

Two or three simple statements of fact—in a want ad—may change and enlarge the whole outlook for you!

PART TWO

## WOMAN TO RUN BULIARI ACADEMY

Widow of Institution's Founder  
Will Conduct World's Most  
Famous Art School.

HOW IT WAS ESTABLISHED.

Early Struggles of the Founder Against  
Hardships and Poverty—Only  
One Meal a Day.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, March 28.—It will be good news to many American art students who are looking forward to completing their studies here that the death of Rodolphe Julian will not close his famous art school to be closed. It will be carried on by his widow, Mrs. Beary-Saurel, a woman of rare executive ability and an artist of considerable merit. All the old staff of professors will be retained.

With the exception of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, the academy which bears its founder's name is more widely known among Americans than any other institution of the kind in the old world. Rodolphe Julian, was of the staff of which successful men are made. No one who saw the suave, kindly old gentleman, with the ribbon of the Legion of honor in his button-hole, moving among his pupils, giving a word of advice here and of praise there, would have guessed how hard the struggle had been. Julian was born at La Palud in the Vaucluse in 1854 and as a young man was employed as draftsman at the Beaucaire canal works, Marseilles. His dream was, however, to get to Paris and study art and though poor and friendless he attained his object by a stroke of genius which was thoroughly characteristic of the man.

"SWAPPED" SITUATIONS.

A young artist friend had won a Bourse de voyage, or traveling scholarship, of the value of 500 francs, and was going to Paris. Julian proposed to "swap" his situation as a draftsman for the 500 francs. The offer was accepted, and Rodolphe Julian shortly afterwards arrived in Paris. He was the winter of 1885. Four years later he had known at Cornet's studio. Perhaps the artist who shed most luster on the academy was the late William Bouguereau, who was an immense favorite with Americans and whose name attracted scores of young artists eager to learn at the feet of the master. Julian was in spite of the privations of a penniless student, deeming himself lucky when he could procure one meal a day. As for fire in the winter, that was a luxury not to be thought of.

Leon Cogniet, who was then an old man, took a fancy to young Julian and let him work in his studio. Julian, however, refused to take advantage of the entreaties of his family and during the siege, when the horrors of the Commune were at their height, he saved many of his students from the clutches of the Hotel de Ville and exerting himself to obtain their release, and very nearly becoming himself a suspect in the eyes of the Commune leaders.

With returning peace and tranquility under the republic, the problem of life began again in earnest. Julian's academy this resolved itself into a question of how to pay his rent and model. His studio in the Passage des Panoramas was large and well lighted, and on the principle that two persons can pay more easily than one, and four than two, he launched boldly forth into the unknown by throwing open his studio with model and staff to the public for 25 francs a month. He had unearthed a particularly fine model, an Augustan, a man with muscles like Hercules and with hair like a Greek god, and while waiting for his pupils to sit down and began to work, straining his ears to catch the sound of a footfall on the stairs. But the first day and many more days passed and the outer world seemed to be in profound ignorance of the advantages awaiting it.

HOW IT WAS SAVED.

Julian would tell the tale long afterwards how very narrowly his academy escaped being closed and how he was saved by a hunchback. For 12 days he had bravely held on without a single student. He had studied the Augustan, full face, profile, foreshortened, every way. He knew him by heart and could have drawn him blindfold. With his legs listlessly hanging from his stool, the set was mournfully reviewing the situation. There was no help for it. The model would have to be dismissed unpaired and he would go about saying that Julian was a bad paymaster. Suddenly the stairs creaked, and there was a ring at the door. It was a little hunchback.

"This is the academy?" "Oui, Monsieur." "And it's 25 francs a month?" "Oui, Monsieur." "And I must bring you a model?" "Oui, Monsieur." "And must I pay in advance?" "It is usual to do so."

This conversation took place in the little antechamber. Poor Julian was trembling lest the hunchback would ask to be shown the studio first. But no. Pulling out his purse he drew forth a Louis d'or, and with a flourish and having thus complied with the regulations of the academy, he walked in. When he found that Julian and his model were waiting, he turned red with anger, he spat on the floor. Then he walked round the model and finally burst out: "You are not very numerous here!"

"I did not tell you we were," retorted Julian; "understood to supply you with model and section, and all you have to do is to bring your easel and set to work."

This modest hunchback reminded Julian every day for a month that he intended leaving when his four weeks were up, but he changed his mind and stayed when two more students arrived. Before many weeks had passed the number of students had increased to six—just enough to cover the expenses of a model and the rent.

WAS UPHILL WORK.

It was uphill work for a long time to come, and more than once the "patron" made acquaintance with the walls. On one memorable occasion a more than usually obnoxious ballist made his appearance and obstinately

# THE SALT LAKE CITY EVENING NEWS.

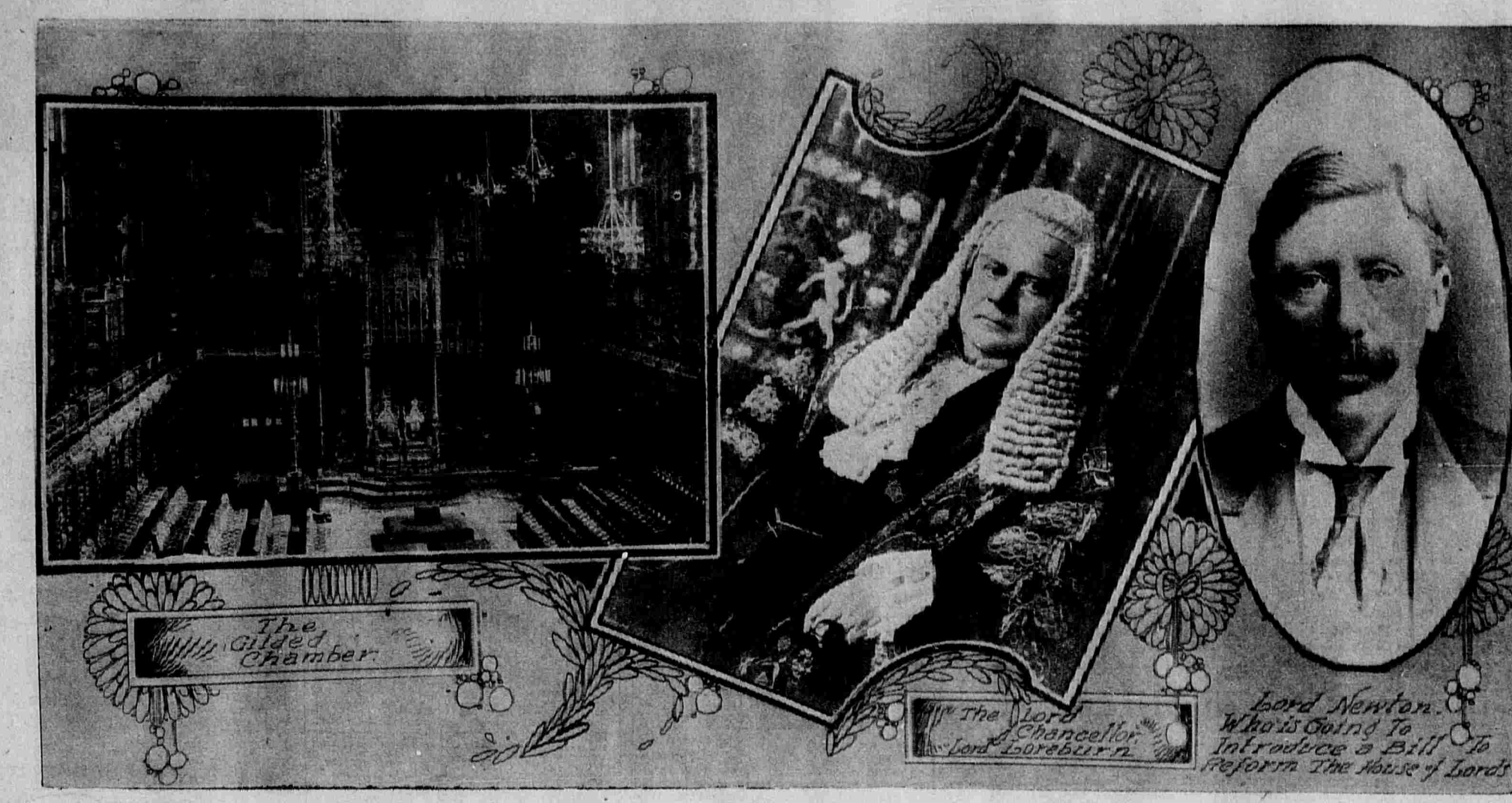
TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6 1907 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Half a dozen lines of type may be the link between you and something you want.

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

## Saturday News Special Service From Lands Across the Sea



### Gilded Nuisance Refuses to Abate Itself.

Situation With Regard to the British House of Lords Has Now Become as Funny as Anything That W. S. Gilbert Ever Made Into Opera—All Present Hopes of Abolishing Peers is Quite in Vain.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 24.—It appears that the house of lords is not to be abolished after all—not in the next few days at least—or few months—or few years. Yet any stranger coming to England at present would be quite justified in supposing the peers could not last through April. Editorial writers are pouring forth columns of denunciation on the devoted and crowned heads of the members of the upper house. Platform orators thunder against them monomachally. Their sins of omission and commission are ruthlessly exposed. They are declared with entire truth, to be the greatest obstacles to legislative reforms in the land. As the custodians of tremendous political power, their like is found nowhere else in the civilized world. No other European nation possesses a purely hereditary second chamber whose members are responsible to none but themselves. No British colony would tolerate such a system. Their continued existence is a living monument to their country's hatred of logic, to their fondness for anachronism, to their love of anomaly, to their ingrained and inveterate habit of putting up with things.

Just think! Several millions of Britons, dwelling in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow and where not, after years of thinking about it and talking about it and trying with one another about it, come to a decision that certain political proposals shall become law. They spend a lot of time, a lot of energy and a quite appreciable sum of money in making that decision of theirs known to all men. Then, at more trouble and expense, they send representatives to the house of commons to give effect to their decision. After much more time and trouble and argument the house of commons puts it upon record that these political proposals shall become law. Then 200 or 300 peers, who are invested with legislative powers not because they are wise men or men who have rendered their country distinguished service, but solely and simply because they are the sons of their fathers, stroll down to Westminster between tea and dinner time and vote that they shall become law. And they don't.

HOW OF INDIGNATION.

From the millions whose will has been thwarted there ascends a prodigious howl of righteous indignation. This thing has got to stop, they shriek. The peers must be deprived of their power to say "No" to the sovereign people. What this "No" signifies is a far more important and picturesque than that in which the elected representatives hold their sittings. The house of commons ends in the speaker's chair, a comparatively simple affair, and the house of lords ends in the throne—a thing of gilt and splendor, and large proportions—from which the sovereign opens parliament. And behind the throne there is a vast wall, on which are splendid frescoes in gigantic figures and in rich and almost dazzling colors.

But the peers themselves don't come up to their gorgeous surroundings. Their robes and coronets they wear only on state occasions. Attired in the conventional raiment of a man of respectability they are a very ordinary looking lot. It is a fact that they don't show up anything like as well as the members of the United States senate, who, in the opinion of many, are engaged in slaughtering Liberal legislation. I could not help wondering how many of them would be able to earn their own livings if they were not even deified which of them is entitled to the honor of being a peer.

As a parliament legislator they are a law unto themselves. They have no rules and regulations such as are found necessary for the conduct of business in the commons. The lord chancellor acts as their speaker and gets £20,000 a year for it. He gets paid, £5,000 a year, but he is a speaker in name only. He has no power to call a peer to order. If two or three noble lords rise at the same time, he may not legally order them to be silent without their consent. And when they have climbed down after reforms monopolize attention, and they are left free to play

the same old game when the storm has passed. That is what they are counting on now. Of course, if Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were an Oliver Cromwell he would settle accounts with them in five minutes. But Sir Henry is just an estimable if rather sagacious gentleman who hates starting anything like a big row when it can be avoided.

Since 1885 the Conservative majority in the house of lords has been overwhelming in magnitude. The number of avowed Liberals among their 600 members is only about 45. That is what causes the trouble; that is why they cannot be made to fit into any form of representative government which is supposed to reflect the political views of the majority of the people for the time being. Common folk change their opinions. The lords inherit theirs along with their estates, and stick to them. They are always on one side. When the Conservative party is in power they take things easy and pass every measure that is sent up to them. When the Liberal party is in power they take things hard and pass every measure that is sent up to them. When the ship of state is manned by a Liberal crew they wake up a bit and do their best to wreck it by voting nearly every important measure that comes before them.

HOUSE ELECTIONS.

If there is one thing more than another with which they have no business to concern themselves it is the election of members of the house of commons. That one man should have one vote only is a bedrock principle of democracy. As the franchise is exercised in England he may have a dozen votes if he has residences enough. At the last session the house of commons, by a big majority, passed a bill knocking out plural voting and restricting the franchise to one vote no matter how many residences he might claim. The lords contemptuously rejected it, because most plural voters cast all their ballots for Conservatives. It is this sort of thing which caused Lord Crewe to complain that the Liberals always found themselves up against a game in which they were sure to lose.

A SUPERIOR ORDER.

That the peers regard themselves as a superior order of creation finds expression in the more grandiose chamber as compared with that in which the commons meet. The upper house is an arrangement in brilliant scarlet. The lower house is a study in dark green, that being the prevailing hue of the upholstery. The contrast serves to emphasize the idea that one chamber represents the proletariat; the other, a rich, proud and powerful aristocracy.

In that in which the lords gather to exercise their legislative functions there is a low, dark and scuttly air, a gloom and a hereditary nobility interpose all sorts of difficulties to this delicious plan. Besides, human nature being what it is, it is doubtful if the lords, even if they got in as life members, would stay pirates long after feeling the coronets on their brows and experiencing the comforts of the velvet cushioned seats.

Another measure—and it is supposed that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman intends to press something of the sort—is one which will limit their veto power to one session of parliament. Lord Curzon has denounced this as "only assassination in disguise," and the lords are determined to resist it to the last ditch.

As a means of overcoming their natural repugnance to committing anything to the hands of the commons, they themselves, a scheme which is widely advocated is the creation of several hundred new lords—a species of "peerage by purchase." The lords are not averse to this, but the commons are not averse to the commons.

Whatever measure the commons propose to pass, the lords are determined to resist it to the last ditch. The commons are determined to pass it, and the lords are determined to resist it. The commons are determined to pass it, and the lords are determined to resist it. The commons are determined to pass it, and the lords are determined to resist it.

THE LAND QUESTION.

It is not unlikely that it will be ultimately over the land question that the critical struggle will come. That question—the biggest of all questions that confronts English statesmen—can never be settled while the lords are invested with their present powers of stopping legislation. The land is their special heritage. For centuries the land laws of England have been made by the lords for the lords. Their 600 members own something of the whole of it. Each peer possesses on an average 4,000 acres. England alone among civilized states presents the melancholy spectacle of a landless peasantry and a withered and blighted agriculture.

Only by putting the people once more in possession of the land can the standard of the English breed be maintained, and the racial deterioration that results from the overcrowded slums be checked. To maintain their grip on the land the lords will set their political instinct aside and fight like the proverbial dog in the manger. Then it will be a fight to a finish. And it will be the lords who will be finished.

E. LISLE SNELL.

### SWITZERLAND'S PENAL PARADISE.

Special Correspondence.

Geneva, March 28.—America has provided some spicy prison scandals, but none of them that I can recall furnishes a parallel to that which has just been brought to light in this model little republic. It is nothing less than the discovery of a veritable convict's paradise where the inmates were treated rather as guests at an hotel than as prisoners engaged in expiating their crimes by "doing time." They fared sumptuously, were allowed to indulge in all sorts of recreation within the walls of the institution, from gambling to bowls, were permitted to visit places of amusement in search of other delights and were subjected to no irritating discipline. To obtain the funds necessary to defray the cost of this luxurious life the more expert of the thieves and pickpockets were granted leave of absence from time to time in which to ply their nefarious callings. The only condition imposed upon them was that they should allow their jailers a liberal "rake-off" on the proceeds of their looting.

It is the prison of Thorberg near the town of Wassen which has thus been revealed as a penal elysium. That prisoners should ever endeavor to escape from such a prison such a paradise is incredible. Yet it is the arrest of two men on that charge which has led to such amazing revelations concerning the Thorberg prison. The convicts are named Grunder and Gerber. They were caught at Kandersteg with a lot of swag upon them. They both vehemently denied that they had stolen anything. "It does not follow because we are thieves that we are fools," said Gerber. "Why should we want to escape from a high old time? Thorberg's comfortable quarters we have ever occupied. We intended when we had served our sentences to do something that would put us back there as soon as possible."

They said that they were returning to the jail when they were arrested. The funds of the institution had been running low and they had been granted leave of absence that they might replenish the pleasure exchequer. They had been out a week and in that time they had acquired a considerable amount of swag. They had successfully pulled off half a dozen burglaries and picked something like a score of pockets. They were now hoarding a high old time in Thorberg's hospitable walls to be paid for with the proceeds of their plunder, when a couple of policemen who were ignorant of the privileges accorded the inmates of that remarkable institution, fell foul of them.

As the men described it to the examining magistrate, the life led by the fortune hunters of Thorberg was regulated according to this schedule:

7 a. m.—Rise; receive hot water from a warmer; clean cells.

8 a. m.—Breakfast, consisting of coffee, milk, hot rolls, and a liqueur.

9 to 12 p. m.—Cards; games of bowls in the prison yards; other recreations.

1 p. m.—Dinner, consisting of soup, a roast, with vegetables, plain sweet coffee, with liqueur; wine.

Afternoon—Walk through the town; ride to the cafes or an excursion into the mountains.

6 p. m.—Supper, followed by a smoke, and more games of cards.

8 p. m.—Relaxation.

Grunder said that he had frequently been sent to Wassen by the chief warden to purchase supplies for the Thorberg canteen and had always faithfully carried out the commissions entrusted to him and had never failed to return to the jail. On one occasion he had forgotten the order given him to buy some schnapps. He was sent to Wassen again next day and brought back a couple of extra bottles, one of which represented the chief warden's share. When on such errands he was frequently met by other convicts standing about. None of them ever thought of taking advantage of their liberty to run away. They all looked forward to the expiration of their sentences with regret, as declared Grunder.

Technically, however, Grunder and Gerber did escape from the jail and no doubt will be sent back to it with several months added to their terms of imprisonment. They will find it a reform "horror" and it will have no further charms for them.

## YANKEE WOMEN AS VOTE GETTERS

How Politics, the Latest Craze of  
The "Smart Set" is Worked  
In England.

TEACHING OF DEBUTANTES.

How Clever Instructions Are Making  
Money Out of It—After the Famous "Hope Diamond."

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 28.—Politics is quite the latest craze. If you don't take a keen interest in the affairs of your country and are not able to talk learnedly on the subject, which are being discussed in the house, if you don't know all that is to be known for or against woman's suffrage, you must not presume to call yourself of the smart set.

During the recent county council elections two members of the king, the Princess Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, went about all over the place in short skirts and tweed coats, canvassing frequently in the grimey slums. No one was more successful than Mrs. Lewis Harcourt and of course, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, better remembered as Lady Randolph Churchill, who knows more about winning votes than any other woman in England, was also in the thick of the fray. These two American women believe in the persuasive influence of fine apparel. In all their war paint, which included the most beautiful furs, they hunted the voter through workmen's flats, the last and dearest houses, up bye streets and down dark alleys.

TEACHING DEBUTANTES.

Enterprising mothers and chaperones now engage for their debutante daughters one of the several teachers who advertise themselves as "professional" instruction on current topics. This is the latest occupation for indigent clever folk of both sexes. Some of the really accomplished teachers in the art are doing handsomely, the demand for the instruction being immense; for no woman of today, however beautiful she may be, has a "look in the society" if she cannot talk well, more especially on the subject of politics.

AN INTERESTING SPOT.

The Barings have made Lombay Island, their island off the coast of Dublin, one of the most interesting spots in the kingdom. Mrs. Baring is a daughter of the late Lord Revelstoke, who made a big fortune out of the race track in America and was such a famous figure on the race track. Her husband, Lord Baring, is a brother of Lord Revelstoke's. The castle of Lombay is a Norman one and has lately been restored to its original grandeur so that none of its old and famous features is destroyed. Recently it was almost entirely refurbished, and the enthusiastic traveler in many lands endeavoring to travel in the most comfortable and suitable to the pocket, the castle. They have certainly been rewarded for their trouble, for experts in the antique and decorative art that never was there a house in which perfect harmony, the whole scheme of building and decoration fitting in to perfection with the historic building itself.

Lombay Island is a mile and a half long and four miles in breadth. The only houses on the island are the castle and the houses belonging to the officials of the estate and the coast guards.

HAS ITS PRICE.

One night recently at a great reception at the Grosvenor, Lady Winborne, who is the wife of the famous "Hope diamond" owner, was used to be a belle in the Duke of Devonshire's house. She was wearing the "Hope diamond" necklace, a well known family, when she came up to Lady Winborne and said: "I would not give for that blue diamond, 'the Hope,' 'Oh,' was the response, 'I think I could find in my heart to part with it if it fetched my price.'"

The answer gave rise to the statement that the "Hope diamond" was once in the market. In fact, last week Lady Winborne had something of which came from America. I am told on excellent authority that Percy Belmont called that she would be willing to give £75,000 if the jewel was in the market. Others, however, of acquiring it were Mrs. Wandor Acker and the Duchess of Roxburghe. The sum tendered varied from £50,000 to \$100,000. The diamond was more wonderful than Lady Winborne herself, who, as a matter of fact, never had any idea of parting with it.

SAYING NICE THINGS.

Galway girls are saying all manner of nice things about the American master of the Galway Foxhounds, Isaac Bell. The hunt ball he gave was the talk of Galway and the adjoining counties and had all hallow, even the castle festivities. It took place in a town hall of Galway, a cold, grim barn of a place. But a magic transformation took place in the interior. For weeks the master had decorated and furnished from Dublin doing all that art could do to make the rooms beautiful. He sent to the Rue de Rivoli for the cotton gowns, many of which were composed of precious stones. The ballroom was a wilderness of flowers and the supper came from London's best caterer. The hostess, Mrs. Bell, received with him. The cotton ladies for nearly three hours—a record time, grant you, but then you see they do dine in Ireland and nobody gets tired. Said a debutante to me: "He's meaning the host, 'dances like an archangel' and she added pathetically, 'I wish he wasn't an American, for you see these Yankee may have a year ago, but now it is 'The thing' to put your picture in silver plate and big at a time who use that vehicle are inundated with would-be sisters. Two of the most famous silver plate artists, St. Flanneg, who is Finnish, and M. Helea, a very well-known Frenchman, have taken studios in London for the