

Call up 329 when you want the "News".
Ad. Man to Call on You and Help
You Make Your Advertising More
Effective. He Can Do It.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, are
Good Days to Advertise in the Want
Columns of the "News". Other Good
Days are Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

ENGLAND'S QUEEN; "DOGGIEST" WOMAN

Alexandra Owns the Largest Private
Kennels in Great Britain
—Her Intimate Pets.

HOW "SCOTTIE" WAS BOUGHT.

Queen Herself Looks After Her Pets'
Welfare, but Won't "Fancy Dress"
Them — The Story.

Special Correspondence.

London, Oct. 1.—If the commonly accepted statement be true that her majesty, Queen Alexandra, is personally acquainted with fifty of the innumerable dogs residing in her various kennels, there is something highly appropriate in the king's recent remark to his wife:

"Well, what under the sun do you want with another dog?"

It is literally true that the queen of England owns more dogs than any woman in the realm, and out of the fifty she recognizes as friends half-a-dozen are intimates. So in this country where people buy dog biscuit, not by the box or by the dozen, but by the ton (!), Queen Alexandra is manifestly one of the best patrons of the dog industry in the world. To every 1,000 persons in England there are 35 dogs, but in this respect her majesty does not have a truly royal advantage over the average inhabitant. The Duchess of Newcastle and Her Grace of Bedford follow the queen close in second, but even these celebrated dog fanciers do not approach in numbers the collection of canines owned by the queen of England.

Now, although the king teases the queen about her numerous pets he is really as fond and as proud of them as she is, and it is largely owing to a suddenly developed affection on Edward's part for the dog that was purchased by him, that the same dog, "Scottie," by name, was not sent to St. Petersburg as the queen first intended. The king came upon "Scottie," a wiry terrier, when yachting off the west coast of Scotland. The queen's answer to the king's question was, "I think I shall give it to Minnie," "Minnie" being no less person than her imperial majesty, the dowager empress of Russia. But in spite of his father, King Edward, gave to Minnie, "Minnie" never got the dog. The dowager empress shares Queen Alexandra's love for animals, as do most of the royal ladies of Europe, the future queen of England, now Princess of Wales, being one of the exceptions.

DOESN'T PAMPER DOGS.

Queen Alexandra is considered by professional dog-breeders to be far ahead of the average woman in point of common sense. In this day of Jeweled collars, fur coats, pocket-handkerchiefs and night-gowns as necessities for dog-wear, Queen Alexandra remains far from such affectations. The king dislikes the idea of dressing up his little animals, and her own policy is simply to loathe the absurdities of the fashion.

None of the queen's dogs, you may be sure, have in Vienna de Paris, or got their lives insured. Her majesty has too much true sporting instinct to turn her dogs into the like of "Punch and Judy." She does, however, encourage some of the tricks of her little tricks. The poodle, Sam, recently presented by the queen to Princess Victoria, her daughter, is one of the royal favorites. The poodle, Sam, is the particular joy of "the little Waleses." Prince Eddie most of all. This grandson of the king delights in "Sam," who can beg, run errands, balance biscuits on his nose, toss them into the air and catch them again, "die for his country," and do the cakewalk, not to mention half a dozen other entertaining things.

TAKING THE AIR.

So averse is Queen Alexandra to the foolish display of dog-worship, that she seldom takes even her most precious pair with her when walking or driving. The dogs always in residence with her majesty are given daily exercise by the grooms. This sight may be seen in the neighborhood of Buckingham palace frequently. Some of the dogs are on foot, others in birdcage-like baskets, others in arms. The latter are tender breeds, and those temporarily too delicate to be trusted on their own legs. Hounds figure more largely than dogs of any other species in the queen's collection. The death of her favorite Alfox, a powerful white Russian wolfhound, removed from her majesty's kennels the most remarkable specimen of the dog world she has ever possessed. It is said that a certain dog dealer was endeavoring to find a fitting successor to the graceful Alfox, but has so far been unsuccessful.

In common with her grace the Duchess of Newcastle, that sportsmanlike woman, the queen loves Borzoi, generally admitted to be the most fashionable dogs of the moment. The favorite Borzoi in the queen's kennels is a white with fawn markings, slim, unobtrusive dogs of the size and family of the Scotch deerhound. Most of those belonging to the queen have been purchased at the rate of \$500 each, but it is possible to buy a good Borzoi for one-tenth of that price.

"AMONG THOSE PRESENT."

Other breeds in her majesty's kennels are Danes, Scotch deerhounds, collies, rough and smooth, Bassett hounds, greyhounds, bulldogs, gallos, whippets, pugs, spaniels and terriers. In spite of the fact that he is no longer strict-ly a "fashionable" dog, her majesty clings to her love of the great Dane and has him in her possession to the number of half a dozen. Her majesty's recent photograph, herewith published, shows her with the dog she has most frequently with her. It is a beautiful little Pekinese spaniel, a graceful, fluffy creature, more like a ball of fluff

than anything so determined as a dog. Black dogs are among the favorites often in attendance on her majesty, who is said to like them because they have such nice table manners and are rarely greedy. A certain blue whippet, the cleverest of the greyhounds in miniature, is also beloved of the queen. It is, however, as bulldog expert, that her majesty has most recently come before the public. She appeared this season for the first time as an exhibitor at the twenty-ninth show of the Bulldog club. Her majesty's renowned dogs, Sandringham Paul and Sandringham Pansy, looking as unlike either a Paul or Pansy as possible, took all the prizes in sight. Their skulls were the biggest and squarest, their jaws firmest; their ugly noses short, truly turned up and blunted. Paul is the son of Peter, the king's favorite dog at Sandringham.

VISITING HER PETS.

Of the dozens of dogs the queen owns, most reside at Sandringham. Kennels quite ample enough for the housing of men and women, occupy a fine spot on the Sandringham estate not far from the house itself. A score of servants do nothing but attend to the queen's kennels. The sanitation of the doghouses is perfect. Her majesty visits them while in residence at Sandringham with clock-like regularity every morning after breakfast. She will have no royal preparations made for her visits (such as carpets on the kennel steps), or any care taken which reduces the feeling of profane intrusion, with which the queen endeavors to breed dogs.

Clad in short skirt, high boots, plain "rough" hat and a black velvet, the queen of England visits her puppies with the simplicity of greatness. Her view of the kennels is frequently followed by a walk through Sandringham park, when a dog is nearly always selected to make the tour with his royal mistress. Her majesty often indulges in a veritable romp with Paul and Pansy, but this only when she gets them into the secluded confines of Sandringham's remotest lawns.

It is said that on an average, half the queen's dogs are presented to her. The other half she buys and the attendant cost of keeping up the kennels is estimated at not less than \$5,000 a year.

WHERE DEPARTED PETS LIE.

Having seen how the queen gets her dogs and where she keeps them, one can't help wondering where they lie when they die. Not in the pibetion dog cemetery adjacent to Hyde Park, frequented only by such common folk as cats and duchesses, lords and ladies, but in a royal burying ground of their own within the grounds of Marlborough House, in Pall Mall. Inscriptions such as these are numerous in this queer little graveyard:

The favorite dog of H. R. H.,
The Princess of Wales,
Died 16th March, 1889,
Aged 18 months.

Ronny,
Favorite Rabbit of
H. R. H., The Princess of Wales,
Died June 8th, 1881.

Fortunately, there have been few additions to the Marlborough House cemetery since Alexandra became queen, so the tombstones all bear the name of the Princess of Wales. One of the queen's most practical tributes to the love of dogs, is the membership in the Ladies Kennel club. This is the only woman's club to which her majesty belongs. She never misses the annual opening of the show and appears daily while it remains open. The queen is ex-officio president of the Kennel club, but has no voice in its deliberations. She is reported to have expressed the wish that she could belong to the club in her own right, that she might enjoy its professional privileges more fully and without the undeniable drawbacks of reference attached to her as a royal lady.

THEIR PORTRAITS PAINTED.

It is not surprising in this land of ceremony, of "gold-sticks-in-waiting" and such odd named offices, to find that her majesty has artists, as it were, waiting to immortalize with the brush, the beauties of such bulldog celebrities as Paul and Pansy. Miss Elizabeth Magill, the animal painter, does most of this work for the queen. Miss Magill is a clever Irish woman, a pupil of Carolus Duran and a devotee of Landseer. She long since painted the beautiful "Alfox" and her picture of Queen Victoria's donkey, who was so long an inhabitant of Kensington gardens, has been exhibited on innumerable occasions. The present queen and Miss Magill are great friends. "Then there is Mrs. Gertrude Massey, the miniaturist. Mrs. Massey makes miniatures of the little dogs while Miss Magill paints the big ones and the queen Alexandra freely admits that



ENGLAND'S "DOGGIEST" WOMAN.

Queen Alexandra, Who Out-Does All Other Private "Fanciers" in Great Britain in the Number of Her Pets. The Picture Shows Her With Her Special Favorite, A Thoroughbred Pekinese Spaniel.



PICKING RAGS TO GET WHISKY MONEY.
A Typical Scene in Glasgow—"The City of Drunken Women."

A SAD PHASE OF GLASGOW LIFE.

"Lady Mary's" Dark Picture of
The Seamy Side of the City of
Municipal Reform.

THERE MANY WAIT FOR A "DRAP"

Scotch Home of Socialism Has More
Female Toppers, Size Considered,
Than Any Other City.

Special Correspondence.

Glasgow, Oct. 1.—There is no city in the world that has so many drunken women in proportion to its size as Glasgow. As a breeding place for female topers neither London, Paris nor New York can compare with the Scotch town which prides itself on the progress it has made in almost every kind of municipal reform.

It is no exaggeration to say that an American walking in the evening through Glasgow's poorest quarter—through Salt Market street, Bridge Gate or High street—soon begins to ask himself if there can be any sober woman in that part of the city. Here, in the course of an hour, one may see nearly a thousand women in various stages of intoxication, nearly all of them looking either for a saucer or a pawnshop, which, by the way, are usually closed together.

ALL DRUNKARDS TOGETHER.

"When once a woman begins to drink here, she is done for," is a quotation in this Scotch city and one believes it true after an evening in the slums. Old grey-headed women with weak, disintegrated faces and iron-rags for scanty covering reel through the streets begging coppers, with which to buy more drink. Young men, themselves the victims of intemperance, give the bare-footed old grannies a penny—the hope we'll never come to that! The middle-aged topers are the coarsest of all, their hair matted in tawny snails, dresses half fastened and their speech too foul for repetition. Some of the worst characters appear in striped black and white flannel petticoats, and these women are called the "Petticoaters."

One "Petticoater" was on an unusually high spree on the Saturday night the writer went through the "Bridges"—as Bridge Gate street is called. Mad with drink this fighting woman rushed home to her attic, put out her children and with a hammer smashed the furniture and even tore to pieces the children's clothes. The oldest boy, 11, went for the police, but in the meantime the infuriated mother had nailed up the door and defied them to enter. This in one night's intoxication the "Petticoater" had broken up her home, destroyed the household treasures and cast her wretched child into the streets.

CHILDREN THAT ARE TOPERS.

The young women for the most part wear coarse shawls and with the defiance they wind them first about their babies, and then around themselves. Every young woman seems to be a mother, but they pay scant attention to the little ones, about the only protection a baby gets being the support from the shawl. I have seen girls of 11 and 12 so intoxicated that they could not walk straight. Even the little girls of six and seven congregate outside the saloons waiting for a penny, or hoping that "mother" will let them have a "drap." The little waifs are barefooted and half-naked. The droop in the corner of the mouths of many of these little people indicates plainly the depression caused by poverty and neglect together with ill-health and hunger. Little slum angels born with an appetite for drink, they grow a hard time of it when they have to womanhood.

WHY THEY DRINK.

The cause of the degradation is the wretched home-life, laziness and intemperance. Thirty thousand families in Glasgow live in one-roomed flats. Sometimes, indeed, six or seven families live

in one long room with only a chalk mark or place of rope dividing the rented space. Huddled together in such masses—men, women and children—only the grossest immorality can result. Shelter houses are being built rapidly, however, where men may find a comfortable night's lodging for a pittance.

About these shelters on Saturday nights men are gathered by the score, while women with children stand nearby by begging their husbands for coppers. There are a few shelters for women, also, where for eight cents an American money a woman may stay over night and have a place to cook her own tea and breakfast. But these shelters do not take the place of a home, for no provision is made for the children. A little one may sleep with the mother till it is five years old, but the beds are narrow like the bunks of a steamer and generally there are half a dozen youngsters. The shelters, however, are an improvement over the tenements and in them people are obliged to live decently.

REDEEMING FEATURES.

A large home has been established for married men with children, who have drunken wives. The "see-kidder" as the Scotch express it, are taken care of at an absurdly small sum and the father is with them at night. This picture of sin and shame would be untrue to life did it not contain some bright patches here and there. Besides these shelters and institutions, there are pleasant parks in the very heart of the slums, a fine People's Palace and Art Gallery, and opportunity for every woman who will try at all to live clean. One home took in a young woman that Saturday night who is only 32 and has been in prison 74 times. The good people of Glasgow give the "seventy times" opportunity to its drunken women.

Nine-tenths of the women in the police courts, prisons, and refuges are not Scotch by birth. The one-tenth who are Scotch come mostly from the Highlands; peasants who expect the streets of Glasgow to be filled with gold. They do not get on well and move from one poor flat to another until hunger and the want of good-fellowship make the drink habit almost inevitable.

THEIR PORTRAITS PAINTED.



As King Edward's choice for secretary of war, Lord Escher, formerly Balliol Brett, M. P., son of the late master of the rolls, occupies a conspicuous position in the present crisis at St. James. He earned the esteem of King Edward by his stage management of the coronation ceremony. He has been made a member of the firm of Sir Ernest Cassel by the king's influence and has written a clever memorandum on the reorganization of the war office.

LITTLE PRINCESS LEARNING TO COOK

Only Daughter of the Emperor
Of Germany Presides Over
A Special Kitchen.

LEAVES DOLL AND DOLLHOUSE

None of Her Royal Highness's Pro-
ductions Have Reached the Im-
perial Dinner Table Yet.

Special Correspondence.

Berlin, Oct. 1.—While Emperor William in instructing Crown Prince Frederick William to be brave and the rest of his five boys to be soldiers and sailors, Empress Augusta, Victoria is teaching Princess Victoria to be a cook. The only daughter of the imperial family, to be a cook.

Those patriotic Germans who have a sort of holy awe for royal dignity were thrown into a state of mild horror the other day when it was announced that a room in the New Palace at Potsdam had been converted into a full-fledged kitchen for the exclusive use of the little princess, in order that she might learn the practical side of housewifery, while yet in her teens, like the humble peasant daughter in the realm.

Princess Victoria Louise, who has just been announced in an undoubted burst of parental pride, has brewed her first cup of chocolate unassisted, will inherit her culinary talents as the daughter of her mother, for the amiable, white-haired Empress is famous far and wide as a culinary artist par excellence. She learned to cook as a purpose having her daughter do, at the apron strings of her mother, who was the Grand Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein. No meal set before the emperor, whether simple breakfast or gorgeous state banquet, is ever prepared without the supervision, more or less direct, of his affectionate and most domesticated wife.

GOOD BYE DOLLS!

Like millions of little girls of her age, Princess Victoria Louise is about to emerge from the doll and dollhouse stage of her brief career, which numbered 11 years exactly a week ago. Her mother has humored her, of course, in this most feminine of pastimes, and many are the stories of how her royal highness has mothered a brood of gorgeous silk and satin babies in dollhouses that would make an American youngster glad beyond the dreams of happiness.

Visitors to the beautiful castle gardens of Potsdam, in the spring and summer of any of the past three or four years, have often encountered Victoria Louise wheeling her doll family about in fairy white-and-gold baby carriages as earnestly as the most serious mama in the Fatherland, stopping now to tuck away the quilts, then stealing a fervent kiss from some blue-eyed baby, to figure beneath them. But the empress, true to her own domestic ideals, and those, indeed, of every typical German mother, thinks the time has come to fit the princess out for real household duties, and the miniature kitchen at Potsdam is the immediate result.

The little princess's royal highness will put away her time over Kartoffel salz, Kalbs-braten and other delicacies dear to the German appetite, and will learn the secrets of the kitchen under the supervision of the Kaiser's chef, Hubner, a functionary just as high and mighty as his 21-lettered title—"Chief of the Kitchen Master," indicates him to be. Hubner is the Princess's cooking teacher.

Her kitchen is a model on a reduced scale of the court kitchen. It is equipped with a sink and racks of utensils, barrels and chests, just as one finds them in the typical, well-ordered German household establishment. It is a wonder that the princess intends spending two hours in her kitchen each forenoon, with the faithful and expert Hubner at her elbow, exposing the secrets of the humble receipts—tea, coffee, chocolate, meat, soup and potato boiling, bread kneading, etc., for the empress wants her to get the fundamental principles of the chef's business first.

WARNING TO THE KAISER.

None of Her Royal Highness's productions has yet reached the imperial dinner table, as far as the public's knowledge goes, but I am told that the emperor has affectionately warned his father and mother that she is going to surprise them shortly with something all her own—and epoch-making will be the day when she "tries it on" her fond parents and brothers. At the very girl in the Kaiser's big family of boys, Victoria Louise has always been very much of a pet and favorite, and it is safe to assume that the Kaiser will watch her progress at the pans and kettles with almost as much paternal interest as he bestows upon the development and destiny of his fine navy.

The cooking lessons were suddenly interrupted a few weeks ago owing to an outbreak of scarlet fever among some of the castle servants, necessitating the removal of the court to the Kaiser's fine country place at Cadzand. As a consolation for the loss of culinary instruction, for which Victoria Louise has shown the most lively fondness, she has been permitted to learn modeling in majolica with her young brother, Prince Joachim, at the factory erected by the Kaiser on the Cadzand estate, with the result that a number of animals and birds modeled by the two children have been sent to the Kaiser, and adorn, much to the Kaiser's delight, his working table in the Cadzand Schloss.

ROYAL STUDIES.

A favorite amusement of this busy little princess is to visit the village school at Cadzand and listen to the exercises. She takes the liveliest interest in the arithmetic classes and is accustomed to nod her head approvingly when a small pupil answers a question put by the teacher and which the princess knows is correct. Like all royal children of tender years, Victoria Louise's training so far has been at

(Continued on page ten.)