

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



SOCIETY GOSSIP IN OLD LONDON

Lady Mary Tells How the Duchess of Marlborough Dodged Her Husband.

AMERICANS SEEK NEW HOMES

J. Pierpont Morgan's Costly Collection Of Rugs—Exclusive Chat About Happenings Among Smart Set.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 5.—The Duchess of Marlborough might be a girl of seventeen, so carefully is she chaperoned. Her mother, Mrs. Belmont, is now doing duty in this respect, and is seen everywhere with her daughter. The duchess has been giving a series of small dinner parties at Sunderland House to immediate friends, mostly Americans, and a few well known Englishmen, but Mrs. Belmont is beside her all the time. Some American male relative is always asked to take the duke's place at the other end of the table.

At the matinee at the Lyric theater, the fashionable event of the season so far, Muriel Wilson being the "leading lady," both the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough had stalls. Just as the duchess and her mother arrived in their automobile at the theater, up drove the duke and his cousin, Winston Churchill, in a hansom. There was an awkward five seconds, but the duchess led the way, never turning round to see if her mother were following, and she arrived in her seat without coming into contact with her husband. The duke sat two rows further back, almost directly behind his wife.

CUT IN EXPENSES.

The duchess and Mrs. Belmont are going abroad almost directly and will be away until after Easter. I hear Mr. Vanderbilt has reduced his daughter's income somewhat. He explains this by saying that she has not to entertain as much as she did before she and her husband separated, and as he has to make an allowance to the duke for the upkeep of Blenheim, he does not see his way to being too generous with Constance.

Mrs. Glasgow is very proud of her new house in Berkeley Square. She has given nearly a whole year to hunting up antique furniture, prints and pictures for it, while all the decorations have been carried out to her own designs. Later she is to entertain the king there. Just now she is giving a succession of small dinner parties followed by inevitable bridge.

TRYING DECORATIONS.

Some women say that they find the decorations of Mrs. Glasgow's rooms rather trying as a background. You must understand that in these days, every woman of taste with a purse to match arranges the color scheme of her apartment to show up to the greatest advantage her own charms. For instance, a woman with blonde hair will have her drawing room in orange with shades of blue and perhaps a touch of red. Mrs. Glasgow is a blonde and there is a certain hue of pink which suits women of the particularly type to which she belongs admirably, while to others it is exceedingly trying. Sargent is one of the great friends of this American hostess. Of late this great artist has become very inaccessible and it is only to the houses

of the mighty he can be drawn. Just at the moment he is the lion of the American set, and I hear he has orders for portraits of more of his countrywomen than he can execute in two years.

GETTING INTO RIGHT SET.

Lady Barrymore—she was the widow of Arthur Post of New York. Before she became a peeress—she is taking Harriet Wadsworth under her wing, which means that she has got into the right set. There is a great deal of curiosity here about this debutante, the fame of whose good looks has preceded her. There are sure to be festivities in her honor at the American embassy, as she is a cousin of Mr. Wadsworth, who holds a post there.

Mrs. Adair is also interested in her. By the way, Mrs. Adair has made a most wonderful recovery and although her sight is very indifferent, she is about again. She recently remarked to a friend, "Even if I were to lose my sight completely—and it seemed very like it at one time—I would not give up my friends nor indeed society."

SEEKS THIRD CONSOLATION.

Coro, Lady Strafford, is now as well as she is ever likely to be. At no time a robust woman, the shock of her second husband's tragic death literally "did" for her and during nearly all the years that have intervened she has been more or less an invalid, despite nothing but roses. A French artist is carrying out the idea which is Lady Strafford's own.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S RUGS.

Everybody knows that J. Pierpont Morgan would go to the end of the earth to procure a picture that was pronounced a masterpiece or a snuff-box that was said to have belonged to a French king, but few people are aware that within the last couple of years he has amassed the most valuable collection of carpets and rugs in the world. One particular oriental carpet—it is really little more than a rug, for it measures only about 20 feet by 15—cost \$17,000. For this he recently sent a special messenger to Persia. It is the most perfect specimen of its kind in the world. The coloring is deep blue, red, and a slight touch of orange, the design being vines in blue on a red ground, the border spirals, leaves and medallions. Another rug which is supposed to be more valuable, though it cost considerably less—a mere \$7,500—is of the royal Tabriz workmanship and measures only 15 feet by 10.

It seems that the fame of Mr. Morgan as a rug collector has now spread to Persia. China and the remotest parts of the earth, with the result that he is now inundated with offers of "treasures." His post-bag from these quarters alone is the cause of many unparliamentary remarks from his secretary, whose duty it is to open and read carefully every document sent to the multimillionaire, be it only the typical circular puffing a new gold mine or a patent medicine.

USING THE ROUGE POT.

Late hours, eternal gadding about, worry and "nerves" are all said to contribute little for the number of head-aches which women now meet at every turning both in and out of society. It used to be said of Americans that they never went to the rouge-pot. It used to be said of them that they realized they had indifferent complexions and had the good sense to leave them alone while concentrating their efforts to enhance their charms in other directions. Now in a week moment they have taken to "faking" their faces and in many instances with lamentable results. In the first place not one woman in a thousand understands the difficult art of making up.

Like most men, King Edward has a holy horror of a painted woman. At the last court he is said to have remarked to the queen as row after row of painted women filed past him: "If this procession does not soon come to an end the sight of all that white-wash and red stuff will blind me." The latest shade of hair from Paris is a distinctly dull golden brown, without the least touch of red in it. For the moment all the favorite auburn tints are quite out of date.

LADY MARY.

Meat Trust Captures the London Market.

Smithfield, Biggest of Its Kind in the World, and a Mine of Historical Associations, Now Virtually in the Hands of Americans, who Have Revolutionized Methods There—A Wail of Indignation From the London Butchers.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, March 4.—Smithfield Market, the great headquarters of London's meat trade, is declared to have been "captured" by firms in the United States. A careful investigation, especially conducted by the writer, lends confirmation to this report. It proves, moreover, that the conquest by Americans of this biggest and most famous of the world's markets is the outcome of a long series of events which have reached a climax within the past few months. London has just awakened to the fact that the center of its vast meat trade is virtually in the hands of Cousin Jonathan. The indignant outcry which this discovery has called forth doubtless has been reported in the cable dispatches but the inside facts are practically unknown. Nor has anything been said as to the remarkable character of the market itself, which, apart from its vast extent, possesses historical associations which entitle it to more than passing notice. To Americans the place fairly teems with human interest. It was at Smithfield, for example, that William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, was executed; and on this site also perished no less than 277 religious martyrs, who gave up their lives in the early days of English intolerance.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

But, as Kipling says, "that's another story." Before narrating some of the supremely interesting historical facts concerning Smithfield, it may be well to tell the tale—equally interesting in some respects, of how this great market and mine of historical association has fallen into the hands of American meat packers.

For many years now the United States literally has been feeding England. The total money value of fresh meat and live stock which the United Kingdom gets from America alone amounts yearly to the colossal sum of more than \$144,000,000, which represents more than 80 per cent of the total meat which this country imports from all parts of the world. Up to a comparatively short time ago Americans contented themselves with simply supplying the meat to the English market and letting the local meat dealer do the rest. About four years back, however, one or two of the large American packing houses thought it a good move to "break into" the English market as local sellers.

REVOLUTION WROUGHT.

At that time Smithfield Market was run wholly by English butchers. Their business methods were extremely antiquated; their meat stalls were anything but cleanly or attractive, and nearly all of them were on the verge of bankruptcy. The English system of "long credit and bad debts." When the first American packing house acquired a stall in Smithfield Market it wrought a revolution in these matters. Everything about the stall was "spick and span," the butchers were clean and spotless, and they adopted various enterprising methods for getting customers. They put a lot of individual "smash" into their transactions, and went in for high sanitation and quick sales. Before long they had captured a large amount of the big hotel trade, and they managed to obtain spot cash for their goods. This was something which the local butchers never had been able to do. Accustomed as they were to dealing with a lot of high and mighty so-called "noble families"—who obtained endless credit on the strength of their names—many of these butchers piled up vast outstanding bills, but were unable to obtain their money.

BROUGHT DUKE TO TERMS.

A characteristic story is told of how

one of the American meat concerns which controls a large stall in Smithfield dealt with a noble duke who always ran up big accounts and usually forgot to pay them until he was threatened with a lawsuit. It seems that the American house preferred, at first, to conceal its identity, and though it had bought out a large butcher, he was engaged as manager, trading under the old name. The duke in question sent down a large order and was informed that the meat would be supplied if "his grace" was willing to pay for his goods at the end of the current month. "His grace" replied with a very curt and disagreeable letter, to which the butcher answered that unless the cash were forthcoming no meat would be supplied. "His grace" threatened to take his trade elsewhere, whereupon the butcher demanded the immediate settlement of his entire outstanding account. "His grace" quite taken off his feet by the new "business methods" of the Americans, soon came to terms, and not only paid his accounts, but agreed in future to pay "as he went."

HOW OF INDIGNATION.

Immediately this fact became definitely known a perfect howl of indignation went up from local butchers who had not been taken into the so-called trust. Many of the firms who had been bought out had done extremely well by their trade. As a consequence, the matter seemed so serious that the Corporation of London City, presided up from local butchers who had not been taken into the so-called trust. Many of the firms who had been bought out had done extremely well by their trade. As a consequence, the matter seemed so serious that the Corporation of London City, presided up from local butchers who had not been taken into the so-called trust. Many of the firms who had been bought out had done extremely well by their trade. As a consequence, the matter seemed so serious that the Corporation of London City, presided up from local butchers who had not been taken into the so-called trust.

CONTROL CAPTURED.

That control of the market actually has passed out of the hands of English butchers is admitted generally. It even looks as if the question of the Meat trust were to become one of regional importance in England. A recent Chamberlain, speaking at Dudley the day after the resolution passed by the Wardmoor, said: "Lord Cromer argued at Glasgow that free trade offered a safeguard against the creation of great trusts. This is not so, however, for under our system of free trade a great meat trust has grown up which has made it dependent on other countries for a primary article of necessity for the people of this country."

HISTORIC SPOT.

That the control of Smithfield market is "worth while" will be admitted when it is stated that every day an average of 250,000 pounds of beef in the shape of fresh meat come to the market, while 1,500 cattle pass through the slaughter. The great mart itself occupies about ten acres of ground in the very heart of London. It is only five minutes' walk from St. Paul's cathedral in a northerly direction, and occupies a site that has fascinating historical interest. In the early days, before London had grown very far beyond the walls built by the Romans, it was known as "Smithfield," and it was then a sort of Campus Martius for military pageants.

Here were held some of the most famous jousts and tournaments en-

gaged by knights in armor of olden time. For instance, at Smithfield, a famous tournament was given by Edward III. in 1374. The old king, then well past 60 years, had fallen in love with Alice Perrers, and in order to show his affection he arranged a splendid pageant, to which the fair one lent her presence as "The Lady of the Sun." She appeared in a splendid car, covered with cloth of gold, and upward of 700 knights did battle in her honor for a week. Troubadours have sung this famous joust in many a song. Combatants came from Italy, France, Flanders and from all over the then so-called civilized world.

GREAT DUELING GROUND.

Smithfield was also the great dueling ground of those early days. When a couple of steel-clad gentlemen thought they had a grievance, lances were broken at Smithfield and battles fought on buckled armor. In excavations conducted some years ago under the foundations of certain houses in Smithfield various pieces of armor and other knightly trappings were found.

INCIDENT OF WAT TYLER.

Besides forming a battleground for jousting knights, the site of the present market was famous for political gatherings of every description. It was here that Wat Tyler was treacherously murdered by Walsworth, the lord mayor of London. For this crime the present London lord mayors have a dagger on their flag. Wat Tyler is usually referred to in histories as a "rebel." As a matter of fact, he was one of the first representatives of the people. He appealed against a ruinous and unjust tax imposed on farmers of his time. He came up to Smithfield with a deputation of followers, and the people joined in his protest. An immense crowd went to Smithfield, and young King Richard II. on June 15, 1381, met Tyler at Smithfield and promised to redress the grievance. While the monarch and the blacksmith were conferring, Tyler happened to put his hand on the bridle of the king's horse, and Sir William Walsworth stabbed the people's leader for "impertinence," while Standish, one of the king's knights, dispatched him with his sword. The young king, after this treacherous act, led the people off to Islington, somewhat further north, where they were "set upon and dispersed" by a thousand armed men. This was considered a "cute trick" at the time, and Tyler always has been regarded as a rank outlaw. But such is the way with history, which only writes to please the "powers that be" of its day.

SITE OF MARTYRDOM.

In later times Smithfield was the scene of many other tragic events. It was here that Henry VIII. burned many religious martyrs who refused to recognize his supremacy. It was here also that, in Mary's reign, many Protestants met death at the stake, while in Elizabeth's day the Anabaptists and other religious minded persons preferred death to the creation of great trusts. This is not so, however, for under our system of free trade a great meat trust has grown up which has made it dependent on other countries for a primary article of necessity for the people of this country.

WALLACE'S EXECUTION.

Many other barbaric scenes took place

on the site of London's great market. It is here that William Wallace, the famous Scotch patriot, was most cruelly executed. Wallace, it will be remembered by those familiar with "The Scottish Chiefs," was treacherously betrayed to the English by one of his friends. He was for some time confined in the Tower of London, and then, when the English decided to execute him, they carried out the murder with the utmost cruelty. He was dragged behind horses in chains from the Tower, and then hanged to a gibbet in Smithfield. While still conscious, he was "drawn and quartered"—one of the most barbarous and uncivilized of punishments.

HAD A BAD RECORD.

It is remarkable that Smithfield always has been associated with inhuman practices of some sort. After the English ceased to find amusement in hanging, drawing and quartering human beings, they made the site of the market a scene of "bear baiting." Bears were chained in posts and made to fight with dogs and even men, and the multitude enjoyed the cruel sport for years before the practice was finally broken up. The market then became the scene of famous St. Bartholomew's Fair, so well depicted in the drawings of Cruikshank. This fair became known all over the world as the Ruffians' Paradise, and during the days of this saturnalia were scarcely a credit to the supposedly civilized English multitude. The fair lasted until a comparatively late day.

AS DICKENS SAW IT.

Smithfield did not become a meat market in the strict sense of the term until about 1850. Before that time it was a horse market. It was then changed from a live cattle market to a meat market proper. Even down to Dickens' time Smithfield did not hold an enviable reputation for attractiveness, as the following passage from "Expectations" will make evident: "When I told the clerk that I would take a turn in the air while I waited he advised me to go round the corner and I should come into Smithfield. So I came into Smithfield, and the shameful place, being all asmeared with filth and fat and blood and foam, seemed to stick to me. So I rubbed it off with a possible speed by turning into a street where I saw the great black dome of St. Paul's bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a bystander said was Newgate prison."

GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Even up to three or four years ago Smithfield Market was not noted for cleanliness. But, since the coming of the Americans, much improvement has been wrought. In addition to this, sanitary regulations have become more strict, and today Smithfield Market presents an appearance at which even the most fastidious could not cavil. And now, after all these years, the fate of Smithfield has taken a new turn. The famous historical spot, where kings held tournaments, where martyrs were burned, where patriots and politicians were ignominiously done to death, has fallen into the hands of the American meat trust! Perhaps, even before long, some enterprising member of the trust may get up a Smithfield pageant, equal to, if not surpassing, that of Coventry. Certainly, there is sufficient historical material for any number of pageants; but the meat trusts go in more for profit than pageantry, unless the latter could be utilized as a form of advertisement. HAYDEN CHURCH.

GLOVE INDUSTRY RUINED

BY THE FINANCIAL CRISIS

Special Correspondence.

PRAGUE, March 2.—Through the financial crisis in the United States the glove industry in the Erz mountain districts has been temporarily destroyed. All the factories have been shut down, and thousands of men, women and girls are reduced to starvation. The total output of kid and leather gloves of these factories amounted to twelve million dozen yearly, all of which were bought for the American market. When the panic came the American shopkeepers stopped their orders, and widespread distress followed. Hundreds of the work people are obliged to beg for what they can do nothing at home, the Erz mountain country being one of the poorest and barest in all central Europe.

"UNCLE" OF RICH AND POOR ALIKE

How the Emperor of Austria Suppressed Still Another Royal Scandal.

HISTORY OF THE DOROTHEUM

Favorite "Hock Shop" of Monarchs Out of a Job—Impetuous Princess And Needy Aristocrats.

Special Correspondence.

VIENNA, March 5.—With his usual kindly tact and a check for \$15,000 the Emperor Francis Joseph has just suppressed another royal scandal, not indeed this time exactly in his own household but in that of another royal family closely allied to the Hapsburgs. Only a short time ago the many frequenters of the "Dorotheum," Vienna's government pawnshop and auction rooms, were amazed to find a great hall filled with gorgeous wearing apparel which had evidently belonged to a lady of exalted rank. There were silk dresses by the score, and articles of lingerie woven of the most delicate fabrics, costumes and coats, and hats and furs of the costliest description. There were, too, literally hundreds of fans and other articles, including many pieces of expensive silk and brocades for making up into dresses. The whole collection, a little bit dragged into the whole admitted, was announced for sale the following week. But the name of the owner was kept a profound secret, and it was some time before it leaked out that it was none other than the Princess Louise of Belgium, wife of Prince Philip of Coburg. The princess' adventurous career, including her incarceration in a mad house and her escape from it some three years ago, is as well known in America as in Europe.

PAWNED HER LINGERIE.

How the princess' dresses found their way to the Vienna Dorotheum is, however, a new story in the Coburg family history. It dates back some years ago when the royal owner then staying at Monte Carlo became hard up and was forced to pawn her surplus wearing apparel to some Jewish money lender. And finally after all these years the princess' dresses found their way to Vienna, where they were exposed to public auction within half a mile of the stately palace of the Coburgs. The money lenders had speculated in a mad house and her escape from it some three years ago, is as well known in America as in Europe. In the course of the year the "Dorotheum" has many interesting sales. Not long ago Princess Melinda Metterich sent her priceless collection of old furniture, antiques, pictures and porcelain which realized very large sums. But more interesting than any of these, however, were those of the effects of the ill-fated King Alexander of Serbia and his not much happier father, King Milan. All the household goods and personal belongings of

INTERESTING SALES.