

Bacon, unconsciously writing for the modern merchant, said: "Riches have wings, and sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more."

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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PART TWO.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

KING IS CURED OF MOTOR MADNESS

Alfonso of Spain Has Tired of His Automobile and His Wild Rides.

RISKS HIS NECK NO LONGER.

No Truth in the Report That He Has Quarrelled with the Premier Over Matter.

Special Correspondence.

MADRID, Oct. 25.—There is no truth in the reports which have appeared in English and American papers to the effect that the Spanish premier, Senor Maura, is going to be sacked because he balked at King Alfonso's desire to make a triumphal tour through his dominions in an automobile. The king never contemplated such a trip. He knows that most of the Spanish roads are in a wretched state, that motoring over them would be anything but a pleasant pastime, and he has no wish to advertise to the world their deplorable condition. Also he is well aware that the Spanish people, who are fond of pomp and show, especially where royalty is concerned, would not take kindly to a state tour that would necessarily be so lacking in it. And he has too much common sense to seek to pick a quarrel with an important personage as the premier over a matter that involves no question of governmental policy.

EARNEST YOUNG KING.

Stripped of all the dignity of his position and standing only on his own merits, the king would pass muster in any democratic community as a sensible, level-headed, earnest young fellow anxious to make the best of himself. He has been well trained for his job. He knows that the theory of the divine right of kings is a dead one in these days. He is sufficiently well grounded in Spanish history to be aware that the Spanish people are a little more prone than any other to get rid of a king who does not suit them. And it has been well impressed upon him by the severe course of sprouts he has been put through that in these times the privilege of doing as you please and getting a good time out of life according to your own ideas is denied to a king far more than to any of his subjects.

HOW HE GOT FEVER.

While staying at his villa in San Sebastian some of the distinguished visitors at that resort took him out riding in their motor cars. After that he naturally wished to possess one of his own and appealed to the queen-mother, who still controls his private exchequer. She gave her consent and Alfonso ordered a fine Mercedes car from Paris, stipulating that it should be painted red and yellow, the national colors of Spain. The "tout-tout" arrived and in it the king made several trips through the environs of San Sebastian, accompanied only by an expert chauffeur. Then he caught the fever hard. He was on the road half the time and the car couldn't be made to go fast enough to suit him.

This went on for a while, but then Senor Maura pointed out to the king that he was endangering his royal neck. The premier's admonition, however, had little effect and the statesman then suggested to the queen-mother the advisability of using her maternal influence. She promised to give the young man a straight talking to but by the time she got around to it the king's interest in his new toy had waned and he had come to the conclusion that he could get more pleasurable excitement out of some back riding and make a better show of himself before the populace, for he is not without his share of Spanish vanity.

He is a bold and skillful rider and

gave an admirable display of both qualities at the international military steeple chases held at San Sebastian in September, when he was mounted on his favorite steed, Ali. He took all the obstacles in fine style, winning several prizes, and consoled some of the officers whom he had beaten by presenting them with some horses from his own stables. At the pigeon-shooting matches, which occurred at the same time, he established his reputation as a first-class shot by capturing the best prizes.

Wherever the young king goes he shows great liberality. At the military maneuvers now under way at Arragon he scatters money and cigars among the troops and even the beggars who everywhere abound in Spain come in for a goodly share of his "largesse." This has led to some remonstrances from the queen-mother, whose natural economical tendencies have been intensified by the knowledge that in these uncertain days, with a republican party still active in Spain, and Don Carlos still alive, a store of pennies laid by for a rainy day may prove a source of substantial solace to a dethroned king. But the reply attributed to Alfonso indicates that his generosity rests on something more substantial than mere impulse. "You forget," said the king's mother, that the throne of a king does not rest on a sturdier foundation than popularity with his troops and his people."

While he assiduously cultivates popularity the young king has no liking for those servile forms of homage which in the old days monarchs expected and exacted. Of this he has



"PALACE" OF THE COSTER QUEEN.

In four tiny rooms in the building with the balconies the "queen" carries on her extensive business of renting coster's carts and barrows. Some of the latter are shown in the foreground.

Recently given striking examples. At Salamanca last week the mayor of the town and the rector of the university knelt before him with the intention of kissing his hand. But he bade them stand up, saying, "You forget, sirs, that I am simply a king and not a deity." After that he shook hands with them and invited them to ride with him in his carriage. Later at Zamora, the archbishop, 82 years old, knelt before him. When urged to stand up in substantiality the same terms, the old man replied: "As my king it is fitting that I should kneel before your majesty." "And as a good and venerable prelate," answered the king, "it is fitting that I should embrace you." With that he gave him a hug and a kiss. And the cheers from the spectators that greeted him on both occasions made it apparent that Alfonso had struck the right note. Those who have watched his conduct, and the tendencies of his mind, feel assured that when the times are ripe for it, and the dissensions which now divide that party cease, he will seek to establish a Liberal ministry. Then Senor Maura may look for his walking partner.

London's Very Unique "Coster Queen."

Wealthiest Woman of Her Class in England, She Holds Sway Over a Rough Community by Reason of Her Exemplary Qualities and Business Ability —Story of Her Rise to Power.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—England possesses several queens besides the distinguished woman who shares the throne with King Edward. To mention a few of them only, there is a queen of the costers, a queen of the syndes, a canal queen and a "queen of the thieves"—the latter, however, being at present in temporary retirement, owing to certain difficulties with his majesty's government. Each commands the loyalty of the community over which she rules for the time being, and it is only in most extraordinary cases that one of them is ever deposed. Such a "queen" is never an autocrat, but governs democratically. The dignity is never self-imposed. In fact, the woman may go to bed at night plain Mrs. Jones, and find herself a queen of her particular class the next morning. This is how Mrs. Sarah Russell, the queen of the London costers, was crowned. A plain, simple, honest, hard-working little woman on the right side of forty, she is a conspicuous personality in her class. Looking at her no one would imagine she could wield the influence she does over the rather tough



LONDON'S "QUEEN OF THE COSTERS"

Mrs. Sarah Russell, besides being "Coster Queen," is the richest woman of her class in England; a position she has reached through sheer long-headedness and business ability.

not fall short of \$2,000. The most substantial part of this income is derived from the hiring out of barrows and trucks to costermongers who hawk their wares through the London streets. She controls over 200 of these trucks and barrows. They cost when new anything between \$15 and \$50, and the usual charge to the hirer is 25 cents a week.

The business to the uninitiated would appear somewhat risky, because all that is demanded of the hirer is a deposit of 25 cents and his name and address when the barrow is taken out. Some of these barrows are kept out two and three years at a stretch, and in numerous cases they are never returned to the stores until their usefulness is exhausted, or they require repair. The hiring fees have to be paid monthly, and persons of doubtful honesty are kept under observation by the "queen" and members of her staff.

Mrs. Russell's confidential man combines various duties. Her name would-be borrowers, takes their cash, and in his spare moments does a bit of carpentry and smith work. Moreover, he never fails to impress upon one that he has from his boyhood worked for and enjoyed the confidence of queens. He is a retired non-commission army officer, and he is as loyal to his present sovereign, the queen of the costers, as he was to Queen Victoria during his 30 years' army service. All the trucks and barrows are constructed on the premises and in the busy season, which is between June and October, the workshop is provided for a number of wheelwrights, smiths and carpenters.

In her youth Mrs. Russell assisted her father and mother in the coster business, but since her marriage she has been able to live an easier and more comfortable life. She is now a widow. Her husband had been a coster from his boyhood, and it was mostly through his energy and industry that the present business was built up. Since left to her own resources she has shown a grasp of the working of the concern that astonishes people with older experience. She is acquainted with every part and every little detail in the construction of barrows and trucks, and neither smiths nor carpenters could deceive her with regard to the quality of their work.

She is an extremely charitable woman to her class, and it is in her character that she has elevated her to the dignified and distinguished position she enjoys among the costers of London. If trade is bad, or a coster has fallen on evil times through some unforeseen circumstance she will lend

him money to purchase the necessary little stock of fruit, vegetables, or some other saleable article that may enable him to get on his legs again. When a death occurs in the coster community she can always be depended on to advance the money for the burial until there is time to get up the usual "friendly dead" by which every coster pays a little to defray the expenses of the funeral.

Mrs. Russell never misses one of these sad occasions, and it is only on such occasions that she puts on anything approaching style. Her well-equipped brougham is always in the first flight of coster vehicles and although it bears no external marks of royal distinction, it is always pointed out as "the queen's carriage." At coster weddings, too, she is much in evidence, and the happy pair can always rely on receiving a substantial and useful wedding present from her. At such ceremonies she is distinguished by the quietness of her dress which is in striking contrast to the cheap and flamboyant linen affected by coster women on these occasions.

It is only in the colors of her barrows that she shows any ambition to shine in the coster world. These are



WHERE THE COSTER QUEEN'S MONEY COMES FROM.

One of the street markets where everything from second hand clothing to cat's meat is sold on barrows rented from Mrs. Sarah Russell.

painted in all the colors of the rainbow just to catch the eye of a passer-by. The address is inscribed on every barrow and truck, but there is no sign of the royal arms anywhere. Although she lives in the midst of a thickly populated district her immediate neighbors appear to be only a schoolhouse and a dingy-looking little church. There is no record that society ever penetrated within her domains except when the Marquis of Headfort married Rosie Boote, a gaily dancer, at the little church referred to. Mrs. Russell does not forget to tell you that she was present at that wedding—not as an invited guest but as a spectator. At the annual athletic sports of the Coster's association she occupies the post of honor on the grand stand, and contributes liberally to the prizes, especially those for the donkey and barrow races. ALICE ASHTON.

follow countrymen their victims. Those of them whom frequent encounters have made well known to Americans resident are wearing a prosperous air, from which one would conclude that the summer has been well spent.

One of the cleverest of these "con" men is a dark complexioned, quiet-voiced young American of medium height and poor-respectable appearance who stops travelers anywhere between Fleet street and Hyde park corner to tell them how, by becoming stranded somewhere in the provinces, a theatrical troupe left him with barely enough money to reach London. He makes his distress so real and is so genuinely American that the tourist's hand goes down into his pocket in almost every case. On Sundays when there are few Americans about the streets, this individual haunts the British Museum, the picture galleries and any free exhibitions that may be open.

Another of these "graffers" is barely five feet two in height, solidly built and invariably wears a broad-brimmed soft hat. For two years to the writer's knowledge he has "just been discharged" from Buffalo Bill's show, and he has an excellent story about awaiting money from home for which he has written.

Of American "confidence men" there are many in London, especially during the summer and autumn when

EVIL DAYS FOR MRS. LANGTRY.

Actress is Giving Up Her Handsome Residence in Swell London Quarter.

BECAUSE NONE CO TO SEE HER.

She Has Lost Heavily on the Race Track of Late and Had Lots Of Trouble

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—The fact that Sir Henry de Bathe, whose eldest son married Mrs. Langtry, will soon have another handsome daughter-in-law, has set society to asking how this development will affect the Jersey Lily, whose lot, just at present, is far from being an enviable one. But, although Hugo de Bathe's younger brother has become engaged to the beautiful Violet Wood, who is almost as well known to Americans as to English society women in London, Mrs. Langtry has the satisfaction of knowing that—in all probability—the title of Lady de Bathe will descend upon Miss Wood only after she herself has worn it.

Notwithstanding the extent to which she once had the world at her feet, Mrs. Langtry is now sorrowfully watching the sea of admiration and worship recede from her. And the bitterness of her disappointment is leaving its mark upon her. Her marriage, it is true, brought her name again upon everyone's lips, but interest in her died away all too soon for her liking.

CHELSEA HOME GIVEN UP.

Her beautiful home in Chelsea has been given up, all the treasures with which it was crowded have been sold off and she has taken a little flat at the Savoy Hotel to remain yet in the center of things if no longer of them. "My beautiful house," she said to a friend while walking through the stately, silent rooms, "look at it! Look at me!" And still, for all her 50 years, in her beautiful gown and picture hat she looked radiant like a young girl. "Here am I, yet no one comes to see me. I who had duchesses bowing before me, I who have had all the world at my feet, here I am left entirely alone without a soul to speak to. Discarded by my daughter I have no wish to stay here any longer. Since the day of her marriage I have never once seen her. Her child is a perfect stranger to me. Once I did go to their house at Hempstead to see the little babe but the mother was out and so I did not see either of them. It is no good though, for all the acknowledgement I ever received from my daughter was a postcard saying she was sorry she was out when I called. 'This, yes, this is the greatest grief of my life. And now I have decided that my house shall go.'"

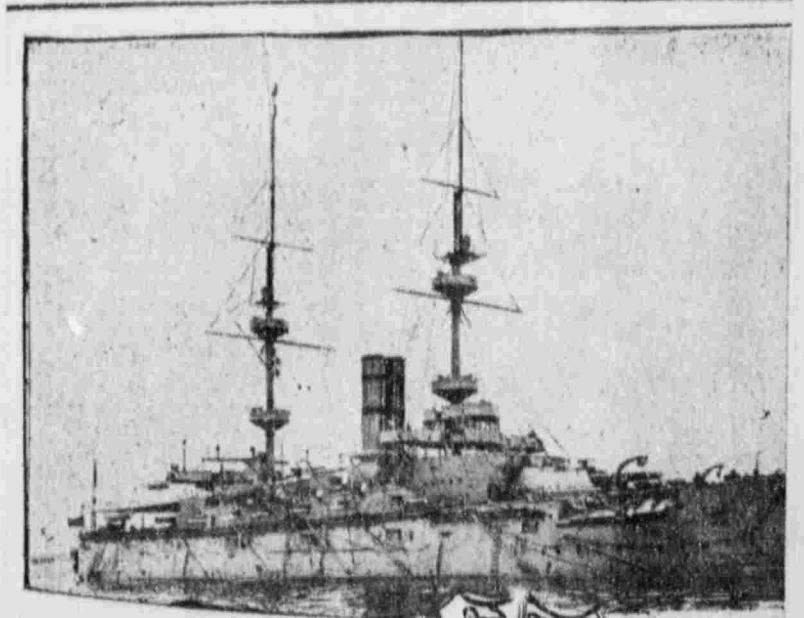
As if to supplement these private troubles Mrs. Langtry has been returning from race meetings with stories of continued losses. Pressed to keep her social engagements, to attend at least one rehearsal in the company she herself was taking on tour she would get not to be worried. "I must be at the next race meeting and try to win back some of the money I lost the other day," was her continual cry. And the race meeting over, her attendants and others in her company were made only too well aware that loss and not gain had still been following her footsteps. Trouble with her company, with her servants, came as a matter of course. After 10 years of service and faithful attendance one of her domestics gave up in despair, the other day.

DESERTED BY FRIENDS.

It was the opening night of her last fortnight's tour that brought to Mrs. Langtry what seemed to her to be the last straw. Used as she always has been when "opening" in the provinces or in London to be overwhelmed with shoals of letters and telegrams from old friends and new wishing her all the success she could wish herself, she waited and waited as the day went by for the stream of kind messages to come pouring in. It was as if her one time friends knew her no longer. "It is the first time in my life I have been so

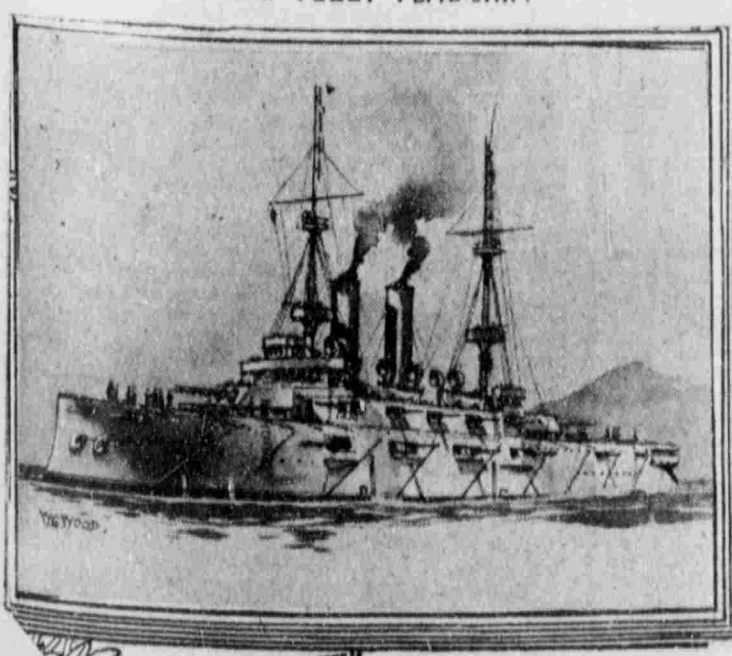
HIS MAJESTY'S FLAG-SHIP "CAESAR."

R.M.S. "CAESAR" FLAG-SHIP OF THE CHANNEL FLEET



The Caesar is a first class armored battleship, carrying 4 12-inch guns; 12 6-inch guns; 16 12-pounders; 12 3-pounders; two Maxims and 5 submerged torpedo tubes.

HOME FLEET FLAG-SHIP.



R.M.S. "EXMOUTH" FLAG-SHIP OF THE HOME FLEET

The Exmouth is a first-class armored battleship, carrying 12 6-inch quick firing guns; 10 12-pound quick firing guns; 2 12-pounders; 6 3-pounders; 2 Maxims and four torpedo tubes.

SUPERSTITIOUS ANGLO-AMERICANS.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—Richard Croker's friends declare that since the "boss" settled down permanently in this country, he has developed a surprising tendency toward superstition. Among other things, he has begun to dread the presence of cats. A black cat in particular—though generally supposed "lucky"—appears to Croker an unfailing omen of disaster, and he will have none of the species about his house or stables. The suicide of a groom's wife, too, at his recently acquired mansion outside Dublin caused the boss to make minute inquiries into the history of the place. He declared to a friend in London that if it transpired that a similar tragedy had occurred there at any time previously he would forfeit the £25,000 he had paid for the estate and allow the place to lie derelict sooner than that he or any member of his family should ever occupy it. Knowing his antipathy to cats the house and grounds had been carefully explored, and all stray prowlers finally dispatched before his initial appearance to view the estate. His predecessor in occupation was strangely enough a cat lover with the result that the immediate neighborhood of "Glen-caira," as the estate is known, was well stocked before the eminent Judge's death, and it required no small effort to remove the tribe from their strongly

fortified entrenchments. The "boss" has somewhat modified his scruples with regard to the recent suicide of the groom's wife and has given orders that his new mansion shall be put in order.

Meanwhile, those who are still wondering why the medical men in attendance on Lady Curzon allowed her to be removed on a stretcher from Walmer castle to the house of a friend are evidently not aware that there is a decidedly strong element of superstition in her character. She is stubbornly opposed to going into residence in any house that has been the scene of the last days of eminent persons, and it is pretty well known among her immediate friends that high political considerations alone caused her to fall in with her husband's wish and go to Walmer castle. She did not forget that the late W. H. Smith died there so suddenly during his lord wardenship that the political party with which he was identified was denied an opportunity to confer the usual peerage upon him. Lady Curzon shares such superstition with Lady Wolsey, whose absolute refusal to live at Walmer resulted in the resignation of her gallant husband.

There is also a local feeling that did not help to modify Lady Curzon's scruples. The room in which Lord Wellington died is said to be haunted, and that it is for this and no other reason that it is now just as it was left when the great soldier breathed his last there. Lady Curzon remembers, too, that Lord Salisbury's end came while he was still lord warden, although he

passed away at Hatfield. All these thoughts, coupled with the delicate constitution, are said to be chiefly responsible for the sudden collapse of her ladyship. So strong have been her feelings on the matter that she insisted upon her mother and sister staying at the local hotel, "The Royal," instead of the castle when they rushed to her bedside on their arrival here a week or so ago.

Mrs. Leiter wondered why no arrangements had been made for them to stay at the castle, especially as she had selected her rooms in anticipation of many pleasant visits during her son-in-law's occupation. When this reason was explained to her she willingly submitted to her sick child's wishes, and put up with the best thing that could be done for her at the local hotel. Local gossip was busy with the suggestion that Mrs. Leiter was superstitious, too, and that in spite of her affection for her dying daughter, she would not risk staying in a place that had developed so suddenly such a strange reputation. It is an unclouded fact that Lady Curzon, even at the risk of her life, demanded to be removed from the castle.

GRAFTERS LIVE ON THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—Probably few of the folk from the United States who have visited London this season have escaped a meeting with one or more of the little clique of American "graffers" here who make