

# Lord Dudley, Peacemaker of Britain

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**W**HEN King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited Ireland the other day they were warmly greeted, but the crowds cheered just as heartily for Lord and Lady Dudley, who piloted the king and queen around Dublin. And with good reason, Lord Dudley is the man who is making peace between England and Ireland.

"He is the most popular viceroy Ireland has ever had," is the verdict of an Irish nationalist member of Parliament. "Viceroy after viceroy have come here with the notion that they are the heads of an English garrison in a hostile country. They have stayed in Dublin castle, surrounded by old-fashioned, prejudiced officials, and have learned nothing about the people of the country except through official reports and minutes. They have allowed themselves to be swathed like mummies in red tape, and then they have wondered why their administration was a failure.

"Not so Lord Dudley. As soon as he was made lord lieutenant and took up the reins of government in Dublin the officials swarmed around him and expected him to simply 'O. K.' all their proposals like an automaton, as his predecessors had done. But he politely declined, saying, in effect:

"I'm going among the people to find out things for myself. I won't do anything blindfolded. When I come back I'll consider your schemes on their merits. I am going to make a tour through Ireland in my automobile."

"Alone?" the officials gasped. "It is madness, my lord. You will be assassinated."

"No, not alone. Lady Dudley is going with me."

"In vain the officials implored him to give up the idea. He said that he was going among the people as a friend and he was sure they would receive him as one."

"So they did. That automobile trip was a triumphal progress. Lord and Lady Dudley both possess the golden art of making friends. They made themselves so popular that anybody who had ever insulted them, much less harmed them, would have run a good chance of being mobbed.

"Often they would stop their automobile at a peasant's cottage, beg a glass of milk and chat for hours with the family. Lord Dudley would get the husband's views about politics and the land question, while Lady Dudley would find out from the wife all about the woman's side of Irish life and the need for reviving the lace-making craft and other old industries which would give employment to the girls.

"They didn't go to the big country houses of their acquaintances, for they knew the landlord's views already. They gathered information from the blacksmith, the village tradesman, the rural constable, the postman and the cottager. Lord Dudley would sit up of nights drinking whisky with the parish priest and getting to know the truth about Ireland as no lord lieutenant ever knew it before. He would even dance with the country girls at the cross-roads on Sundays, and go around the cottages expressing learned opinions as to the value of the family pig. When he returned to Dublin he had made hosts of friends everywhere, and there was hardly a phase of Irish life with which he was unfamiliar.

"Then," continued the speaker, "he horrified the officials by bursting all the bonds of red tape and rejecting their schemes for more coercion. In a hundred different directions he initiated a peace-making policy which culminated eventually in the great Irish Land Purchase Bill. Most wonderful of all, he—a great landlord—went among his friends, the Irish landlords, and talked to them like a Dutch uncle until he convinced them that it was folly to remain in open warfare with their own tenants.

"George Wyndham, the Irish secretary, has aided this policy of peace, and so have others; but we Irishmen are convinced that the credit is mainly due to King Edward and the lord lieutenant. We believe that the king, who is an intimate personal friend of Lord Dudley, inspired his appointment and backed up his policy from first to last.



EARL OF DUDLEY.

One thing is certain. While Lord Dudley remains at the head of affairs there is not likely to be any serious trouble in Ireland."

Lord Dudley, the great peace-maker, is a remarkable man in many ways. He is one of the richest peers in Great Britain. He has no need of his salary of \$100,000 a year as lord lieutenant of Ireland. Indeed, the cost of maintaining his viceregal position far exceeds that sum. His colleries in the "Black Country" alone return him over \$200,000 a year, and he also owns large deposits of minerals in Staffordshire and Worcestershire, large iron works, big agricultural estates in various parts of England and plantations in Jamaica and other West India Islands.

At first sight nobody would take him for the thoughtful statesman and clever administrator he has proven himself to be. He is just a jolly, bluff, good-natured country squire to all appearances—the typical M. F. H. whose principal worry is the health of his horses and hounds. There is, indeed, no better sportsman in England. His word is law in the Jockey club, the Ranelagh club and the Royal Yacht Squadron—three of the most exclusive sporting clubs in the world.

Yet this wealthy peer, who has all the money and titles a man can wish for, and every inducement to live a life of idle luxury, works as hard at the difficult trade of government as any professional politician.

In 1895 he was elected mayor of Dudley, a grimy colliery town from which he takes his title. He proved himself such a good chief executive that he was rewarded by a second term.

Week after week he punctually attended the meetings of the town council and its committees, gravely debating with butchers and bakers and candlestick makers the dry details of sewerage extensions and building regulations. No public business was too petty or tiresome to receive his personal attention. He would give up a house party or a yachting trip in order to check the vouchers of an assistant surveyor or at-

tend a meeting of the subcommittee on street cleaning.

Once, in 1895, the House of Lords had to decide a momentous question and Lord Dudley was asked to attend and swell the vote of the conservative majority, to which he belongs.

"I'm sorry I can't," he said. "Our town council meets the same night and I must be there."

"Hang your parish pump!" exclaimed the conservative whip in dispute. "This is a national question. Parliament is more important than the Dudley town council."

"I don't think so," replied Lord Dudley. "The British empire is big enough to get along without me, or without the House of Lords, either, for that matter. But the town of Dudley needs a lot of looking after. Municipal administration is far and away more important than anything one can do in Parliament. It's better to mend one sewer than to make a hundred eloquent speeches about preserving the unity and dignity of the empire."

Lord Dudley made a strong stand for honesty in municipal affairs while he was mayor. He left no loopholes for "graft." Once he discovered some defalcations by a subordinate clerk, a young man of good character, who had just been married. He ordered his arrest.

The wife begged, even with tears, for mercy; but the mayor was implacable. "Your husband must be punished for the sake of the example," he told her.

Lord Dudley, the mayor, was just. Lord Dudley, the man, was merciful. He spoke strongly in the clerk's favor at the trial and got him a light sentence. While the embezzler was in jail his wife received a check for his former salary every week from Lord Dudley.

As soon as he was released the man went to Witley court to thank his benefactor.

"Glad to see you, Jones," said Lord Dudley, cutting his words of gratitude short. "You're just the man I want. Open to an offer, aren't you? Would you care to go abroad? I want a man to take charge of some of my business affairs in the West Indies. Do you think your wife would

mind living in the tropics?"

"My lord, it is too good of you," exclaimed the man. "But how can you trust me after—"

"Pshaw! That's past and paid for," was the answer. "Don't you know the best cricket bat is the one that's been broken and spliced?"

And Lord Dudley sent the man out to the West Indies on a salary more than double that which he had got from the town council and trusted him with the handling of large sums of money. The man proved himself to be worthy of the confidence.

This is only one of many conspiracies of kindness hatched between Lord and Lady Dudley. They are continually helping lame dogs over stiles. Their single aim in life seems to be to make other people happy, and the amount of thought and ingenuity that they spend in doing so is by no means small.

Lord Dudley is the patron of no fewer than thirteen church livings and has to support the incumbents of all of them. This system of patronage in the Church of England is bitterly denounced even by Anglicans themselves, but if all patrons were like Lord Dudley there would be no complaint. He chooses his clergymen most conscientiously. Mere scholarship or social influence has no weight with him; he wants a man who loves his fellow men. The late Bishop Creighton once said at a public meeting that Lord Dudley would have made a model bishop.

Lord Dudley owes much of his success to his wife. Lady Dudley is a beautiful woman, but not half so beautiful as she is clever, and not half so clever as she is kind.

She is the youngest daughter of Charles Gurney, the great Quaker baker. After his death she was adopted by the duke and duchess of Bedford. The philanthropic duchess taught her to love and help the sick, the destitute and the miserable. She made her word a warm-hearted, benevolent woman like herself.

The duke of Bedford is one of the largest landlords in London, and owns a great deal of slum property. His marriage was one of the romances of the peerage. When he was 30 Lord Herbrand Russell, as he then was, served in India as a major in the army and an aide-de-camp to Lord Dufferin, the viceroy. The heir to one of the greatest titles and largest fortunes in England, he was naturally a mark for dozens of match-making mothers. Had he chosen, he might even have won the hand of a royal princess, as the marquis of Lorne did. But he fell in love with a clergyman's daughter in Lahore and married her.

The duchess took the responsibilities of her rank seriously.

"It is not right," she told her friends, "that we should draw large revenues from the poor and never trouble ourselves about how they live and how they get the money which they pay us." So she set the fashion in looking after the welfare of the poor in the East End of London, and many women of title followed her example.

Before her marriage Miss Gurney always accompanied the duchess on these visits to the homes of the poor. She has a beautiful voice, and is probably the best singer among British peeresses. Often she would sing for hours to please sick or aged folks, while the duchess inquired into their material needs.

Since her marriage Lady Dudley has spent a great deal of time and money helping children's hospitals and orphanages. She is a devoted mother to her own three young children, but her mother love is great enough to overflow for the benefit of any child who is sick, lame, blind or poor. The greater part of her pin-money is spent buying toys, books and flowers for children's hospitals.

The duke and duchess of Bedford are Lord and Lady Dudley's closest friends. Those who are in a position to know say that they have done much to encourage and inspire a new and better Irish policy which bids fair to place the name of Dudley on the roll of Britain's great statesmen.

## Gleanings From the Story Tellers' Pack

**C**HARLES FROHMAN was discussing the morals of the average play.

"I believe in a clean stage," he said, "and I think the stage, pretty generally, is clean enough. Here and there, to be sure, you can find a spot of black, but you have to look for it. You have to nose for it in the corners and remote recesses.

"Some of us can find uncleanness anywhere. A woman found uncleanness once in Dr. Johnson's dictionary.

"I am sorry, sir," she said, "to see in your work so many naughty words."

"So, madame, you were looking for them, eh?" the old lexicographer retorted.

Lord D., a proverbial hater of America and Americans, was dining lately in Paris with the British minister. Next to him at the table was a noted Newport belle, Miss X.

The conversation had drifted to a discussion of things American, and Lord D.

made some disagreeable remarks about some Americans he had met and some Yankee customs he abhorred.

"Why, d'ye know," he continued, with an unpardonable want of tact, "that at some of the places I dined in America I saw people eat with their knives and spill their soup on the tablecloth."

Miss X. was thoroughly provoked by this time, but she replied with apparent unconcern:

"What poor letters of introduction you must have had, my lord."

There was no more unpleasant talk about Americans that evening.

Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania went to Mexico a time ago to look after some interests he has there. Being a vigorous and energetic man, he was worried by the shiftless habits of the natives.

One day in the City of Mexico he saw an imposing funeral procession.

"Whose funeral is that?" he asked of a

man passing.

"No sabe," said the man.

"Good!" shouted Sibley; "now if they will bury manana, too, this country will amount to something."

A lady from Alexandria, Va., visiting in Philadelphia quite recently, told an anecdote of her retiring cook which is good enough to be told again:

Myra, the colored cook, gave notice to Mrs. Richardson of her intention to leave at the end of the week. Mrs. R. highly prized the cook's abilities in the culinary line, and proceeded to interview her in an effort to learn the reason for her departure. The following conversation ensued:

"Myra, are you not satisfied with the wages and the home I give you?"

"Yes, Mis' Richardson, I allus bin happy wiv you all."

"Well, why do you leave?"

"Say, Mis' Richardson, don't you all 'member dat fun'l in de next block las' Friday?"

"Yes. But what of that?"

"Well, I done gwine to tell you all de whole trufe. I'se gwine to marry de husband ob de corpse. He 'low as I was de life ob de fun'l."

Booker T. Washington, in his arraignment of those of whom he disapproves, is so sincere, and frank, and earnest as to be sometimes unconsciously amusing. The last time Mr. Washington was in New York he met an old friend, a strong fellow, begging.

"Well, Erastus, I'm surprised at this," said Mr. Washington with a frown. The other, confused, tried to explain.

"You can't explain to me. You are big enough and strong enough to work, and here you are begging. You can't explain that," said Mr. Washington.

"Well, Ah's got to live," said the other, humbly.

"There's not the least necessity for that," said Mr. Washington, severely.