

Bacon, unconsciously writing for the modern merchant, said: "Riches have wings, and sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more."

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

LONDON "CITY" GOING BANKRUPT

To Pay For All Fuss and Feathers That Go With Gorgeous Officials.

COMIC-OPERA CEREMONIES.

There is Only One Man Living Who Knows What the Lord Mayor Has To Do.

(Copyright, 1904, by Curtis Brown.)

LONDON, Nov. 2.—That queer hodgepodge compound of the middle ages and the twentieth century, the famous corporation of the City of London, is threatened with bankruptcy. In all Christendom there is probably no municipal governing body which surrounds itself with so much antiquated and costly ceremonial, employs so many gorgeous and utterly useless officials, and indulges in so much picturesque but otherwise needless fuss and rigmarole as the unique organization which holds supreme sway over a square mile in the middle of the capital of the British empire.

Imagine a small section in the busiest section of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or any of the earliest settled American cities, set aside to be governed in accordance with colonial traditions and customs, and you will obtain a faint idea of the contrast which the government of what is known as the "City" offers to the rest of London. It would be inadequate, because quaint simplicity characterized colonial administration, while for its models and symbols of municipal power the London corporation goes back to a much more remote period, when show, pomp and glitter were considered essential to the exercise of authority.

It was the only one of a large number of similar bodies that escaped reformation in 1855, when parliament undertook to remodel municipal administrations and sweep away the abuses, extravagances and archaic methods of doing business which pervaded them. Again, when in 1888, when London's government was up to date, the London city council was formed and invested with general control over its various boroughs, its territory embracing 121 square miles, the corporation's business was exempted from its authority.

Small though it is, the "City" contains the commercial heart of the metropolis, with the Bank of England as its center. Within its boundaries are situated the great financial houses of the empire. Though practically deserted at night, a million people swarm over it in the daytime. Devoted solely to business, its control by men whose chief aim appears to be the perpetuation of antique customs and hoary traditions is one of the most striking abnormalities of modern times.

But no human institution, public or private, can keep going indefinitely if it persists in spending more money than it receives. "Pay up or bust" is the modern law of the survival of the fittest. The accounts of the corporation for 1903, which have only recently been published in its annual statement, show that its revenues amounted to \$2,238,180 and its expenditures to \$2,699,640, leaving a deficit of \$461,460. In the previous year the deficit amounted to \$381,695. The

gap between expenses and receipts, it will thus be seen, is increasing.

At the present rate it has been estimated that insolvency will be reached in 11 years. Then reformation can no longer be postponed, and dignitaries whose chief function it now is to receive prodigious numbers of official dinners, wear gorgeous robes, and go through funny ceremonies with sober faces, will be dismissed; the "City" will be added to the domain of the London county council, and business methods will be substituted for fossilized customs.

THE MIGHTY CITY MARSHAL.

Despite its financial condition the corporation stubbornly persists in retaining all the useless and purely ornamental part of its outfit. Of this a typical instance has just occurred. Attached to the lord mayor's chamber is a functionary known as the city marshal. The office originated in the fifteenth century, and in those old days the city marshal really earned his pay. He had charge of the city watch, and it was his business to see that the rogues and vagabonds were kept in check. But the modern method of policing the streets has long rendered him obsolete. The city corporation has transferred him into a species of herald for chief magistrates. Dressed in scarlet uniform, broadened in gold, with cocked hat and plumed, he precedes the lord mayor on his official journeys through the city in his cumbersome old \$50,000 state coach, and calls on all and sundry to make way for him.

At other civic functions he announces the approach of this august personage. To see him do it is worth something. Arrayed as an opera bouffe general, with majestic stride, he makes his entry and having reached the result, site spot, halts, faces the awe-stricken assemblage, lifts his lungs and shouts out, "The Right Honorable." Then he pauses, takes another deep breath, and at the top of his voice roars forth, "The Lord Mayor of London." At this dramatic moment the lord mayor crosses the threshold. For performances of this sort the city marshal gets \$1,500 a year, and the city provides him with a horse.

For some years Capt. Stanley, a second cousin of the Earl of Derby, held the post with unblemished honor. But a short time ago he was dismissed because, it was stated, he had become involved in private financial difficulties, though much more serious troubles were hinted at. Anyhow, it afforded the corporation a brilliant opportunity to save his salary by abolishing the useless office. Yet only one voice was raised in support of a motion to that effect.

"In the name of common sense," said Councilman Davies, "what dignity does the lord mayor derive from having a man in a red coat ride in front of him or strut before him into a courtroom like a peacock crying, 'Make way for the Right Honorable, the Lord Mayor of London?'"

Common sense made no answer, but a large majority voted to retain the office, and another aristocratic popularity, if he can be found, will receive the appointment.

COSTLY ORNAMENTS.

It is around the lord mayor that all the pomp and pageantry and ceremonial foolery centers, culminating in the procession marking the installation of the new lord mayor tomorrow. In the 1903 accounts the administrative cost of the civic government over which he presides is put down at \$260,000. Here are some suggestive items:

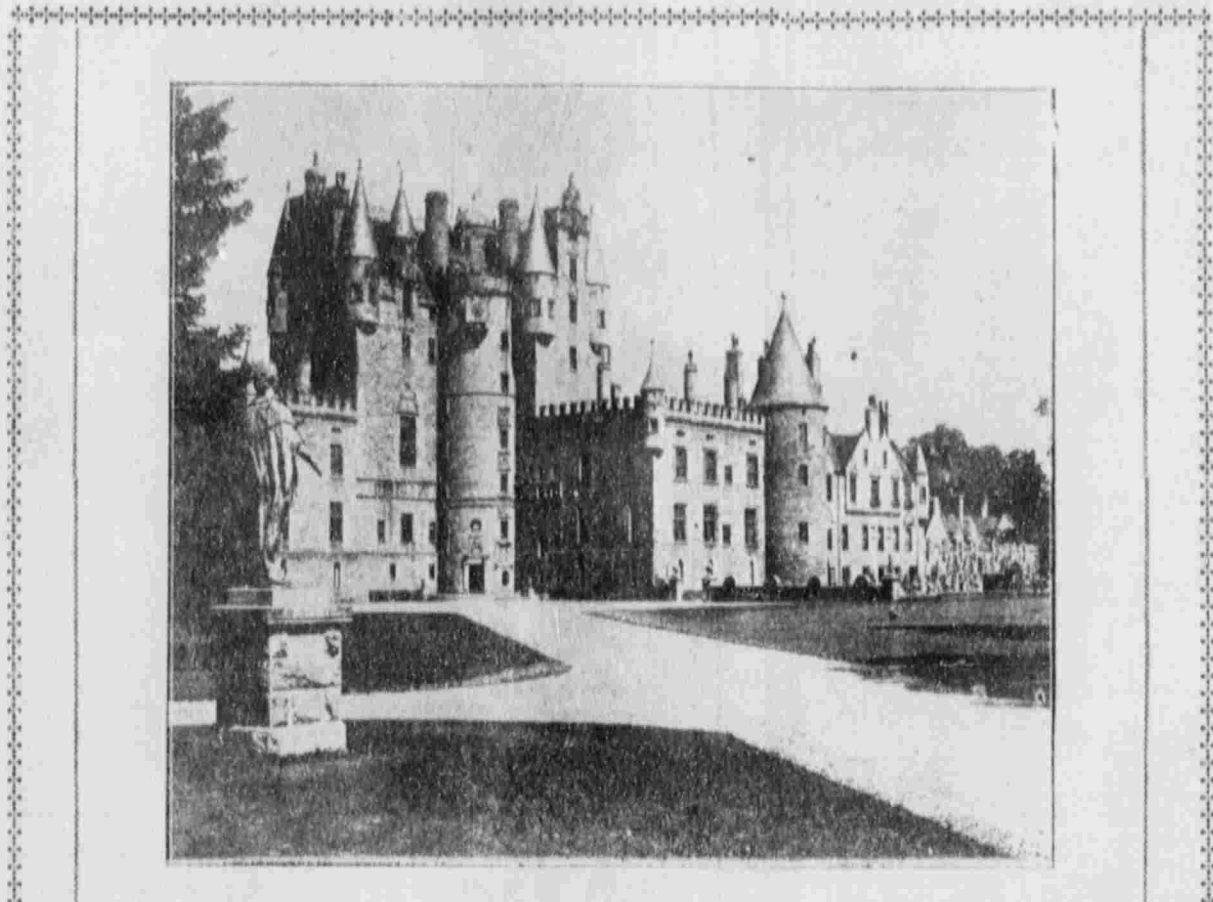
Lord mayor's salary \$50,000.00
Lord mayor's income tax on his salary 3,125.00
Lord mayor's robes 2,000.00
Illuminated address to the lord mayor by the common council 262.50
Illuminated address to the lord mayor by the common hall 262.50
Sword bearer's salary 2,500.00
Common clerk's salary 2,600.00
City marshal's salary 1,500.00
Four aldermen's salaries 200.00

Equally with the city marshal, the sword bearer and the common clerk are antique survivals who fill purely ornamental positions.

(Continued on page 14)

Queer Stories Linked With Stately Homes

Harcourt House, Soon to be Demolished, Once Lost at a Game of Cards—Immense Ground Glass Screens Surrounding the Garden Attest a Former Duke of Portland's Mania for Secrecy—Unsettling Blank at Houghton Hall.



FAMED GLAMIS CASTLE, THE ABODE OF MYSTERY.

Connected with some chamber here is a jealously guarded family secret with which, for generations back, each successive heir has been made acquainted on his twenty-first birthday. All manner of weird and gruesome legends cluster around it.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—Harcourt house, in Cavendish Square, which is soon to be sacrificed to the ever-expanding requirements of London's trade and commerce, is one of the many stately English homes which are famed for the queer stories that attach to them. Its construction was begun in 1722 by the first Duke of Portland, who spared no expense to make it a fitting residence for one of the wealthiest peers of the realm. In addition to the magnificent mansion there is a noble courtyard in front, with a massive portico where, a fine garden with wide spreading trees and statues fit for the houses of a king.

One night two men played cards in the great house. They were the great-grandfather of the present duke and the earl of Harcourt. Luck went steadily against the duke but still he played on. At last, in a desperate effort to recoup himself for his ill-fortune he staked his palatial residence on the turn of a card—and lost.

Those were the days when debts of honor were held sacred. But the law of entail prevented the duke from transferring the house to his successful opponent outright. It could not be alienated from the estate of which it formed part. The matter was arranged, however, by the earl executing a 99-year lease of the property to the duke.

PORTLAND'S GLASS SCREEN.

The latter's heir was that eccentric Duke of Portland, whose matrimonial and other exploits, legendary and real, still furnish material for litigation by people claiming to be his heirs, and bring grief to the lawyers. He had an aversion to publicity which amounted to a mania. That he might be freed from the scrutiny of his neighbors he had erected on either side of the garden an enormous screen of ground glass, 80 feet high and 200 feet long. It was the same motive which impelled him to build the famous underground palace at Welbeck abbey, at a cost of \$10,000,000.

When it was announced that Harcourt house was in the market it was hoped for a time that some American multi-millionaire would purchase it and preserve as a residence a mansion that has long been one of the glories of London. But no man from across the Atlantic came to the rescue. The postal authorities have bought the garden, the stables and the glass screen, and on the grounds where the notorious duke was wont to hide himself from observation will be erected a postoffice and telegraph station. The house itself, it is reported, will be transformed into a motor-car warehouse. Thus the old order giveth place to the new.

Houghton hall, the magnificent family seat of the Cholmondeleys, in Norfolk, also has a queer gambling story connected with it, the evidence of which is

still preserved. At one time it belonged to an earl of Orford who was an inveterate card-player. He gambled away a flight of steps leading to the house, and the winner insisted on having the stones carried. The steps have never been replaced nor has the gap been filled up. The unsightly blank still remains as proof of the former owner's folly and to hint a moral for future generations.

The house, which is one of the biggest in England, was built by the famous Sir Robert Walpole between 1722 and 1738. In the hunting season he used to keep open house there, and his neighbor, Lord Townsend, at Rynham, frequently left his own home that he might escape participating in the noisy revels. His reputation for hospitality, but of a much more decorous character, has now been restored to it under the tenancy of Colonel Ralph Vivian, who recently had the good fortune to marry a rich American widow. Among the guests when the couple entertained there last week were Mrs. Colgate of New York, the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, and the Earl of Warwick.

GHASTLY MYSTERIES.

Ghosts, family curses, ghastly mysteries and weird secrets are associated with many of England's famous halls and castles. Kimbolton castle, the seat of the Manchesters, is reputed to have both a ghost and a "secret" and it is presumed that ere this the American duchess has made the acquaintance of both. The ghost is that of Queen Catherine of Aragon, the third wife of the much married King Henry VIII. It was here she died of cancer according to some chroniclers, while others darkly hint at poison. According to the attendant, her spirit still haunts the rooms and corridors in the chill gloaming or at the silent midnight hour. But, as befits its rank, it is a well behaved, dignified apparition and never shrieks or groans or cuts up in any queer phantasmagoria. What the secret is has never been told to profane ears, but it is supposed to be associated with the same august personage. In the castle is a magnificent chamber, known as the "Queens' room," in which the unfortunate Queen Catherine of Aragon figured.

RUFFORD'S GHOST.

Rufford abbey, where the king often stays with Lord and Lady Saxe-Meiningen, is famous for a ghost whose authenticity is vouched for by an entry in one of the early registers of an adjoining parish. This records the burial of a man who "died from fright after seeing the Rufford ghost." According to the generally accepted belief the ghost is that of a little old woman in black. Some people in the neighborhood credit Rufford

abbey with the possession of two phantom tenants, the other spook being that of a monk. This story finds ready acceptance among the credulous and superstitious because the house stands on the site of an old Cistercian monastery.

The ghost of another monk, it is said, used to haunt Thornby Hall, the magnificent Northamptonshire residence of Sir James and Lady Pender. An evil wrath, he was, who had contracted the bad habit of walking about at night with his head under his arm and with spectral fingers gripping by the throat guests who invaded the chamber which he had appropriated for his own use. Some structural changes were made in this apartment and since then, it is declared, the monk has not been seen. Strangely enough, while these alterations were in progress the workmen came across a human skeleton, bricked up in a wall. The burial of the skeleton is supposed to have laid the ghost, but as to that the villagers still have their doubts.

WEIRD FAMILY MYSTERY.

That historic pile, Glamis castle, is reputed to hold a weird family mystery which is the subject of much speculation throughout Scotland. For generations back, it is said, every Earl of Strathmore has revealed it to his eldest son, when the latter becomes of age. And the son, in turn, has solemnly pledged himself to disclose it only to his own heir. It is known that the "secret" is connected, in some way, with one of the rooms of Glamis castle. Many people believe that this chamber, in which each successive heir of Strathmore is closeted with the earl, on his twenty-first birthday, holds a monster of some sort, spectral or real. The most gruesome of the legends told throughout the country side has it that at one time a "human toad" was born to the family, and moreover, that this monstrosity was invested with immortality, for which reason its existence had to be carefully guarded from the outside world. A more prosaic story is to the effect that the room holds the skeletons of a band of Scotch prisoners who were there incarcerated in the early and turbulent days of Highland history, and starved to death.

There are few persons in Scotland who do not believe that there is some foundation, in fact, for the mystery which has given rise to so many legends. Some years ago, the peasants in the neighborhood told a workman who was called in by the earl to make repairs in the roof. He had not been at work long when he hastily descended, trembling with fright, and sought an interview with the earl. He did not return to complete the job, and soon afterwards, to the astonishment of his neighbors, found himself possessed of the means and the desire to emigrate to Australia. Narrators of this story are convinced that he discovered some connection with the mystery and was well paid to keep his knowledge to himself.

In Haddon hall, the ancient home of the ducal Rutlands, there is a strongly barred door, which is supposed to lead to some secret chamber. Why or when the bars were placed there nobody knows, but if a mystery lies behind them, it is one which the dukes themselves respect for they have never sought to pass the door.

By real estate agents a ghost, or a tragic mystery, is supposed to enhance the value of historic mansions and the American millionaire who buys an old castle feels that he is not quite getting his money's worth if one or the other does not go with it.

WILBUR ADAMS.

CHICAGO WOMAN HOUSE HUNTING.

Rich Mrs. L. Hamilton McCormick Seeks Mayfair Residence Across Ocean.

WILL ENTERTAIN LAVISHLY.

Duchess of Marlborough Now Fears Elevators and Wants Moving Staircase for Sunderland House.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—Members of the fashionable American colony in London are keenly interested in the search Mrs. L. Hamilton McCormick of Chicago is making for a suitable house in Mayfair in which she can do justice to her own hospitable instincts and her possession of a big bank account. Mrs. McCormick now occupies a charming flat in Berkeley Mansions, Hay Hill, overlooking the Duke of Devonshire's town house. Its position is unexceptionable, for it is situated in the center of swiftness. As a flat it is everything that is desirable. But it is entirely too small for one who aspires to play the role of a multi-millionaire hostess. It contains no room that will suffice for dinners, balls and receptions on a large scale. Its comparatively modest dimensions have for some time proved inadequate for Mrs. McCormick's own personal requirements. Like most women who have both cultivated tastes and abundance of cash she has a great penchant for art treasures of various kinds. Her collection includes some fine pictures by the old masters. But her accumulations have so crowded her apartments that they afford no room for additional purchases. Therefore she has either to stop buying or get a larger house.

In her quest for more spacious quarters it can well be imagined Mrs. McCormick does not lack assistance, disinterested and otherwise. There are plenty of houses to be had in Mayfair that would satisfy people of moderate social ambitions, but a large and imposing one, such as Mrs. McCormick has set her heart on, is not easily secured. However, no doubt is felt that Mrs. McCormick will succeed ere long in obtaining it, and then she may achieve the crowning triumph of entertaining royally.

REALLY ENGLISH.

Although Mrs. McCormick is classed as a member of the distinctively American colony, she is really an Englishwoman, and it was as the wife of L. Hamilton McCormick, one of the sons of the famous inventor of the McCormick reaper and binder, that she first went to Chicago. She has three sons who are now at Eton. At what uni-

THE BEAUTIFUL NIECE OF ENGLAND'S KING.



PRINCESS VICTORIA PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT

The announcement that the charming daughter of the Duke of Connaught, Princess Victoria Patricia, is to wed King Alfonso has caused the greatest satisfaction in Spain. Her pictures are shown in the shop windows of Madrid and are eagerly purchased by the people.

ALFONSO, THE BOY KING OF THE SPANIARDS.



King's have to wed whether they want to or not, and Alfonso has been reported as about to marry most of the eligible royal ladies of Europe. The latest news connects the young ruler's name with that of Princess Victoria Patricia, the niece of King Edward and daughter of the Duke of Connaught.

Bradley Martin Starts Boom in Highland Kilts.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 16.—From one of the craft I learn that Scotch tailors have an American to thank for a sudden boom in a particularly well-paying branch of their trade. Since young Bradley Martin distinguished himself by appearing in Highland kilts on his wedding day quite a number of orders have been received by makers of the national costume, who believe a revival in kilt-wearing is coming and are correspondingly elated. Fashionable kilts are expensive garments. The materials employed are costly, and only

skilled hands who have served a long apprenticeship at the work, are competent to make them. In consequence of the sudden boom many workmen in "tartan" who for some time have had to content themselves with poorly paid labor in the army clothing factories in London, where uniforms for the Highland regiments are made, have crossed the Tweed again and are finding steady employment at excellent wages in the fashionable outfitting establishments of Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Inverness. While the canny Scots openly ridicule the taste displayed by American sportsmen in their midst who insist on arraying themselves in Highland garb, they have a shrewd appreciation of the money to be made by ministering to

their folly and devoutly hope that next season every American who shoots over a Scotch moor will feel it incumbent on him to wear garbed kilts.

The lavish and ostentatious display of diamonds and other costly jewelry at the Bradley Martin wedding was seized upon by some journals, both Scotch and English, as a text for unctuous discourses on the vulgarity of wealthy Americans. It is a case of those who live in glass houses throwing stones. Fashionable English weddings are by no means characterized by modest simplicity. Opinions may differ as to the taste displayed in making elaborate, semi-public exhibitions of the wedding gifts, but there can be no question that the custom generally followed of send-