18

## DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1903.

## MR. BALFOUR REFORMED IDLER.

Rise of the Lazy Man Who is the Premier-Strong Will Overcame Indolence.

house of commons several members were scated in the smoking room discussing one of their colleagues. He was lazy, they said; he was utterly unpractical; he had not the faintest chance of arriving at anything great. "Don't be so sure," said an old mem-

ber, who had been listening to their talk. "It is a ticklish business to judge men."

"Do you know that we used to say the very same things about Balfour less than 20 years ago, and now he is prime minister of Great Britain? In 1885 and 1886 none of us dreamed that he would ever become a successful politician, let alone a great statesman.

"As president of the local govern-ment board and secretary for Scotland he had managed to miss all his chances of doing anything remarkable. He was clever enough, but he simply cauldn't take the trouble to work. It seemed to be almost too much bother to him to

be almost too much bother to him to live. "He seldom got out of hed before the afternoon and often he would not go to his office for three or four days at a time. Dispatche: boerd him, parlia-ment was a nuisance and the officials of his department tore their hair over the medicat to have superior to each officials his neglect to keep appointments and sign important documents.

"Well, this was the man whom Lord Salisbury appointed chief secretary for Salisbury appointed chief secretary for Ireland in 1884—one of the stormlest periods in the modern history of that country. Of course, everybody raged and said that Salisbury had appointed the most unfit man he could have found in a day's march, simply because that man happened to be his own menhaw nephew.

The Irish members were delighted. They thought they had got a man of straw for their chief opponent. Parnell

alone saw the truth. "Don't deceive yourselves,' he told his colleagues. 'Salisbury knows what he is doing. There's a great deal more in Balfour than he has shown us yet. He will turn out to be the strongest

He will turn out to be the strongent chief secretary for generations past." "And so it proved. Faced at last with an immensely difficult and important task Balfour altered his habits com-

pletely. "There was no more lying abed until noon, no more neglect of business, no more scorn for petty details. He rose with the lark even after a hard night's session in the house of commons and worked hard all day and every day at his office.

"When he became chief secretary he knew no more about Irish affairs than the average man in the street, but in less than a month he surprised the per-manent officials by his thorough knowedge of every branch of Irish government

ment. "And as he worked and learned, his character and will grew stronger. The lazy, vacillating philosopher, who couldn't make up his mind about any-thing, became, in a few short weeks, the stern administrator who tele-graphed: 'Don't hesitate to shoot!' to be soldiars at Mitchelstore where the the soldiers at Mitchelstown when they asked how they were to deal with a riotous mob. You all know how he has risen since then.

"It is a good lesson to be careful in your judgments," concluded the old

Strange to say this man who has risen to the top of the ladder in British politics is no lover of poli-

During a recent duil sitting of the high up in it. He used to be captain ouse of commons several members of the oldest and most famous golf club in the world-the Royal and Ancient Golf club of St. Andrew'sand he is still the president of the National Cyclists' union of Great Britain. The head caddie on the St. An-drew's links is fond of remarking regretfully that a spiendid golf profes-sional was lost in Mr. Balfour when he turned his attention to statesman-

When Mr. Gladstone was alive mem bers of the house of commons used to wonder whether he or Mr. Balfour was fonder of patting children. Although political opponents, they were intimate friends. Both liked literature better friends. Both liked literature better than the rough and tumble of politics, and they were bound together also by their fondness for children, especially for Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's pet

grandchild. In earlier years they both petted Lady Sybil Primrose, Lord Rosebery's daughter, whom Mr. Gladstone nick-named "the suffrage babe," because she was born at a time when a suf-frage bill was agitating parliament. An English writer who has met Mr. Balfour on several occasions tells with pleasure of the first meeting. It was grandchild.

Balfour on several occasions tells with pleasure of the first meeting. It was at a great conservative demonstration in a Kentish park in 1837. Mr. Bal-four was the principal speaker, and the writer was then a little boy selling pro-grams for the good of the cause, as is the habit of the sons of **Primrose** league dames.

Greatly daring, the boy stopped Mr Greatly daring, the boy stopped Mr. Balfour as he was walking through the park to the platform to make his speech, and asked him to buy a pro-gram. Mr. Balfour took one and paid 10 times the proper price. "I'm glad to see you helping our cause so young, my little man." he said, patting the boy's head. "What see you going to be when you grow

are you going to be when you grow

"I'd like to be a great man in parlia-ment like you, sir," the youngster re-

plied. "Don't you!" exclaimed Mr. Balfour,

bont your exclamed and plant but the laughing. "There's no fun in it. Td rather be a boy like you." Some of the organizers of the meet-ing came up and told Mr. Balfour that the people were waiting to hear him speak, but he waved them aside. "Can't you see I'm trying to strength-distribute of a young disclose?"

en the faith of a young disciple?" said.

Then he asked the boy all about his home life and his schoolmates, and gave him some sound advice on school prac-

"Don't get into more fights than you can help, but if you have to fight let the other boy knock you blind and silly before you give in. That's the only way to get on and have a good time."

Ten years afterward, when the boy was working on a London newspaper, he had occasion to call on Mr. Balfour

he had occasion to call on Mr. Balfour at his office in Downing street. "Do you remember buying a program of me at Southwood in 1887?" he asked. "Why, yes," said Mr. Balfour; "and are you the boy for whom I kept the meeting waiting? Don't you think now that I was wise in telling you there was no fun in politics?" This is an example of Mr. Balfour's wonderful memory. As with most ab-sentminded men, his memory for events is remarkably good when they are called to his attention. Mr. Balfour's most striking charac-

Mr. Balfour's most striking charac-teristic, perhaps, is his even temper. Nothing seems to rufile him. In the old coercion days he would sit for hours on the treasury bench of the house of commons with a pleasant smile on his force while the Irish members much キャー・ commons with a pleasant smile on his face while the Irish members were comparing him unfavorably to Nero and Herod, and saying that if they saw him in the company of Ananias and Sapphira they would consider him to be in the bosom of his family. Other Conservative members would there an apprix and interrunt but the jump up angrily and interrupt, but the man attacked never showed a trace of annoyance. His friends say that only once has Mr. Balfour been known to show anger in public. Some young Tories snowballed Mr Gladstone when he visited Dover dur-ing the last years of his life. Mr. Bal-four had to address a Tory meeting at Dover soon afterwards, and he took occasion to denounce the outrage in un-measured terms. His language, usually so calm and philosophical, became a torrent of passionate invective, and before he had finished he had lost control of himself. believe he would have wrung the necks of those young fools if he could, said the chairman of the meeing afterward.

**MURDEROUS CODE OF** MILITARY HONOR .. (Continued from page seventeen.)

dt don in an unoccupied place when gentleman said, quite politely: "Excuse me, Herr Lleutenant, that

at is engaged." "Well, I will sit here anyway," retorted the officer. The rightful occupant of the seat was The rightru occupant of the seat the in the act of summoning the guard when the officer sprang up, drew his long cavalry sword, and dealt the civilian a fearful blow on the head, exclaiming:

"Take that for your insolence, you dirty tradesman."

dirty tradesman." The victim of this outrage, a highly respected architect of Trieste, fell un-conscious to the ground and was re-moved to Marburg infirmary, where he lay for many weeks in a precarious condition. Ultimately he died from the effects of the injuries inflicted on him by the officer. The officer was allowed to continue his journey unmalested, and to this day, he is doing duty in the army, and enjoys a great reputation as a smart, dashing military man.

APOLOGY OF NO AVAIL.

Another case occurred at Wimberger's establishment, a noted winter pleasure resort in Vienna. A gentle-

3

man, an electrical engineer by profes-sion, was walking up and down the dancing hall with a lady when he acci-dentally brushed an officer's face with a handkerchief with which he was fan-ning himself. For this he apologized, but the irate warrior was not appeas-ed. Drawing his sword, he began to slash wildly at the civilian, who fell bleeding to the ground. As he tay there helpless and unconscious, the of-ficer continued to slash at him, al-though fortunately most of the blows fell on the intervening piece of furni-

fell on the intervening piece of furni-ture, which was hacked to bits. The engineer subsequently died of his wounds, but the officer was not arrest-ed nor work and arrested, nor were any steps ever taken to punish him for the crime. An officer boarded an omnibus on the Opera Ring in Vienna when it was marked full, whereupon the conductor very politely requested him to get off

again, saying: "Herr Major, I canpot take more than the number allowed by the police, otherwise I shall be dismissed for neg-

The major, regarding this as a slight to his military honor, drew his sword and killed the conductor, exclaiming: "That for your insolence, you rhino-

ceros. Having killed the man, the major

An officer entered a cafe at Trient at midnight and demanded cigarettes. The waiter informed him that he had

left. "Then go and fetch some for me," shouted the officer, impatiently.

"There are no more shops open at the bour, Herr Licutenant," was the walter's polite reply to this order. The officer, enraged at what he re-garded as the walter's insolence, drew his sword, and inflicted a number of terrible wounds on the man, walking away afterwards as if he had done something of everyday occurrence. Dozens of such cases could be cited, which have occurred in Austria, in Russia, and to a lesser extent in Ger-many. Moreover, there are thousands of Austrians, Germans and Russians who will tell you that such deeds are necessary to uphold the prestige of the necessary to uphoid the presiding of the army and to enforce respect for the emperor's uniform among the plebs. To the foreign observer, these military outrages appear to be a foul blot on the civilization of the 'hree great em-pires of Europe. GEt RGE WEISS.

## MERCHANT'S PRINTING

Turned out on short notice at the Descret News. A big shipment of new types and supplies just in. Our facilities for letter heads, bill heads, tags, en-Having killed the man, the major quietly got off the 'bus and walked away unmoiested. Nothing ever happened to him, and he is today a highly by any establishment in the West, THE DESERET NEWS.

EXCEPTED CARRIE.

The late Congressman Robert H. Foorderer, of Philadelphia had a great liking for odd signs. He carried in his memory verbatim no jess than 20 or 40 of these signs, which he would rattle

off in a very amusing way. "The signs of a hundred years ago," he said one day, "were odder and more original than those we have now. It is seldom that I find a modern sign of much interest. When Carrie Nation, though, was on her rampsgo, a sa-loon-keeper of South Second street put but a sign that amused me a good deal. The sign read.

'All Nations Welcome Except Carrie.' A NEW WAY.

Dr. L. O. Howard, the government's

Dr. L. O. Howard, the government's mosquito expert, was born in Rock-ford, III. 'They are very proud of his fame in Rockford, and they still tell there stories of his childhood. "When Leiand Howard was a little boy," a Rockford ancient said the other day, "he stopped on the street one afternoon to watch an old woman ake had never seen before, and he didn't know what to make of it. When he

got home he said: "I seen a funny thing today." "'What dld you see?' some one gsk-

ed. "'Why,' said the boy, 'I seen an old

proves any complexion. Makes the skin soft as velvet. Best shampoo made. Prevents dandruir. Stops hair from falling. Cures all skin eruptions. More soothing than cold cream. More beautifying than any cos metique.

woman chewin' tobacco with her



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tics. He is a politician by family in-fluence and chance, not by choice. The nephew of Lord Salisbury, Ar-thur J. Balfour, was born to the pur-ble and destinate for purple and destined for parliament from his Eton days. But his tastes are itt-erary and academic, not political and practical. He cares more for the hon-ors which have been showered upon him by all the British universities in recognition of his achievements in philosophy than he does for his po-litical fame.

litical fame. "Give me my books, my golf clubs and leisure," he once said to a friend, "and I would ask for nothing more. My ideal in life is to read a lot, write a little, play plenty of golf and have nothing to worry about. If I could give up politics and retire tomorrow without discoverging them. without disorganizing things and neglecting my duty I would gladly

Mr. Balfour has often said this, and there is no doubt that he is sincere. He is too much of a philosopher to be ambitious.

Entering politics more as a social necessity than anything else, he drifted from one office to another until at last he reached a position in which he had to work hard or, in his view, jeopard England's interests by neglect. He worked hard and made good. As a reward he was given still more important posts, which have kept him working busily ever since.

In the strenuous coercion days, then Mr. Balfour stood in grave when danger of assassination, he worted his friends by absolutely refusing to take any precautions. He would not even allow himself to be guarded by secret service men, though a previous secretary, Lord Frederick Cavendish,

had been murdered in Dublin. He was constantly shadowed by detectives, against his orders, and he used to get great amusement by try-ing to shake them off. He did not ing to snake them off. He did not hesitate to travel alone even in the most disturbed parts of Ireland, where scores of men would have been glad to kill him had they recognized him as their arch enemy, "Bloody Balfour," whose name was for a while as detested in Ireland as that of Cromwell.

Balfour's cool courage finally won the respect of the Irish and when he relinquished control of Irish affairs he was as popular as any chief secre-tary could be under a policy of coercion. Even the Irish members in the house of commons liked him, as they do today

"He tells us with exquisite politeness that we are fools when we meet him here, and he sends us to jail when we are in Ireland," the late Dr. Tan-ner, M. P. for Cork, used to say. "But he has such a charming way with him that nobody can help liking him"

That is how all Mr. Balfour's opponents feel toward him. Nobody hits out harder than he does in debate, but there is never any personal bitter-ness, any malicious sting in his remarks. as there almost always is in Mr. Chamberlain's.

Mr. Balfour is one of the kindliest, most gentle men alive. His courtesy most gentle men alive. His courtesy and consideration for others are un-failing, and that is why he is the most popular leader of the house of commons in the history of parliament. In English society he is extremely popular and much sourch after

popular and much sought after. Years ago dowagers used to angle for him for their daughters. He is decidedly eligible in the marriage market, being rich as well as distinguished, but he has never married, and nobody expects that he will. Even the most hopeful dowagers have given him up as a confirmed bachelou

Next to his books. Mr. Balfour finds his chief pleasures in golfing and cycling. Mr. Chamberlain has been heard to boast that he never takes any neard to boast that he hever takes any other exercise than that of walking up and down stairs. Not so his chief. Mr. Balfour is one of the best golfers in the house of commons. He started the as ousl parliamentary golf tournament and slways stands

Though Mr. Balfour has never maried, his whole life and character have been molded by a woman-his sister, Miss Alice Balfour. She is an ac-complished, high minded woman, who wields great influence in English political circles

It is said that Lord Salisbury used often to ask her advice and lean upon her judgment. Probably she persuaded him to give her brother the great chance of his life as chief secretary for Ireland. It is generally agreed that she has kept him in political life, con-quered his natural indolence and made a practical, successful statesman out of the philosopher who wrote two blg volumes to explain that nothing is worth worrying about or striving for .-New York Sun.

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