

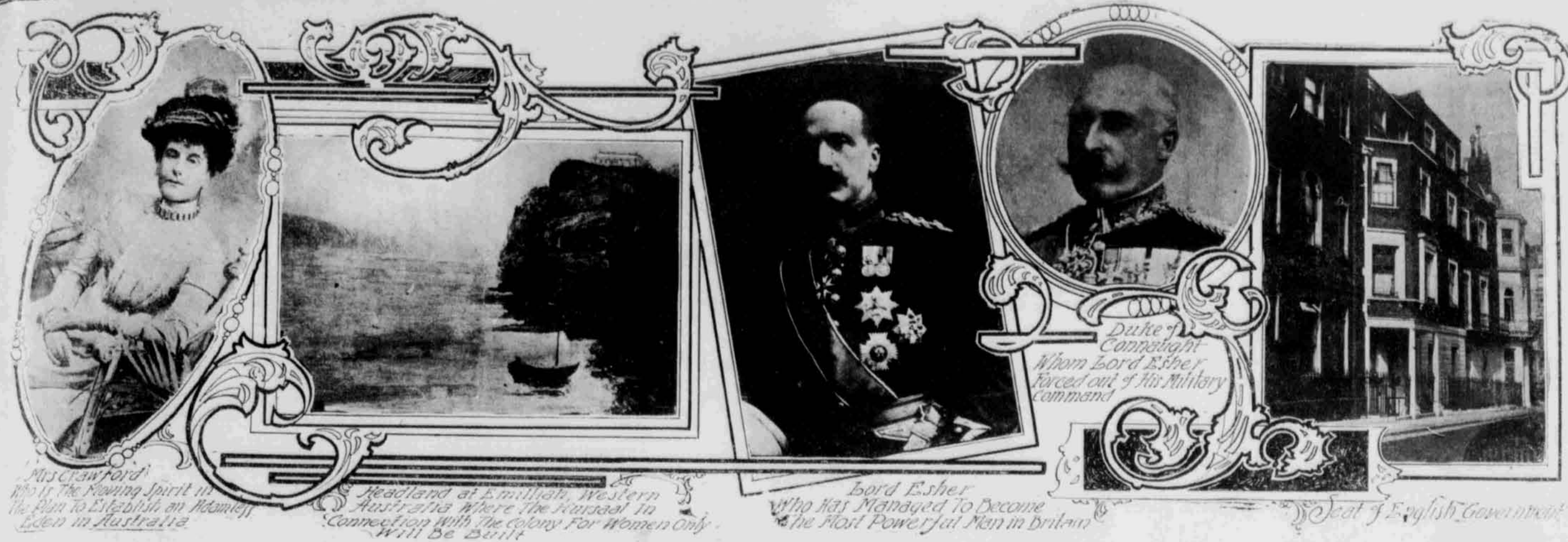
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The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Adamless Eden the Ideal of Women's Colony in Australia

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, Sept. 15.—No man will be allowed to own a share of stock or a rod of land or to hold any office in the new industrial colony which is about to be started in western Australia by a number of British women and which is situated within forty miles of Albany on a great rock facing the sea. The land has been secured from the government of that commonwealth by a number of British ladies as a freehold property. Among the number is Mrs. Emily Crawford, president of the Women's Agricultural college established by Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin at Bredon's Norton in Worcestershire; Miss Henry Sawyer, M. D., a successful London medical practitioner, and the owner of great woolen mills who is too modest to allow her name to be mentioned. The moving spirit is Mrs. Crawford who is a novelist and artist and a woman of wealth. She was one of the judges of the world's fair, Mrs. Martin, who is better known in America as Victoria Woodhull, the famous advocate of women's rights, who married the late John R. Martin and settled in England.

MILLIONAIRE INTERESTED.
James Carlton Young, a millionaire of Minneapolis, also has come forward to assist in establishing the new colony and is credited with the desire to erect a library or art gallery in the new future, at Emilliah, as this Adamless Eden is called.

A good deal of the capital needed for the scheme is secured. All would be forthcoming were it not that Mrs. Crawford and the other freeholders under the circumstances will allow him to purchase a perch of land. From married women, whose husbands are alive, are also excluded from the colony in the interest of their estates.

When Mrs. Crawford was asked why she and her associates went so far afield to sink their capital she replied:

"It is solely a question of the parliamentary rule. There is no security in this country for women's financial enterprise. We pitch our tents in Australia because there women have the franchise. Consequently they have the protection and the advantage which it affords."

IS AN IDEAL SITE.
This new township is finely equipped by nature for a health resort. Situation and scenery are beautiful. There are mineral springs of much local repute for rheumatism, gout, etc. There is a small lake of pure fresh water and more than the usual attractions in fishing and wild bird shooting are offered. The climate is dry and bracing and at no time excessively hot. Finally, it is within ten days' journey of Colombo, a fact which means an immense advantage to Anglo-Indian families who will be enabled to deposit their children there instead of taking them to England. The mothers, at any rate, can visit them once a year and the fathers will be enabled to spend their annual leave with them instead of paying it up for three years in order to join them in England. The owners of the township intend to establish schools which will compare favorably with first-class schools in England. They are making a point of special schools for the girls wherein domesticity will be taught to perfection.

INITIAL KURRAAL.
At Emilliah will be built the first Australian kurraal. A company of women is now being formed to carry it into effect. It will be erected on the model of a German "bad." Gambling is, however, to be rigorously excluded from its attractions, but in every other respect it will be identical with those in Europe. Australia is rich in need of a lively resort, those existing there being dull and dowdy with practically no amusement. Thus the new watering place is precisely what is wanted and the promoters anticipate for it a future of phenomenal success, the more so as all well-to-do Australians come close to this point to escape the heat of the interior. It is expected that the kurraal will be completed next summer when the services of well known European artists will be requisitioned to fill its program. Meanwhile a number of the best society amateurs are contemplating a tour to Emilliah to the new kurraal when it is ready to receive them.

The school of gardening will be started at once and will be made one of the most prominent features of the entire scheme. The railway company has offered to facilitate in every possible manner the interests of the prospective gardeners. It has already divided the ground which is laid out in portions of 160 acres to each proprietor and when the time comes it proposes to run special trains for the transportation of produce at the lowest possible rate to Albany which is also the port.

GREAT FRUIT POSSIBILITIES.
The school of gardening will comprise training in dairy work, bookkeeping, fruit bottling and the cultivation of vegetables, fruit and flowers, with a knowledge of pruning, etc. Being virgin soil in most places, the new colony is specially adaptable for the production of fruit. The promoters intend to make a point of planting only the choicest trees with the object of sending the fruit to the home markets where they are aware that the demand is only for the best qualities.

There were on exhibition in the western Australian building of the Franco-British exhibition last year pictures of the surroundings and the plant fruit and vegetables grown in the neighborhood. Especially remarkable are the apples, pears and potatoes all of which reach enormous dimensions, frequently weighing two and three pounds each. They are perfectly sound while the flavor is pronounced and the market at Albany is eager for all it can purchase, the demand at present being far in excess of the supply.

The lady already referred to who has made a success in England as the proprietor of a woolen mill is about to build a mill of larger dimensions on her freehold at Emilliah. She will take over with her the skilled labor and the requisite machinery to start the enterprise, which she hopes shortly to have completed as a going concern.

HIDE INDUSTRY.
The skin industry is yet another for which there is great scope. A great factory for the preparation of sheep goat and kid skins soon will be erected and there will be made one of the specialties for export. There is also a proposition to develop a glove factory. The skins of birds, from the giant black and white swans to the parrot, all of which are found in the new township, will also be turned to suitable uses such as the manufacture of fans and ornaments. Although nothing definite can be said about the mineral products there is an idea that the soil will prove rich in them and there are indications that petroleum will be forthcoming.

The founders will not be above accepting any contribution which Australian millionaires may see fit to present to the new colony. On the contrary they seem to consider it their duty of these gentlemen to come forward and sustain them.

The establishment of this great enterprise beyond the seas is watched with keenest interest by those concerned in solving the problem of what to do with our superfluous womanhood. If the venture meets with the success which is anticipated, for it may be regarded as a first step in a most important and far-reaching scheme which promises a life of interesting activity with a handsome return for those who enjoy experience in fresh fields and pastures new.

NELLIE MAHONY.

"Who in the Dickens Is Lord Esher?" British Army Has Discovered That He Mostly Runs the Army; Navy Has Discovered That He Mostly Runs the Navy; Rest of England Has Discovered That He Mostly Runs That Too, and Now Everybody Wants to Know Who This Man Is.

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, Sept. 15.—We are used in this country to talking about uncrowned kings. Lloyd George is popularly referred to as the uncrowned king of Wales and John Lubbock as the uncrowned king of England. There are a score of Scottish lords who are really uncrowned kings in their own country, but we have never had an uncrowned king of England. The average Englishman knows that it would not be quite respectful to Edward, the regular royal king, to refer his title, even in jest, on any of his subjects, and so no subject has ever been bequeathed to royal rank.

Now, however, we have something more than an uncrowned king in England. We have a real old fashioned American style "boss" who has far more power than any king has exercised since the days of Cromwell, and who, like the real article in American boss-ship has all the power of a ruler without any of the responsibilities of office. The boss of England is Lord Esher and he has been boss since the recent Liberal government came into power.

"Who the dickens is Lord Esher?" no doubt a good many Americans will ask, and they will only be echoing the question which has been asked by thousands of Englishmen, many of them too in high places, who would not like to know a good deal about the country's rulers. And the mystery is that about it is that no one has been able to answer that question satisfactorily.

A SILENT FACTOR.
As a matter of fact, Lord Esher is to all intents and purposes a private English gentleman. He holds no office in the government, he seldom appears in the house of lords, and he never makes any speeches, for the excellent reason that he has no gift of oratory. When he was a young man, he tried to make one speech in the house of commons and failed miserably. Since then he has resolutely shied at the idea. Yet there is no man today who has more to do with the governance of England than Lord Esher, and particularly does he concern himself with the army and navy, although he is found every now and again with a finger in many another governmental and administrative pie.

Others in the army know that if they desire promotion it is a good thing to be on the right side of Lord Esher. Officers in the navy who are anxious of attaining high rank while they are still young enough to enjoy its emoluments are diligent callers at Lord Esher's town house. Rising young politicians who see visions of themselves on the front benches will break any political engagements to put in an appearance at the little dinner dances which Lady Esher gives during the London season.

Everybody who is in the inside in English politics and society knows all this, but to one seems to be able to answer the question "Who the dickens is Lord Esher?" A number of people have tried but I have not found one who is able to give a satisfactory answer. A few days ago I put this question to a personage who is in close touch not only with the court but with the chiefs of both the great political parties and with everybody who is anybody in London society, and he replied: "Ah! there you are asking me a question that I can't answer. I can tell you who his father and mother were and what he has done, but why he is the real ruler of England is more than I can explain. He is not a man of great wealth and he belongs to no particular family. He is only the second peer of his line and his family has not had time to make great connections by marriage. Some people say it is pure personality, and in the absence of any better explanation we had better call it that."

LORD ESHER'S ORIGIN.
The reference to Lord Esher's family started a train of thought that may be illuminating. His father was a great lawyer, Sir William Brett, who became a judge and finally lord chancellor and won his peerage, and his mother was a Jewess, Miss Eugenie Mayer, the daughter of a great banking family. With such a parentage young "Reggie" Brett, as he was known before he succeeded to his father's title, might have been expected to go far, but no one expected the great things of him which he has accomplished.

Perhaps he owes a good deal to his clever wife. She was the youngest daughter of the late Sylvain Van de Weyer, one of the most noted diplomatists of his day, who was for many years Belgian minister to London. Her mother was probably the most distinguished woman friend that the late Queen Victoria ever had, and when she died Victoria is said to have remarked, "There is no one left now to call me Victoria." At any rate Lady Esher was brought up as playmate of the queen's younger children, and when she married Reggie Brett at 17 the notice of the royal household was given to the young man. Queen Victoria gave him the post of constable of Windsor castle, an honorary appointment which may or may not, according to the wishes of the holder, mean a good deal of work. Lord Esher elected to work and he suggested a lot of improvements. When King Edward came to the throne he was impressed by the capability of the young peer and he not only continued the appointment, but made him one of his confidential advisers.

GENIUS FOR ORGANIZATION.
Then Lord Esher had a couple of opportunities of which he made the most. He was chief of the office of works during Queen Victoria's second jubilee, and on him fell all the work of arranging for the great processions and other public functions. His clear brain and mastery of detail stood him in good stead, and everything went off without a hitch. Then came the queen's funeral and the coronation of King Edward and again Lord Esher showed his genius for organization. These things gained him the confidence of royalty and another feature of his work gained him the respect of the politicians. The command of the royal household, the series of new government buildings, which now line Whitehall, happened to coincide with his term at the office of the constable of Windsor castle. He was beautiful on the outside, no matter how inconvenient they might be inside. Lord Esher has different ideas. He thought that a government office was primarily a place to work in, and he sent for the architects and told them that he would plan the inside of the buildings himself and that they might look after the outside, provided they confined themselves to a uniform and simple design. The result is a series of buildings that are beautiful and sturdy and whose duty is to talk for themselves for the purpose for which they are used.

In 1903 he became one of the committee of imperial defense, an unofficial body whose duty is to talk to a general about military and naval matters and advise the government and the heads of the fighting services. Lord Esher, however, did not see it quite that way, and it was soon found that he was taking a very active interest in the personnel of the services, and in all that pertained to them. Officers began to hear that Lord Esher had said this, and Lord Esher wanted that done, and they began to join in the chorus of "Who the dickens is Lord Esher?" The query was not answered, but the fact that he failed to take note of what Lord Esher wanted and see that it was done soon found that their advancement in the service was blocked in some mysterious way.

CRITICS UNANSWERED.
Lord Esher has been accused of intrigue and underground wirepulling. He has never replied to the charges. In deed, he has never spoken in any way that he was conscious of criticism. He seems to have acted on the theory that he would do much to do with his subordinates. With such a parentage young "Reggie" Brett, as he was known before he succeeded to his father's title, might have been expected to go far, but no one expected the great things of him which he has accomplished.

Another man who tried to snub him was General Smith-Dorrien who was then commander-in-chief at Aldershot. One day General Smith-Dorrien received a telegram signed "Esher," which read something like this, "Come up to town at once and see me." General Smith-Dorrien replied, "Sorry, I don't know you." The next day the general received a peremptory order from the war office to report to Secretary Haldane, and when he arrived in Whitehall, Mr. Haldane presented him with a smile to Lord Esher and told him that he was given his lordship any information which he desired. This incident became known in some mysterious way throughout the army, and since then the officers of either service have been afraid of getting at loggerheads with Lord Esher.

ANOTHER CASE.
Another case of a man who tried to snub Lord Esher and then they were to be a fairly even one. He succeeded in getting the duke out of the best of inspectors general of the forces to make a place for his friend Gen. Sir John French. He sent the duke to Malta against his will to occupy a useless appointment, and when the duke rebelled and came home he ousted him from the selection board of the army as a punishment, and now he is moving heaven and earth to get him sent abroad again. The gossip says that Lord Esher does not want the duke in England because he is afraid of all the officers in the army is strong enough to resist his influence, and if necessary to fight him to a standstill. It is that as it may, Lord Esher is trying to persuade the king to send the duke to another foreign post.

IS NOT AN ENTERTAINER.
Lord Esher has a nice place in Windsor forest called Orchard Lea, but by no stretch of the imagination could be called a great house. His town residence is a modest little place in Tinsley street, Mayfair, just round the corner from Dorchester House the residence of Whitehall Reid, the American ambassador. In fact it might almost be said to be in the back part of Dorchester House. He seldom goes to society and his own entertainments are small and infrequent, but there is no house in London where a larger number of really important people can be met.

HARMONY WITH HIS CHUM.
I venture to suggest a solution of at least part of the mystery of Lord Esher's power. His particular crony is a certain young man of 41 who used to drag 16 a week on a 2-cent weekly paper called 70 Bits made up of paragraphs cut from other publications, and who concluded at the age of 21 to start a rival paper of his own called the Daily Mail. That young man now controls some 20 periodicals, one of which happens to be the most powerful influence among the masses of any newspaper in England. The Daily Mail—and another of which is the most powerful influence among the "classes"—The London Times.

That young man of course is Lord Northcliffe, formerly Alfred Harmsworth. Northcliffe and Esher think exactly alike apparently on every possible subject. If you can guess which it is that thinks first it may be that you can guess which is the tail that wags the British bulldog.

JOHN SCOTT.

Skibo Castle is Run on Strictly Business Lines by A. Carnegie

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, Sept. 15.—There is an idea abroad that Skibo castle is run on strictly business lines by Andrew Carnegie, but as a matter of fact, the estate returns a profit, and skilfully is it managed. Behind the scenes everything is conducted in a business-like manner, which would astound not only the ordinary country gentleman but the well-to-do farmer.

The magnificent preserves on which the millionaire lavishes from \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year returns \$25,000 during the shooting season. Although Andrew Carnegie does not forget his friends and one or two hospitals in London when he has his "shoots," thousands of birds are dispatched to the game markets all over the kingdom. The partridges at Skibo are particularly fine and they fetch four or five cents each more than any other birds of the same kind. From all quarters the orders for game pour in, and the millionaire does not consider it beneath his dignity to see that they are attended to. He will often spend an hour in the office making notes and looking after his accounts. Orders are attended to with the greatest dispatch. To his own punctuality in life, Mr. Carnegie attributes not a little of his success.

HOBBY OF FRUIT GROWING.
During the fishing and fruit seasons orders for both are tendered and promptly executed. "Carnegie apples," as a splendid brand from Skibo castle orchards are called, are a very choice variety and very popular with some of the best fruit dealers. For years Andrew Carnegie has made a hobby of fruit growing, and these apples are his own production. He never tires of showing his apples, pears and other choice fruits to his guests and at desert sometimes he will tell the company of the handsome prices he gets for them. He is far prouder of being the producer of "Carnegie apples," than of being master of Skibo castle.

Guests do not find Skibo exhilarating. For one thing, bridge is not permitted. The master has an over-riding objection to cards and it is an unwritten law that they must never be played. During the last shooting season a party of rich Americans were among those invited. All were devoted to bridge, and on hearing that it was forbidden at Skibo, they decided to make an excuse to retire early to have a game in one of their own rooms, and they played into the small hours. Happening to wake and see a light in the opposite wing where the game was taking place, Andrew walked across a balcony and, peering through the curtains, beheld the players and their stakes of gold. Northcliffe has entered unannounced. It must have made a queer picture, the four Americans in front of whom were many empty bottles, and the horse-shoe millionaire in his night attire. One of the guests who was a little more self-possession than the others, offered their host a drink. Scotchmen are proverbially kind hosts. Though at first annoyed that his wishes had been disregarded, he accepted the proffered drink and laughed in his own dear way.

CONSUELO GETTING FEEBLE.
Consuelo duchess of Manchester is a woman of infinite variety. She is clear and mentally strong, and has persuaded her doctors, society and herself for the last few years that she is not ill. But she cannot succeed in humbugging herself and people in general any longer. They know and she does that she is ill. To have to use a stick is a great trial to her. It is a sort of an admission that she is feeble, and the fact that the stick she carries is a gift from King Edward on her last birthday, and that it has an exquisite jeweled handle embellished with the royal arms, is small consolation to her.

THE DUCHESS HAS NOT BEEN HERSELF FOR OVER THREE YEARS. Ever since that memorable operation on the night before which she entertained the king and a gay party, she has been going downhill.

At Cowes this year it was pitiful to see how weak the duchess was. Her splendid self-sacrifice in taking Egypt house to gratify the king was commented upon on all sides. At last the king is tumbling to the fact that his old chum is far from well and for the last few weeks he has insisted upon a daily telegram informing him of her condition. Not that he learns much from the message, it is one of those amusing productions for which this clever woman is so well known, and as usual is signed "The King's Jester."

BACK FROM THE HONEYMOON.
Mr. and Mrs. Jarvie are expected in London directly. They have called under an assumed name to Claridge's for a suite of rooms. Neither knows much of London and one of their mutual prospective pleasures is to do it together. At the conclusion of their honeymoon which is to include visits to the Nile, Italy and France, it is said by Mrs. Jarvie's friends that she means to take a London house for the early season next year in order to be present. She has taken time by the forelock and ordered the lace for her presentation robe from the nurse of the convent of Kenmore, to whom she has given carte blanche in regard to the cost. It is being made from a design used for lace which adorned the first court gowns worn by Queen Eugenia of Spain.

No matter how beautiful a trousseau which is purchased in New York may be, and judging by all accounts that of Mrs. Jarvie is a superb one, no self-respecting young matron considers that it is complete until it has been increased by additions from Paris and London. One well known firm in Dover street is keeping a number of models in its boxes until the advent of the bride who has promised to inspect them the instant she arrives.

MRS. WEST'S COMING TOUR.
Incidentally it may be remarked that the same firm is to supply Mrs. George West with "cravattes" for her forthcoming lecture tour through the states. Mrs. George West is one of the American women who never wear anything in the least degree outrageous. At the same time her new frocks are being designed with a view to attract and will consequently be of a far more striking order than those she usually wears. From her series of lectures she expects to net something like \$125,000. Winston Churchill recently remarked when speaking of his mother that were she a man she would be either his greatest ally or his most formidable rival. Mr. George West is to accompany his wife on her trip. On an account, he says, could be possibly entertain the idea of allowing her to start on such a journey unattended. He is about a year younger than his wife's elder son, Winston Churchill, and their marriage has been one of untroubled happiness. Both are said to be as much in love now as they were in those days in South Africa long ago when the then Lady Randolph Churchill was the guiding star of the "Maiden."

GUEST ON THE ROCK.
When a certain lady who is always in great demand at house parties arrived at a rural station the other evening she found no vehicle awaiting her from the "hall" where she was invited. She waited patiently for a quarter of an hour, despite that a carriage would appear, but her hopes were vain. Though brilliant she is notorious for being hard up. She was unusually on the present occasion, having had hardly enough money to pay her fare, she bravely set out to walk the nine miles to the hall and had completed these when the family motor lashed back to the station. Her hostess had forgotten the train she was to arrive by and the car was sent to meet a late one.

This is not the only case of a woman who spends her last farthing and is penniless for days before her quarter's allowance is due. Women are said to be adepts in the art of getting along quite pleasantly without a penny in their pockets.

LADY MALBY.