

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

Peerages Going Cheap Because the English Liberals Need the Money

Wealthy Supporters of the Party are Angry at Lloyd George's Socialistic Taxation and Refuse to Pay Up So the Machine is Now Being Run on Money Received for the Last Batch of "Birthday Honors" Which Brought in About \$500,000.

Is the title always granted, of course, when a man is made a member of the house of lords. The record price paid in recent years was that disbursed by the present Lord Michelham, who contributed \$500,000 to the Tory campaign chest in 1905 just before Balfour went out of office. A few months before he had received a baronetcy which it is said cost him nearly \$50,000 and he liked it so well that he insisted on going a step higher. Before that was Herbert Stern, an eminent Jewish banker in the city of London, although in the kingdom of Portugal he was entitled to style himself Baron Stern. Portuguese honors are cheap, however, and do not rank in the market with those conferred by King Edward.

COMMOTION CONTINUES.

This peerage created a commotion which has not subsided yet. Lord Michelham is the son of a Jewish

money lender who came from Frankfurt some years ago and made a fortune in England. It was the elder Stern who secured the Portuguese title with which his son was not content. Usually some pretense is made that the peerage is conferred for conspicuous service to the state although it is often hard to define what the service is. In this case there was not even the pretense. The Balfour government created the peer and sat tight, saying nothing. It was consoling no doubt for the chorus of denunciation which followed by the size of the check pocketed by the treasurer of the party fund.

For the benefit of the American papa who may wish to hear his daughter called "My Lady" and at the same time have the choosing of his son-in-law, it may be said that these little affairs are usually arranged with the chief

whip of the party in power. This functionary as a rule holds no public office. He is like the old-fashioned American boss in that respect, and in the further detail that his word is law with the rank and file of the party. Nominally his job is to see that the members of parliament who profess the faith of his party are on hand to vote when required, but really he runs the party machine. When the party is hard up he casts his eye over its wealthy adherents and a little conference in one of the smoking rooms of the house or commons follows. If a satisfactory deal is made the name of the person selected appears in the next list of those whom the king delighteth to honor.

Sometimes all the persons who are "eligible" for honors are not to be found among the ranks of the members of the house of commons. In that case

If a comfortable seat cannot be found for them, and they are in a hurry for delivery of the goods, they are advised that a large subscription to some well known charity will go a long way toward justifying their elevation. Some big subscriptions to King Edward's hospital fund for London are accounted for in this way, and some of the fine-fine hospitals and art galleries owe their existence more to the desire of their founders to shine among men than to their possession of a large supply of the milk of human kindness.

To do the king justice, he does not like this sale by the rival political managers of titles which are supposed to proceed from him as the fountain of all honor, and he has on more than one occasion protested strongly against certain names which have been submitted to him. Once or twice he has protested successfully, notably in the case of a great South African financier who was said to be willing to give a blank check to anyone who would help him to enlist the aid of Mrs. George Keppel, the king's most intimate woman friend. Mrs. George succeeded where the politicians and wire-pullers had failed and her client got his title. The story goes that Mrs. George's bank account was swelled by nearly \$250,000 soon after this incident.

Edward also reserves to himself the right to confer peerages and knight-hoods without consulting anyone, and most of the honors bestowed on distinguished soldiers and sailors are given at the king's own initiative. He has also instituted a series of "orders" which are jealously guarded from the cheapening process of politics or favoritism and an "M. V. O." or an "M. C." is valued more highly by those who really know the meaning of such things than the right to be addressed as "Sir John" or "My Lord." The simple letters represent achievement, while the title may represent only the transfer of a certain sum of money, not always earned in the most honorable way.

It was Lord Dunsford, Lord Dunsford, who said cynically that everyone with an income of \$50,000 a year ought to have a seat in the house of lords. Dunsford, although a cynic, was a Conservative to the backbone, and he spent his life defending the privileges of the old aristocracy at which he sneered. The Liberals are today doing what they can to put his cynical motto into practice as the descendants of Dunsford's old enemies, the Whigs.

When all the preliminaries are over and the happy man's name has appeared in the list of honors it might be thought that he had finished paying. There are still the taxes of nobility which range from about \$125 to \$5,000, according to the dignity conferred. About the only honors which carry no such costly patent are the knight-hoods, which are conferred by accolade by the king in person—that is, by touching on the shoulder with a sword. If the recipient of a knight-hood is a layman or is prevented by illness from attending to receive the honor, then he is entitled to a patent, but he gets it free of all charge.

While the Liberals are moving heaven and earth for money for the approaching campaign the Tories are having no trouble at all in getting all that they ask for. A week or two ago a side show organization known as the "Anti-Budget League" was formed to organize meetings throughout the country for the express purpose of denouncing the new taxation. Walter Long, who will be one of the leading men in the next Tory cabinet, was chosen chairman and he sent out a circular to the chief Tory producers. Within a week he had received \$50,000 and I am told that not a penny of this amount had any string to it.

It is a fact, of course, that most of the wealthy supporters of the Tory party have already got titles which are mellowed by age and are not desirous of adding new ones to their collection. They are really alarmed at the trend of the new taxation which they regard as socialistic and they fear that it is only the beginning of a general attack on the privileges of the class. They are fighting for their existence with their backs against the wall and they have the support of a large section of the business men of the country who although normally inclined to range themselves with the Liberals are afraid of the association between the Liberal politicians and the avowed socialists.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, July 22.—If there is any American father who wants to buy for his daughter an English peerage now is his time. Peerages are cheap, and he need not have a musty old title either. A brand new patent of nobility, transferred from the price that some transatlantic millionaires have paid for damaged parchments with a decidedly fly-blown son-in-law attached to it, is the fact is that the present Liberal government of England is hard up, and in this country when a government is hard up the favorite way to raise the wind is by the sale of honors, which are granted nominally by the king but really by the political party in power. Lloyd George, the chancellor of the exchequer, is to blame for it all. His budget with its new taxes on land, on inheritance and on "unearned increments" has offended the "producers" of the party, and they have buttoned up their pockets. A general election is not far off and the engineers of the Liberal machine do not know where to turn for the oil that makes the wheels run smoothly.

The most serious blow has come from Lord Joicey, a great coal owner and land proprietor in the North of England. He has been one of the mainstays of the party chest and his annual subscription has taken the form of a check for \$100,000. He has withdrawn this because of the new taxes which he says are designed to penalize thrift and make wealth a crime. The Liberal managers feel that this almost amounts to a breach of contract on Lord Joicey's part, for which he got his peerage in 1906. It was granted rather in consideration of past and future services and subscriptions to the party, than in consideration of any immediate cash payment.

TORRE UP HIS CHECK.

Then Sir Christopher Furness, the great Hull ship builder, whose annual contribution was about the same as Lord Joicey's, has also snapped the rubber band round his roll. He was to have figured as the recipient of a peerage in the list of honors handed out on the king's birthday last month, but when the party managers came to look over the ground they found that they dared not risk an election for the house of commons in the constituency which he represents. They accordingly told him he must wait for his elevation to the house of lords, and he then and there tore up the check which he had signed ready to hand over when the goods were delivered.

After all, however, the government did not do a bad stroke of business on the king's birthday. It made 13 baronets and 35 knights and now lies on the proceeds, which I am informed on first rate authority amounted to nearly half a million dollars, but even that large sum does not go far in running a great political party, and there is no more money in sight. Of course it must be understood that not all the honors conferred on British subjects are paid for. The knight-hoods received by eminent representa-

Where Squire Bernard Shaw Roars Peacefully Like a Dove

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, July 22.—"Clever devil is Bernard Shaw!" He is the only dramatist who has counted since Shakespeare's day. Some sort of brain, with a whip of a tongue and a pen like a sledgehammer.

Shaw was made to me at the dinner table recently by a literary sage and a competent critic. It sounded like Shaw on Shaw! From this you may possibly appreciate the natural fear which Shaw has of the prospect of meeting the personage face to face. I was afraid he would talk much above my understanding; that his every word would be a book, and every sentence a chapter.

Bernard Shaw has two houses—one in the heart of London overlooking the Thames, and the other, at Ayot St. Lawrence, in the heart of Paradise as it is to be found in the territories. He lives in the country one, and merely resides in the town place. I saw him in the charming country retreat where he really roars, and where he does most of his work. It is a house which has no striking external feature. A new brick and plaster structure, it is intended for utility and comfort rather than for show. It is a pleasant surprise. There are no curtains to the windows. There is no knocker on the door. A ring of an electric bell brought a neatly dressed maid, and I entered a spacious hall, coolly furnished with tapestries and silk scrolls, relics of a recent visit to Algeria, and bearing characters which probably even Shaw cannot read.

THE PARSON WAS THERE.

I was ushered without delay into the drawing room and there was George Bernard Shaw. He rose and greeted me with a sunny smile and a hearty handshake. "All right," he said, "I am as an athlete, he looked the soul of gentleness as he stood there in a khaki colored knickerbocker suit, with a kindly wave of his hand. Then he presented me to a parson of the Church of England—the rector of this old-world village."

Shaw, he it remembered, had just been accused of being a blasphemer. He had written a play called "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet," and the examiner of plays, an old gentleman who blushes more than any other man in England, had declared it to be unfit to be produced on an English stage because in it Shaw had introduced the effect of God's influence on a set of blackguards. And this man Shaw, this blasphemer, was actually acting the part of host to the Rev. J. N. Dudding, rector of Ayot St. Lawrence. The rector is in danger of being reported to my lord the bishop of the diocese.

Tree Tea

is Uncolored and complies with all Pure Food regulations.

TREE TEA is selected and picked from the choicest mountain districts of Japan and is controlled by our firm. No one can get the TREE TEA but our firm, so any one claiming to have a tea just as good, is misrepresenting.

Beware of imitations.

M. J. BRANDENSTEIN & CO.

Why, he even expressed the opinion that the censor was wrong!

HARDLY LOOKS THE PART.

George Bernard Shaw in the flesh does not look the overwhelmingly superior person that his signature draws solidly from his writings—especially to the newspapers—has painted him. His brown, well-trimmed and delicately fine hair, whiskers, and moustache are turning white, and through his flat-topped, steel-rimmed spectacles his bright, intellectual eyes shine clearly. He looks rather like a quiet, thoughtful, and very earnest country gentleman—the type of student who goes about with a magnifying glass and a little hammer chipping bits of palaeozoic rocks. You would never suspect him of being the author of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Candida," and other "pleasant" plays, a vegetarian, and a socialist. He was not even wearing a red tie.

And he does not roar like a lion nor bark like a dog. He actually has a human voice—a soft musical voice enriched with a slight touch of his native Irish brogue. One second after I entered the room, George Bernard Shaw was right down from his sky-scraping pedestal. His first words were: "You will have a cup of tea, won't you? The maid is just getting it ready." Then he asked me to play checkers with him.

After tea we talked about "Blanco Posnet," and the author fired off some interesting stories illustrative of the quaint eccentricities of the English method of censoring stage plays.

MUST PLAY THE RULES.

"Redford, the censor," said Shaw, "is really a modest, well-meaning gentleman, but he has to conform to the rules of his office. It is not a question of morals at all. You can put as many naughty women as you like in a play and it will pass; but if you introduce anything which is contrary to the rules then it is banned."

"Some time ago a play was written about a woman who was passionately devoted to her husband and children. One day he was brought home dead from a saw-mill. He had got entangled in the machinery and was cut up into a hundred small pieces. The shock to the wife was so great that she gave birth to a child which was deformed and an idiot and other unpleasant things. The woman made up her mind to kill the child, but before doing this murder she was brought to her senses by the thought of the child according to the rules of the Church of England. The censor was, at his own request, shown how the child would be allowed unless some trifling alteration—which had

something to do with the holding of the cup—were made. Now this was a perfectly legal ceremony—any layman may christen a child—but because in one minute detail it did not comply with the rules of the censor's office it was in danger of being prohibited altogether. The suggested alteration was made as it in no way affected the actual christening ceremony, and the play was duly passed and produced."

POWERFUL DRAMA KILLED.

"There was another play with a powerful moral. A woman died as the result of a violent passion, and the result of her death was the indictment on herself with the object of avoiding a great public scandal. But although you may have as many seductions as you like in a play, it is against the rules to drag in this particular illegality. Of course that was the whole point and purpose of the play. It would have been senseless to make a woman die of a violent passion, and she wanted to live and as it was impossible to alter the mode of her death the play was prohibited and a powerful drama was lost to the stage."

GOES TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY.

"Do you go to church, Mr. Shaw?" "Oh, yes; every Sunday. I like the church and I like our friend the rector here. He has exactly 99 parishioners to look after, and he is a very good one. If a day school teacher were given as many boys to look after there would be a fine old row. Tell us the delightful story about the church again, won't you?"

"Thus appealed to, the rector raked up some ancient village history. A perfect example of a Gothic church was built in the village in the fourteenth century. Many years ago, the lord of the manor, Lyde by name, began to pull the church down. He had gone half way with his destructive mission when the bishop of the diocese rebuked him for his wantonness. As an act of repentance, Lyde built a temple about a hundred yards away, with heavy Doric pillars and arches in front, and this is the parish as they parish dwellers call it. The fourteenth century building remains merely an interesting ruin."

"When Lyde's wife died," the rector continued, "he had her buried under the left hand arch, and when he died he was, on his own instructions, buried under the right hand arch, the church itself thus separating the two. The rector said that Lyde was determined that as the church had united him and his wife during life, it should divide them after death."

SQUIRE SHAW.

"You are interested in those places, aren't you? I'll take you round," and George Bernard Shaw got up from his seat, put on a peaked cap and Kettle top, the manner of which rubbed his clothes, slung his binoculars over his left shoulder, and trotted out. Everybody in Ayot St. Lawrence knows Shaw as the village squire, and as none other. The working men of the village, who are employed for the heavy lifting at the Hales, then the trial takes place. The corps consists of 621 men.

DUTIES OF THE STRONG MEN.

The duties of the "strong men"—the only name ever given them—are to unload the sacks of flour, cases of cheese, boxes of fresh sea fish and other produce coming to the market, but the final aim of each man is to handle the "grand fruit." This is the last great stepping stone in their work, salaries of from 1,000 francs a year are paid. It is not a munificent sum for an American workman, but for France it is colossal.

Giants in stature, broad shouldered, big boned, and great muscled, developed, men, skin toughened by exposure, one can only compare these men to superb Percheron horses. They are fully or-

forgetting amid these heavenly surroundings that he is a socialist. "We are two miles from the main road. We get no dust from motor cars. People do not come this way, unless they want to and so we are left undisturbed and happy." We were among the church ruins.

SQUIRE AS A GUIDE.

"Beautiful example of fourteenth century architecture," commented the squire. "Look at the remains of the fine old timbered roof. Owls get up there and screech. See the beauty of that fragment of ornamentation. 'Pity some fool laid violent hands on it.' 'That's the Manor House over there,' he continued, pointing to what I thought was an elegant Elizabethan mansion set in extensive grounds. 'In the old days it was the rectory. That was at a time when livings were given to the sons of rich noblemen, and much money was spent in building magnificent manor houses as rectories. Nowadays only poor men are rectors. They cannot afford the up-keep of big houses, and so they have to take in lodgers.'"

The contraption is the temple built in place of the 14th century church. The door is locked, so we cannot enter. Lyde was buried there and his wife over the door. I don't know the two. That's a good joke of the rector, isn't it?"

Choosing the "Strong" Men For the Markets of Paris

(Special Correspondence.)

PARIS, July 20.—A queer ceremony has just taken place at the Hales, the big central market of Paris. It is a competition of men with abnormal strength to be elected permanently as the "strong men of the market."

The Hales is a large iron building covering more than 20 acres of ground, the structure being divided by covered streets 45 feet high and 50 feet wide.

Before 5 a. m. the competitors began to arrive at the main entrance and notwithstanding the unseasonable hour, crowds of spectators were there to witness the novel competition which was to begin exactly at 5 and did not finish until nearly 11. After the arrival of the judges the applicants grouped themselves around the starting point and waited for the word to begin.

Each candidate must show his ability to carry, without resting, a huge sack filled with stones weighing 450 pounds for 45 yards. No sign of strain must be apparent nor may the men totter under their burden. Some of the competitors got no farther than a few steps; others who had accomplished the feat were disqualified because the effort left them exhausted. When a candidate did succeed in his task to the satisfaction of the judges, he was greeted by the crowd with wild yells of approval.

Men from every province of France entered for this contest, which occurs only once in every two or three years. When death or continued sickness depletes this body of men, who are employed for the heavy lifting at the Hales, then the trial takes place. The corps consists of 621 men.

DUTIES OF THE STRONG MEN.

The duties of the "strong men"—the only name ever given them—are to unload the sacks of flour, cases of cheese, boxes of fresh sea fish and other produce coming to the market, but the final aim of each man is to handle the "grand fruit." This is the last great stepping stone in their work, salaries of from 1,000 francs a year are paid. It is not a munificent sum for an American workman, but for France it is colossal.

Giants in stature, broad shouldered, big boned, and great muscled, developed, men, skin toughened by exposure, one can only compare these men to superb Percheron horses. They are fully or-

We walked back to the squire's residence, I wondering the while whether there were two Shaws, and whether he had any difficulty in throwing off either of his masks. I asked him if he did most of his work here.

"I come here as often as I can," he said. "But I can write anywhere in a motor-car. In a train, in the house, or on a door-step. If, when I was young, I had written for a nice place to write in I should never have done any work. Am I an early riser? Not too early. I catch the 9 o'clock train."

On leaving I confessed that my reception had been a bit of a surprise. I thought you kicked interviewers right out of the village," I told him. He laughed. "I am not such a terrible person as some people think," he said.

The laboring villagers of Ayot St. Lawrence do not know George Bernard Shaw. They only know Mr. Shaw, who lives in that new house "just in the turning of the lane there." I spoke to one workman and asked him if he knew what Mr. Shaw did for a living.

"He does something in London, I think," he said, "but dashed if I know what. He doesn't tell the likes of us. But I do know as he's a darned good sort. My wife was very ill and he sent her some eggs and Mrs. Shaw called and made the missus feel quite well again. Of course, it isn't for me to ask him about his trade, is it?"

FRANCIS HOPKINS.

PERFECTLY PEACEFUL.

The men all act in perfect harmony. There is never any dissension among them, neither do they discuss grievances in public, indulge in strikes or make themselves obnoxious by threats, for imagined wrongs. They are self-respecting citizens in every way, and if provoked by assault they can defend themselves ably, as was proved one night a short while ago.

One of their number started for his work at the Hales in the early hours of the morning. Finding himself ahead of time he stretched out on a bench which was placed in a secluded spot on the street and soon fell asleep. Suddenly he awoke just as a bolt of lightning struck his pocket book. Instantly he was on his feet facing two "Apaches"—the dangerous and murderous vagabonds of Paris. They reached for their knives, but before they could attack him the "strong man" grabbed each one by the nape of the neck and knocked their heads together again and again like two puppets in a Punch and Judy show.

DISAGREEABLE AT HOME.

Lots of men and women who are agreeable with others, get "cranky" at home. It is not disagreeable for them. If you and in yourself that you feel cross around the house, little things annoy you just as a bolt of lightning strikes your pocket book. Instantly he was on his feet facing two "Apaches"—the dangerous and murderous vagabonds of Paris. They reached for their knives, but before they could attack him the "strong man" grabbed each one by the nape of the neck and knocked their heads together again and again like two puppets in a Punch and Judy show.

JUVENILE MONSTER.

Little Therese Marceau, whose age is 7, and who lives at Le Mans, evidently is the type of juvenile monster that French novelists are fond of introducing into their works. As the result of a prank of hers, her younger sister is dead and her mother is insane. One day this week Therese's parents, who are farming people, sent her to keep her eye on some cows which were being fished by the farm house. Off she set, accompanied by the younger child, who was only 3 years old. From time to time the parents looked over the hedge to see that everything

Nearly Lost His Life For the Sake of Realism

(Special Correspondence.)

PARIS, July 16.—Surprising happenings have been reported from many quarters of France, this week. None, however, is more unusual than the exploit of M. Adolf Cappellani, a French sculptor, whose thirst for absolute realism came near being the death of himself and several others.

Realism is M. Cappellani's strong point and when recently he conceived the idea of executing a figure of a man sinking in quicksands, he decided to obtain actual photographs of some one in such a plight. None were forth coming, however, nor could a model be found obliging enough to risk his life for art's sake. So the sculptor made up his mind to be his own model.

He carried out his ideas with quite a few very soaked men. At four St. Michel where the sands are as treacherous as in any part of France. Having put on an old suit of clothes, he went out to a dangerous spot and duly began to sink. At a convenient distance photographers, on his instructions, put up a cinematograph camera and began taking pictures of him as he was slowly sucked under. Meanwhile he tried to look and act as horror-stricken as possible.

The thing was thus being beautifully carried out when it suddenly occurred to all concerned that the whole performance was getting perilously near to reality. The sculptor, sucked down almost to his waist, stopped acting in a hurry, and the pictures taken of him show that his fright was no longer a pretence. At the same moment the photographers ceased to photograph because they found that they and their camera were sinking rapidly in the quicksands. Help came just in time and all were dragged out safe and sound.

ANOTHER EPISODE.

From the episode of M. Cappellani let us turn to that of a French soldier and his wife's queer doings. Of course every French bride has a "dot" and this lady's consisted solely of two postage stamps. One would conclude that all of the husband's money was in fortune seeking, but he may have been, notwithstanding, for the two stamps in question are worth \$5,000. They are rare specimens of Mauritanian issues and their story is rather interesting. The lady whose poverty they are is a Croile and has been married several years. The sergeant who espoused her was told that the value of the stamps would increase and instead of selling them he had them framed and put his treasure in a French bank. This week his regiment was ordered abroad, he went to the bank with his wife to withdraw his deposit and his comrades in arms—troopers—formed a procession to escort the couple carrying home their fortune in two postage stamps.

JUVENILE MONSTER.

Little Therese Marceau, whose age is 7, and who lives at Le Mans, evidently is the type of juvenile monster that French novelists are fond of introducing into their works. As the result of a prank of hers, her younger sister is dead and her mother is insane. One day this week Therese's parents, who are farming people, sent her to keep her eye on some cows which were being fished by the farm house. Off she set, accompanied by the younger child, who was only 3 years old. From time to time the parents looked over the hedge to see that everything

TEACHERS AND SUMMER EXCURSIONS EAST.

Chicago and return \$55.00. St. Paul and Minneapolis, \$52.00. Dates of sale August 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, final return limit Oct. 31st. Diverse routes via the Chicago & North Western Ry. For particulars address C. A. WALKER, General Agent, 38 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Via Denver & Rio Grande R. R. To Provo canyon, 7:50 a. m., \$10 a. m., \$12.50.

To Ogden, 10:25 a. m., 1:35 p. m., \$10.00.

To Pahrump's Glen, 8:30 a. m., 50c.

Return on any train. Special leaves Provo canyon 7:30 p. m.

EXCURSIONS NORTH.

August 7th and 21st.

Via Oregon Short Line. Special rates to northern Utah and Idaho, points with long limits. City Ticket Office 201 Main Street.