

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

Millionaires' Marathon Revives Glories of Old Coaching Days

Only One Such Spectacle Will Have Been Seen Since Railroads Killed Off the Picturesque Old Stage Coach—Many Famous Americans Will Handle the Ribbons in This Gorgeous Race on June 14, From Hampton Court Palace to Olympia, in London.

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, May 27.—It is pretty certain that the Coaching Marathon to take place here on June 14, will be the most brilliant event of the season and likewise that it will be almost as much of an American event as it is of a London one. In New York, instead of the Olympia in London will be the goal.

Everybody calls it the millionaires' marathon, and without much exaggeration either, for of the 18 competitors so far announced many are millionaires even in the English sense, which calls for a \$5,000,000 admission fee to millionaire rank. Alfred Vanderbilt more than any one else is responsible for the revival of the gorgeous old coaching days of England. Both of the coaches which he is running daily on the Brighton road have been entered, and one of the other of them stands a good chance to win the cup.

Mr. Vanderbilt's nearest competitor will be Senator Martinez de Hoz, a famous Argentine horse breeder, who has been running a coach for a couple of years on the old road from London to Guildford. In order to show Englishmen what Argentine horses, bred from English stock, can do.

LIST OF ENTRIES.

Several more entries are expected before the closing day. So far the full list of competitors is as follows: Alfred G. Vanderbilt of New York, (two coaches), Walter Winans, Paul Sorg, of New York, Judge Moore of New York, Senator Martinez de Hoz, John Kerr, Lord Lonsdale, Miss Ella Ross, Edward Colston, Sir Edward Stern, Bertram J. Mills, F. Vivian Gooch, Ernest Foxwell, J. H. Horton and Miss Sylvia Brocklebank, who has entered two coaches. Miss Brocklebank, who is a famous lady whip, may also be reckoned as almost an American. Her sister Violet is the wife of George Westinghouse, Jr., of New York and Pittsburgh, and one of the coaches which she has entered is the one in which she drove her sister and her new mother-in-law to and from church on the day of the wedding.

An effort is being made to induce Messrs. C. S. Ward & Sons to enter the famous "Old Times" coach, on which Jim Selby made his record run from London to Brighton and back in 7 hours and 56 minutes. Many coaching enthusiasts have tried to beat this re-

cord, but no one has succeeded in equalling it. The famous old coach was built for the road for many years, and it probably will require a good deal of repairing before it is fit to take part in the marathon race. If its present owners are induced to enter it, it is likely that Walter Godden, who was Jim Selby's guard, and who was in charge of the memorable Brighton run, will be induced to emerge from his retirement and sound the horn again on the road between Hampton Court and London. Walter Godden was Mr. Vanderbilt's guard on the Brighton road last year, but this year his increasing age and infirmities compelled him to retire. He often has declared, however, that only death could prevent him from taking charge of the "Old Times" if there ever were a chance again.

SPECTACULAR FUNERAL.

No such coaching spectacle as will be provided by this race has been seen in the world since the day of Jim Selby's funeral in 1833. Mr. Selby was the last link with the old times, which held possession of the roads of England in the years before the railways, and at his funeral every coach on the roads turned out in his honor. About 20 coaches, with drivers in old-fashioned coats and top hats and guards in uniforms and armed with whips, followed the hearse through the London streets to Hampton cemetery, and the 30 guards blew a far-well salute on their horns over his grave. After that the decline of coaching even as a sport was rapid and it practically had died out when it was revived by Mr. Vanderbilt last year.

Walter Godden probably is the last living link with the old coaching times. The old man still loves to talk of the days before England was spoiled, as he thinks, by the railways, but he loves, most of all, to talk of his old master, Jim Selby, "the best master ever man had," he declares, although he is loyal to Mr. Vanderbilt, whom he regards as a worthy successor of Selby.

"They were fine old times," he said to me the other day. "It used to be the event of the day to see the 'Old Times' start from Piccadilly. Lords and dukes came to see us start and to hear me wind the bell and to hear me carry a one of them, too. There was money on the road in those days and hundreds of pounds were spent at the inns where we stopped and where we changed horses. Now all they get is a few cabbies after a glass of beer."

OLD COACH TAKES THE ROAD.

I hear that if the "Old Times" really

takes the road again with Walter Godden in charge the successors and descendants of those who traveled with him in the old days are arranging to mark the occasion by doing something handsome for the old guard.

Walter Godden has a great admiration for the Americans who have done so much to revive coaching in England. "They know what a good horse is," he said, "and they are not tied up

to sticking automobiles like a lot of our people in England. Lord love you, how can a man take to driving an old steam kettle instead of a horse that knows every word you say to him and understands every note of the horn?" Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Sorg and Judge Moore all know a good horse and love him, but there are a lot of people here who have forgotten what their fathers ought to have taught them and have gone in for the old tin kettles.

It is appropriate that an American should be the donor of the prize for this or, in fact, of the century so far as it has gone, in England or any other country. Mr. Joseph Widener of Philadelphia has presented a gold cup worth \$500, which is being made by Percy Edwards of Piccadilly, and this, with \$200 in cash, is to be the first prize. The second prize will be \$150 in cash, the third \$100 and the fourth \$50—not very large prizes for millionaires to compete for, but the blue ribbon of coaching as a sport is an object for which many men are willing

to spend thousands of dollars.

PICTURESQUE ROUTE.

The route over which the race will take place is one of the most picturesque in England. It is about 11 miles long, and the start will be made from the King's Arms, just outside the gates of Hampton Court Palace. The coaches will drive along the famous avenue of chestnuts in Ebury Park, over Teddington railway bridge, by Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, Richmond, East Sheen, Barnes Common and Hammersmith bridge. The winning post will be at the gates of the Horse Shoe arena at Olympia, and each coach as it arrives will enter the arena and drive round it in state. The king will be present and he will hand Mr. Widener's gold cup to the winner. Every competitor who does not finish within an hour and a half of starting time will be disqualified, and each coach must carry seven persons, including a representative of the show. There must be no change of horses or drivers on the road, and it is expected

that, in the case of the Americans and Miss Brocklebank at least, the owners will drive their own coaches. More speed will not be the only quality considered in awarding prizes, the race authorities declare. The quality of the horses, their condition on arriving, the coach and its equipment and the suitability and condition of the harness will all be taken into account by the judges, who also will consider whether or not the coaches have been regularly entered on the road up to the day of the competition.

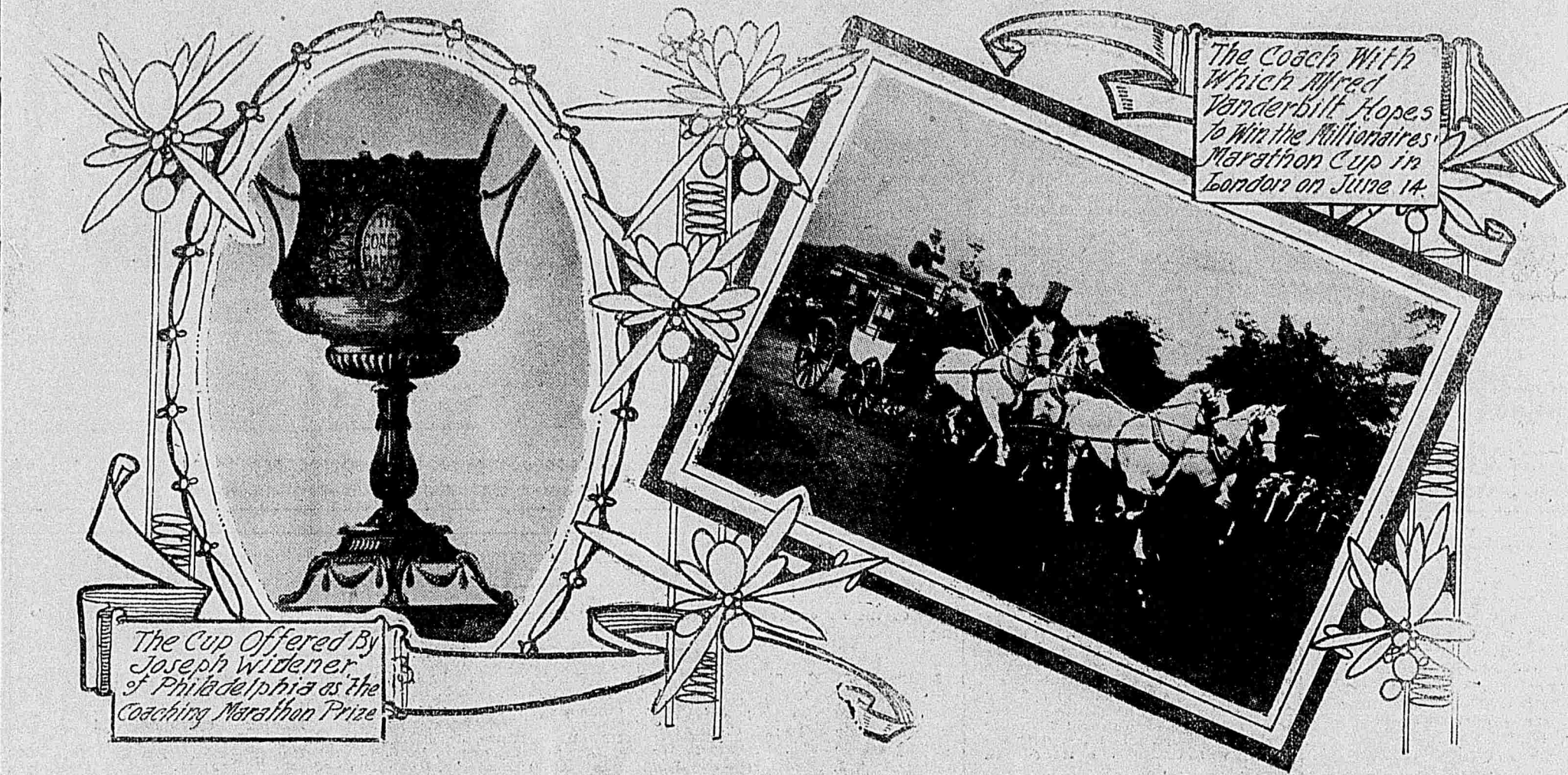
GALLOPING RACE.

In spite of this declaration of the judges I am informed that the race will be a hard gallop all the way. The announcement that a galloping race of a score or more coaches over the public road was about to take place would soon attract the attention of the English police, so to avoid any interference the other conditions have been laid down in the public announcements. The road will be kept clear by representatives of the Horse

Show in motor cars. This has caused a little criticism by horse lovers, who suggested that mounted men in scarlet and cords would be more suitable for the occasion. But it is explained that much of the traffic to be dealt with will be motor cars, for which task horses would not be suited. It is expected that thousands of Americans who are arriving in London will post themselves at favorable points along the route to cheer their compatriots.

The coaching Marathon is, of course the event which is attracting most attention. Americans will be well represented in the other departments of the show. Judge Moore, of New York is bringing over forty-eight horses and fourteen carriages, and I am informed that he has given an order to a West End tailor to upholster his loose boxes with hammer cloth, trimmed with gold. It is stated that at least \$50,000 is being spent by exhibitors in the upholstery and decoration of the horse boxes.

JOHN S. STEELE.



"See Paris and Die" Can Be Applied to Horses

(Special Correspondence.)

PARIS, May 26.—Some one with a fondness for broad generalizations once coined the phrase: "Paris is a heaven for pleasure seekers, but a hell for horses!" In other European capitals strangers may see cases of cruelty to animals, but nowhere, with the exception of the Italian towns perhaps, is barbarity so systematic and unrestrained as here in Paris. It is not an occasional but an hourly occurrence to see half-starved animals cringing under the lash of the cabman's whip. Dying horses are left writhing on the streets until the veterinary surgeon and police commissary duly certify that the case is hopeless. Then, and only then, can the horses be moved to a special yard where the killing is done.

A man from Ohio once created a mild sensation and incidentally got himself into trouble by championing the cause of the down-trodden horse too vigorously. He was seated on the top of an omnibus when he noticed the boy in charge of a passing milk cart beating his horse unmercifully. The American rose from his seat and ordered the boy to stop and when he refused the man from Ohio produced a revolver and fired. There was no serious damage done, but, needless to say, the belligerent stranger was marched to the police station and fined for his excessive zeal. And, alas! the boy, though probably chastened for the day, resumed his beating on the morrow.

Another time an American woman saw a street car conductor striking a horse on the head with a lead pipe. She called a policeman and made him hear up a warrant for the man's arrest. A few days later she was summoned to a down town police station. After waiting several hours in a room with drunken wretches and noisy loafers, she quailed "what was up for," she was asked by the presiding magistrate "what she had against the conductor" and sneeringly invited to dictate what manner of torture she wished him to undergo.

STARVED AND OVERWORKED.

Most of the Paris horses come from the plains of Hungary, though naturally not of the best breeds, they are young and in good condition. The average price is \$60. Half starved and forced each day to work far beyond their strength, they seldom last more than three or four years. When they become too unrepresentable during the daytime, they are reserved for night duty. Then when they are too worn out and disabled for any service at all, they are sold to suburban rag-pickers, or are led to the horse market and "knocked down" to the highest bidding butcher, who retails horse steaks at 24 cents per pound! If the stable groom finds that a horse is injured or ailing, they purposely neglect it, forget to dress its wounds or give it proper ration, because they give a certain per cent on each horse sold.

The cabby, who, in order to make a bare living, must exact the utmost from his beast, often resorts to hideous devices. Some carry long canes with spikes at the end. With these the tired horses are forced to make a supreme effort. Sores and undressed wounds are hidden from the eyes of the compassionate traveler under the heavy iron plate collars, which the horses wear; more comfortable collars are deemed an extravagance by the companies.

HUMANE CABBIES.

Naturally only a small per cent of the cabbies practice such flinching brutality. Many of them, realizing how few cents per pound! If the stable groom finds that a horse is injured or ailing, they purposely neglect it, forget to dress its wounds or give it proper ration, because they give a certain per cent on each horse sold.

ness is undoubtedly tinged with the knowledge that it is a good business investment, but that is not the point. To a certain extent public opinion restrains excessive cruelty to the streets, but within the stables it is powerless. There horses are packed in so tightly that there is not an arm's breadth between them. The ground is wet with urine and feces, fed by cheaper than straw. In one corner is a trough filled with filthy, stagnant water. Only horses which have been used are fed, the others are at once thrown into the street to die. When the time for feeding comes, the neighing of the animals is so deafening that people living in the neighborhood complain.

Countess Pin de la Guierriere, the titled woman who became a cabby, thereby winning such newspaper notoriety, says that when a certain Mr. Bixio was president of the board of directors of one of the largest companies, experiments were made which have few equals in the annals of refined torture. An old horse was shut in a paddock and fed with a mixture of wood shavings chemically reduced to a paste. The animal was forced to circle round the paddock for hours weighed down with a special harness which registered the digestive process. The idea was to see how far the nourishing elements of the feed could be suppressed without killing the animal or producing serious inflammation. The countess does not say whether the wood shaving diet was ever adopted. Probably the company concluded that after all horses fed on hay and oats produced a better average of work.

TYPICAL INCIDENT.

An incident reported some time ago in the papers shows to what extent this underfeeding is carried. A horse fell in one of the thoroughfares and refused to move even under the repeated lash of the cabby's whip. A crowd gathered round. One quick-witted bystander hurried to a store nearby and returned with a measure of oats. The spent animal devoured it eagerly and strengthened, went on its way. Inanition was the only reason for this collapse.

All of the 15,000 cabs (most of them taximeters) are owned either by big companies presided over by a board of directors or by "petite loueurs" (small proprietors). The largest company, the Compagnie Generale, had over 5,000 cabs and three times as many horses. In its 25 stables it stabled all over the city. The "petite loueurs" seldom dispose of more than 50 or 100 cabs. The coach must put down \$10 before he is received into any company, big or little. These entrance "dues" are supposed to cover certain expenses that the company is put to—the traditional hotel lecher, but which all cabbies must wear, the lap robe, etc., and a certain sum is kept in case the novice infringes some law and his company is fined. The stable groom estimates much higher than they really are. Each time he changes companies he must pay this initial fee and none of it is ever refunded.

TIPS FOR STABLE HELP.

His stay depends largely on the good-will of the chief de depot who is the intermediary between the cabby and the company owner. Many astute cabbies make friends with this formidable personage, but this friendship costs them dear, meaning constant tips. In addition, there are many other obligatory tips, such as fees to the groom who hitches up (the coacher is not allowed to do this). As the cabby is usually too tired to unhitch (this privilege is granted him) another fee must be counted. In all he must reckon on spending from a day for extra. The average net earnings (20 per cent of the taximeter receipts together with the tips) are \$1.40, though they mount

up to \$1.80 during May, June, October and September and drop to 80 cents during August, November and December.

For nine years Mrs. Anna Conover, formerly of New York, has been working in the cabby's life. She has been impeded by racial jealousy, to help the cabbies, for she has been the first to realize the essential fact that the men's condition must be bettered before anything can be done for the horses. If there is any general improvement to be noticed in the treatment of animals in Paris it is due to Mrs. Conover's unflinching efforts. She has made herself a factor to be reckoned with in their sordid lives, has visited their overcrowded stalls, formed leagues with a view to inculcating a love for animals among their children, has furnished medicine for wounded cabbies and their suffering horses, and what is perhaps most unreservedly appreciated, gives a big Christmas tree and dinner to members of the

Fraternite union whose honorary president she is.

Mrs. Conover found long ago that the government's interest in her work was limited to courteous expressions of approval but was of little practical value. But, when Mr. Millevoy, one of the deputies from Paris, has promised Mrs. Conover more substantial support than mere expressions of approval. During this winter's session of the chamber he will lay before the chamber the project of a home for cabbies and will strongly urge the appropriation of governmental funds for its erection and maintenance. Mr. Millevoy, also called a reunion of several thousand cabbies and explained the reasons that were being taken for their betterment. Needless to say his words were enthusiastically received. Just when the cabbies will enjoy the fruits of state solicitude is another matter—a matter of some skepticism to those who know the delays of French administration.

KATHRYN DOUGLAS.

Latest Fashionable Fad Is Breakfast in Park

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, May 27.—All fresco breakfasts are the latest fad which amuse society. As the season advances they promise to be the rage. Quite a number of London houses have beautiful gardens and the fortunate owners are jubilant over the fact of being able to utilize them for such diversions. Those who do not possess gardens can give this fashionable festivity at the Ring tea house in Hyde park. Society women are very grateful to "Lulu" Harcourt, the cabinet minister who has charge of the royal parks, for his approval of this charming little institution, it being the first of its kind ever permitted in Hyde park, although the more exclusive Kensington gardens boasted one for years. It could not be introduced without the sanction of the minister of the board of works. The demand for tables for smart breakfasts at the Ring are said to be well in advance of the accommodation.

Lady Crewe, one of the hostesses of the government, is giving a series of breakfast parties at Crewe house where the gardeners are especially beautiful. Some of the most distinguished politicians of the day, including her father, Lord Rosbery, are to be found at them.

SIMPLE EXPENSIVE FROCKS.

Mrs. Chauncey had a breakfast party the other morning to which a number of friends who had been dancing all night came on. The women, I am told, looked as fresh as flowers in the white linen and drill frocks. A smart young matron remarked the other day that these breakfasts give one an opportunity of wearing the most delightfully simple frocks—the costly simplicity which is so ruinously expensive. Such little "breakfast" frocks cost anything from \$125 to \$250. The price of the material of which they are composed is about 25 cents a yard, but it has to be cut by an artist, the design must be perfect and the handwork worthy of a fairy queen's robe. Those of the lingerie order are especially beautiful and dainty. The proverbial "dream" in petticoats is supplied to go with them—a garment of softest silk cut in one with the bodice, a mass of infinitesimal ducks, frills and embroidered combs by rows of ribbon made to represent roses.

No feathers or plumage of any description are admitted on the hats and quaint bonnets which accompany these breakfast frocks. It is an unwritten law of fashion that they should be adorned with flowers or foliage.

A breakfast that was sent from Paris the other day to Mrs. Amory Moore, who is now fixed up at her new house near the Duchess of Fife's, was a mass of pink and red geraniums and so big dressed. Her gown was French, the flowers were made of mirror velvet and so exquisitely true to nature that everyone thought they were real.

NEW SOCIAL STAR.

Mrs. Joseph Stickney is the new "star" among American hostesses. She has arrived and already conquered. She needed no introduction, her fame as a hostess preceded her. She vowed she would be a social "star" of the first magnitude, but no one dreamed she would achieve her ambition so rapidly. Already it has been given to her to entertain pretty little Princess Alexander of Teck who says "she is one of the nicest Americans she has met."

It is Mrs. Stickney's manner which does the trick. She has all the characteristics we look for in the American, being frank, natural, unconventional, somewhat daring, and, above all, well dressed. Her gown are French of the French and a fortnight ahead of most other people's. Should the slight-

est thing be amiss with one of these creations she will have a flitter fight over from Paris to set it straight. It is said that she thinks of taking Stratford House as the Derby are not going to use it this season. But this is only one of several mansions she has in her eye as I write. The Stickneys, like all self-respecting Americans, are about to take a mansion in Scotland without which there can be no genuine smartness in these days. If rumor speaks correctly it will assume even more palatial magnificence than the Stickneys' mansion in the White mountains. Like other great hostesses, she is greatly interested in the prospects of the aeroplane and intends to be one of the very first women to have one of her own. It is said also that the brothers Wright have been instructed by Mrs. Stickney to train a pupil for her in the art of guiding the latest vehicle.

ANOTHER NEW HOSTESS. Another new American hostess, is Mrs. Forrest Russell, who is now fixed up at her new house in Upper Grosvenor street, although at the moment it is by no means finished. The decorations are waiting day and night to get it in order. Mrs. Forrest Russell has been driven crazy with anxiety lest the house should not be in readiness for her first party for which the invitations are already issued.

All the great musical set, which in these days may be said to include everyone from the queen downwards, are greatly interested in Mrs. Forrest Russell and later it is expected their musical evenings will outlive Mrs. Ronalds' parties. Theirs, however, will be merely evening parties, whereas Mrs. Russell's are to be given at the house should not be in readiness for her first party for which the invitations are already issued.

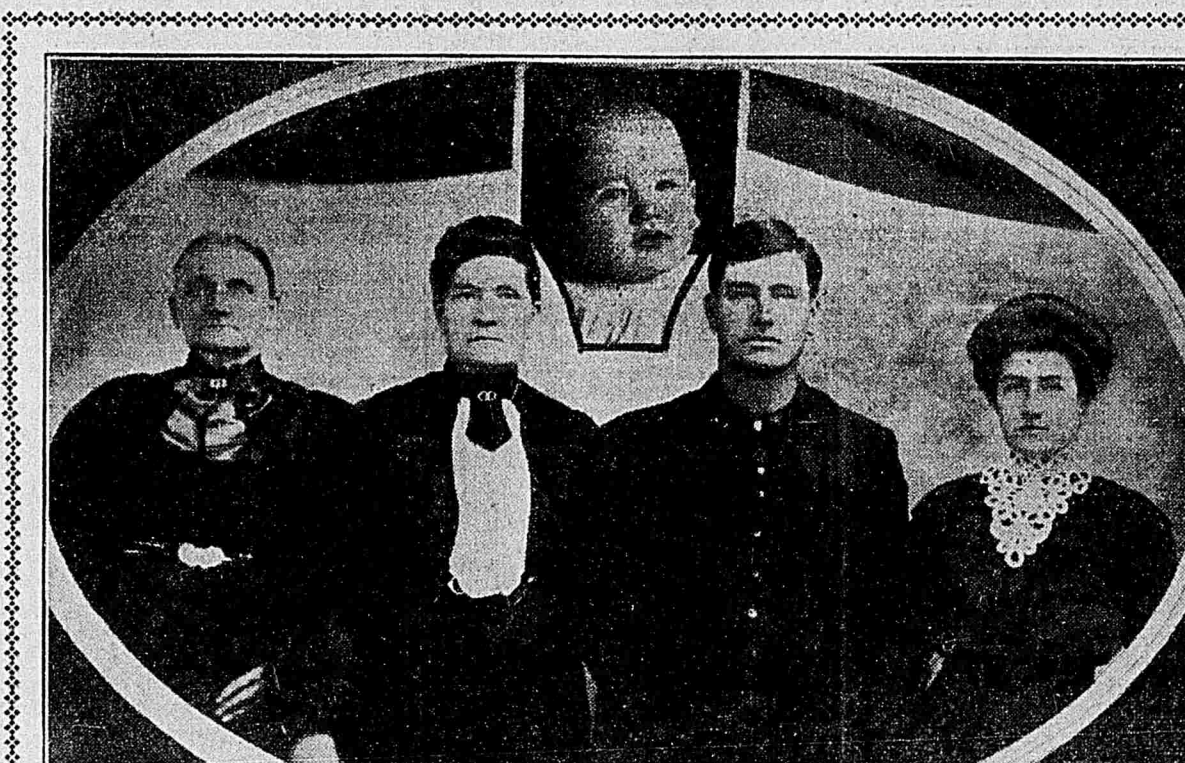
Like all the chic American women, Mrs. Forrest Russell is a great connoisseur in antique furniture, prints and china. Of these she has a rare collection which will be a source of great interest to her friends. She has some rare musical instruments, too, which have long histories having all belonged to famous owners. The Forrest Russells are often to be seen at the opera. She is one of the most beautifully dressed of the American women, so many of whom go to show their jewels and their clocks as much as they often to be seen at the opera. She is one of the most beautiful of the American women, so many of whom go to show their jewels and their clocks as much as they often to be seen at the opera. She is one of the most beautiful of the American women, so many of whom go to show their jewels and their clocks as much as they often to be seen at the opera.

MRS. NEWHOUSE STARTS FAD.

It is the ambition of every smart woman to set a fashion. Many try but few succeed. One of the latest to achieve the distinction is Mrs. Newhouse. Every one of her gay friends is trying to purchase a set of rings like hers. There are seven and she wears them on one hand. One has a big black diamond, another a huge sapphire, an emerald and so on. All the stones are the same size and have the same setting. They were a gift from her husband on her birthday and she gave a party to exhibit them. The result is that many of her friends are now trying to purchase a set of rings like hers. There are seven and she wears them on one hand. One has a big black diamond, another a huge sapphire, an emerald and so on. All the stones are the same size and have the same setting. They were a gift from her husband on her birthday and she gave a party to exhibit them. The result is that many of her friends are now trying to purchase a set of rings like hers. There are seven and she wears them on one hand. One has a big black diamond, another a huge sapphire, an emerald and so on. All the stones are the same size and have the same setting. They were a gift from her husband on her birthday and she gave a party to exhibit them. The result is that many of her friends are now trying to purchase a set of rings like hers.

LADY MARY.

ONE OF THE PIONEER BUILDERS OF THE WEST.



MRS. MARTHA A. RALPH AND FOUR GENERATIONS OF DESCENDANTS.

Mrs. Martha A. Ralph, whose portrait with four generations of descendants, is shown above, is one of the few surviving veterans of Nauvoo who were acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, and who shared in the vicissitudes of the early history of the Church. She was born Sept. 22, 1834, in Illinois, came to Utah in 1850 in Wilford Woodruff's company, this starting in the pioneer work of this state. She is now living at Freedom, Wyoming, being one of the first to settle in Star valley. She was married in 1851 and is the mother of 10 children, six of whom are still living, one son and five daughters. She has also 50 grandchildren, 90 great grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

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