

ENGLISH CITIES' BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

BIRMINGHAM, England, Aug. 15.—(Special Correspondence.)—How would you like to have a street-car ride for a cent? You can get it in Sheffield, where the city owns the tramways and charges different rates, according to the distance. I rode from one end of the town to the other for a penny, and my short rides are a rule cost me a half penny. The car fares in Liverpool are a penny or two cents for the ordinary trip, and it is the same in Manchester. The rates are not different in old Chester, which was a town in the days of the Romans, and about the same in the college town of old Oxford. In Glasgow the municipality owns the trams and charges one cent a mile, or six cents for six miles. Belfast charges six cents for five miles. Liverpool one cent a mile and Manchester two cents per mile. There are many of our American cities in which you can ride 10 miles for a nickel, which is equal to half a cent a mile, but as the most of our street-car rides are short, the British on the average pay much less than we do in the United States.

The cars are mostly double-deckers, with seats below and also on the roof, high above which are the wires of the trolley. You ride as high up in the air as though you were on the top of an elephant, but it is delightful, although the cars do not go so half as fast as our own.

The tramways are rapidly increasing in Great Britain and the tendency is entirely toward city ownership. A score of different municipalities are now negotiating for the purchase of street-cars or are laying down new lines. Many cities own the tramways and lease them out to companies who manage them. In nearly every case the municipal tramways pay a profit, thus reducing the tax rate.

Cities Which Do Their Own Business.

I have already written something as to how the British cities are managing their own business. Manchester is making about \$400,000 out of its gas works, electric lights and markets. The markets bring it an income of \$85,000 a year, and at the same time give the best of facilities to the people. The markets have a big cold-storage plant and freezing chambers connected with them. As I rode down the Manchester ship canal I went by the abattoirs, which belong to the city. They have wharves and buildings for the accommodation of 1000 head of cattle and 2000 sheep. There are slaughter-houses and chilling chambers adjoining them in which 1000 sides of beef can be chilled in 24 hours.

Manchester now has its own telephone system belonging to the city, in which

the hello girls are city clerks. Glasgow owns its telephones and charges two cents a call or gives you an unlimited number of calls for one year. Liverpool, Nottingham, Hull, Leicester and a half dozen other cities are now thinking of buying up the telephones or of establishing telephone systems run by the city.

I spent some time in the Sheffield markets during my stay there. These recently belonged to the Duke of Norfolk, who still owns a large part of the city, but the government bought them at a big price, and is now running them at a profit. London has control over a part of its markets, although the big vegetable and fruit markets of Covent Garden still belong to the Duke of Bedford. Bolton owns its markets and also the street-cars, gas works, electric lights and tramways.

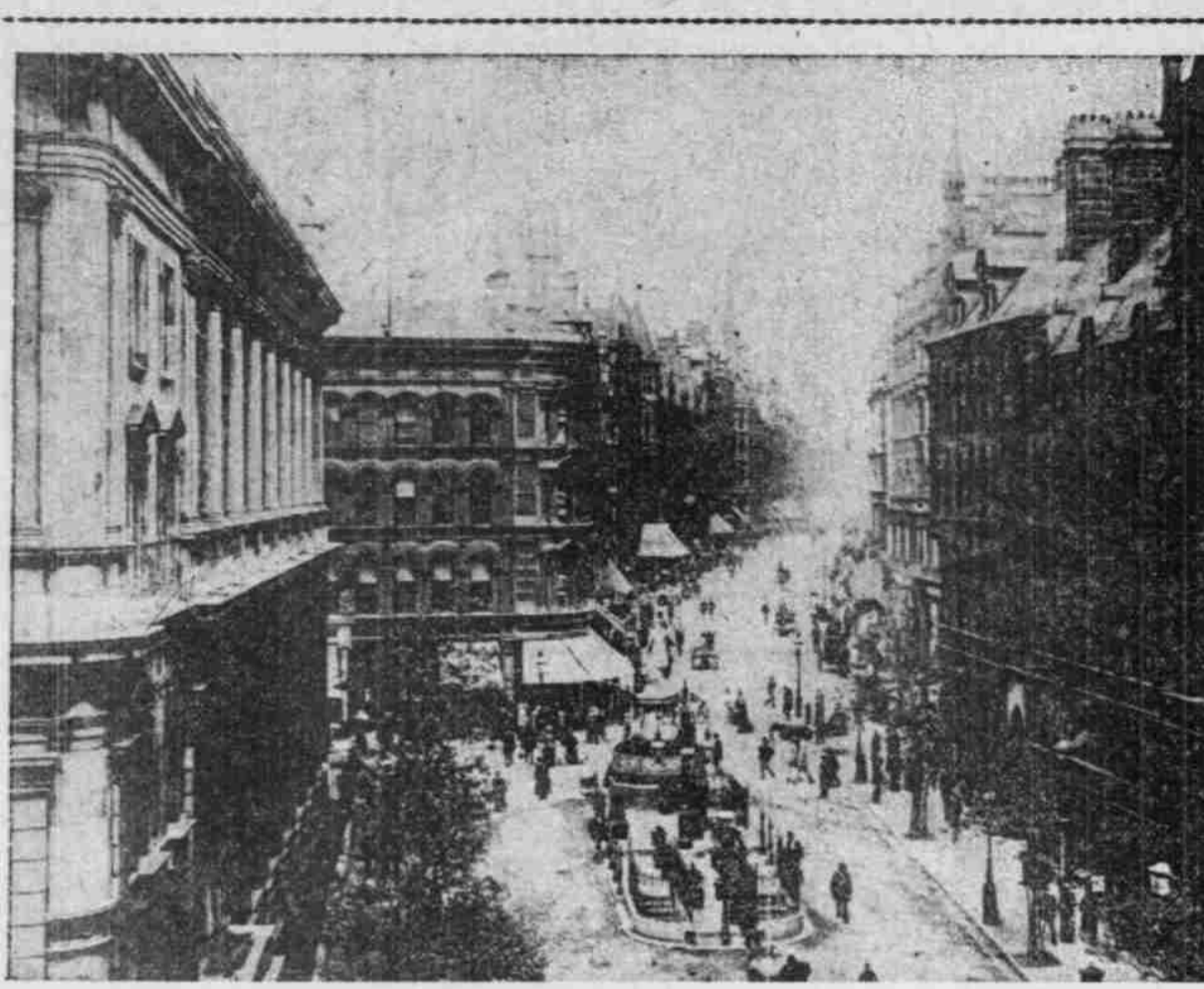
There are five towns in England which turned into their tax funds \$20,000 last year as the profit of their municipal undertakings is steadily increasing. I have told you how the Manchester corporation borrowed \$5,000,000 to loan to the Manchester Ship Canal Company, and how Liverpool is making a profit out of its investment of more than \$100,000,000 in docks.

Homes for the Working People.

Many of the city corporations are now erecting homes for their working people. They are buying up the slums and tearing down the buildings which stand upon them in order to put up sanitary tenements, which they rent at low rates. At the same time they are widening the streets and going into what might be called a land office and real estate business. The London County Council spent \$1,250,000 to wipe out the slums of Bethnal Green, it being estimated that it cost the city \$190 for every family that was there turned out before a cent was spent on the new buildings for them. London now has a special housing department connected with the city government, which has charge of such matters. It has 60,000 people in its tenements in the city, and it is erecting cottage settlements on the outskirts. Six thousand people are to be housed in such cottages at Norbury and 42,000 at Tottenham. When the Tottenham improvements are completed there will be a good-sized town there made up entirely of municipal cottages.

Homes at Fifty Cents a Week.

The tenements which have been put within these cities have a large number in one building. They are, as it were, flats of two or more rooms, rented at different prices, according to the number of rooms. The cheapest two-room flats are to be found in Dublin, where they rent for 60 cents a week; similar quarters in Glasgow cost 50 cents a week; in Liverpool, 45 cents, and in London a little more than 50 cents a week. The rents are supposed to be on a basis that will pay the running expenses and furnish a sinking fund which will recoup the city



BIRMINGHAM'S NEW STREETS—BUILT ON GROUND LEASED FROM THE CORPORATION FOR 75 YEARS.

for the cost of the buildings within from 50 to 100 years.

This city of Birmingham, where I am now writing, has been noted for such experiments. It has erected one set of buildings at a cost of \$300,000 which have lodgings for 100 families. There are shops on the ground floor, with tenements above them. The first of these structures was finished in September, 1920, and was at once rented to respectable people at \$125 per flat per week. Since then cheaper flat buildings have been erected, some of the rents being so low as 75 cents per week.

Birmingham is noted for the number of things which the city owns. It prides itself on being a business city run by

business men on business principles. It makes its own gas, provides its own water supply and has public museums, art schools and galleries. It has extensive parks, cricket fields and other pleasure grounds. It has a sewage farm of 1300 acres, which cost \$2,000,000. It has public swimming and Turkish baths, and laundries for the poor, where they can have hot water and hot irons for 2 or 3 cents an hour.

It has magnificent city buildings. The council chamber, the banquet hall and the interior of the municipal building is one of the finest structures of England. It is a great pile built in the renaissance style in the heart of the city, with a dome rising from its center. The main entrance is at the front, and the building is ornamented with sculpture and mosaic showing the arts and industries of Birmingham, with a central group representing Britannia reviewing its manufactures.

The interior of the building contains a council chamber, the banquet hall and magnificent quarters for the Lord Mayor. In it there is also a museum and art gallery and the various city offices.

Another fine building is the town hall, designed after the model of a Roman temple. This is where public meetings are held and where the great city organ plays regularly every week for the benefit of the people.

Right back of this hall is perhaps the only monument ever erected as memorial to a living man. It is that of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who has perhaps done more than any other to advance municipal ownership in the City of Birmingham. The monument bears a medallion bust of Mr. Chamberlain without the eyebrows, and upon it there is an inscription testifying to his services for Birmingham.

Old Birmingham.

Indeed, the City of Birmingham has been recreated by Mr. Chamberlain and his associates within the past generation. Before I describe it let me tell you something of the Birmingham of the past. The town has for centuries been the industrial capital of middle England. It is situated where was once the forest of Arden, the scene of Robin Hood's adventures and of King Lear's madness. The town is built on a hillside and is famous for its iron and steel works, and for its many other industries.

No one knows when the iron-making began, and today there is a vast amount of work that goes on in the iron works. The city is now perhaps the chief hardware center of the world. It has foundries and shops for making steam engines, heavy machinery and cannon. It makes pins and needles by the tens of millions, and steel pens and buttons for all parts of the globe. It has glass works and crystal works, and its gun works are of enormous size. There are 100,000 factory hands in

the city, and it is estimated that 10,000 of these are employed in making guns and rifles. The guns are exported to all countries. The works were pushed to their full capacity during our Civil War, when 70,000 guns were shipped to the United States, including a large number which went to help the South.

The Birmingham of Today.

The Birmingham of today is about as large as St. Louis. It has one or two streets as fine as the better streets of St. Louis, and indeed it looks much more like an American city than an English one. The streets are well kept, and notwithstanding the foundries and factories

OWN STREET-CARS, GAS WORKS, ELECTRIC LIGHTS, MARKETS AND TELEPHONES

which are scattered here and there upon them everything is remarkably clean.

Birmingham has been called the town of two great streets. Its chief business houses are on these streets, and the buildings have all been put up within the last few years. They are the product of Birmingham's principle of municipal improvement. When Joseph Chamberlain was Mayor the business of the town was congested. There were slums in its heart, and it was Chamberlain who planned to wipe the slums out, to build a great street through them, which should be known as Corporation Street, and to widen what is now New Street, or in short, to practically rebuild the business part of the city. This undertaking was begun in 1852 and \$3,000,000 was borrowed to carry it out. Inasmuch as the money was needed at once and it would take time to get an act of Parliament authorizing the city to issue bonds Joseph Chamberlain offered to advance \$500,000 to the city for the purpose, other Birmingham capitalists did likewise, though in smaller sums, and the work was immediately begun. The property was condemned and bought, the old houses torn down and the land leased on 75-year leases for the putting up of new buildings. The leases were worded so that at the end of the 75 years the buildings upon the land should revert to the city, so that eventually the Birmingham Corporation will practically own the best part of the municipality, and it will then probably be the richest city of the world. The holders of the leases now pay a regular rent to the city, and magnificent structures have taken the places of the old slums.

The Birmingham Arcades.

One of the features of the new buildings is a system of arcades which run here and there through them from street to street. These are beautiful structures, roofed with iron and glass, forming large passageways containing stores as good as you will find in England. The interior walls are of tiles and the fronts of the stores are plate glass.

These arcades are filled with shoppers at the busiest times of the day, and they form a promenade and visiting place for the people. They are extremely light. Indeed, I took some snapshot photographs within them which have come out very well.

In my stroll along the arcades I saw many evidences of American invasion. One shop was filled with American candy, another had tomato catsup from Philadelphia, sweet pickles and baked beans from Baltimore, and a third jars of apple butter from Pittsburg and canned soups from Chicago.

The most important sign that met my eye as I came up from the new station to the junction of Corporation Street and New Street was that of the New York Life Insurance Company, and the next thing I saw was the American flag waving from the third story of a big pink building further down the way, with the words "United States Consulate" on the window behind it. A little later on I walked into the consulate and spent an hour or so there with Mr. Marshall Hildred, who is Uncle Sam's Consul and business representative in this industrial section. He was free enough in expressing his opinions about American trade, but said that he could not allow himself to be quoted, as the Birmingham people have become so sensitive on the subject of the American invasion that an interview upon such lines would do more harm than good.

It was in company with Mr. Hildred that I visited the city gas office in the Council House to learn something about how these corporations manage their gas works. I find that nearly all the cities of England are now gradually buying the gas plants. Two hundred and thirty of them have already done so, and they are extending the service so that the poorest man can have his gas at low cost.

We first entered the gas counting-room, where we found the clerks taking in money from the consumers, and from there went on into the sales-room, where all sorts of gas fixtures, from brackets to chandeliers, and from gas tips to gas stoves, are sold. The Birmingham Gas Company, which controlled the business when the city decided to own it, had a fixture store, and the corporation bought this with the plant. The prices of the fixtures are about the same as in the United States, but the terms of payment are more lenient. The city will sell you gas fixtures on time, and it will even rent them out for a consideration.

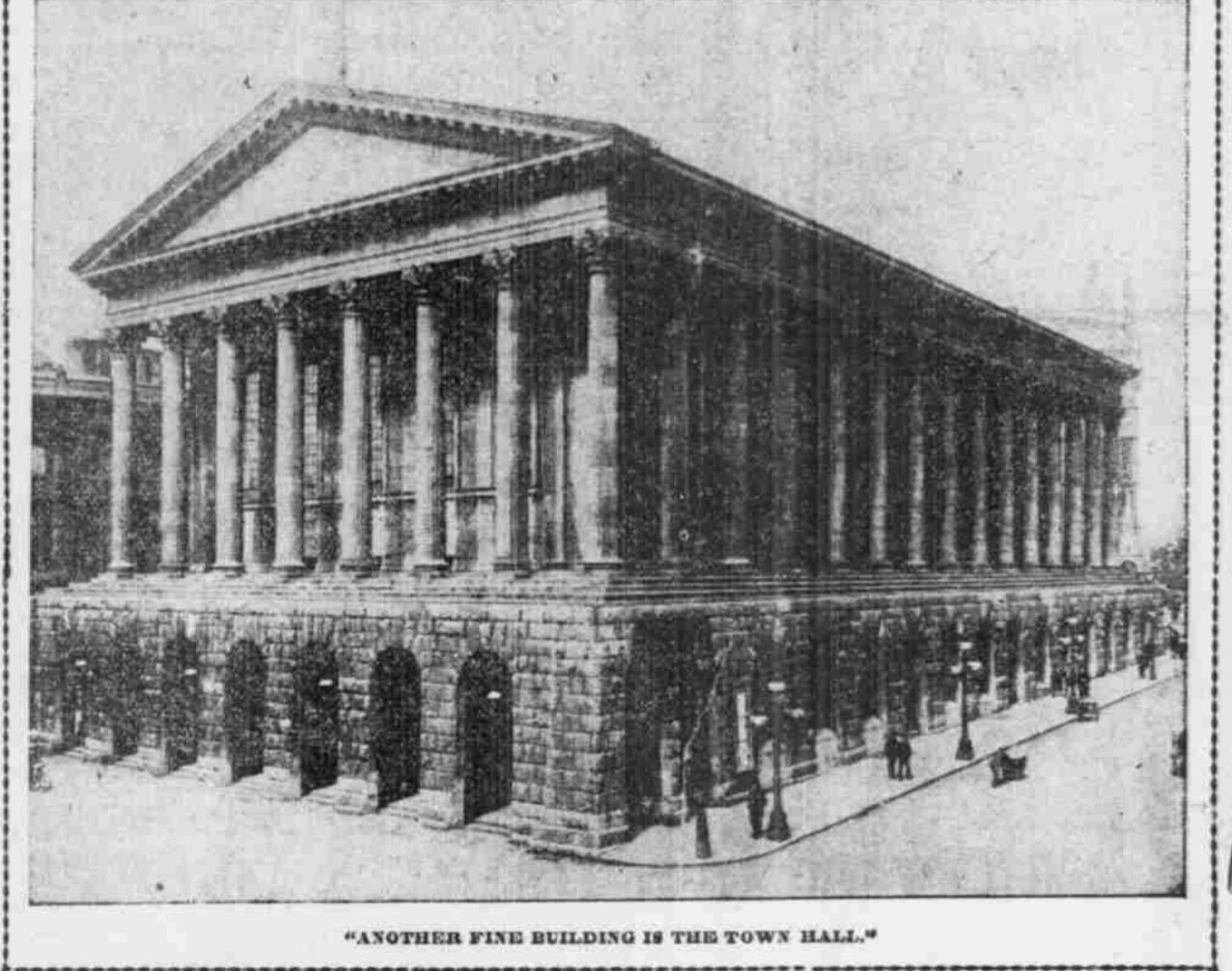
If the Birmingham man does not care to buy a gas stove the city will put in one for him on a rent of 2 cents a week or \$1.04 a year, or he can have a larger stove for 3 cents per week. A small gas broiler about as big around as a tea plate, with little holes about the edge, is furnished for nothing.

The gas for poor people is largely distributed through penny-in-the-slot meters. These meters are like the ordinary gas meters, save that each has a hole in the top. Dropping a penny in the hole opens a valve, which lets out enough gas to run three burners for three hours. The gas can be turned on and off, so that the economical man can burn one or two and save his lights for perhaps 1 cent per night. The meter is connected also with a gas stove, and I am told that 1 penny will give enough gas to cook a dinner for a family. There are other meters so arranged that you can put a shilling in the slot and get a proportionately larger amount of gas. These meters are used to some extent by the better class of families. I noticed especially that all the flexible connecting tubes in this gas office were of American make, and the manager told me that the city bought all such supplies from the United States.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.
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THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS OF BIRMINGHAM.



"ANOTHER FINE BUILDING IS THE TOWN HALL."

GAVE UP HIS CROWN FOR A WIFE

Romantic Story of Johann Salvator, Archduke of Austria.

"MEN have died," remarked Touchstone, "and worms have eaten them, but not for love." The latter's cynical remark may or may not be true; it is not easy to prove or disprove it. But one thing is very sure—in all times men have been willing to give up crowns, if not their lives, for love.

The poor young German Crown Prince, just separated from his American sweetheart by stern diplomacy, is only one of many. He was willing enough, sturdy and sentimental youth, to renounce his imperial crown, and that he could do so was, as he doubtless considers it, his misfortune. The Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, more lucky, not long ago resigned his prospect of an imperial throne and married the woman of his choice. But the most romantic story of the kind is that of Archduke Johann Salvator, of Austria-Tuscany.

Archduke Johann belonged to the Tuscan branch of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine, which ruled old Germany from 1457, and was once a favorite of Emperor Franz Joseph. When he renounced all for the sake of a woman the old ruler was broken-hearted, for it was another link in the chain of Hapsburg ill-luck, which for centuries has been appalling.

His brother, Maximilian, was shot to death at Queretaro, Mexico; the Archduke Ladislaus was shot to death in the hunting field; Prince Louis of Thurn was drowned; Crown Prince Rudolf committed suicide at Mayerling; the Empress's sister, the Duchess d'Alençon, was burned to death at the charity bazaar fire in Paris; the Empress herself was assassinated at Geneva, and finally the heir-apparent, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria-Este, renounced the throne because of love.

Today Johann Salvator is not even mentioned in the Almanac de Gothe, the official book of royalty. And yet he was a very human and a very lovable person, tall, with fine features, frank blue eyes and blonde hair, he attracted attention in any company. Moreover, he was democratic to a degree and was a popular idol, for his personal bravery and moral courage in defying the army cabal were regarded

by the plebeians, although bitterly resented by the nobility. He was born in Tuscany, but was placed in a military school with his cousin, the Crown Prince Rudolf, and, like him, soon developed remarkable qualities as student and thinker. His most predominant trait was his independence, and as a result he was constantly in hot water. No sooner had he been graduated and assigned to a regiment than he issued a remarkable pamphlet in which he scathingly denounced the military system of his country. Not only so, but he uttered his views in consequence he was sent to Cracow, where he was kept a virtual prisoner for two years. During this time he studied tactics—when was not writing more or less respectful letters to the Emperor, begging for active work. Finally the Emperor took pity on him and placed him in command of an army corps in the Bosnian campaign. Soon all Austria thrilled with the news of the fothead's bravery of the Archduke.

Secretly had peace arrived when its quiet called upon Johann Salvator, and he delivered a lecture in Vienna which resulted in a perfect cyclone of rumormongers. The Emperor finally interceded and peace once more settled over the house of Hapsburg.

Then Johann asked for active work, and was refused for fear that he would get into further trouble. He brooded over what he termed his disgrace, and bided his opportunity. This came when the Archduke Albrecht, the commander-in-chief of the army, decided to reform that body with repeating rifles. Their pattern did not please Johann Salvator, and he issued a statement in which he accused Albrecht of jobbery and conspiring to defraud the government.

Having ample means, the impatient Archduke went to work getting into further mischief. This time there was a woman in the case, a Viennese dame named Stubel. She was decidedly plebeian, but what she lacked in blue blood she made up in personal charms. The Archduke became enamored of her, and she, not knowing his rank or real name, reciprocated. So ardent did their love-making become that marriage was talked of. Then arose the problem of the Emperor's consent—in the mind of the Emperor—because—without that no marriage between the pair would have been legal. Finally Johann Salvator went to the Emperor, although the latter had previously ordered him never again to speak to him. Such a trifling request did not

bother Johann in the least, and he faced the Emperor with a demand that the ruler give him permission for the proposed marriage, which was promptly refused.

"You can command a Hapsburg, but not me. I am no longer a Hapsburg," and with that Johann Salvator wheeled around and walked away, leaving the Emperor dumb with anger.

The next day plain Johann Orth married Fraulien Stubel. Then he made public announcement that he renounced all title and claim to royal prerogative. A few days later he and his bride left Vienna forever. They went incognito to London, where Johann Orth fitted out a bark which he named the Santa Margaretha. Laden with saltpeeter, and in command of Captain Orth, she sailed down the Thames, bound for South America.

In April, 1888, the Santa Margaretha entered the harbor of Valparaiso, Chile. The Austrian residents of the city had somehow gotten wind of the identity of the bark's skipper, and when she arrived a reception committee and a band were ready to acclaim Captain Orth. When he saw the ordeal meant for him, he sent for the person in charge and told him in the choicest nautical lingo that he was Johann Orth, and no one else, and that he would never again be anybody else, and that he did not want to be bothered with "such summery."

A few days later the Santa Margaretha sailed away. The last seen of her she was heading north. Since that day no human being has seen Johann Orth. He has vanished completely, and yet there is reason to believe that he is still pursuing his career of independence and adventure. Where he is no one can say, unless it be Emperor Franz Joseph, and he is silent on the subject.

The reasons for believing that Johann Orth is still in the land of the living are peculiar ones. The Santa Margaretha was heavily insured in Lloyd's, and although the latter concern gave her up as lost after not hearing of or from her for five years, and although it offered to pay the insurance money to Johann Orth's heirs, the Emperor refused to accept a penny or to allow anything to be given to charity.

Then, too, Johann Orth left 1,000,000 francs deposited in a bank in Freiburg, and another 1,000,000 in a similar institution in St. Gall, Switzerland, but to this day neither his relatives nor those of his wife have claimed one cent.

Finally in 1897 Johann Orth was seen,

if the story of a Swedish sailor who knew the Archduke Johann Salvator well can be believed. This sailor, while fishing in the far north of his mother-land, saw a bark approach. Rowing out to her, he was astonished to find her the Santa Margaretha. On her deck stood Johann Orth, the same as of yore, though burned red from exposure. Delighted to see his old master again, the Swede hailed the Santa Margaretha. His call was not returned, for the moment that Orth recognized the sailor he put down the helm and the Santa Margaretha passed out of sight again.

Since then absolutely nothing has been heard of Johann Orth. It may be that under another name he is living next door to any of us, delighted in his freedom and happy in being relieved from the burdens of royalty. Or perchance he is at the bottom of the Atlantic or Pacific, awaiting the call to which both royalty and commoner must respond.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

Love me little, love me long!
Is the burden of my song.
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold—
Nor too backward, nor too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old,
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long!
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much
Thou wilt prove as true a touch;
Love me little more than such—
For I fear the end.
I'm with little content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent
To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while you live
I to thee will love with give.
Never dreaming to deceive.
While that life endures;
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth.
As now when in my May of youth;
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life preserve;
Give me that with true endeavor—
I will restore.
A suit of duress let it be,
For the land or for the sea;
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on its beat;
Never dreaming to deceive,
Never can rebel;
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain;
So to thee—farewell!

—An Old Poem, the Author Unknown.

GEORGE ADE'S FABLE IN SLANG

What Befel the Young Man Who Walked Right Up and Spoke to Her.

ONCE there was a Gum-Chewer named Tessie who ironed up her White Dress and bought seven yards of Ribbon and went on a Picnic given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Horse-Shoers' Union.

Tessie was more than nine and could take care of herself at any point along the Line. The girls who worked at the same Plant often said that Tessie was a regular Case and full of the old Harry, but just the same she was Awful Nice.

She had a changeable figure and a Complexion that showed up best at a Dance.

Although somewhat shy on Happy Clothes she managed to leave a small Ripple behind her whenever she plowed along Main Street, showing her Buckles. Usually she wore her Sailor pulled down to her Eye-Brows and cast frightened Glances to right and left, as if to say, "Gee! I wonder if some Fresh Guy is going to speak to me?"

But some of them didn't.

There was her Official Name and she used it on her Cards, each of which had a Colored Picture of Flowers in the Corner. Mother got the name in a Story-Paper.

The Bertha Clay Habit seemed to run in the Family. Tessie loved to work her way into a Tea-Gown and then get a couple of Pillows under her and eat Slices and read how Basil Armytage rode up to the Manor House and found Loraine waiting for him beside the old Yew Tree.

Tessie didn't know the diff between a Manor House and a Chop House, but it sounded swell and she had a secret longing to meet a sure-enough Basil who wore what is sometimes known as a Dress-Suit and had Brilliance on his Moustache.

While waiting for Basil to pop out at some -orner and catch step with her, Tessie was doing the best she could.

And that was why she used up a lot of Starch getting ready for the Picnic given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Horse-Shoers' Union.

When she walked up the Gang-Plank her Shoes were hurting her a little, but

she had on all of her Rings and thought fairly well of herself.

Tessie did not fetch any Lunch-Basket with her because she had a horrible Suspicion that some Gentleman would get to talking to her and then make her go and get a few Lines. She had been out a couple of times before and it had been her Luck not to come back Hungry. Tessie had a sort of a Hunch that History would repeat itself.

So Tessie planted a Camp Stool right in the Main Promenade where those who wished to go Forward or Aft would be compelled to walk over her. After which she gazed pensively at the broad expanse of Drink and waited for something to happen.

Now among those on Board was a Pale-Face with more or less Neck who was prominently connected with the Bundie department of a first-class Clothing Store. His name was Chauncey and he loved the Society of Ladies. At the same time he knew his Place. Chauncey spotted Theresa and saw that she was alone and sighing in a desolate way. He did not care to be too Brazen at the first Crack for fear that she would give a Scream and Jump Over-board.

Accordingly he nerved himself and approached her in a friendly way and began to beg her pardon.

He said he knew it was hardly Proper to brace a Young Lady without the Formality of an Introduction, but he hoped she would overlook his Boldness, and he made it so strong that Tessie had to play the Banker's Daughter in order to hold up her End. She said it did seem to be very strange to be sitting right there talking to a Party she had never met, and if her People ever suspected that she done anything of that kind, they would be Awful Sore.

Chauncey pulled out his Cuffs and began to deal Polite Conversation of the kind that is supposed to calm the Fears of a Trembling Young Thing. He told her his Real Name and showed her his Link Buttons and begged her not to regard him as a mere Flirt.

At the end of a half hour she was chewing the End of her Fan and answering "Yes" and "No." It looked to Tessie as if she would have to put up with him all Day so she began to work the Fan. As for Chauncey, he perceived that he had been too Fresh, so he switched to the water gun and began to burn low and threaten to go out.

Just when Tessie figured herself a sure Loser, some one hit her in the Back and

called her Sis. It was a loud Hick who had been watching her on the Dock.

"I like your kerret!" exclaimed Tessie, giving him the eye.

"Now you behave or I'll give you a mean old Slap right on the Elbow," said the Hick, saying which he seated himself between Chauncey and Theresa.

"Gladly, doest think you could learn to love me?" he asked, taking her by the Lace Mitt.

It is needless to say that Chauncey was very indignant. He felt it his Duty to protect the poor Girl, but somehow he found himself blocked off and there was no chance to get in a Word.

The Hick was telling Theresa that her Eyes were not Mates and that she didn't care so much for the way her Hair was put up and she was toasting him for Keeps and threatening to hand him if he didn't get out.

Finally she got so mad that she asked him to come to the back part of the Boat so that she could tell him just what she thought of him.

That was when Chauncey found himself alone with the Waterscape. Tessie never came back, for she had found her Meek-Ticket.

MORAL: The League Rules do not go for a Picnic.

The Nightingale.
Richard Barnefield.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtle made,
Beats did leap and birds did sing;
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all (forsooth),
Least of her breed, set-up a thorn,
And there sung the dolefullest ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Pie, she, he, now would she cry:
Tern, tern, by-and-by—
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
—At, thought I, thou mourest in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
King Fawnden, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing
Carols of thy sorrowing,
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.