

Lord Lansdowne's See-Saw Career

(Copyright, 1903, by William Thorp.)

HOW FICKLE is popular favor or popular blame!" said a well known English politician in a London club recently. Look at Lansdowne. Not long ago, when our troops were encountering disaster upon disaster in South Africa, he was the most unpopular man in England. He was more than unpopular; he was hated. As minister of war he was blamed for everything overlooked or unforeseen by the army. If he had gone among a London mob after Stormberg, say, he would have stood a good chance of being torn to pieces.

"But now he is a popular idol. He has warned Russia off the Persian gulf and immediately he is acclaimed as another Palmerston. The whirligig of time has brought him up to the top again with astonishing rapidity.

"No man ever seemed more hopelessly ruined politically than Lansdowne did when public indignation at the South African blunders forced him to give up the position of secretary of state for war. His appointment as foreign minister immediately afterward was the most unpopular act of Lord Salisbury's career—and it was also the luckiest. But it has turned out well.

"Lansdowne, starting as the best hated man in British politics, has become the most popular foreign minister since Rosebery—perhaps since Palmerston. He has a great career before him and it would not be surprising if he succeeded Mr. Balfour in the premiership when the latter grows tired of it."

The credit of the Marquis of Lansdowne's success at the British foreign office is largely due to his clever and accomplished wife, who has long held a prominent position in European society. Like many English women of noble families, she makes politics her hobby. Bismarck used to call her "the amateur diplomatist," and say that she was too clever for most of his ambassadors. That was in her younger days. Since then she has been "vicereine" of India and Canada, winning golden opinions from everybody.

Lord Lansdowne was one of the best viceroys India ever had, but the English officials used to say that Lady Lansdowne really governed the country. If one of them wanted a bridge, or an irrigation tank, or a famine relief appropriation for his district, he would try to interest Lady Lansdowne in the matter rather than the viceroy. If she could be convinced that the thing was needed, she would soon set the right wheels to work and get it.

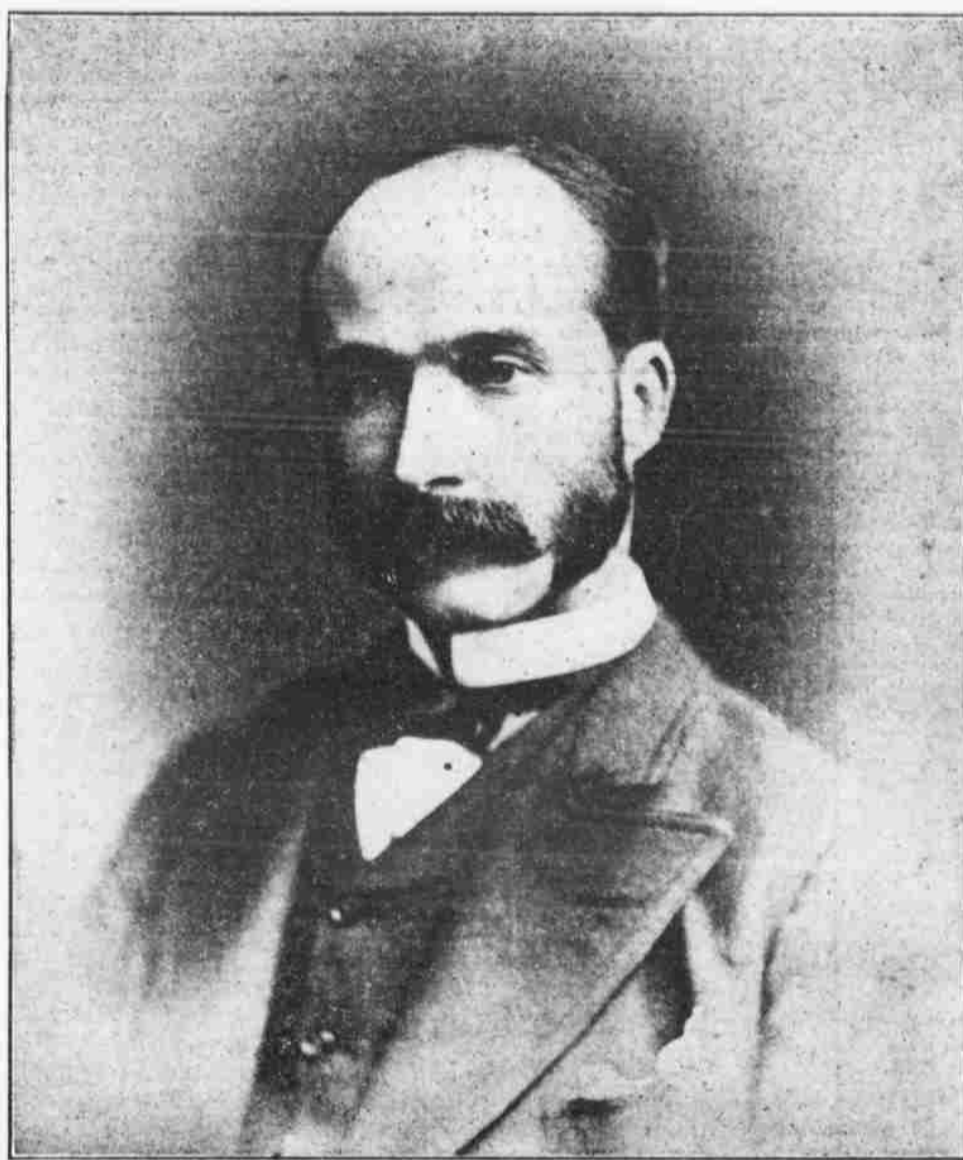
When Lady Lansdowne went out into the streets her carriage would be surrounded by natives who wanted grievances redressed or privileges granted to them by the government. She would go to great trouble to make inquiry into their cases and see justice done. At nights she would go disguised in native garb into the poorest quarters of Calcutta on missions of charity or justice, like a feminine Haroun-al-Raschid.

A retired Indian judge tells a curious story about Lady Lansdowne in this connection. He was dining at the viceregal lodge one night, and the conversation turned upon a sensational murder trial which he was conducting at the time.

After dinner Lady Lansdowne drew the judge aside and said:

"I do not want to interfere with your judicial duties, but I know as an absolute fact that the man who is charged with that murder is innocent. If you will send a detective to me tomorrow morning I will direct him to the house where the real murderer is now hiding. I only discovered the fact this afternoon when I was down there in disguise with one of our syces."

Sure enough, the murderer was caught, as Lady Lansdowne had said, and the innocent man was released. This incident, becoming known, made her very popular with the people of Calcutta, who are not used to English "mem-sahibs" taking so



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

much interest in their humble lives.

Lady Lansdowne would not tell how she found out the murderer. She said that she made it a rule never to talk about her excursions in native costume, lest she should get her native guides and friends into trouble with their own people.

Her husband was famous for two things during his stay in India—his dread of the Russians and his courage in tiger shooting. He saw the hand of the Russians everywhere—in Afghanistan, in Persia, in Kashmir, on the Pamirs, even in native riots in Calcutta. His subordinates used to laugh at his Russophobia.

"I really believe," said one of them, "that Lansdowne thinks in his heart of hearts that the Russians cause the famines and the floods which trouble us every now and then."

It is natural that such a viceroy should grow into the foreign minister who has flung down to Russia the boldest challenge uttered by a British statesman since the Fashoda incident.

Lord Lansdowne spent large sums of money while in India in developing the Secret Service department. He hoped it would circumvent the malevolent designs which he ascribed to Russia. Lady Lansdowne took great interest in the work, and interviewed several of the principal spies when they came into Calcutta or Simla with reports of their observations in Persia, Kafiristan, Baluchistan and other countries where Russian agents were supposed to be busy.

Sportsmen in India still talk of Lord Lansdowne's skill as a "shikarri" (hunter of big game), and the natives speak with bated breath of some of his exploits.

"The great empress did wisely in sending the Sahib-Bahadur (the viceroy) across the

"black water" to rule over us," said an old Mahomedan, who had acted as beater in some of Lord Lansdowne's tiger hunts. "He is the bravest of all the sahibs I have met. I have seen him follow a wounded tiger alone and on foot through the jungle, and go right into the dark cave where it crouched at bay. Nothing could be seen of the beast except its two glaring eyes shining out of the darkness. The Sahib-Bahadur put a bullet between them as the tiger sprang upon him, killing it instantly."

Before they went to India in 1888 Lord and Lady Lansdowne pleased the Canadian people by their friendly and unassuming manners, which were in marked contrast to those of former governors general and their wives. At a garrison ball at Halifax the colonel of the regiment, who was giving the dance, came up to Lady Lansdowne and said:

"Lady Lansdowne, won't you give me a dance, please? I'm tired of dancing with these silly little colonial girls. They have no style. I believe I'm engaged to one of them for the next dance, but you might be kind enough to rescue me."

Lady Lansdowne replied, in tones loud enough for everybody to hear, that the colonel was unfit to associate with any decent people, colonial or otherwise, and concluded:

"If this is the way you treat your guests I will relieve you of the presence of one of them at once." Then she ordered her carriage and left the ball.

While on a tour in Manitoba one summer, Lord and Lady Lansdowne were driven by a heavy thunderstorm to seek shelter in a farmhouse. They were together in a small open trap and none of the viceregal party was with them. Being tired of the toadyism to which a man in

his position is always more or less subjected, Lord Lansdowne gave his name as Fitzmaurice, the family name of the Lansdownes being Petty-Fitzmaurice.

The farmer and his wife welcomed them with true Manitoba hospitality, and insisted upon their staying for the night, as the storm did not abate. Lady Lansdowne helped to get tea ready and do the evening "chores," while her husband listened gravely and respectfully to the farmer's views on what the government of Canada ought to do and ought not to do. They declared afterwards that it was the most enjoyable evening they spent while they were in Canada.

"The old farmer," said Lord Lansdowne, in a lecture on Canada which he gave at Dover, England, some years afterwards, "had a clearer head for politics than most of the statesmen and diplomatists I have met."

Lord Lansdowne was the twelfth of the statesmen to whom the conduct of foreign affairs was entrusted during the reign of the late Queen Victoria, and he bids fair to achieve as big a reputation as any of his predecessors. He has a high sense of public duty and untiring industry. He works harder than any of his clerks, often sitting at his desk until dawn waiting important dispatches to King Edward's ambassadors, which he does not care to entrust to the most confidential assistant.

His unshaken courage, moral as well as physical, is another important qualification for his high office. He is not afraid to make up his mind on a big question—or have it made up for him by his clever wife—and to stand by it, whatever the risk. The wind of popular clamor does not move him an inch. That was shown plainly enough by his contempt for the storm of abuse heaped upon him in the earlier stages of the South African war.

The British foreign office has been noted for generations for its hospitality. The foreign office parties are leading features of London's social life, and rank second to no other diplomatic functions in Europe. They have been presided over by some of the most charming and accomplished women of the Victorian era, among Lady Lansdowne's predecessors having been Lady Palmerston, Lady Granville, Lady John Russell and Lady Salisbury. After the death of Lady Salisbury these parties languished, but now they have been revived with more than their old splendor by Lady Lansdowne. The social qualities which made her an ideal "vicereine" in Canada and India are standing her in good stead now, and she has stepped into the place left vacant by Lady Salisbury as leader of the most intellectual and aristocratic set in English society.

Lord Lansdowne holds no fewer than fourteen titles. He is once a marquis, thrice a viscount, thrice an earl, four times a baron and four times a knight as K. G., G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E. and G. C. M. G.—honors bestowed by Queen Victoria for his successes in the difficult art of colonial government. As Baron of Kerry he holds a title dating back to 1811. It was conferred on one of his ancestors for assisting in Strongbow's conquest of Ireland. Since then a long line of illustrious Fitzmaurices have gained title after title, estate after estate, in reward for their services as statesmen and soldiers.

The present head of the family might well have chosen to rest upon the laurels of his ancestors. So far as strangers can judge, he has no ambition; he merely feels, as Lord Salisbury felt, that it is the duty of a man in his position to give his life and his talents to the service of his country. That is the aristocratic spirit by which the British empire is mainly governed, even in these democratic days. It is a bond between Lord Lansdowne and his former chief, and explains why the latter gave him another and better chance to "make good" after his failure as war minister.

Dainty Ways of Utilizing Rose Leaves

WITH the blooming of roses the woman who keeps abreast of the times is on the alert to gather in every leaf of the fragrant harvest. From time immemorial the Orientals have utilized roses for their choicest sweets and confections, and for their perfumes and flavors. Our great grandmothers were adepts in the preparation of rose flavors and pot pourris, but the modern woman has been slow in awakening to their possibilities.

The rose pillow is now esteemed the acme of daintiness for the new baby's carriage or the bride's outfit.

To collect a sufficient supply, make a systematic tour of the garden each morning while the dew is still on, provided with basket and shears. Select the roses whose petals are ready to fall, shake into the basket, snip off the denuded stem and throw it away. Carry the fragrant burden to the garret or spare room, where papers have been spread upon the floor, and empty the petals upon them. Stir and turn every

day until perfectly dry, transferring to bags when that is accomplished.

When a sufficient amount of petals has been collected, put in pretty cases made of fine hemstitched handkerchiefs fastened together, through which white or rose-colored ribbon may be run. These wash beautifully. If something more elaborate is desirable, a bolting cloth cover, embroidered or hand painted with roses, is dainty and effective.

For rose syrup, collect fresh petals each morning and spread on a tray to dry. When enough have been collected for a tumbler of preserve, put in a fresh granite or porcelain kettle with just enough water to cover, and simmer until tender. Add sugar in the proportion of a pound to each pint of the leaves and water and cook to a rich syrup. The Turkish women frequently use honey in place of sugar, one-half pound of the honey equating a pound of sugar.

This syrup gives a delicious flavor to a pudding sauce or mince meat, or it may

be utilized as a sweet at a Turkish tea. Pour in glasses and seal.

To secure rose flavoring, fill a wide-mouthed bottle with fresh petals, packing them down as tight as possible. Then pour over them enough pure alcohol to submerge.

Richer and stronger is rose brandy. Fill a glass jar with fragrant petals, and cover with French brandy. Next day pour off the brandy, take out the leaves and replace with fresh ones. Return the brandy. Do this several times, until the brandy is strongly impregnated. Then strain and bottle tightly. Keep the can covered during the distillation process.

The petals of the yellow rose infused in boiling water furnish a delicate dye, which is attractive with old-fashioned rose desserts and for homemade candy.

To make candied rose leaves, gather fresh leaves and spread them on an inverted sieve or oiled paper in the open air until slightly dry, but not crisp. Make a syrup, using a half pint of water and a

half pound of granulated sugar, and boil until it spins a thread. Dip each rose leaf in this syrup, using a hat pin or fine wire. Then lay back in place. After several hours, melt a half cupful of fondant, add two or three drops of essence of rose, a drop of cochineal to color, and a few drops of water to thin. Dip the leaves in this one by one, sprinkle with crystallized sugar, and return to the oiled paper to harden.

Nothing in Slight

"Yes," said the aged man with the sooty garments, "I am ready to shuffle off this mortal coil any old time. I have already lingered too long on this ball of clay."

"Why do you say that?" queried the young man who was posing as the audience.

"Because," replied the old dodger, "all the easy marks that I could touch are doing business in the other world."—Chicago News.