

Even if it seems like work, at first, it will pay you to add to the list of your daily habits, that of reading about all of the want ads.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

There Have Been About as Many Women Maimed and Hurt at "Pink Teas" As At "Bargain-Counter Cruises."

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1906, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

CLIMBING OF THE POLITICAL LADDER.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman Just Did His Best at Every Job He Had.

AND NEVER BECAME WORRIED.

By Doggedness, Pertinacity, and Sticking to His Guns, He Outstripped Brilliant Rivals.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—"I never had any desire for the position I was called upon to occupy," said Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman once when talking with a friend about his selection as leader of the opposition, "but I was put there by force of circumstances and I said, 'Please God, I will do my best.'"

There you have the keynote to the character of the man who is now prime minister, and by the grace and favor of King Edward the first commoner holding that position to take

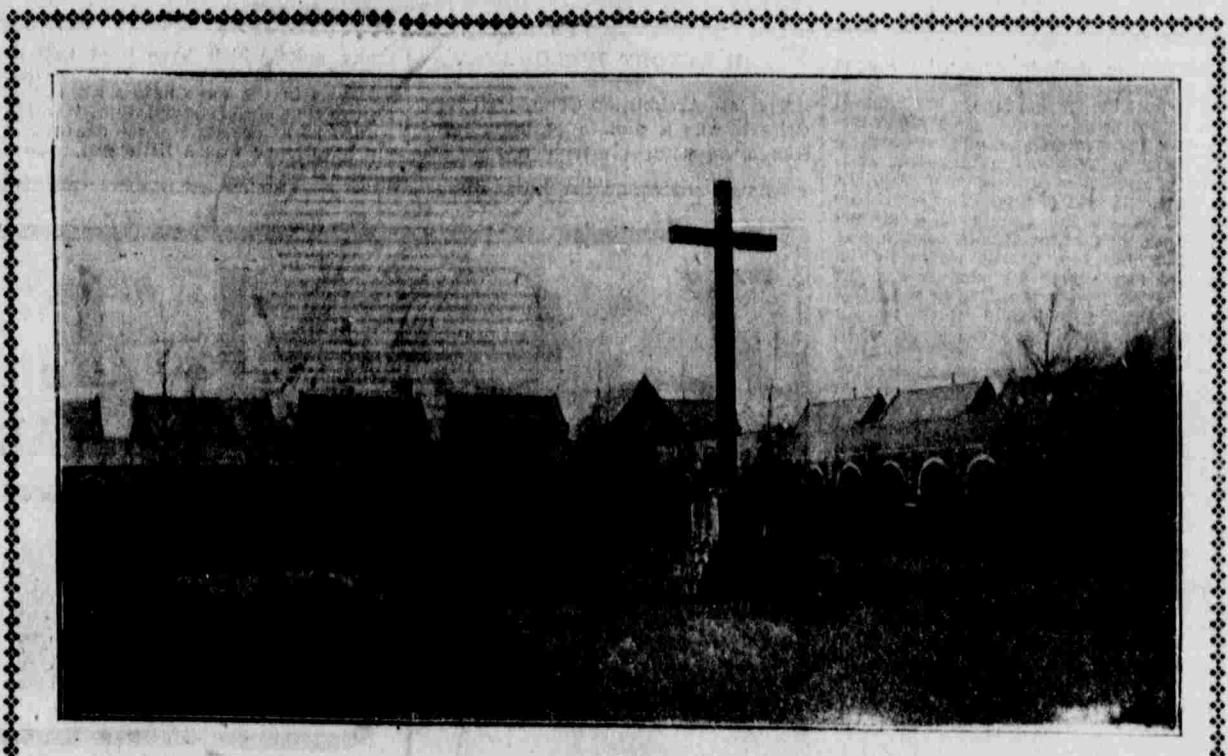
honesty proving the best policy. "However," he said at last, yielding to their importunities, "you wish to see a place of such lines I will send you £500 (\$2,500) to make the trial. They accepted the offer and opened a shop of their own. It was a success from the beginning. I share dealing paid beyond their most sanguine expectations. It was not long before the young men were running a much bigger establishment than their former employer. The business thus founded has now grown into enormous proportions, centered in two gigantic warehouses in Glasgow, with a branch establishment in Leeds and with a huge trade both at home and abroad. James Campbell, the father of the future prime minister became Lord Provost of the city of Glasgow and afterwards Sir James Campbell. The two brothers were ardent politicians but belonged to opposite parties. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that Sir Henry's brother, Dr. James A. Campbell, who has represented Glasgow University in Parliament since 1880, is numbered among his political opponents being a staunch Conservative. But he has never cut much of a figure in the house and seldom makes a speech there which is rather fortunate for Sir Henry.

FATHER LEFT LARGE FORTUNE.

From his father Sir Henry inherited a large fortune to which was added another bequeathed to him by his maternal uncle. It was made conditional on his linking the surname Bannerman to his own patronymic of Campbell. He submitted to the hyphen for the sake of the cash, which swelled his income to \$250,000 a year. Hence the double-barreled name which he wears. It makes a rather big mouthful and to save the time that it takes to get it out political friends and foes alike generally refer to him as "C.B." Incidentally the abbreviation is a tribute to his geniality and popularity. No one

Rich Men Fill World's Greatest Monastery

Practically Every Member of the Carthusian Order Which Has Buried Itself in the Midst of a Forest Near Brighton, England, is a Former Possessor of Immense Wealth—Self Abnegation.



WHERE MILLIONAIRE MONKS ARE BURIED.

When Members of the English Carthusian Order Die, Their Bodies Are Nailed to Boards, and Buried in This Cemetery, Which is in the Center of the Monastery.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—Strange to say, Protestant England contains the largest monastic institution in the world. Stranger still is the fact that nearly every member of this singular religious community is an ex-millionaire. Many of them hail from the noblest and wealthiest houses of Europe; among them are relatives of many princely families; but, on joining the community, they have sunk their identity under the name of patron saints and given up their riches, whether in landed estates or money, to be used by the order to which they have sacrificed all that the world holds dear.

This is a Carthusian community, and here ex-millionaires, brought up to every luxury, may be seen doing the most menial of tasks side by side with humble members of the community drafted from the peasantry of France and Italy. Every one in the monastery, prince or pauper, participates in the same household arrangements—the barest of rooms, the simplest of fare. As if its inmates had purposely sought to hide themselves from a too inquisitive age, the site for this great monastery—which extends over six acres of ground and contains more buildings than any other religious community in the world—has been chosen in the midst of a forest, two and a half miles from any railway station. It is near Partridge Green, 14 miles from Brighton and about two hours' ride from London. Far back in the days of St. Bruno, hundreds of years ago, monks of the Carthusian order found themselves repulsed in mountain fastnesses, and the representatives of the order in England, even in this century, have made their place as exclusive and unknown as if it were in the wildest and most inaccessible of places.

QUIET SECLUSIVE LIFE.

It is, however, rather remarkable that this great monastery has not been written about in this age of publicity. Partly its seclusiveness has been maintained by the fact that the order has made no effort to take part in any movement of this age. Its members do not teach schools, or till the soil, or write books, or do anything that might claim for them worldly recognition. Their one effort seems to have been to escape notice. Their lives have been devoted solely to prayer for a sinful world, silent contemplation, and living in a manner utterly dead to the world. Kings and governments may pass away, dynasties may be disrupted, London might be in flames, the close religious community at Partridge Green would know nothing about it, or, if they did, would take no notice.

It is of the absolute beliefs of the Carthusians at this particular monastery that they are doing an immense service to the world by their life of prayer and self-abnegation. In a book written by one of their members the distinct claim is made that if they ceased from their prayers for a moment the end of the world would come. To quote this writer's own words, "If tomorrow our lips were closed, if our discouraged hands were let fall to the ground, if we gave up the painful path of penance, the world would be carried away like a blade of grass by the storms of divine vengeance."

MUST FORGET ALL.

The rigors of life in this community are not easily borne. In the first place, one has to forget that there is anything human about him, if he wishes to comply with Carthusian requirements. Now and then these men speak to each other

on rare festive and saint days; but the rest of their time is supposed to be spent in the study of theological problems. Every object dear to nature must be given up—every tie of affection that binds one to friends and relatives must be broken. Even in death one must be willing to be buried like a common pauper, or even worse, for it is said that in their burials the strangest of practices prevail. Each body, after death, undergoes a species of post-mortem crucifixion. The body is laid out in a coffin, but is nailed to a board in imitation of the death of Christ, and buried in a nameless grave, marked solely by a black wooden cross. The graveyard itself occupies a little central square in the midst of the monastery grounds, in plain sight of every one passing daily to and fro. This is done to remind the living of their end, and to further detach their thoughts from everything worldly.

From the little village of Partridge Green one drives to this Carthusian monastery through a rather bare looking country, and finally reaches the great gate which is concealed in the great cluster of monastic buildings. These number 60, form a hollow square, and are so well hidden by surrounding woods that you do not realize their vast extent until you have walked around them.

WOMEN FOREVER BARRED.

Facing the roadway, a church like building forms the entrance of the monastery. A huge conical door, forbidding to appearance, leads to the interior. "Ladies are never permitted to visit the monastery on any account." A metal bell-pull of quaint design hangs outside, and a jerk upon this sends a bell jangle in a sepulchral passage, as if the sound were at the bottom of a well. Presently a small door cut inside the big one opens, and a silent monk, clad in flowing white robes—his head shaven clean—beckons you within.

The reception room on the left is open to all great key and you are ushered into an apartment which boasts a deal table, a straight-backed chair and a floor as bare as a tombstone. The monk locks you in the room, and after half an hour's wait you are beckoned to the lock and you are beckoned to

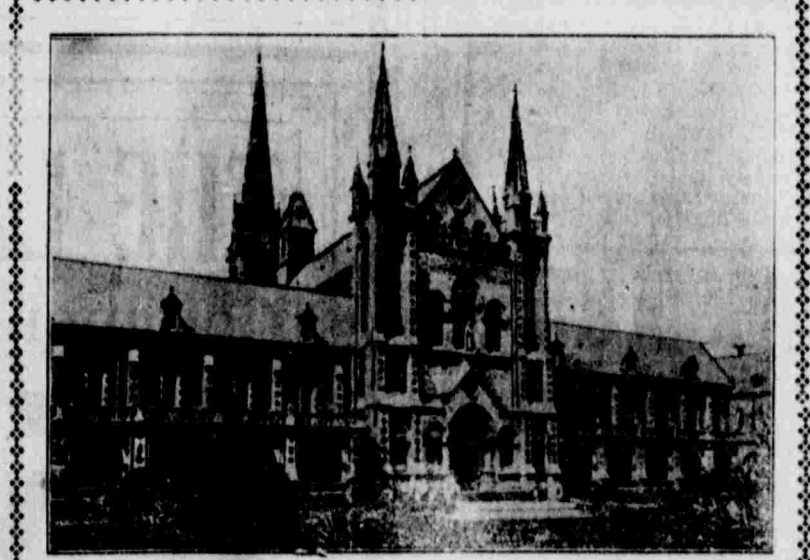
follow once more. You do not know whether it is the same monk or not, for a huge and all-enveloping hood hides his face as he proceeds down a long, dingy passage and unlocks several doors as he goes along.

Across a small courtyard, planted with cedars and which gives the impression of its abandoned graveyard, saying that it is kept in order, a really splendid church of the cathedral type comes into view. Inside this edifice the costliest of decorations is in evidence. Wealth running into thousands of dollars seems to have been lavished everywhere—magnificent stained glass windows, exquisite altar tapestries and truly fine mural decorations present a remarkable contrast to the severity of the rest of the buildings. Inside this church you see one or two monks prostrated in silent prayer, their cowls drawn over their heads. Everything is silent and the effect is one of awe and grandeur.

It is in this church that at 12 each night is held one of the weirdest and most impressive of religious ceremonies. Just at midnight the great bell of the monastery begins tolling, and white-robed figures sweep silently down the long corridors. Each carries a tiny lamp, taken from its stand in front of his crucifix and wends his way along the cloisters, past the graveyard, to the church beyond.

THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

When every member of the community is in his allotted place the tiny lamps are extinguished. The only light remaining is that of the sacrilegious lamp hanging in front of the altar. This lamp sheds a red glow over the bending figures of the monks, their white garments seeming tinged with fire here and there. Swaying their bodies slightly to and fro they begin a strange, weird chant which almost approaches to a wail. One side of the church takes up the song and the other answers, and thus the curious chanting goes on for two hours without interruption. At the end of that time the tiny lamps are again lighted by a lay brother and the monks in perfect silence, and without speaking a word to each other, find their way back along the narrow passages, each going to his own cell. Thus



The Exterior of the Church in Which the English Carthusian Monks Hold The Weirdest Midnight Prayer Service Which They Believe Keeps the Universe From Destruction.

saved him from making the mistake of attempting too much and turning things upside down. He held the office for one year and when he returned from Ireland he was a chubby, rubicund and beamingly good-natured man, ever ready to tackle the next job that turned up. And the warm-hearted but impetuous Irish folk who had tried their best to hate him had grown to like him.

It was natural that when Mr. Gladstone formed his third cabinet in 1886 he should reward his loyal and capable follower with the important office of secretary of war. He held the same office from 1892 to 1895, the last year under Lord Rosebery's administration. It was due to the reluctance of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery's government to expend money on the army estimates that Sir Henry's department was caught short on cordite, and the exposure of the deficient supply of that death-dealing explosive led to the overthrow of the government.

As war minister his chief achievements were the introduction of the eight-hour day in army supply factories and getting rid of that royal old fogey, the Duke of Cambridge, as commander-in-chief. It is curious to recall that on the very afternoon on which Sir Henry informed the house of commons that the duke had been bounced he himself was dismissed by that whiff of cordite. It didn't worry him a bit. He cracked a joke over the humorous irony of the coincidence and light-heartedly resigned himself to whatever might turn up.

Every body knows that he espoused the unpopular side in the Boer war. That made him intensely unpopular with the majority, but having taken his line he stuck to it. The stubborn resolution with which he stood his ground has won him a large measure of the respect and confidence which he enjoys today. While others took a middle course and sought the favor of opponents, Sir Henry was content to

(Continued on page 14)

ITALY'S QUEEN TO TOUR AMERICA.

Will Visit the United States in Big Auto Trip in the Early Spring.

ARRANGEMENTS UNDER WAY.

Is Anxious to See the West But Knows Little of It Except From Bret Harte's Stories.

Special Correspondence.

ROME, Jan. 2.—Margherita, the queen mother of Italy, is really going to make a tour of the United States. It has not yet been decided on exactly what date she will start, but it will probably be early next spring. She intends to "do" America in a motor car, and to avoid the fuss and ceremony with which she was thoroughly satiated during the long year she shared Italy's throne with King Humbert she will travel incognito. She will assume the title of Countess of Stupinigi, taking the name from her

the Carthusians expiate, as they claim, the sins of the world. At 6 o'clock they again arise to pray; but at this time each monk says his prayers in his cell. The booming of the great bell in the clock tower sets the time for the beginning of each occupation and prayer. All the monks in the monastery are engaged in the same prayers at the same time throughout the numerous buildings, and thus again a peculiar form of religious worship—all praying together but apart—is performed. This form of cell devotion is peculiar to the Carthusian Order, which has practised it from the earliest times.

EACH MONK HAS FOUR ROOMS.

Each monk has a cell of four rooms to himself. The door to the cell opens upon a stone-paved private hall about 40 feet in length, at the bottom of which is a short flight of stone steps. These lead to the two living rooms of the recluse. The first room you enter is a reception room, with the exception that there is nothing in it, by way of furniture, to make the guest at home. A single straight-backed chair constitutes the sole furniture of an apartment above 12 feet square. A single picture—a religious subject—hangs on the wall. The first room leads into a second. This is the monk's "sanctum sanctorum"—his holy of holies—his bedroom, praying room, writing room and dining room. Placed inside a species of cupboard and hung about with curtains is a bed. The mattress is made of straw, and the bed is covered with coarse blankets.

At the foot of the bed is a kneeling stand, surmounted with a great crucifix. On the opposite side of the room from the bed, and near the tiny window which lets light into the apartment, is a rude desk. Some works on theology and rules of the order are seen on the shelves.

On the floor below the living rooms are two workrooms, fitted up as a carpenter shop. Every conceivable tool is



QUEEN MOTHER OF ITALY. Who Will Tour the United States in Her Motor Car Next Spring.

found here, even a first-rate turning lathe. This work room enables the monk to take proper exercise. He is not required to make anything in particular with his tools, but he usually spends his time in the workshop in making some object of devotion. He also chops his own firewood down in the carpenter shop. This workshop is the principal means of keeping the monks in good health, for, as nearly all their lives are spent in the cell—or rather the four-roomed flat of private hall—they must do something to keep themselves healthy.

EAT IN THEIR OWN CELLS.

The Carthusians monks do not even go out to meals; but each repast is brought to the cell and pushed through a species of trapdoor. This operation is performed in silence, neither the one bringing the meal nor the recipient saying a word. The meal is brought in three separate cans, like a workman's dinner pail. The bottom can contains soup, the second fish, the third two kinds of vegetables and some fruit. A bottle of wine is also served with the dinner. No meat is eaten, the Carthusians being strict vegetarians. Concerning this vegetarian diet the strictest rules prevail. Even if a monk is dying and meat should be ordered by a doctor, it is not given. In the early ages of the order, one of the popes tried to persuade the Carthusians to relax their abstemious diet; but a deputation waited upon him and succeeded in persuading the pope that vegetables were the very best possible food. Today all the monks are hearty and robust looking, and their health certainly speaks well for their form of diet.

ITS FINE LIBRARY.

One of the most striking features of the monastery is its fine library, which occupies a handsome apartment. All the books are beautifully bound, and there is evidence of great taste and the expenditure of a large sum of money on the appointments of the room.

Just back of the library is a private chapel in which are the relics of many well-authenticated saints. The wax figures of a saint is shown underneath the altar in this room, and immediately below it his skeleton reposes in a glass case. Near this room are some wonderfully painted pictures showing the martyrdom of certain Carthusian fathers in England during the times of persecution. The scenes are revolting realities—the very walls seeming to drip with blood. Another picture in a side room shows a row of monks hanging by chains to the wall, the scene being painted so realistically that it is warranted to haunt the recollection of any one who has seen it.

Altogether it might truthfully be said that this monastery—which has been in existence about 700 years—is one of the strangest institutions in the world. Situated in the midst of Protestant England, the monks live the life of the middle ages, absolutely oblivious to the surrounding world or the progress of the most wonderful of the century.

W. B. NORTHROP.

castle of Stupinigi, which is her favorite summer residence. Since she took to "motoring" Rome has seen little of her as she has devoted herself to exploring most of the countries of Europe. And now the restless dowager queen years for the novel experience and larger freedom to be found in the new world.

She is especially anxious to see something of the wild west. The other day, speaking to an American of her desire to visit the United States, she said innocently, "I want particularly to go west, as I know Bret Harte's sketches well, and I should so like to meet some of his types." One wonders what would happen if the good queen, who is gracious and fair type, an aristocrat to her finger tip, should suddenly appear in a mining camp in Nevada. But this is the spirit in which she is planning her trip.

Queen Margherita is not by any means a novice at motor traveling. She knows what it is to have a breakdown in the country miles from help, to have collisions, to be stoned, and to be lost for hours without food, but the more adventures she has the more her appetite for them increases; thus her fixed intention to explore outside Europe.

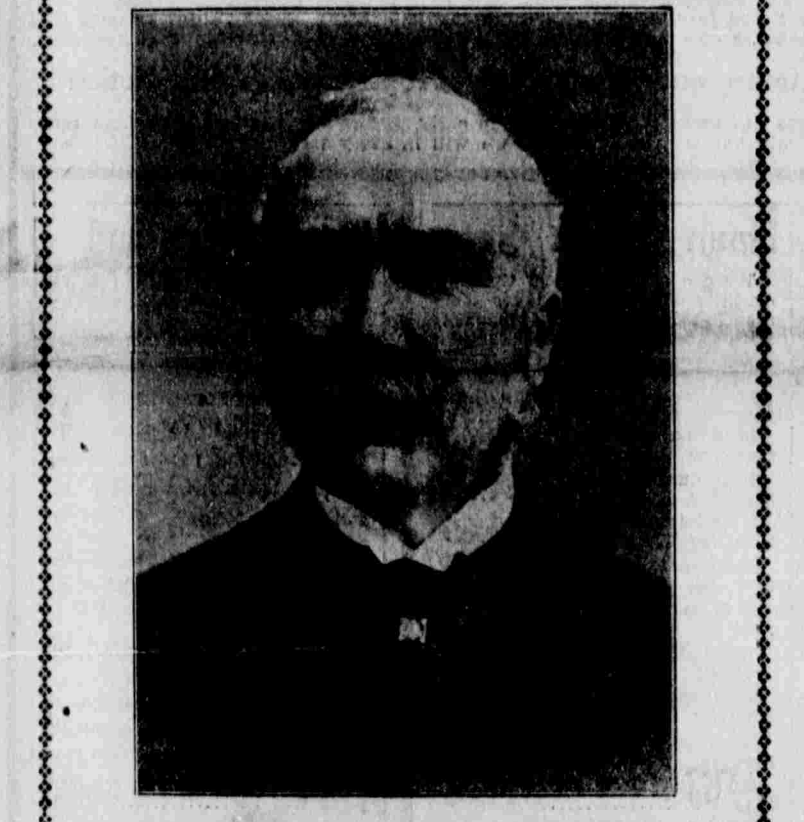
LIKES AMERICAN WOMEN.

American women have always had a powerful attraction for Queen Margherita; their delicate, fair type of beauty appealing powerfully to her and their frankness and self-possession introducing a fresh element in the monotonous life of the Italian queen. The presentations are called. In the queen's youth Mrs. Marsh, wife of the American minister to Piedmont, was greatly admired by her and exercised considerable influence on the princess's education through her German governess who came to Mrs. Marsh for advice. Ever since then Queen Margherita has had a high regard for Americans in which several pretty severe shocks have not seemed to diminish.

Strangely enough, the queen mother used to be much prejudiced against big cars, and would not hear of entering one, it is said, because she considered them so ugly and dangerous. One day, however, she allowed herself to be persuaded to take a spin with her son, King Victor; but, alas! the break refused to work, and they negotiated a hill at a pace which made Queen Margherita's hair stand on end, and, worse still, they ran over a dog, but with it all the royal lady felt that she had at last found a cure for her malady—melancholy and restlessness.

IN HER PRESENCE.

The first time King Humbert's life was attempted was in her presence and the shock so effected her nerves that the doctors were seriously alarmed, although the public in general was unaware of the fact. Her nervousness took the form of extreme and acute restlessness, which would not allow her any repose. Motor cars were then unknown, so she was taken to Nice, accompanied by a most accomplished musician, whose duty and delight it was to play to her for hours. Under this treatment, which was very slow, she



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Latest Photograph of England's New Prime Minister.

precedence of all barons, earls, marquises and dukes, ranking next to the Archbishop of Canterbury. By taking any job that turned up and simply doing his level best he has outstripped all his competitors in the Liberal ranks and reached the topmost round of the political ladder.

BEST MAN NOT BRILLIANT.

But the best man is never brilliant. He owes his present position not to platform gifts, not to dialectical skill, not to transcendent powers in the high regions of statesmanship, but to an undoubted tenacity with which he has always stuck to his opinions, and the unyielding courage with which he led his party in the dark days of unpopularity. His genial good humor, pertinacity and stubbornness have kept him to the front rank while men of greater ability, but less resolute, have flitted temporarily across the stage of public life.

In one of Sir John Tenniel's cartoons in "Punch" Sir Henry was depicted as a butler. It did not require much caricature to make him look like one. He has the kindly, shrewd, genial and a little to one side and looks as if he could reveal a great deal that would be in his chief characteristic of imperturbability. Nothing ever ruffles him. As an Irishman once said, "You can't depress him, nor provoke him, nor tire him out." His most valuable political asset is shrewd common sense. He is slow but safe. He is slow of speech, slow of argument, not nimble in the out and thrust of debate, like Chamberlain, for instance, but when he has time to consider he is effective, and once he has taken up a position he sticks to it in spite of whatever and whoever opposes. He has never been suspected of having an axe of his own to grind and his integrity and honesty of purpose has never been called in question.

Hereditary counts for much in Sir Henry's make up. He is the son of a James Henry draper and a woman of a James and William Campbell, Sir Henry's father and uncle respectively, were assistants in a draper's shop in Glasgow in the earlier half of the last century. In those days the one price system had not come into vogue. An article that was ticketed at five shillings might often be purchased for four by a shrewd bargainer, who was not to be taken in by the mendacity of the salesmen. It happened that the famous Dr. Chalmers delivered a series of lectures to business men in Glasgow on which he was ticketed at five shillings. They urged their employer to put a notice in the window, "No second the biddie good." They contended that such a system would prove not only good morals but good business.

SUCCESS FROM BEGINNING. Their employer was sceptical about

would ever have dreamed of taking a similar liberty with Sir Michael Hicks Beach, for instance, who is sometimes credited with the fashionable hyphen. Because of his peppery temper and his regions of statesmanship, but to his competitors in the Liberal ranks and reached the topmost round of the political ladder.

IN PARLIAMENT AT 32.

Sir Henry was educated at Cambridge and entered parliament when 22 years old as member for Stirling and has sat continuously for that constituency for 37 years—a sufficient proof that his personality and political views are acceptable to the Scottish electors. From the beginning of his career he was marked out for advancement, but none of his warmest friends would then have ventured to predict that he would become prime minister or even leader of the house of commons. He seemed destined, rather, to figure among the highly esteemed but distinctly second-rate politicians whose claims to cabinet rank are recognized on condition that, when the time comes for younger men to press forward, they will uncomplainingly retire—either with or without a peerage.

MADE FINANCE SECRETARY.

He had been only three years in the house when Mr. Gladstone, who had noted his capacity for official business and the ease with which he mastered dry details made him financial secretary to the war office. Had it then been told of him that he would one day wear the mantle of the great Liberal statesman he would have treated the prediction with scornful laughter. He was wont to say that even up to the last, so overbearing was the personality of Mr. Gladstone that he never came into the presence of his great leader without feeling like an awkward schoolboy in the presence of his master. Great men generally live to be treated with deference. Sir Henry's attitude towards his chief—enhanced his chief's good opinion of him. He was made financial secretary to the war office again in 1889 and stuck there for two years. Then followed another two years as secretary to the admiralty. Taking the official task as it came, including in no day dreams, eschewing political caste building, and just making the best of things, Sir Henry came to be regarded as the best all-around general utility man at the disposal of the government.

PROVED HIS METAL.

Then came a job which proved that Sir Henry was something more than a good emergency man. In the Irish catastrophe which followed the fall of Mr. Forrester and the Phoenix Park