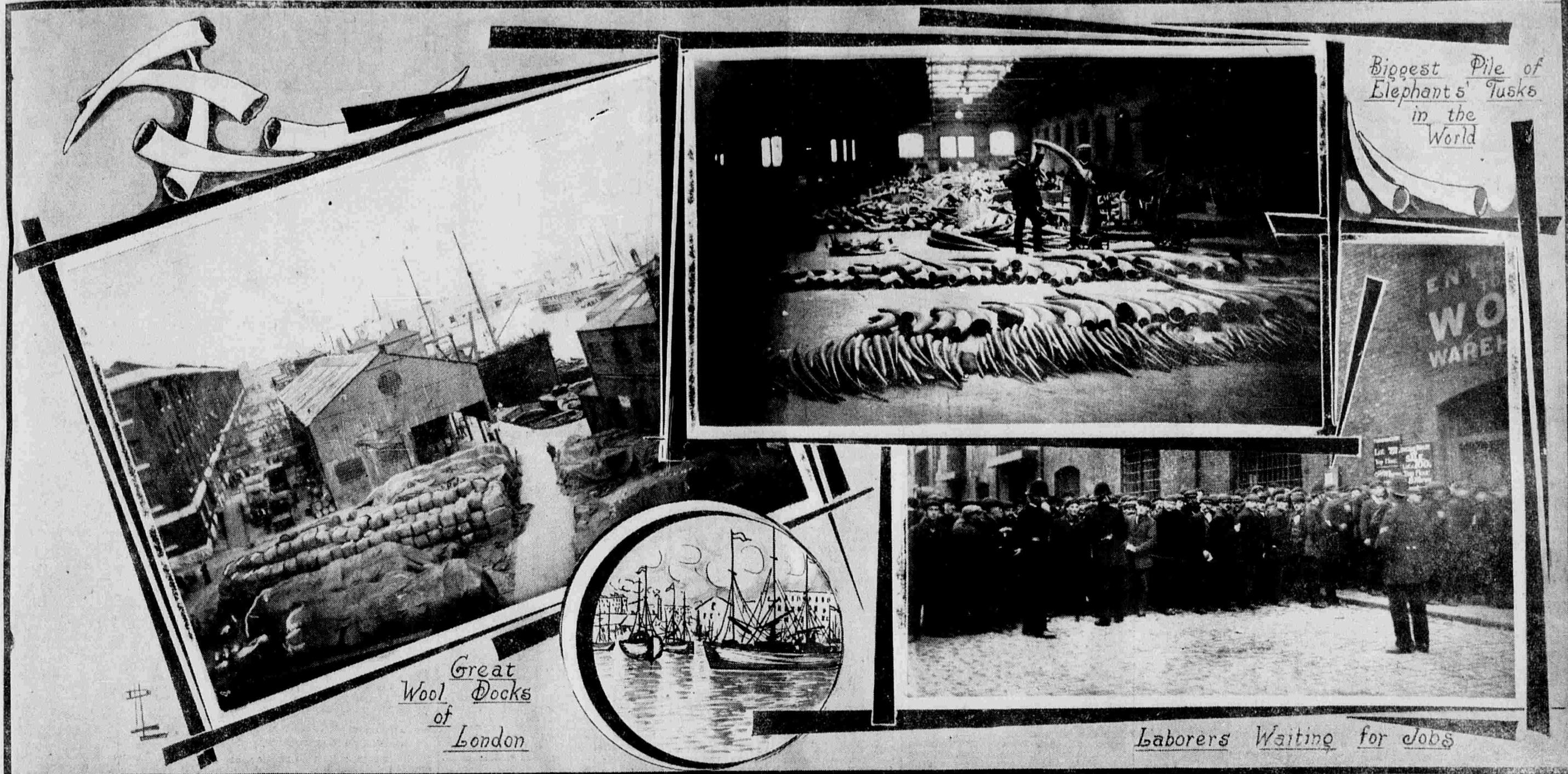


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Storm in a Teacup Over Engagement of a Diplomat

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—Never in the history of social journalism in London was there such a storm as that which raged at the office of the paper which announced less than a fortnight ago the engagement of Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt and Mr. William Whitehouse of the American embassy in London. Cables were flying from Mrs. Vanderbilt while the telegraph wires and the telephone were kept busy with contradicting messages from the embassy. Alfred Vanderbilt, who continues to be interested in his wife's movements, has sought information in the paper in question because he went to boast of its very authentic information and the infidelity of its staff. The story, it seems, originated in the United States and was copied.

Mr. William Whitehouse is at the moment the most popular American man in London and the girls and the dandies on this side are of opinion that Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt would certainly be lucky in her second choice if the news were true.

WHITEHOUSE IN FURY.

In such a hurry was Mr. Whitehouse to contradict the rumor that it is now said among his intimates that his affections are centered on the young daughter of a well known and wealthy peer whom he aspired to lead to after at no distant date and consequently he was in a perfect fury at the announcement coming as it did at such an inopportune moment. I am told he bought on the quiet, a hundred copies of the paper containing the contradiction and sent them to his tyro-written wrappers to his intimate circle. The girl upon whom he has set his heart is said to return to the service of the Astors. Directly she came to London as a bride she vowed to accomplish this but bets were five to one against her.

CONSTITRATION IN SOCIETY.

Constitution is the only word that explains the feelings of several well-known society leaders who recently discovered that photographs of their heads had been applied to pictures of ballet dancers and others in most undignified positions. Mrs. Marshall O'Roberts, Mrs. Walter Burns, Mrs. George Keppler, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ave., Muriel Wilson, the Duchess of Westminster and other young and pretty women have been subjected to the impertinence. It seems it was Mrs. Walter Burns who first made the discovery. Happening to go to the servants' hall one morning she found the housekeeper inspecting a number of these pictures which the butler had brought home. On being told there was "a lady" who became like herself among them she became interested. It was a shock for her to find herself dancing the cancan with her husband, who immediately set about tracing the publishers. When he did so he gave them a very bad quarter of an hour. The story goes that he carried with him a horsewhip and would have used it energetically had it not been explained to him that the picture was "never intended at all for his wife." "But it is all right and highly satisfactory," he answered, "but I insist upon your withdrawing it from circulation." Which has been done. Others have followed up the course adopted by Mr. Walter Burns with the result that these obnoxious pictures are no longer published. When it was found that such things were on the market there was a wild rush for them. Later when they became scarce fancy prices were offered, some paying as much as a sovereign each for them.

The reason the London docks have, so far, been considered beyond the grasp of public bodies is their very magnitude. The vast amount of money necessary for their purchase by the government, together with the number of interests involved, have made government officials rather chary about getting mixed up in an undertaking of this character. The fact also that more than 4,600 employees of the permanent staff of the dock companies would have to be taken over in any purchase scheme also has militated against its actual accomplishment.

WORLD'S RICHEST STOREHOUSES TO BE RUN BY GOVERNMENT

John Bull Arranging to Take Control of London Docks Away From Private Owners, Buying Property Worth Two Hundred Millions, and Trying a Huge Experiment in State Socialism.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—This month there will come before the British house of lords a momentous measure involving the purchase by the government of the great docks of London, the biggest in the world. The property involved in this gigantic transaction is worth \$200,000,000, and the purchase will have a far-reaching effect. It is said the measure is certain to become law.

In one way the control by the British government of the port of London will be an experiment on a grand scale in what may be called state socialism. The dock undertakings of London have been operated for centuries by private companies, whose work has been beyond compare, but time to time by various petty local authorities, whose efforts for reform only have added confusion to chaos. While the business done at the docks has grown into the largest of its kind in the world, the great dock companies have been criticised for acting more often in their own interest than in that of the people and of the port of London. From now on the state will control the limited ranks of its companions who have secured English women of title for wives.

Mrs. James Amory Moore will spend the autumn at Strathephe where she is renting a charming house, the property of the young Countess of Cromartie who owns practically all the town. Mrs. Amory Moore has made a great name for herself as a hostess and as the author of delightful parties which were usually a social success appreciated by the American contingent who always musterred in great force. A special point was made by her securing American artists some of whom were introduced to her by Mrs. Ronalds. Masquerading as a professional dancer under the name of "Mabel de Concessi" well known society woman, attended at all the "Maid Allan" at one of Mrs. Moore's recent entertainments. Great was the enthusiasm she provoked, her artistic imitations being regarded as even more beautiful than the real thing. At Mrs. Amory Moore's final party which took place last week all the staff of the American embassy was present.

Great was the excitement at Clevedon when she arrived on Saturday afternoon the king telephoned Mrs. Astor junior from Taplow court where he was staying with the Desboroughs to inquire if he could drop in for tea that afternoon. It was a servant in the first instance, who answered the telephone and on finding that he was talking to King Edward down the wire, cut out of his hand and dashed back into the kitchen, where the Astors were at breakfast with their guests, shrieked, "The king, the king!" The Crown Princess of Sweden (Princess Margaret of Connaught that was) had been so conduced with laughter that she burst her cup of coffee into her lap. Everyone else cupped the man was mad. Bill gesturing wildly he almost begged Mr. Astor from the room to the silence and longed Wadsworth Astor's consent to the king's request if he might partake of the five

TERMS OF HUGE DEAL.

However, all the technical difficulties have been overcome and when the bill passes the lords—which is in view of the fact that the docks will belong to the people. To save the vast properties included in the docks from falling into the hands of a lot of incompetent officials, all the present employees of the dock companies are to be retained, including those on the high priced directors, who have been identified with the management. The directors are to have a block of common "Pent" stock for their interests, amounting to \$63,000, while all present shareholders also will be paid in stock the sum of which will be paid for \$12,452,888.

TROUBLE IN STORE.

Pessimists predict that, in taking over the docks, the government has been

looking for trouble and found it. The fact that thousands of casual laborers, drawn from the worst strata of the population, are employed at the docks gives an element of danger when it is considered that these men henceforth will be under government control.

At the dockside is the only place in the whole of England where a man can obtain work without a "character" or reference, and where a convict fresh from prison stands as good a chance for employment as any other man. How the government will handle these vast bodies of "casuals" remains to be seen. The private companies have had a great deal of trouble, and the famous "dockers' strike" a few years back almost led to a revolution which was averted only through the efforts of John Burns, Cardinal Manning, and a few others, who prevented actual bloodshed on more than one occasion.

PITIFUL SIGHT.

Thousands of men daily clamor for work at the London dock gates, and some of them even fight for the right to do a day's toll at 12 cents an hour.

At 7:30 every morning the police stretch a chain across one of the streets, and would-be laborers are allowed to line up inside the chain of police. They come in pick out certain numbers according to numbers on tickets given to the regular "dockers" while all others have to "take their chances."

It is one of the most pitiful sights in the world to see thousands of men turned away when the numbers of the cards have been exhausted. When the government takes over the handling of these crowds, there will be all the elements of discontent among men who at present do not hold a private company responsible for their economic troubles.

LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Apart from the purely economic and social issues raised by the proposed government purchase, the docks in themselves challenge attention from the fact that they are the largest in the world. Most of the shipping in the world, Liverpool, Antwerp or New York, larger dock business than London, yet London is almost equal to Liverpool and New York put together. The volume of foreign trade entering the port of London according to recent returns is about 17,000,000 tons a year, whereas Liverpool's tonnage is only 10,000,000. Vessels from Hamburg and New York come to anchor in the Mersey each day. The wharves and jetties forming the docks of London are strong together; they would extend 40 miles. As all these docks are built of stone and equipped with the most up-to-date hydraulic, electric and steam-driven cranes, the amount of capital involved in their construction approaches \$120,000,000, to say nothing of the wharves and other plant. In the mere humdrum of business, London does far and away the biggest per business for the value of her foreign trade is estimated at considerably more than \$1,500,000,000 a year.

NONE DEEPER ANYWHERE.

Besides being the largest in area and doing the most business, the London docks are the deepest of any in the world. The ships which enter the docks can enter with ease, having at all times 37 feet of water, whereas, in Liverpool, such ships can only enter the docks proper on what are called "spring tides," and they usually have to lie out in the Mersey, 1½ miles at a landing stage. Where these ocean linchians draw

when fully laden, 31 to 35 feet, have to wait for deep water on the bar at New York, there always is 43 feet of water at the entrance to the port of London and plenty of depth when the vessel reaches the dockside. At Southampton big ships rest on the mud at low tide, and they cannot get up to Hamburg or Antwerp at all.

MILLIONS IN IVORY.

So much for the size, depth and acreage of the London docks, and there is another phase of the question still more surprising—the quantity and value of the materials which reach London. In the great warehouses which line the dockside you see materials gathered from the four corners of the earth. For example, in going over the docks recently, accompanied by one of the officials, I was shown a collection which contained not only ivory, but also tortoise shell, bone, whalebone, and a thousand other articles.

Such lucky little boy succeeds also to the title of Viscount Chelsea which is one of the minor appendages of Earl Cadogan and worn by courtesy by his heir. When he was christened he had as sponsor not only the king, but the Prince of Wales as well. Very few youngsters in Great Britain have this double distinction conferred upon them.

Besides the titles of Earl Cadogan and Viscount Chelsea the future peer will some day be Baron Cadogan, Baron Oakley and hereditary trustee of the British Museum. Besides his London wealth he will become the owner of Culford hall, Bury street, Edmunds, one of the finest, if not the finest estates in Suffolk, spreading over 10,000 beautiful acres. In the churchyard attached to the estate is buried the wife of the Marquess of Donegal, Lough Neagh, over which this many-titled individual rules the waves, is an Irish lake and at last accounts was about to be drained, so that the high-sounding title of Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh will be no more than a name, though he will indeed be the all the naval honors of a British admiral, in the days of good Queen Bess, the title held by the marquis was much more than an empty honor. The control of Lough Neagh, which was the largest sheet of water in the British Isles, was the cause of many battles royal and the queen indeed had the honor of winning the battle to all the

Although it will be more than 16 years before the big marquis takes his seat on the leather benches of the house of lords, a place his already been reserved for him in the cloakroom at Westminster for his hat and coat.

This youth represents a good deal of romance. When the boy was born, his father, the second son of the peer, died.

"Oh, not less than \$1,750,000," he said,

in a casual way, as if such a tremen-

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TOBACCO IN BOND.

Everything at the docks is simply the "biggest ever." Your guide opens door after door into rooms containing priceless wealth and casually hands out amazing facts that play havoc with your ideas of arithmetic. For instance, at the Royal Albert docks—the largest dock in London, where the big American liners land—you can see \$4,000,000 worth of tobacco in bond. They usually keep on hand about 20,000 tons of tobacco at one time. This is the largest accumulation of tobacco in the world. About one-half of this is from the United States. The dock companies open every bale, box and pack and take out samples and dispose of the wares on behalf of the shippers. The dock companies do the largest sampling business in the world, and every day dispose of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of tobacco. Quite a large quantity of tobacco reaches the dockside in a damaged condition, and all this is gathered up and turned into what is affectionately called "King's Pipe," the nickname for a large turnover, where they constantly keep going what probably is the most expensive fire on earth.

WHIPS FROM KING'S PIPE.

Though vast quantities of the "weed" are thus burned, the custom authorities see to it that not a single leaf is taken away. Many soft class tobacco merchants are here to buy and sell, and this concerned stamp and sell it mixed with other tobacco, so that the English authorities prefer to see it "smoked" in his majesty's pipe. There is a tradition that the people owning houses near the tobacco furnace charge extra for rooms, because all a lodger has to do is to enjoy the effect of a good smoke to open his window and get ashift from the "King's Pipe."

Inside the docks several strange busi-

Heir to Big Slice of London But He Doesn't Know It

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—By the sudden death of Viscount Chelsea, eldest

son of Earl Cadogan, a 5-year-old boy has become heir to one of the greatest of London estates. He is Edward George Humphrey John and some day he will be the owner of a large slice of Chelsea, one of the aristocratic sections of London, and in receipt of a yearly income of not much less than \$1,000,000.

This lucky little boy succeeds also to the title of Viscount Chelsea which is one of the minor appendages of Earl Cadogan and worn by courtesy by his heir.

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LIVES QUIETLY.

It is not generally known that the present Lord Cadogan might have been raised to the rank of marquis had he wished to accept the honor. The offer came from King Edward at the close of Lord Cadogan's term of office as lord lieutenant of Ireland, but was refused, and he was appointed to the post of lord lieutenant of Lancashire, which he held for three years.

He was succeeded by his son, the third marquis, who died three years ago, but his former marriages made him a widower, and both his former wives died.

His old dissipations, so to speak, are his turn-outs, which are the acme of smartness. The horses are coal black and of their heads are knots of pale blue ribbon with the same color on the tail and ears. His state coach is like the conveyance of some fairy prince. The body is painted brown, picked out with pale blue. The occupants sit beneath a roof formed of pleated pale blue satin. Four servants appear on the outside top corners and the much powdered bearded coachmen, seated at a hand-some black velvet loden down with gold braid and tassels. Two gorgeous footmen stand on board at the back of the carriage and complete the outfit.

The earl, who is 65 years of age, is musical, a thorough sportsman and a follower of the turf. He is an ideal landlord, and upon one occasion, a few years ago, when selling a large piece of

land, he brought in an income of exactly \$4,000 a year, but he paid

the expenses of the office manager which brought his fortunes to this, and he was living in a very unpretentious London square when he luckily married a lady who was well provided enough to keep the wolf very far from the door.

MAYNARD EVANS.

But the old marquis was not disengaged apparently to his two matrimonial failures. There was a strong

resemblance in the fact that he had no son and heir and was very anxious to keep his title.

It was in his eighty-first year that he married Miss Violet Fusing of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and her he married when she was 18, and he married again when he was 80.

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