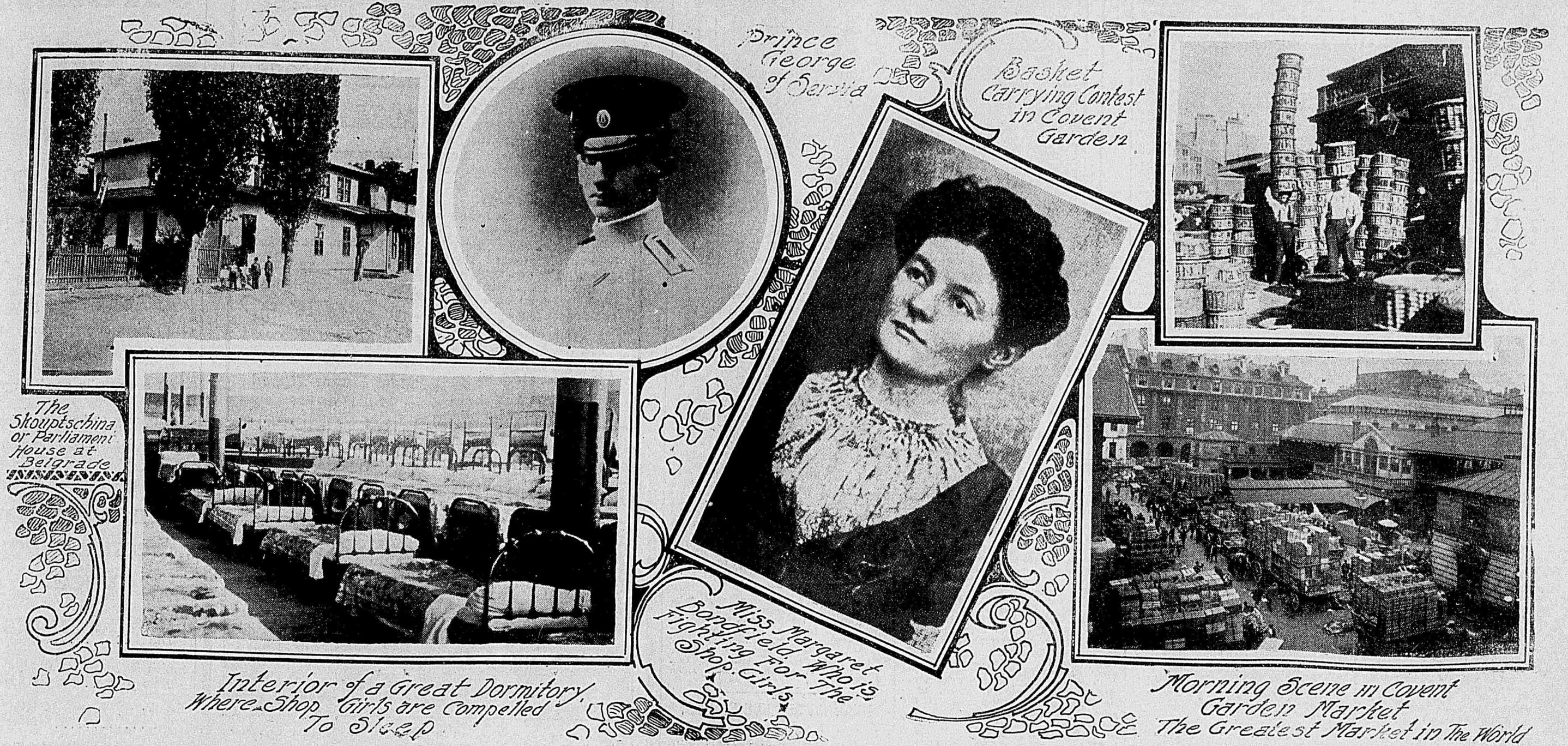


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Inside History of Servian Prince's Latest Escapade

(Special Correspondence.)
BELGRADE, May 3.—Prince George Karageorgievitch despite his renunciation of the throne of his father, may yet reign over Servia. In this funny little land where they change their minds as often as they do their clothes, public sympathy is veering around in his favor and there is now a large and powerful body of public and official opinion which excuses and even applauds his killing of his valet.

This change of front is due entirely to sober reflection and to the searching light of publicity which has been trained on the events leading up to the unfortunate death of the valet. There is a very bitter feeling among the Servians over the unsatisfactory ending of the negotiations with Austria-Hungary and it is generally felt that had Prince George had his way the little Balkan state would have emerged from the encounter of war with more glory and prestige. It is now realized that, however much truth there may be in the numerous charges against the high-spirited prince, he was undoubtedly the victim of a series of cleverly planned machinations on the part of the dual monarchy.

The paper which first printed the report of the assault upon the valet is in the pay of Austria, which has endeavored to give the prince as black a character as possible. On making careful inquiry I found that the paper had no better authority than a woman, who said she was the dead valet's sister. She said that the prince gave a letter to her brother to post. A short time afterwards he asked if it were posted. "Yes, your highness, it is," was the answer. The girl affirmed that, on hearing this, the prince got into a rage, threw the valet down stairs, ran after him and kicked him with his spurred boots, till bleeding and exhausted, he had to be taken to the hospital where he died shortly afterwards.

"HE DESERVED IT."
This version of the story was spread all over the world and religiously believed. Of course the prince is an impatient man, but, to anybody who knows him at all it would be incredible that he having thrown a man down, continued to kick him. But by the majority who do not know anything about him except what they hear from Austrian journalists, this part of the story has been accepted in good faith. Some went so far as to say that it was the fifth time he had killed within the past year. The prince, with all his faults, is a truthful person. "I did not kick him to death," he said, when spoken to about it, "and what is more, even had I killed him, he deserved it."

This statement also was exaggerated in the paper that first attacked him. The prince said that the man deserved the death he got. What better proof do we want of his guilt?

In the end the indignation against the prince grew so strong that, disgusted at his unpopularity, he wrote his famous letter to the Skouptschina, or parliament, saying that as a protest against the way his future subjects defamed his name without hearing the facts of the case, he had made up his mind to renounce his rights to the Servian crown. He had already demanded an inquiry, which the paper that spread the story, refused to make.

VALET WAS A SPY.
Now that things have quieted down in Belgrade it is possible to get to the real facts of the case. Since his return from Russia, which he visited with the hope that the czar would help Servia against Austria, the prince has been surrounded by spies. It is easier

to understand this when one remembers that Belgrade, the Servian capital, stands on one bank of the Danube and Zimony, the Austrian frontier town on the other. People have no difficulty in passing from one side to the other as many times a day as they wish, as the valet, run frequently between the two points, Austrian and German Journalists always go over to Zimony to telegraph their news.

The gentlemen of the prince's household declare that the valet was one of Austria's most active spies who had, for months past, carried wild stories of his master's doings to the other side of the Danube. For a long time the prince had great confidence in the man, who had served him for years. Once, however, a letter he wrote was not answered and his suspicions were aroused. Some time passed though before he could confirm his doubts.

At last, the prince wrote a letter to an official in Budapest, sealed it and giving it to his valet, set one of his officers to watch him. The valet, instead of going to the postoffice with the letter, walked about the town for some time, and strolling down to the quay, got into a Zimony boat. The officer followed. On arriving at Zimony the valet, waited quickly up to a private house, was admitted like a well-known habitue, and after some time, left it, taking the boat home.

KICKED HIM DOWNSTAIRS.
From the moment the valet left the prince's lodging till the time he reentered it he did not go to the postoffice. Unfortunately the officer could not find the prince at once and this gave the valet a chance to say that the man posted the letter when he came back to Zimony where he had visited a friend. When the prince heard the officer's story he flew into a terrible rage and, sending for the valet, cried:

"Where did you post my letter?"

"In the postoffice, your highness!"

"Yes, your highness, it is," you have not been near the postoffice; you have been to Zimony. You're a spy—and I'll make you suffer for it."

Thereupon he kicked and struck the man, who, as they were near the staircase, fell backwards and downstairs.

All who saw the incident are unanimous in saying that the prince struck the valet once and immediately retired to a nearby room, banging the door after him. The valet, the doctors say, had been suffering from hernia for some time. The prince, his enemies affirm, knew this, because he had paid for the man's treatment. The kick, or blow, and the fall downstairs combined to aggravate the malady to such an extent that the man had to be taken to the hospital. His statement was witnessed by the five doctors who attended him.

Before he died, however, he signed a statement saying that he did not post the letter; that the prince, in striking him, threw him down by accident; because he had just got to the top of the stairs when the altercation began, and he was killed by aggravation of the hernia caused by the fall. He denied that the prince struck him more than once or followed him downstairs. He refused to say what he had been doing in Zimony, but declared he lost the prince's letter. His statement was witnessed by the five doctors who attended him.

REACTION SETS IN.
At the time, nobody listened to this explanation. But since then there has been a reaction in the prince's favor. The people in Servia are very angry that the valet was killed, and as the prince was for war, say he is the only good man about the court. The ministers and the king are abused right and left. "Why did the regicides stain their hands in blood to put such an unworthy man to death?"

(Continued on page eighteen.)

Incredible White Slave Traffic Among English Shop Girl Assistants

Living-in System Denounced by English Authorities—Rev. R. J. Campbell, the Phillips Brooks of England, Starts Crusade Against Crying Evil—Shop Clerks Herded Together in Great Barracks and Fed Like Animals in a Pen.

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, May 5.—White slavery in some of its worst forms exists in England among the clerks of the great dry goods establishments. Rev. R. J. Campbell—the Phillips Brooks of England—has denounced the "living-in" system by which these women are subjected as a species of moral leprosy, and the recent issue of a government report dealing with the subject has more than justified his scathing indictment. Herded together in great barracks rooms, and fed like prisoners in compounds, these shop assistants—as they are called—not only are deprived of almost every form of personal liberty, but their meager wages are reduced by a system of fines and penalties, which make existence almost intolerable. From the purely moral standpoint, the lives led by thousands of these young women is open to the greatest temptation. Those who subject themselves to the so-called advantages of their position are condemned to an existence of wretchedness almost inconceivable under modern civilization.

Shop assistants in England occupy entirely different positions from the corresponding class of dry-goods clerks in America. In the first place, 450,000 of the 550,000 shop assistants in England are subject to the "living-in" system, which means that the clerks, whether men or women, must literally belong to their respective shops in the fullest sense of the term. They must sleep in great dormitories, eat in refectories provided for them and be charged board and lodging at rates which in America would not be tolerated for a moment.

SALARIES ARE SMALL.
The salaries paid to many of these clerks are below what the commonest day laborer would command in the United States. Some women clerks start in at \$1.50 a week, which, including their board and lodging, is supposed to be equivalent to about \$7. As a matter of fact, their food and housing are so wretched that they get nothing like value for their services. Out of the pitance which most of these young men and women receive they are expected to dress well and to keep up an appearance in accordance with the tone of the elite establishment to which they happen to belong.

In the making of this appearance is one of the crying shames of the system. Many women, starting in life as shop assistants, and it necessary to make sacrifices which include pretty nearly everything which a woman holds dear; that is, if they wish to rise to positions of importance with fair wages. It is owing to this last phase of the subject that various religious authorities have taken up the question, and have begun an active crusade against the immoralities and tyrannies of the entire living-in system. That these abuses exist there is no shadow of doubt, despite the sweeping denials made by many important shopkeepers who have felt it necessary to defend their reputations. The Drapers' Chamber of Trade recently started to institute legal proceedings against the Rev. R. J. Campbell and others who exposed some of the worst phases of the living-in system, but after going into the matter they were advised by their legal counsel, Lloyd George, Roberts & Co., that they had no case.

CONTENTION PROVEN.
Finding that the Rev. R. J. Campbell stood his ground, the Drapers' Chamber of Trade adopted a novel course of procedure. They invited him

to appear before their assembly and discuss the situation. Daniel did not walk into the lion's den with less fear than the Rev. Mr. Campbell. Like Daniel, he also came off victorious. In a bold and fearless indictment, he produced facts and figures which were incontrovertible. Many managers, who had refused to consider the question before, had their eyes opened, and at the end of the meeting the Drapers' not only concurred in his scathing censure, but even offered to co-operate with him in his campaign against the system. This was certainly a moral and intellectual victory on the minister's part, and has amounted to a complete reversal of opinion among the heads of firms who, up to this time have shut their eyes to the wrongs of their employees.

OUTGROWTH OF OLD SYSTEM.
Living-in, as carried out today in England, is an outgrowth of the early apprentice system, when workers were bound over without pay for a term of years to certain firms. In those days young girls and boys came up from the country to London and other large cities where they were to learn their trades, and the parents were pleased to think that their children would be, as it were, under a roof, and free from temptation. It is hard to extend any further that shopkeepers today take refuge, maintaining that they are the guardians of those under their care, and making a plea for the ground of morality for the penning up of their assistants in veritable prisons. But the living-in system today has lost all its early advantages. The alleged paternal care does not extend any further than barring the doors at a certain hour each night—in some places 10 o'clock, in others 11—and shutting out all who may be a moment late. Even sickness on the part of an employee has no influence, and girls frequently find themselves shut out though only three minutes late. No member of the firm takes the trouble to ascertain whether or not girls are in their dormitories, and it is a general practice for excluded assistants to remain out all night in case they should be late.

HARD ON THE GIRLS.
In some cases the locking out of these girls has led to serious consequences. For instance, not long ago a girl from the country who had been employed only a few weeks in a big drapery establishment found herself locked out in the streets of London. She had no money, and did not know where to go. She was compelled to walk the street all night. In the morning she made a row, demanding her wages back to her native village and forced the firm into compensating her for the outrage. In many cases, however, girls do not worry themselves about being locked out, and the shutting out rule thrusts upon them a compulsory freedom of which they often take advantage. To show how easily the system may be worked to the moral detriment of the victims, Miss Bondfield, an active member of the Shop Assistants' union, gave before the government commission evidence of her own experience.

UNDESIRABLE COMPANIONS.
"When I was a young apprentice myself," she said, "I was employed in a house in Brighton. For the purpose of sleeping their assistants, they took various houses in back streets. My sleeping room was on the ground floor, with the window facing on to the street, so that one could step into the street from the window and back into the room from the street without going through the door at all. I was put in a room with a woman of mature age who led a life of a most unde-

sirable kind. This was my first experience of a living house. There was another girl in the same room who was suffering from consumption. I was in that house for three years, and I could have been out any night during those three years without the firm knowing anything about it."

Speaking of certain London dormitories, Miss Bondfield said: "If the girls are not in nobody knows, provided their roommates do not tell tales. For instance, if one says to the other, 'I want to go to the theater tonight; do not split on me and strip my bed in the morning,' the other girls will say, 'All right.' There is no possibility of finding out that that girl has not been in for the night."

"TRIVIAL COMPLAINTS."
The accommodation provided for the women in these great barrack establishments is something quite unfit for human beings. In the first place, a number of the so-called apartments of the girls are in the most disreputable streets, so placed more or less from convenience to the firms, in order that their working prisoners may be near the treadmill. There is one young ladies' dormitory in Greek street, Soho, which, according to a Scotland Yard report, is one of the worst places in the whole of London. Young girls necessarily have to pass back and forth through this street. They often are followed, watched and insulted by men who devote their lives to the pursuit of this sort of game. Representations have been made to firms who have their sleeping rooms in such localities, but so far no attention has been paid to such "trivial" complaints.

As to the actual accommodation itself, much evidence has been submitted proving that the housing of the shop assistants receives little attention from shopkeepers. The following letter written to Miss Bondfield by a shop girl throws a lurid light on this subject:

"GRITTY" SHEETS.
"The bedroom allotted to the young ladies was formerly a factory, with those beautiful iron windows with a small opening. There are three beds in one small room, one single and two double. The beds must be made before we go down in the morning and the bedroom door must be kept closed all day, so you can imagine what the atmosphere is like, with five girls sleeping in the room. In the first week of August one clean sheet was put on each bed; the others, which had been in use six weeks, at least, were not changed until October, when Miss — came as a new assistant. The next change was in December, when another new girl arrived, and in January two sheets were changed on one bed in honor of the arrival of Miss —. Sheets are in use without washing for three, four and even six months. After handling them I generally wash my hands, as my fingers are what we call 'gritty.'"

Despite the sorry nature of the so-called accommodation, many of the shops charge exorbitantly for lodging. One firm has built an enormous sleeping apartment house just off Tottenham Court road out of profits saved from wages of their assistants. This huge structure accommodates 500 girls, and is operated at a good annual profit to the firm which runs it. Girls should "live out" in rooms in respectable houses, obtaining better accommodations at about one-third less than they are charged in the sleeping barracks.

PRACTICALLY SLAVES.
With men shop assistants, the same rule applies as to women. Their accommodation is poor, overcharged and

(Continued on page eighteen.)

World's Most Famous Market Private Property of a Duke

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, May 6.—English landlords are getting worried, particularly those holding vast estates in London. The government is said to be about to put a tax on all landed property and London property holders are trying to see how they can avoid their burdens. One of the most worried men in the British metropolis today is the Duke of Bedford, who owns 250 acres of the richest city lands on earth. His annual income has been estimated at more than \$1,000,000. To the ordinary mortal, there should be no cause for monetary anxiety with such a revenue. And yet, the duke is worried. He has sent out notices to many of his tenants that leases are not to be renewed save under exceptional circumstances.

The duke owns Covent Garden market and most of the surrounding district, to say nothing of 86,424 acres of land outside the metropolis. He recently offered his big estate known as Thorneby to the government at the modest sum of \$3,000,000; but, as the tax imposed by the government will knock the speculative value out of real estate for the time being, the government wisely decided to wait for the drop in prices.

Of all the property owned by the duke, however, Covent Garden is the most interesting. It is the largest market in the world, and the most famous. Covent Garden supplies practically the whole of London with vegetables; and is the distributing point for gargantuan supplies which include an average of 3,000 tons of potatoes a day, 750,000 cabbages and 10,000 pecks of peas and beans.

TAX ON PRODUCE.
Every pound of this produce brings a big revenue to the personal estate of the Duke of Bedford, because the market, with all its "meets and bounds" belongs absolutely to him, in fee simple. His agents have an office within the precincts of the market and they levy a tax of from 1 cent up to 5 cents on every crate, box, barrel, or truckload of fruit or vegetables which pass through the greatest clearing house for farm produce in the world. The duke's income from these poundage tolls amounts to the neat sum of \$125,000 a year. To say nothing of the rents which he charges for stalls and offices within the market itself, and for the ground rent on which the buildings stand. These rents have been estimated at about \$100,000 which includes certain surrounding property in the immediate vicinity of the market.

Considering that the ancestors of the duke paid the small sum of a little over 6 pounds in English money—about \$39—for all the property on which the market stands, including seven acres of land nearby known as Long Acre, the purchase of the market has not been a bad investment for the noble duke's family, and he has reason to congratulate himself on the wisdom of his progenitors. Just how the Bedfords originally obtained these valuable tracts of land has been described by Edmund Burke.

"The Duke of Bedford," said Burke, "is the Leviathan of all the creatures of the crown. The grants to the House of Bedford were so enormous as not only to outrage economy, but to stagger credulity. The grants of land to the founder of the family were from the aggregated and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitous, legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by their lawful proprietors with the gibbet at the door."

Of course the present duke has nothing to do with the acts of his hand-grabbing ancestors. He only collects the revenue from the estates so acquired; and very naturally resents the fact that the present government should step in and attempt to tax property which for so many years has remained

in his peaceful possession. The notion that he is called upon to restore to the community at large some of the property wrested in the early days from its rightful owners who only give up to his ancestor when, as Burke says, the gibbet stood at their doors, seems utterly preposterous to the present holder of these lands.

THEN THE DUKE GOT BUSY.
What makes the London property owned by the Duke of Bedford so valuable is the fact that under his early title deeds he possesses rights which enable him to wield a veritable despotism over his tenants. Some time ago the London county council tried to compel the duke to render an accounting of his receipts from Covent Garden. His impact on fruits and vegetables were so high that the council proposed to start an opposition market of their own, so that the poor of London could buy their fruit and vegetables at cheaper prices. The duke not only refused to give any accounting, but even succeeded in getting an injunction against the county council restraining them from building an opposition market within seven miles of Covent Garden.

His landed interests give him an exclusive monopoly over the market produce of London. Not only does he wield despotic sway over the market itself, but levies a toll on all vehicles bringing produce to the market which come to rest in any street within a quarter of a mile of the market. In the early morning the market is literally blocked with carts, wagons, barrows, and steam lorries bringing truck from the country. Every one of these vehicles has to pay a toll to the duke for standing in the streets, while waiting to be unloaded; and the consignees also have to pay an additional tax per pound on the produce itself.

HAS ABSOLUTE POWER.
The power possessed by the Duke of Bedford is little realized by the general public. In England for many years the house of lords as well as that of the commons was filled with landlords who made laws to suit their own sweet wills. Today, much is said and written concerning the "Englishman's Home," but mental reservation should always be made on behalf of the superior landlord, for without his consent, no Englishman would possess a home. The duke of Bedford is a landlord, and he has reason to congratulate himself on the wisdom of his progenitors. Just how the Bedfords originally obtained these valuable tracts of land has been described by Edmund Burke.

"The Duke of Bedford," said Burke, "is the Leviathan of all the creatures of the crown. The grants to the House of Bedford were so enormous as not only to outrage economy, but to stagger credulity. The grants of land to the founder of the family were from the aggregated and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitous, legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by their lawful proprietors with the gibbet at the door."

Of course the present duke has nothing to do with the acts of his hand-grabbing ancestors. He only collects the revenue from the estates so acquired; and very naturally resents the fact that the present government should step in and attempt to tax property which for so many years has remained

(Continued on page eighteen.)