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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

ASTOR PLANS TO BUILD TUDOR TOWN

Noted Anglicized American Millionaire Hit by Another New Hobby.

TO RESTORE HEVER CASTLE.

Desires It to Be Rare Historical Object Lesson—How He May Redeem Present Unpopularity.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—William Waldorf Astor is coming out strong in his new role of patriot and preserver of historic scenes and associations. Not content with his scheme for restoring Hever Castle as it was in the days when King Henry VIII wooed the ill-fated Anne Boleyn there, I have it on excellent authority that Mr. Astor is further planning to build around this famous castellated pile a Tudor village that shall be in every detail an exact replica of the dwellings of olden times. One house, which will be the first built, the millionaire intends to reserve for his own occupation, that he may have the satisfaction of seeing the scheme carried out under his own personal supervision. The position of Hever Castle lends itself well to such an undertaking as its own has in mind, for it is situated on the banks of the river Eden in the Weald of Kent and close to the classic ground near Benares made famous by the immortal Sidney. It is a quadrangle in form, surrounded by towers and battlements, and enclosing a large courtyard. Few places in England are richer in historic associations, both tragic and picturesque.

HISTORIC TREASURE HOUSE.

Mr. Astor has no need of another country seat, and Hever Castle in his hands will become a veritable storehouse of historic treasures of the Tudor period which will be well typified. This enriched and surrounded by a Tudor village, it is sure to become an object of deep interest to students of history and lovers of picturesque old times generally. Many will desire to see it. Mr. Astor, however, has a full appreciation of it. It is that which will determine whether his latest acquisition will in some measure redeem his present undoubted unpopularity in this country or merely increase it. Heretofore Mr. Astor has manifested a spirit of selfishness in reserving his estates for his own exclusive enjoyment which is not at all in keeping with the customs and traditions of the English aristocracy, most of whom freely throw open their domains to the public on at least one day in the week. When Mr. Astor bought from the Duke of Westminster the beautiful Clevedon property, overlooking the Thames, he treated visitors as trespassers and withdrew the privileges which they had previously enjoyed. At the present time he has a row on his hands with the Thames Conservancy because he objects to the public fishing in the stream where it borders his estate. He wants to be paid for it. It is no secret that he would very much like to get a title conferred upon him. But it is also no secret that King Edward will never give him one while he mends his ways and shows some disposition to share with the crowd. A good thing that his money commands. No win the king's favor he must follow the king's example.

EXPOSURE OF FAKERS.

The recent exposure by a newspaper of the fashionable Palmists, clairvoyantes and fortune tellers who abound in Bond Street, has aroused a great interest among the smart Americans reading in London who are not above patronizing them, and wherever they foregather the conversation inevitably takes an uneasy turn, and all at once the names of the old prophets verified their apparitions cease. One of the most singular is that related by Miss Corbett, a great friend of Mrs. Merton-Frewen, Mrs. Jack Leslie and Mrs. George Cornwallis West—the "Jerome sisters from America," as they are so often called in London society.

Miss Corbett is the sister of Lady Sutton, whose son Sir Richard Sutton, was but thirteen years of age, will on attaining his majority be one of the wealthiest young men in England, and nearly the whole of Piccadilly and the streets running off from it besetas a good part of Curzon Street and the vicarage, and three superb country estates will pass into his hands. Since the death of her husband in 1891 Lady Sutton has married the Vicar of Tring, and still lives at Chequers Court, Tring. Some little time ago the late Lord Combermere let his ancestral home, Combermere Abbey, a White-church, Shropshire, to Lady Sutton, who stayed there with Miss Corbett and her son. Toward the end of this tenancy, while he was still away from home, Lord Combermere died and his body was brought back to Whitechurch, that he might be buried in the village churchyard. About this time Miss Corbett, anxious to secure photographs of the beautiful abbey and the picturesque grounds, occupied herself with her camera. On the day of the funeral she took a picture of the library. To her unbounded astonishment, after developing the photograph she discovered that it showed the figure of a man sitting in one of the easy chairs, although she is certain that no one but herself was in the library when she took the photograph. Among those who have been here and they all declare that the figure in the photograph is that of Lord Combermere himself, and that only in his favorite chair but also in his most characteristic attitude with his left hand placed upon his coat. At the very moment of taking this photograph Lord Combermere's body was being buried in the village churchyard near by.

INDUSTRY FOR PEASANT WOMEN.

Following the example of her countrywoman, the lady Barrymore, the Marchioness of Dufferin, formerly Miss Davis of New York, is endeavoring to promote a new sort of industrial activity

in the peasant women among whom she lives when in Ireland. The life of an ordinary peasant woman is a most monotonous one. The time required daily to put their own houses in order is very brief, and although they are willing to work there is little they can do from which they can reap any pecuniary benefits. Lady Barrymore, some months ago, conceived the idea of encouraging cottage industry by providing materials for stocking making and needlework of every description, afterwards finding an outlet for the work produced through the medium of a dealer in articles in which she and many other friends were interested. The Marchioness of Dufferin is going one better. She is encouraging the same class of work but she is finding a market for it among storekeepers both in England and America where she is able to obtain market value and is, therefore, in a position to pay the peasant a better price for their work. Musical evenings and Sunday outings for women and young girls are also a part of her program to relieve the monotony of their poor people's lives. She does not believe in indiscriminate charity. While she has no desire to make money out of this scheme of hers she insists that it must pay its own way if it is to continue. If she gets back the value of the materials which she supplies she is satisfied that her effort will be productive of some good.

"CRUSH" SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

Whilst the London season is in full swing the crushes at fashionable functions are so great that many of those who are invited find it impossible to get inside the doors, and even more interesting than the stories told of grand parties attended are some of the experiences of those who have tried to elude them and failed. Determined to be at the Marchioness of Lansdowne's big reception recently, Lord John Hay, the brother of the Marquis of Tweeddale, pronounced in Scotland Tweeddale where folk declare nobody but a cockney would pronounce it otherwise especially came to London, took rooms in town and then brought his wife and daughters here. Fittingly arrayed, they all started out in good time on the eventful night, which proved to be a rainy one, but for one whole hour and a half was their carriage blocked in never ending queues of smart vehicles and the family ultimately reached the door of Lansdowne House just in time to see inside, get back to their carriage and return home again.

On the same night Lady Currie, whose husband was ambassador to Rome but whose bad health does not permit him to go to parties, attempted to accept the marchioness' invitation. Her experience was somewhat similar. She stepped from her carriage at her hostess' door to observe, immediately afterwards, that folk were leaving the party, and looking wistfully after her departing carriage was by no means cheered to hear the liftman say, "I don't know when you'll get your carriage blocked in never ending queues of smart vehicles and the family ultimately reached the door of Lansdowne House just in time to see inside, get back to their carriage and return home again."

"HUBBY" GAVE IT UP.

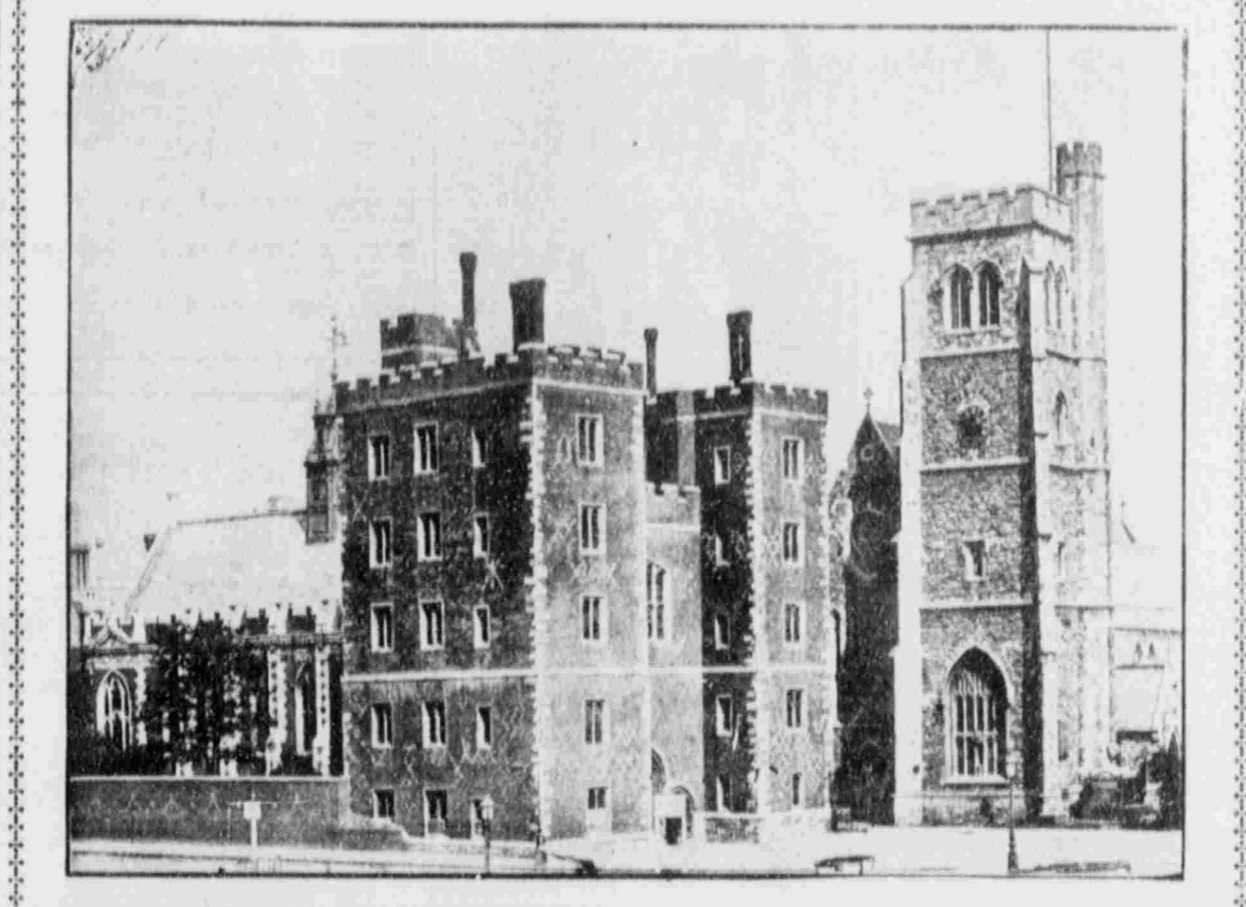
Still more comical and exasperating was the experience of Lord Londonderry. His wife, giving a big party at Londonderry House. He had another engagement that evening, but hurried back from it to join his wife and play the part of host. He found the street so blocked with carriages that his cab could not find a passage through them. Dismissing his undertaker to get through the jam on foot. By the time he succeeded in getting inside his own hall so great was the crush on the stairs that after a hard struggle to mount them and reach his wife he gave it up and had to content himself with seeing and speaking to a few friends as they were swept out of his own front door, his wife upstairs apologizing all the time for his non-arrival and wondering what had happened to detain him.

Fashionable hostesses are utterly at a loss to provide any remedy for the

(Continued on page 10.)

Rapid Rise to the Primacy of England.

How Randall Davidson Won the Good Will of Archbishop Tait's Son at Oxford, and a Friendship That Led to His Appointment as the Archbishop's Private Secretary—After That it Was Upward.



LAMBETH PALACE, OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—By the time these lines appear in print the Archbishop of Canterbury and his wife will have arrived in the United States—an event which will lend additional interest to the accompanying private photograph of the Primate and Mrs. Davidson, which, after some difficulty I have just succeeded in obtaining. It will be observed that the archbishop is depicted in the conventional dress of an Anglican prelate. Although he has posed before the camera in his canonical robes he has never been taken in these vestments with his wife by his side as he is supposed to wear them only when engaged in the most exalted offices of the church, from which his domestic life is a thing apart.

Of course at Archbishop of Canterbury he has never been interviewed in gaiters. Such an unprecedented descent from the dignity of his lofty office would be considered hardly less sacrilegious than his appearance in public with his canonical calves concealed by trousers instead of being displayed in gaiters. But when I called at Lambeth palace to make some enquiries concerning his visit to America I was given to understand he was gravely considering the question whether he should so far conform to the custom of the country as to submit to the ordeal there. If he should decide to follow the example set by that distinguished innovator, Joseph Chamberlain, American newspapers should know that in conversation it is the correct thing to address him as "your grace." His full official designation is "The most reverend father in God, Randall Davidson, by divine providence Archbishop of Canterbury, primate and metropolitan of all England." An ordinary bishop of the English church is a "right reverend father in God" and by "divine permission," merely.

MOST EXALTED RANK.

With the exception of the king who, as Prince of Wales, made a tour of

America long years ago, the Archbishop of Canterbury occupies the most exalted rank of any Englishman who has ever visited the United States. In processions he takes precedence of all the nobility excepting those of the blood royal. To him belongs the honor of placing the crown on the sovereign's head at coronations, the lesser primate, the Archbishop of York, claiming a like privilege in the case of the queen-consort. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the head of the English church. He dominates the bishops and the bishops rule the clergy. His spiritual domain extends over seas to the colonies of the British empire. Of course, like all the bishops, he has a seat in the house of lords, with all the legislative privileges of a peer, but in addition, he is one of the king's lords of the privy council. He is one of the three principal trustees of the British museum and president of all the leading church societies, besides being officially connected with several institutions of learning. In England wives usually share in their husbands' titles, but the wives of church dignitaries do not. That is why the better half of the Archbishop of Canterbury is plain Mrs. Randall Davidson.

Aside from the fact that he was born in Scotland, from whence come so many men who get to the top in English public life, there was nothing in Randall Davidson's youth that presaged his being officially connected with several institutions of learning. In England wives usually share in their husbands' titles, but the wives of church dignitaries do not. That is why the better half of the Archbishop of Canterbury is plain Mrs. Randall Davidson.

OVERCOME MANY OBSTACLES.

A man less conscientiously determined to make the best of himself would have found in the burden of physical weakness and suffering laid upon him sufficient excuse for making life easy, for which many sound bills in the Church of England afford ample opportunity. At Oxford ill-health interfered so seriously with the present archbishop's studies that he attained only a mere pass degree, whereas his predecessor in the primacy, Dr. Temple, carried off double first class honors. However, a piece of rare good fortune, as it appeared in the light of subsequent events, befell Dr. Davidson at Oxford. He won the friendship of Crawford Tait, the son of Archbishop Tait. But for this it is curious to speculate, Randall Davidson might today be only a country parson for he makes no pretensions to that and domestic as well as religious matters, and poured all her troubles into his discreet ears. To Mrs. Davidson, too, she became much attached, and often dropped in to take tea with her at Windsor.

QUEEN'S APPOINTMENT.

After Archbishop Tait's death, for a year Dr. Davidson served his successor, Archbishop Benson, in a similar capacity. Then—at that time he was 33—the queen made him her honorary chaplain and private secretary. After the lapse of another year he was appointed dean of Windsor and domestic chaplain to the queen. For nine years he held these offices to the great satisfaction of the good old queen, for he makes no pretensions to that and domestic as well as religious matters, and poured all her troubles into his discreet ears. To Mrs. Davidson, too, she became much attached, and often dropped in to take tea with her at Windsor.

she had the highest opinion, and declared that a sermon he once preached before her on "Life and Death" was the most powerful she had ever heard.

But the devout and kind-hearted queen came to the conclusion that such a shining light should not be devoted so exclusively to the illumination of her own spiritual pathway, and in 1891 Dr. Randall Davidson was made Bishop of Rochester. At the same time he was appointed her "clerk of the closet," an office which corresponds to that of father confessor in the Catholic church. It was an indication that in his wider sphere the religious ties that bound him to the sovereign were not to be severed. He held the position until her death.

BETTER AT WINCHESTER.

From Rochester in a few years he was promoted to the more desirable see of Winchester. With the most powerful influence in the land bent on advancing him it now rested with himself to decide how far he should go. He could not be accused of a vaulting ambition. Twice the bishopric of London was offered to him, but he declined it. When Archbishop Benson died the queen urged him to accept the primacy, but on the score that his health was not then equal to the requirements of the position, he put it from him and the venerable Dr. Temple stepped into the vacancy. When the queen lay dying at Osborne it was Dr. Randall Davidson whom she summoned to administer to her the last sacrament.

King Edward is not usually credited with profound piety, and it must be regarded as a striking proof of Dr. Davidson's capacity to impress himself on widely differing personalities that the king esteems him almost as highly as

BARGE LADEN THAMES.

The palace overlooks, from the Surrey side of the river, the turgid Tangle-laden Thames, and on the opposite bank, a little lower down the stream, are the houses of parliament. Back of it and on either side stretch the sordid dwellings of Lambeth. But within its gates one seems far removed from the strife and bustle of the modern world, in a region where broods the spirit of eternal calm. It is an ideal place for a saintly recluse. Little time, though, has the Archbishop of Canterbury yielded to such influences. He is one of the busiest men in the kingdom. Usually he rises at 8:30. What with correspondence, frequent attendance at the house of lords when parliament is in session, meetings of important church bodies at which he is expected to preside, consultations with various leaders of his spiritual forces, and an occasional public dinner in the evening for which he must prepare an address, he has little time that he can call his own. The old method of fighting the world, the flesh and the devil in the solitude of the desert is not for these days of the English church.

Dr. Davidson is now King Edward's "clerk of the closet." He gets only £3 a year for it, it is true, but it is not supposed that the office engages much of his attention. Before leaving for America the archbishop expressed his intention of making a study of its public schools. He wants to find out by what mysterious means they turn out such excellent boys and girls under a system of education in which religious instruction plays no part. It is a contradiction of the Church of England's most cherished theory, which has long puzzled Dr. Davidson.

E. LISLE SNELL.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL NURSING HER MOTHER.



Miss Lela Paget, the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Arthur Paget, is in constant attendance at the side of her mother, who was recently injured while riding. Miss Paget is one of the most lovely of the younger girls in England's swaggar set and inherits all the beauty of her mother.

414 Queen Victoria. It was, of course, the king-shrewd judge of human nature—who selected him from among many other men—and after men perhaps, judged by the ordinary standards of the church—to be its leader.

One ecclesiastic, relating his experience at a church convocation where his views were opposed by both Dr. Temple and Dr. Davidson, said, "Davidson really rubbed me the wrong way, but he used a velvet hat, pad and I was hardly aware of it. Temple's method was very different. He took a scrubbing brush and fairly scoured away my notions."

RELIGIOUS FERVOR.

But some of those who know Dr. Davidson best declare that underlying his suavity and gentleness of manner, is a religious fervor just as strong as that which animated his brusque predecessor and a deeper and more profound spirituality. And this, say they, is combined with a man of the world's knowledge of the conditions of modern life and human nature, that enables the primate to adjust means to ends. He writes a sanely temperate article from strength of character. He is an idealist who believes in practical methods.

Such is the lofty estimate of the man taken by his ardent admirers. He has his detractors, too, who attribute his advancement solely to court influence, and the adroit use of the velvet hat pad. But antagonists and detractors alike agree that he is a man of charming personality. Archbishop of Canterbury his salary is \$100,000 a year—half as much again as that of the president of the United States. But he has ever less chance of saying anything out of it, for Lambeth Palace, the official residence, is much bigger than the White House and costs a deal more to keep up. It is a picturesque architectural jumble to which many ages have made their contributions without regard to consistency of design. For over 600 years it has been the London residence of the primates, though the first one occupied by the archbishop dates only from 1834. The oldest portion of the building is the chapel, 72 feet long by 26 feet broad, which was erected by Archbishop Boniface in 1245. It is of peculiar interest to Americans in the scene of the consecration of the first American bishops in 1787.

LOST CAUSES OF THE OLD WORLD.

Monarchs Who Have Been Given The "Sack" by the People They Would Rule.

FIND FRIEND IN ENGLISH EARL.

Lord Ashburnham Spends All the Money He Can Raise to Sustain the Intrigues for European Thrones.

SECRETLY MARRIED.

The noble earl is now 69 years old and his once dark hair is fast turning gray. He is of medium height, but about him there is an unmistakable air of distinction, which is emphasized by his charming manners, as might be expected of one who has mingled so much with descendants of royalty. He was 28 when he succeeded to the earldom, and for some years prior to that and for long years afterwards, he was regarded as a great shock to vanity fair, which had paid such seditious court to the "bachelors' club" as he was commonly called. Married mothers sold many little and private indignation meetings over it and concluded with one another for the "sell" which had been practiced upon them.

Because of some of the things that were the said Lord Ashburnham abandoned London and has never since passed a night in it. He had the superb town residence of the family—Ashburnham house, in aristocratic Dover street—pulled down, and in its place erected a massive mansion, but it thereby being considerably to his own ruin. The flats overlook the gardens of Devonshire house, the town residence of the Duke of Devonshire, and one of them is occupied by the "New Almack's," where feminine ascension gathers to gamble.

SACRIFICED FAMILY TREASURES.

For many years the earl has made his home in Ashburnham house, near Hastings. It is a large, comparatively modern house, with one of the battlements and towers which lend such picturesque effects to many of the stately homes of England's nobility. At one time it contained a rare assortment of works of art and other treasures, but most of these have been sold by Lord Ashburnham to provide the means of prolonging the intrigues of impetuous courtiers, and thus a catch they will never occupy. Among these was a collection of antique bibles and missals, said to be among the finest in the world, which Lord Ashburnham's father or grandfather had bought at a public sale. Their sale had his other possessions. Their sale had his other possessions. Their sale had his other possessions. Their sale had his other possessions.



ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND HIS WIFE.

Of Dr. Davidson's gifts as a preacher