in the army or navy to use the word "gallant" in addition to the prefix "honorable." On the occasion mentioned the house was quick to see the compliment, unique in itself, for Mr. Lea had never been commissioned, but always served in the ranks—the only instance, by the way, of a private soldier rising to become a member of parliament.

RETIRED A SERGEANT.

It is thus that gallantry in battle brought Lea quick promotion. He finished the war as a sergeant of regulars and with the war medal, but then retired, for his hustling eye had taken in the business advantages that might be reaped in South Africa at the moment. He became identified with one or two promising South African concerns, invested his money and his services and reaped a golden reward. After a few months at the gold mines and diamond fields Mr. Lea returned to England. He had done newspaper work as an unofficial war correspondent during the war and also in the trade newspaper field in South Africa, and when he arrived in London was given the editorship of a trade paper.

BOUGHT THE PAPER.

In quite a short time the proprietor retired and sold the paper to Mr. Lea. He hustled as he always does, and today the paper has jumped tenfold in circulation and importance.

No thought of politics had entered Mr. Lea's head. He had dabbled in the wonderful game in the United States and had been a useful worker in ward affairs, as well as presidential elections.

One of his editors, however, was a politician. The general election was being talked about as due in a year or less. East St. Pancras, one of the rock-ribbed Tory strongholds of London and one of the most densely populated of London boroughs, had no opposing candidate in view. Mr. Lea's editor belonged to the Liberal party in that borough.

QUICK DECISION.

"Will you run for parliament?" he asked his chief one morning. "In what borough?" asked Mr. Lea.

"East St. Pancras," came the answer.

"In a minute I will," was Lea's decision. "Why, I was born and raised there."

And so it came about that this unknown man, this private soldier of the regulars, this half-American, was announced as the Radical candidate for the borough. The Tory party laughed in its sleeve. "A walkover again" was the Conservative comment.

But Mr. Lea went down into the borough. He took a house there and lived in the very center of things. And as of old he hustled. He made a house to house canvass, although there had not at that time been any announcement of an approaching election. For over a year the intending candidate worked the borough. He established ward clubs as in the American fashion, organized an army of workers and startled the Englishmen with his political parades and outings. He introduced practical American political methods for the first time into Britain.

Suddenly came the announcement of the election. Tory agents were surprised at the lukewarm condition of things down in the borough. Then they got wind of Mr. Lea's doings and began to hold meetings and do some real hard work.

SNOWED THEM UNDER.

But it was too late for when the returns came in the Tory candidate was snowed under. Lea was elected by the second largest majority in England. The Tory stronghold fell with a bump and since then Lea has been the only politician the borough has cared to look at.

When the house of commons declared recently that Lea had insulted it and the government by declaring that titles were bought and sold, and demanded that he withdraw, Lea called a mass meeting in his borough. The hall was jammed. Lea offered to resign, but the meeting refused to hear of it and passed resolution after resolution unanimously indorsing what he had said in parliament and urging him to continue exposing the shame of the mighty and the graft of the government.

REFUSED DICTATION.

In parliament Mr. Lea ranks as a Radical, but when the chief whip of his party told him one night which way he was to vote on a measure, Mr. Lea informed him in forcible if not polite language that he did not do business that way, and hinted that something unpleasant would happen if the whip or any other man attempted to give him orders about his vote.

Since then the party leaders have left the member for East St. Pancras severely alone but they watch him with anxiety in fear of what he may next springs upon the country. A handful of other Radical members who also bow to no leader have followed in Mr. Lea's wake and many have been the embarrassing questions asked in consequence of the cabinet ministers in the commons.

CORDIALLY HATED.

Mr. Lea has been denounced by the party press. He is cordially hated for his views and parliamentary actions by a majority of the politicians, yet because of his personality is given the glad hand of good fellowship.

The first scandal that Mr. Lea brought to the front concerned King Edward's household. The day parliament met after the last recess the government suddenly brought up the royal estimates. The minister in charge thought that the ultra Radicals and Labor-socialist members might be absent. But a few were present, including Mr. Lea. When the question of salaries for the royal household came up Mr. Lea asked an apparently innocent question: "Is the government aware that the person occupying the lucrative post of gentleman of the king's cellars is also the chief agent and lobbyist for one of the biggest of champagne firms?"

The chairman answered quickly: "The chair is not aware of it, Sir."

(Continued on page eighteen.)

THIS BEATS OLD HOBGOBLIN TALES

Amazing Story of "Carnivorous Tree" Related By French Woman Explorer.

READS LIKE A NIGHTMARE.

Tells How She Awoke One Night to Find Herself the Prisoner of Fanatical Natives.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Oct. 23.—Writing from Marseilles a correspondent of the weekly Nos Loisirs sends to his journal the following amazing story of a "carnivorous tree" in the depths of the Indian jungle, which he states was related to him by Mdlle. Marguerite Lecomte. This lady has just reached France after a lengthy journey through India and other Asiatic countries, and if her other adventures are on a par with this one, Nos Loisirs probably is correct in describing her as one of the most remarkable heroines that exist. It is stated, by the way, that a previous reference to the "carnivorous tree" described by Mdlle. Lecomte was made recently by an English major in a report to his goverment.

According to her story, Mdlle. Lecomte, who was traveling with her cousin, a war correspondent, was asleep one night in a tent on the outskirts of a forest. They had lit huge fires in a circle round the camp to keep off wild beasts, and two natives were set to keep watch and to give the alarm if anything untoward happened.

BOUND AND GAGGED.

In spite of these precautions, however, whether for want of proper watching or on account of complicity on the part of the natives; Mdlle. Lecomte awoke in the middle of the night to find on her face a wet mask which stifled her cries and caused her to faint. When she came to herself, she found herself in the midst of a troup of fanatic Indians who were yelling and brandishing their arms around her. She was stretched on her back, her limbs bound with cords, and she distinguished near her another white girl, similarly bound and unconscious.

FORBIDDEN TREE.

The dawn broke. The Indians ranged themselves in a group, seized the two girls and carried them, chanting the while a monotonous sort of funeral chant, to the foot of a giant tree without leaves and whose forbidding aspect struck terror into the heart of Mdlle. Lecomte. It had only two branches, stiff like outstretched arms, and its summit was finished in the form of a large bowl from which dripped a white sap like milk.

Mdlle. Lecomte says that she saw then seize her companion and plunge her into this bowl up to her neck, and suddenly, just as the first rays of the sun fell on the tree, a horrible thing happened.

FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

The tree seemed endowed with sudden life. The edges of the bowl drew together, strangling in girl whose face reflected the agonies of a frightful death. There were some terrible crackling noises, the whole body seemed pounded up under the effort of the sides of the tree, and a pinkish liquid, made of blood and sap, commenced to glide down the carnivorous tree.

The with maniacal cries, the Indians approached, and catching this horrible liquid in wooden cups, commenced