DESERET EVENING NEWS. Any kind of a job except a political one can be secured through "the pull" of a want ad. TRUTH AND LIBERTY. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. PART TWO. The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

> not a personality which makes for popularity with the masses. To most people he appears as a stern, unsym-pathetic person—the incarnate genius of political rectitude in a frock coat and high hat. He has an austere physiogno-my and a grave sedateness of demeanor which keep people at a distance. But those who know him intimately, as An-drew Carnegie does, declare that the common view of him as a frigid philos-opher who is indifferent to all the soft-er emotions is founded on an entire misconception of the real map. He has misconception of the real man. He has a great deal more of the poetic temperament than most of his contemporaries. In private life he is described as one of the most genial of hosts and cordial

and delightful companions. But one thing he lacks which marks him as a man apart from most of his fellows. He has no amusements. He neither rides our cycles, nor does he induige in that avorite pastime of the man much given o meditation-fishing. Golf has never tempted him. There is no record that in his younger days he ever played cricket or football. From his youth up only intellectual pleasures have ap-pealed to him. He revels in long walks across the hills or solitary meditations in country lanes. Still more does he enjoy a good book and a shady seat enjoy a good book and a shady seat in some quiet garden. He seldom goes to a theater. His one relaxation is mu-sic, of which, like Mr. Balfour, he is passionately fond. But from the house of commons or the platform he delights most of all to retreat to his library, where, with some well thumbed work In his hand, he forgets the intrigues of the lobbles and the heresies and vaga-

les of his political associates. While to the world at large he ap-pears as the embodiment of hard, cold intellect, he is as tender with animals as if he were a believer in metempsyhosis. At one time when living in the

country some distance from London, at the top of what is called the Hog's Back, he indulged in the luxury of keeping a horse, and the noble animal used to be sent to the station to meet But he could never bear to ride schind the horse except when on a tolerably easy gradient. The horse used to walk down the hill to meet him, The horse and it was not until he reached the summit of the hill that he entered the While most men can't abide cats, he is very partial to them, pre-ferring them to dogs. It is perhaps because they are more addicted to a life of quiet contemplation, and are not eternally on the go.

SPELLED GOD WITH A LITTLE "g."

picture of John Morley in Israel Zang-will's novel, "The Mantle of Elliah," of It is rather curious to recall that John which the statesman who is about to visit the United States for the first time It is rather curious to recall that John Morley, who, when he first sought to enter public life, was flercely assailed as an atheist, and denounced from the pulpit becaus he once spriled God, Christ and the Holy Ghost without the initial capital, was designed by his fether a fluctham surgeon for the was undoubtedly the hero. Therein you can get some idea of the only man a political life on whom the king has mferred the recently invented Order Merit-an order worth considerably father, a Blackburn surgeon, for the church, But in his Oxford days he fell more to John Morley than the peerage he could have had if he, had gared for under the influence of John Stuart Mill's teachings, and for him, there-, the church was impossib was from Mill's works he imbibed that passion for justice which has always distinguished him. Coming to London in the early sixties, when just over 20, he sought to make a living by his pen, and went through the usual Grub street experience of young literary aspirants, at one time having to sell some of his beloved books to keep the wolf from the door. But hard times did not last long with him. His powers of logical reasoning, combined with the charm of his liter-ary style, soon gained him recognition, and he was invited to join the band of brilliant young men who were fighting the early battles of the Saturday Review. The late Lord Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt and other men who subsequently helped make history were among his associates on the Saturday Reviler, as it soon came to be called. In 1867, when only 29, he was made editor of the Fortnightly Review, a posi-tion which has been called the blue ribbon of the literary world. For 15 years he controlled its destinies, and meanwhile wrote some of his best known books. Then he entered the realm of daily journalism and for three years was editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, with W. T. Stead as his assistant Now Mr. Stead is a first-class jourthough he has made several nalist frightfully bad breaks. He has a proound admiration for Mr. Morley, but editing a philosophical magazine is a very different thing from running a daily paper, and Mr. Stead has frankly stated his opinion that as a newspaper editor Mr. Morley was not a success. "Mr. Morley's mental characteristic," he says in one of his character sketches, "is not againty, out sound," was a lack of nimbleness of mind was a ditor of a daily drawback to him as an editor of a daily paper. He was not a born journalist. He was deficient in the range of his sympathies. No power on earth could command Mr. Morley's attention in hree-fourths of the matter that fills the papers. He is in intellect an aris-tocrat. He looked down with infinite contempt on most of the trifles that interest the British tomfool, as the general reader used sometimes to be playfully designated when considerations of managements clashed with editorial aspirations. He had no eye for news and he was totally devoid of the journalistic instinct. To him a newspaper was simply a pulpit from which he could preach, and as a preacher, like all of us who are absorbed in our own

Historic Houses Identified in London.

County Council Designates Interesting Places That Most American Tourists Have Been Missing Hitherto-Where Dickens Did Some of His Best Work; Home of The Brilliant Youth for Whom Tennyson Wrote "In Memoriam," and the Birthplace of Disraeli Among the Landmarks Now Commemorated.

ւնորովորտիսիավարորորակարարորորորակարարորորականորորությանականականականորորորորություների որորորորություներորորորո



WHERE DICKENS DID HIS BEST WORK. WHERE PITT LIVED. At No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, London.

In York Place on Baker Street. nected with the house itself by a cov-ered passage. Mr. Morley has built a study, where, among his books he does his work, finding solace and inspiration in the flowers and shrubs and trees **GOSSIP FROM** that he sees when he glances out of the windows. And here he received his friends and shows himself as he is and not as the world conceive him to be His domestic life is said to be a happy nuch in the background. She seldon accompanies her husband when her takes part in public functions or visits distinguished when her

takes part in public functions of visits distinguished people. They have no children, although Mrs. Morley has a daughter by a former marriage. There is not space here to go into the question of Mr. Morley's religion-or lack of R. That is set forth in his writings. But denunciation of him as an atheist because he rejects the claims of Christianity to be regarded as a divinely inspired religion has long given. divinely inspired religion has long give way to the perception among the best exponents of Christianity that he is a man of friendely reverential spirit. He once told a friend that his "Ponto o Life" was Gothe's "Das Gotllehe" the Divine, The last vorce is well worth quoting as the faith by which Mr. Morley lives. Liferally translated is

The the glory of man To be helpful and good, Unwearied procuring The useful, the right: prototype as Of the gods we grope after.

Se groping after gods, and finding to this faith of his, both in his recepts and his practise, he has cer-sinly been true. "The one commanding law is that men shall do right, if the very heavens fall, he says some-where. He is a veritable Puritan of politics, with a passion for righteous-

Most characteristic of the man was is presentation to Cambridge univer stry of the late Lord Acton's splendic

illurary, which Andrew Curnegie had purchased as a gift for his chum. "For some time" he wrote to the chancellor of the university, "I played with the faucy of retaining the library or my own use and delectation. But I im not coverous of splendid posses ns; life is very short, and such a colfection is fitter for a public and undying nstitution than for any private indi-

Sad rings that sentence-"life is very -from Mr. Morley, for he short soon be within four years of the allelted span.

For many years he has wished to isit America. Alfred Mosely wanted tim to come along when he took out his educational commission, but Mr. Morley was then too busy with his "Life of Gladstone" to accept the invitation. Resides, as a member of a legation miedged to 1 specific object ne would hardly have found an oppor tunity for doing much spying around on his own account. He has always been greatly interested in the working ma chinery of American politics, and is jumensely pleased that he will be able to witness the fierce battles and final scenes of a presidential election. In-cidentally, while in New York he will investigate Tammany a bit and try to find out the secret of the tiger's Educational and industrial strength. matters will engage much of his attention, and generally he will try to ascertain why Uncle Sam is forging ahead of John Bull so fast. As the biographer of Cobden and one of the great apostles of Free Trade it is not likely, how-ever, that he will become a convert to protection. He will be heard occa-sionally in public, having already consented to address the Pittsburg cham-



The people in this city "is first "got acquainted through a want adver-tisement" would aske a pretty big

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

TH: NEWEST CULT IN DRESS.

Lord Ronald Gower Revives His Campaign Against Conventional Masculine Attire in Vogue.

ONDON. Sept. 20 .- While many English society women gamble heavily themselves and encourage others to do likewise, the Duchess of Marlborough sets a wholesale ag. unple by putting her foot down hard on t whenever she gets a chance. She got t chance the other day in aristocratic Curzon street where her new town touse is situated. It is a favorite haunt if street bookmakers, who, probably by nethods very similar to those adopted n New York and other big cities in America, have been able to carry on their operations free from police molesation. Opposite the chief entrance to her house one of these bookmakers has plied his nefarious calling for the last we seasons. The duchess noticed that several boys and laboring men accosted tim, especially during the hour of respite from work allowed them at mid-day, and handed him slips of paper and money. She inquired what it means and on learning that the man was a street bookmaker, who took bets in horse races, she immediately lodged complaint at the nearest police sta The result was one or two raids and now the fraternity are cursing the ay when the American duchess decid ed on taking a residence in Mayfair. Furthermore, a certain constable has been removed to another division. The duchess regards gambling as one of the It is well greatest curses of England. known that she has made the duke un destand that he can't throw away any



such tawdry things as coronets. Carnegie's personal devotion to John Morley is so pronounced as to have be come proverbial. Whenever the statesman speaks, either in the commons or on the stump, there-if he can get there -is the Pittsburg-Skibo millionaire, crinking in every word as if it respel, and applauding like a schoolboy every time he gets a chance. Whenever Carnegic comes to London, these two queerly assorted pals are sure to be together most of the time, and whenever the Laird of Skibo is in the Highlands, the latch-string is always out for his dearest friend.

HE IS CARNEGIE'S

PARTICULAR CRONY

John Morley Whom the Great

Founder of Libraries Has Per-

AIS PLACE IN PUBLIC OPINION.

friend and Biographer of Gladstone-

At First a Dismal Failure in Poll-

ONDON, Sept. 20,-At last Andrew

Carnegie has succeeded in getting

his particular crony, John Morley-

lite has had most influence over him-

te promise to go with him to America.

so this interesting pair will set forth

hes few days, after having talked it all

er al Skibo Castle for the last two

And the Right Hon, John Morley will

be worth seeing. He comes nearer than

may one else to being the successor of

his old friend Gladstone as England's

most distinguished plain citizen, part-

because of his great name as a man

of letters and partly because of the

height and general remoteness of the

political pinnacle on which he sits,look-

g down rather sadly on the squah-

bling and muddling that goes on below

There was a shrewd and sympathetic

of Merit-

adoubtedly the most intimate of

and also the man who of

tics-His Bad Spelling.

frecial Correspondence.

suaded to Visit Us.

"HONEST JOHN."

It is not to Morley's profound schol-arship, his rare intellectual gifts, his builliant literary achievements or his statesmanship that he owes the unique position which he occupies in public steem here. People may differ from him on matters of opinion-the majori-ty have generally done so-but political friends and fors afike are all one in their belief in his bedrock honesty of purpose. It is this which has won for him the familiar sobriquet of "Honest John" in the house of commons. Not even for the advantage of his party-Not and for party ends many good men have done some shady things and found to difficulty in quieting their consciences-will John Morley stray by a hair's breadth from what he believes to be the

right course. Of this implacable rectitude he furalshed a striking example early in his tartilamentary career. In the general election of 1868-he had then been only three years in the house-he stood for Newcastle. Organized labor had there declared in favor of the eight-hour day,

and insisted that their parliamentary representative should adopt the same view. But Mr. Morley believed that compulsory limitation of the hours of labor by legislative action wis inimical to the interests of the workingman. He declined to obey the mandate even if it cost him his seat-and it very nearly

Accepting office in Gladstone's new ministry as chief secretary for Ireland he was faced with the necessity, in accordance with English law, of again appealing to his constituency for election. Opposition to him on account of his attitude on the eight-hour question was stronger than ever. The temptation to temporize would have been tra-restatible with most men now in public life. His defeat would have adminiatared a staggering blow to Gladstone's government and might have involved its collapse. Apart from all considerations of his own political future on Beemingly high patriotic grounds he might have found plausible reasons for It was rather hard on Stead to have to submit to Morley's blue pencil and to the articles returned to him, as he

Ha went down to Newcastle, nalled his colors with firmer hand to the mast. fought the fight over again, and won it erain by a greatly increased majority. Since then, as proofs of his indifference to personal and worldly success have secumulated, respect for his character has grown even stronger than admiration for his great intellectual powers. He is commonly regarded, not as a par-tian, but as a sage among statesmen, an adviser of the nation in time of doubt. and one whose chastening is accepted in times of trouble.

It was, by the way, Gladstone's selecton of Morley as Irish secretary which arst caused a personal estrangement between the grand old man and Mr. Chamberiain, producing a rift within

the lute that, quickly widening, made the music of their friendship mute. The peted the office himself. Had he obtained it the history of the Liberal parwhere it the history of the Enternit of a ty in recent years might have been a very different one. But it made no dif-frence in the cordial relations between Write in the cordial relations between Moriey and Chamberlain. Though they have so long been political foces, they is have so long been political foces, they is remain fast friends. When parliament is in session "Our Joe" and "Honest John" often drive down to the house to-gether and building in a fortunalis flaght as sether and indulge in a friendly fight as to who shall pay the cabby.

NOT SO COLD AS HE SEEMS.

strikingly dissimilar. John Morley has ple was destined to repeat the tragic | Caryletn phrase of his.

never seemed to have records, "with all the most telling passages struck out," for Morley was a great stickler for severity of style and restraint and sobriety of expression,

"But," writes Mr. Stead, "there was never any trouble in the office. He believed in authority and I believed as implicity in obedience. No one ever took liberties with Mr. Morley. Every one went more or less in awe of him. When the thundercloud gathered in his eyes or the gout was prowling about his extremities, we all minded our p's and q's at the Pall Mall Gazette. But we all liked him, and, for my part, I had never worked with any one before with whom comradship was at once such a pleasure and such a stimulant."

HIS MAIDEN SPEECH A FAILURE.

Moriey was only 27 when he first tried to enter parliament-and met with crushing defeat. Many years he waited before trying again, and it was not until he was 46 that he found a constituency with sufficient faith in him to elect him. His career in the house of commons has furnished a striking exception to the rule that only those who enter it in their young manhood can achieve high parliamentary re-nown. But his malden speech was a failure. It was carefully prepared, full who shall pay the cabby. NOT SO COLD AS HE SEEMS. In most respects the two men are stkingly dissimilar, John Morley has

don county council, bent on what has been termed the "Americanihand zation of London's streets," has found it necessary to demolish many buildings that link the present with the storied past, on the other hand it does its best to keep alive the historic and

literary associations attaching to houses that remain by placing memorial tablets upon them identifying them with the names of their former distinguished occupants. By American visitors especially it is probable that this latter work will be far more appreciated than the changes wrought by the pickaxe of improvement, for to them the chief charm of London lies in the fact that it is such a rich storehouse of literary and historic memories.

RESIDENCE OF DICKENS.

One of the latest houses thus officially commemorated is No. 1, Devonshire terrace, Marylebone road, where Charles Dickens dwelt from 1839 to 1851. The premises are substantially in the same condition as at the time of his residence, except that a bay window has been added to the drawing room on the first floor. The study, in which so much of the great novelist's best work was penned, is described by his daughter Mamie in 'My Father As I Recall Him." as "a pretty room with steps leading directly into the garden from it, and with an extra baize door to keep out all sounds and noise, always, like himself, the personification of neaturess and tidiness. On the shelf of his writing table were many dainty and useful ornaments, gifts from his friends, o members of his family, and always a vase of bright and fresh flowers." From the same source there is a description

of "the little gapret room at the very top of the house," which Dickat ens made "as pretty and comfortable for his two little daughters as it could be made," though the adornment was decidedly primitive, the "unframed prints being fastened to the wall by ordinary black or white pins, whichever we could get."

BIRTHFLACE OF BEST BOOKS.

The first pages of "Baruaby Rudge" were written at the house he had pre viously occupied in Doughty street, but it was completed at the Devonshire terrace residence. Among other books written wholly or in part here were "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas "arol," "Cricket on the Hearth, American Notes," "Dombey and Son," and "David Copperfield, the latter be ing the last important work done at Devonshire terrace. Apart from the fact that here were produced some o his latest literary triumphs, the house is of additional interest as the scene of the brightest and happiest period of his life. It was the first home of most of his children and the meeting place of the most famous people of the lit-erary world. He left it with regret because it had become too small for his family and took possession of Tavistock House.

HOME OF HISTORIAN. pilgrims is No.

me of the ablest speakers in the house of commons was acquired by slow, dogged effort. He always had it in him, but for several sessions could not get it out. As a platform orator he now shines even more than as a parliamentary debater. But it was some years before he mastered that art by discarding carefully prepared addresses and letting himself go, trusting to the "fire in his belly," to use a favorite

ONDON, Sept. 20 .- While the Lon- | Henry Hallam, the great historian, who lived there from 1819 to 1840. Yet it is not because of its associteion with the author of the "Constitutional History of England" that the house claims most attention. A more pathetic interest at-taches to it as the home of the histor. ians eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam Tennyson's dearly beloved friend. It is this friendship which has been immor talized in that sublime poem "In Me morlam," where the house is referred

to in these sad and touching lines: "Dark house, by which once more I stand.

Here in the long unlovely street, Doors where my heart was used to

heat So quickly waiting for a hand, A hand that can be clasped no more.

Arthur was eight years old when his father went to live in Wimpole street, but it was while he was at Trinity col-lege, Cambridge, between 1828 and 1832 that he and Tennyson became such fast friends. He was only 20 when death overtook him with tragic sud denness on the continent. Young as he was, he had even then produced work which presaged for him a brilliant literary future. But even had he lived to fulfill the expectations entertained of him, it is doubtful if he would ever have written anything that would have raused him to be remembered nearly so long as he will be by his friend's poem His father felt his loss keenly and spoke of himself as one "whose hopes this side the tomb were broken down forever." More sorrows, however awaited him in Wimpole street. In 183' his daughter Ellen died there, and three years later his wife passed away. Shortly after this latter event he left the house which contained so many sad memories for him and established his home at No. 24 Wilton Crescent.

WHERE DISRAELI WAS BORN.

At No. 22. Theobal's Road, Holborn. tablet has been placed informing al and sundry that Benjamin Disraell Earl of Beaconsfield, was born there in 1804. As regards the actual birth place of the great premier there has been much controversy. Disraell himself added to the general confusion or the subject by mentioning at various

times three houses as the scene of his birth-one at St. Mary Axe, another No. 6, Bloomsbury Square, and a third in Adelphi. There is no record that the family ever lived in the St. Mary Axe district; they did not move into the Bloomsbury Square house until Ben-Jamin was 18 years old; the Adelph ouse, No. 2, James street, was the residence of his father before his mar-riage. The eludence collected leaves little doubt that No. 22. Theobald's Road, known at the time of Issac Dis raell's tenancy as No. 6. King's Road, was really the place where the astute statesman first saw the light. house has undergone no substantial alterations since.

WHERE PITT LIVED.

In designating by a tablet No. 14, York Place, Portman Square, as the residence at one time of William Pitt. whom many historians consider 134 greatest of all England's prime min-isters, the London county council is supported by indisputable evidence a though his occupancy of it was brief for he lived there only two years-1805 and 1804. While he made his home here it was shared by his niece. the brilliant and beautiful, but eccen-

It is only a great man that can win took him out of himself and awoke in the friendship of great man that can will great men have been numbered among John Morley's friends. The intimate relations that existed between him and that apostle of sweetness and light, Matthew Arnold, are well known. His him that feeling for nature which has ever since remained one of the great-CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS HOME. biography of Gladstone is a monument to another friendship. But among all his friends, the one who exercised the most beneficent influence over him when his mind was still in the formaspects the house is characteristic of its occupant. The front of it-that which greets the passerby-is severely plain and sombre. But back of it is a large tive period, is, as he has acknowledged, George Meredith, the novelist. It was and sombre. But back of it is a large Meredith, more than any other, who and beautiful garden. And here, con-

| tric Lady Hester Stanhope, who afterwards took up her abode on Mount Le-banon, and by the sheer force of her remarkable personality acquired an most absolute authority over the tribes of the surrounding districts. Lady Hes. ter acted as her uncle's secretary, re-ceived his guests and sat at the head of his table. According to Pitt's blographer, Stanhope, "her presence tended far more than his return to power to cheer and brighten his few remaining years." Pitt was out of office during the whole of the time he lived at York Place, It was during his residence there that he delivered his memorable speech on the renewal of the war with France in May, 1803. It was of this speech that Fox, his great political rival said, is a speech which if Demosthenes had been present, he must have admired, and might have envied HOMES OF FAMOUS ARTISTS.

While such houses still remain as memorials of departed genius, others equally deserving of preservation are being sacrificed to the demands fo modern improvement, No. 32, Caven-dish Square, which as the home of Romney for 20 years has long been great landmark in England's artistic annals, is undergoing demolition. It was in 1775 that the great artist yielded to the persuasions of his friends and leased the house which has become va-cant through the death of Francis Cotes, R. A. He had little money at the time and it seemed for some months as though his aprophensions of impending ruin had been only too well found-ed. But at length the Duke of Richmond came to his rescue, and his patronage turned the tide in the painter's favor. In a little while fashion was dividing her favors between Romney and Reynolds, much to Sir Joshua's wrath, continptuously designated val as "the man in Cavendish Square,

ROMNEY'S STUDIO.

"All the town." said Lord Thurlow. "is divided into two factions, the Rey-nolds and the Romney, and I am of the Romney faction." The world of art has been similarly divided ever since, and 1 is likely long to remain a debatable question whether the caressing brush of the one was not equal in its way to the more masculine and vigorous genius of the other, the great president of the Royal ueademy

It was in this Cavendish Square studio that Romney painted his famous se-ries of portraits of Emma Hart, then under the protection of his friend, the Hon. Charles Greville, and afterwards, as all the world knows, the Lady Ham-Iton whose beauty ensuared, and sul-lied the fame of, Lord Nelson. Romney gave up the house only when it became too small to cope with his extravagant schemes which were the first signs of the mental collapse that darkened the last years of his life.

For many years past workmen have seen busy nulling down the old houses in Spring Gardens to form a thoroughfare which will run from the gates of Buckingham Palace in an almost straight line to Trafalgar Square, That is will be a great iniprovement there can be no outstion, but it has involved the destruction of much that is quaint and picturesque and reminiscent of the days of Good Queen Bass when the Spring Garden, as it was then called, was a popular pleasure resort where. according to one chronicler. "there was continual bibbing and drinking wine all day under the trees, and two or three quarrels every week.

et pleasures of his existence.

His intense love of nature is well

shown in his new home on the out-skirts of Wimbledon, one of the pret-

tiest suburbs of London. In many

E. LISLE SNELL

her of commerce on Nov. 4. He is one of the men who never permits himself to be interviewed in England, and the American reporters will probably find

AMERICAN DUCHESS COMING.



The Duchess of Manchester, who was Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, is to come to this country soon. After a short stay here she, accompanied by her husband, will leave for a trip around the world. An ambition of the duchess is to make a pilgrimage to Lhassa, the sacred city, it being said that she is a devotee of Buddha.

of the Vanderbilt money on cards on ace track bets. BUYS DOGS WITH "KIND EYES."

In a rash moment Mrs. L. Robinson of San Francisco, who recently arrived n London from the continent, promised to let her young daughter, Gertrude, have whatever she chose to buy for herself, so far as a considerable sum of money would go. That was in March last. The fend mother imagined that her daughter would invest the money in bon bons, jewelry and such dainty knick-knacks, as usually appeal to girlish tastes. Great was her prise when there arrived at her hotel in Vienna three dogs of much mixed pedigrees which the child gleefully announced represented the first installment of the proceeds of the money placed at her disposal. Since then, wherever they have stopped. Miss Ger erude has added to her canine collec-tion, and now has over a score of dogs. They constitute a most nonde-script assortment, for in purchasing him as hard a proposition to tackle as the Archbishop of Canterbury. breed, of which she has no knowledge FREDERIC HARLAND MORRIS. | but is attracted solely by these which

Almost of equal interest to literary pligrims is No, 67, Wimpole street, on which a tablet has recently been placed recording that was once the home of .

parliamentary failure of his master,

John Stuart Mill. The position that he has long held as

