

Some Youngsters Who Are of Great Importance; Destined to Become Rulers of Various Nations



HUMBERT OF ITALY.

THE interesting little boy in this picture is really a very important personage in European royal circles. To be king of united Italy is really something nowadays, a much bigger job than ruling one of the petty states into which the peninsula was divided before this child's great-grandfather, Victor Emmanuel II, fought for Italian unity, and that is what this youngster is likely to be. He is the eldest son of the present ruler of Italy, the well beloved Victor Emmanuel III. Prince Humbert will come to a kingdom which has been made powerful by wise rule and the exercise of wide liberality and good judgment. His mother, who was the Princess Helena of Montenegro, is one of the most domestic royal women on earth, and the little prince and his charming sisters are being brought up under her constant personal supervision and close individual attention.



CROWN PRINCE OF PERSIA.

THE handsome lad pictured above, whose poetical dark face is suggestive of the Rubaiyat and rose gardens, is the youthful heir to the throne of Persia. His name is Hussein Ali Mirza, and he is about ten years of age. His father, the reigning shah, who succeeded to the throne only a short time ago, is the most liberally inclined oriental monarch on record. As soon as he came into power he converted his absolute monarchy into a representative government, promulgated a constitution and turned one of the royal palaces into a parliament house. Unfortunately he was more advanced in his ideas of popular sovereignty than were his people, and his efforts to promote reform were not well received. At the present moment the ancient kingdom is in a state of anarchy, and it is not at all certain that the bright little Hussein will ever come into his heritage.



OLAF OF NORWAY.

THE sturdy little fellow shown here with his hair to the re-established kingdom of Norway, although at his birth he seemed to be far from such a distinction. His father was a young Danish prince who had married the Princess Maud of Wales, and when their son was born they were living in a modest house on the Sandringham estate. In England they would have remained all their lives had not the Norwegians separated from Sweden and set up an independent government. Looking about for a king, they finally chose Prince Charles, and he exchanged his simple rural life in England for a throne and the imposing title of Haakon VII. The little prince, who had been christened Alexander and a good deal more, became Prince Olaf of Norway, heir to the ancient kingdom of the vikings. He is a winsome little creature, and the Norwegians have adopted him with great enthusiasm.



LUIZ, DUKE OF BRAGANZA.

THE rather distinguished looking youth shown in this picture is Prince Luiz Filipe, duke of Braganza, eldest son of the portly and easy going King Carlos of Portugal, and his heir. Once among the most powerful states in Europe, Portugal has dwindled into a third rate sovereignty, and her power on the sea has become a mere tradition. Prince Luiz, however, will have quite enough on his hands when he comes to the throne of his shrunken kingdom. His father has done very little to put Portugal on her old proud footing, and his people are not especially fond of him. His mother, the beautiful and accomplished Marie Amelia, is a favorite with all classes, especially beloved by the poor, among whom she spends her large private fortune lavishly. Prince Luiz is reputed to be a bright and capable young fellow and a favorite in Lisbon with all classes.



ARCHDUKE ALEXIS.

THE attractive little specimen of humanity in the picture is heir to one of the mightiest royal estates in the world—the empire of Russia. Incidentally, also, he is heir to a future which no man envies him. As a baby prince, all unconscious of the career which awaits him, at play with his pretty little sisters in the beautiful gardens of Tsarskoye-Selo, he is charming. As the coming autocrat of Russia he may excite the hostility of the proletariat of his unhappy country, but to the people of free America, so far removed from the anarchy and misrule which devastate his insecure heritage, he is only an especially wholesome example of juvenile royalty, with no loss of prestige in their estimation because he happens to be a prince. Tiny as he is, Prince Alexis is the hope of the royalist party in the empire. A life so vital to the existence of a monarchy is the object of great solicitude.



KING OF ANAM.

THE small oriental royalty shown in the cut is the only one of these youngsters born in the purple who is already in the full enjoyment of his kingly inheritance. He is the new king of Anam, and if his father had conducted himself more circumspectly little King Duy-Tan would still be an inmate of the royal nursery in charge of his mother, who was a humble slave belonging to her husband. The former king became so Nero-like in his conduct that the French government—which had established a protectorate in Anam—deposed him and set up his eight-year-old son to reign in his stead. Duy-Tan is reputed to be a lad of marked intelligence, and he bears himself with a right royal mien. On the day of his coronation he made a clever little speech from the throne, and, wearing his richly embroidered robe and wielding an ivory scepter, he was every inch a king.



PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS.

THE youngest heir to a European throne is the baby Prince of Asturias, pictured above. At present he is but a fragile repository of the hopes and aspirations of a people brought to comparative insignificance by the puerility of their rulers, but his coming has inspired the Spanish nation with a newborn desire to recover its place in the political world. Already little Don Alfonso has been the innocent means of putting the finishing touches to the historic enmity which has existed between his country and England ever since the destruction of the Spanish armada. The marriage of his youthful father to an English princess paved the way for such a remarkable healing of the ancient feud, and the arrival of the little Don banished the last remnant of bitterness. No Spanish statesman had been able to bring about this fortunate rapprochement.

AUTHOR-ARTIST ON THE FASHIONS

(Continued from page seventeen.)

a unique body, a separate existence—in fact, a soul.

SHOULD BE ORIGINAL

"It surprises me still more today, when personality is the cry, that it should not be taught, or at least instilled, by competent professors. Take one thing alone—the method of dressing hair. It is not a trivial subject, for every person who exerts his or her personality makes a difference in the world for good or evil, for beauty or ugliness. The homely woman who has beautiful hair can draw people to her by a thousand small arts; let her see then that she does not follow any mode but her own. Let her consider the shape of her face, of her head, and let her dress her hair accordingly. Let her study to make herself a complete picture, a picture you cannot rub out of your mind."

ARE AS CHAMELEONS

"The ordinary woman's figure, face, expression, hair, changes with every stray wind in fashion's room. She is athletic for one year, dreamy the next, bold with a cheap Parisienne flavor, Spanish, anything but herself. Let her be always the same—just an ego separated from all other egos; building herself up to a knowledge of what exactly suits her and getting the very best things always to wear. She will be able to afford to do that because her fashion will last as long as she lives."

ACTRESSES KNOW CHARM

"And how can one make women begin to see themselves and notice the nice points of themselves in a truly artistic way? Have you noticed how an actress of great person who has exerts an extraordinary influence on the clothes of the day? If she is playing in a successful piece and her own performance is a success, the public hear, there will spring a prepossession of her all over the place. Her hair, her voice, her shoes, her ornaments will be copied by thousands of women who fondly imagine themselves as resembling her. The force of her individuality spreads itself in never ending circles."

FASHIONS THAT ENDURE

"Who disputes the still existing fashion of the Cleo de Merode hair? Even the ghost of Madame Pompadour's hair-dresser flutters over many dressing-rooms today. You see how much the actress or the celebrated woman has to answer for: let her look to it that she does not lead public taste astray. Let her show the woman who resembles her in shape of face or grace of figure how to use such shapes to the best advantage."

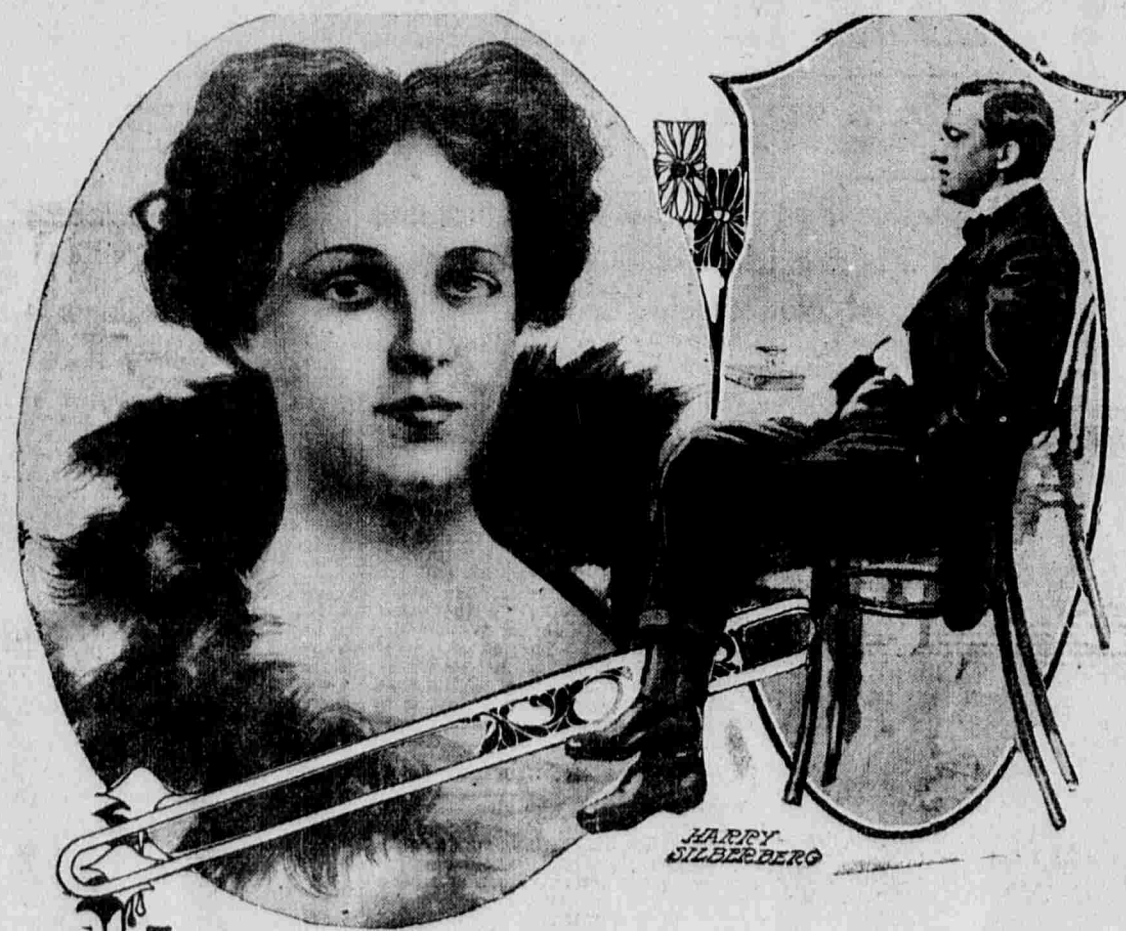
"If I were to dress a modern play I would invent a new fashion for every woman who appeared in it. One of the main roads to the heart runs through the eye, and there should be beauty policemen always on duty. Then we should not see small women in big women's fashions; we should arrive, in the end, in individual fashions. Miss X, would be always recognizable as Miss X, she would not be, as she is, the counterpart of the tall, blonde Miss Z, and the short, dark Miss Y. The dressy girl would no longer wear tragic gowns, and the impressive ladies would not wear petite creations."

MEN WOODEN FIGURES

"As for men, they look as if they came out of boxes of wooden figures. They pretend to think a suit of clothes ridiculous—they who wear dreadful choking collars and worry over the crease in their trousers. The stage may do something yet—if it is properly looked after. I do not despair of seeing every woman look as beautiful as she really is."

MARSHALL LOR.

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La grippe coughs are dangerous as they frequently develop into pneumonia. Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops the cough but heals and strengthens the lungs so that no serious results need be feared. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. Refuse imitations. For sale by J. H. Hill Drug Co., the never substitutes.



COUNTESS OUROSOFF, A FRIEND OF GET-RICH-QUICK LEADER.

Harry Silberberg, alias J. W. Williams, alias J. Conyngham Young, and notorious in every part of the world as the impersonator of J. Coleman Drayton, is the head of the gang of get-rich-quick fame, who have recently made their headquarters at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Pinkertons, on advice from Scotland Yard, London, have been endeavoring to corral the gang, but without success. The detectives would have been successful undoubtedly in their mission if the financial panic had not intervened. The great coup of the band was planned to take place just as things began to go tumbling in Wall street. It was to have been one of the greatest achievements ever known in the world of the get-rich-quick.

USELESS TROUBLE.

Tomlinson had gone south on business, and early one morning he set out to call on a customer who lived several miles from town. There were no transportation facilities, and Tomlinson, after having found that he couldn't even hire a horse, decided to walk. He had accomplished a little more than half of his journey when he arrived at the bank of a river, where a robust negro operated a ferry.

Dipping into his pockets for the necessary change, Tomlinson discovered with considerable chagrin that he had left his money at the hotel. He hadn't a cent with him. Assuming a bold front, however, he asked:

"Eph, do you take people across the river?"

"Well, boss, Ah reckon hit wouldn't do men no good ter operate rize yah ferry ef Ah didn't."

"Come, then; take me over. I'm in a hurry."

"Ah, on'y chahgee 5 cents."

"Tomlinson again felt in all his pockets, and, failing to find a coin of any kind, said:

"Very well; that will be all right. I forgot to bring any change with me; but I'll pay you when I come back."

"No; I forgot to bring my pocket-book. But it will be all right—I'll pay you when I return! I'm in a hurry."

"Ah, on'y chahgee 5 cents."

"I know," Tomlinson impatiently replied, again searching his pockets. "I don't happen to have the change; but never mind about that. I'll be coming back this way in a little while, and I'll pay you then."

"Jes 5 cents. Dat's all Ah ahv chahgee for takin' anybody over."

"I understand that fully, but it will be all right. I must get over immediate."

The story of the daring coup begins with a yachting party of which a prominent lower Broadway banker was the guest of "honorable" The banker thought he had never met a better fellow than Silberberg. He would have listened to a legitimate proposition from him with interest. But this is the scheme which was unfolded to him:

Silberberg desired that the banker should make his firm the clearing-house for a series of notes drawn by the coal operators against his credit. The notes were to be hypothecated for as much as possible and when disposition had been made of the series the coal operator would file a petition in bankruptcy and the persons in the deal would have a profit of several million dollars to divide. Some of the notes were to have been deposited in London.

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"What is there about me that suggests a yachting party? I thought you were gentlemen. Now, you put me ashore just as quick as ever you can or there will be trouble."

The banker's demands met with instant compliance and he was done with Silberberg and his companions.

Silberberg at this time was a familiar figure around town. The red room and vestibule of the Waldorf were frequented nightly by his boon companions, the coal operators, the Countess Njeda Oursloff, a Russian from Kansas City, a Mrs. Wornock, who said she belonged in Los Angeles, a young man named Garvey, who claimed to be a student in Columbia university, Col. Henry I. Kowalsky, from Kansas City, a Mrs. Wornock, who used to be a press agent during the Congo scandal for King Leopold, and Jules Gamage, a San Franciscan, who is Kowalsky's man Friday.

A STORY BY KIPLING.

A magazine editor of New York was praising Rudyard Kipling.

"I am glad Kipling got the Nobel prize," he said. "It will encourage him. He is in a bad way now."

"You know he is writing scarcely anything. I thought he was idle, lazy, and in London last year I took him to task. He said he knew he looked idle, but in reality he was trying hard to work; only he was stuck."

"He said he resembled a man who made abet, one summer day at the shore, that he would swim out to a mile and a half to a certain buoy. The bet was accepted, the man stripped and plunged in. His friend retired to the hotel to watch his progress from the window."

"From the window, with a field glass the friend saw the swimmer reach the buoy in due course, draw himself out of the water, and sit down comfortably with his legs dangling over. So far, so good. Evidently he was resting, well pleased with his feat."

"Some minutes passed, and the swimmer had not moved. The watcher returned to his book. But every now and then he looked up, and still the swimmer sat in the same position on the buoy."

"An hour, two hours, went by—still the swimmer remained. A white, slim figure seen against the oncoming dark, he sat on the buoy's edge; his feet dangling in the sea; he seemed to be musing."

"Finally he began to grow quite dark, and thoroughly alarmed at last, the watcher got a boat and a couple of barges, and rowed out to his friend."

"Out there the mystery was soon explained. The man was stuck so fast to the buoy, which had been freshly tarred that morning."

BUSIEST WOMAN POSTPONES TRIP

(Continued from page seventeen.)

Englishwoman is a clever litterateur. Her best book is the chatty volume "Round the Black Man's Garden," which tells of her tour round Africa and through Madagascar. She is a clever photographer, too, and the book is profusely illustrated with her photographs.

Lady Colville is an accomplished linguist, mechanic, carpenter, and gardener, surgical nurse and amateur actress. Motoring, ballooning, swimming, driving, dancing, golf, tennis and taxidermy are also numbered among her recreations.

HOW SHE WORKS.

In her pretty home at Lightwater, there are rooms in which can be found almost every mechanical appliance under the sun. In these rooms the greater portion of her time was spent. Here she made delicate electric bell-pushes of every imaginable pattern, beautifully carved oak dining-room tables, miniature balloons and gigantic screens for village churches. Almost every day she has been making something new, useful and wonderful, with surprising skill. Her muscles are as hard as steel. She has no end of common sense and the brains of a hundred other women rolled into one. When she goes to work in one of her workshops, she puts on a leather apron, and tucks up her sleeves and skirt. And as she works she whistles softly or hums a tune, and taps her foot on the floor in rhythm with the noise of the tool with which she may be working. Of course, she cannot find a use for all the articles made. Some are given away to friends, but the majority find their way into the cottages of the poor round and about Lightwater, or are sold for the benefit of the needy.

LIKES MOTORING.

Lady Colville thoroughly understands the mechanism of a motor-car, and drives herself. Her views on motoring are exemplary. She has the greatest horror of scrambling through towns and villages, but on wide country roads, where there is little or no traffic, she holds that motorists should have the right to put on the pace. She is at was with carters who leave their horses and carts unattended on the high-roads, who go asleep in their carts and delight in monopolizing the center of the roads. She never fails to take their names and addresses and subsequently summon them to court.

With her late husband she has traveled on a French man-of-war, a privilege which, so far as is known, has never been granted to any other English general and his wife. She has shot crocodiles in African rivers, and lost and found her valuable diamonds in an unlocked dress-suit case in the Transvaal.

She has ballooned from England to France and back again, and has met most of the great explorers, big game hunters, and famous authors and newspapermen.

NOT OUT FOR MONEY.

A well known patent expert recently expressed the opinion that if this talented society woman patented and put on the market but a few of the many ingenious articles which she has invented, she would increase her income by many thousands of dollars. Lady Colville's inventions, however, are for another generation. She declares she has not the least desire to enter the world of commerce or to make money. Her only ambition is to lead a useful life and make as far as lies in her power the world a happier dwelling place for those less fortunate.

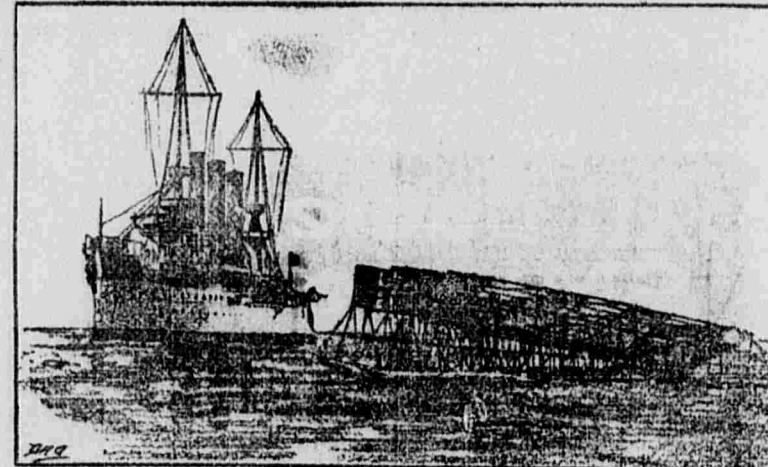
APPLAUDED AMERICA.

A short time before the frightful accident which has made her widow, I interviewed Lady Colville. She applauded the United States, for there, she said, the women worked and made themselves of use in all walks of life.

"My aim in the world," she said, "is to be useful. I think the great mistake committed by the majority of women is the mistake of idleness. This mistake appears to be made by every country excepting America. Every spare moment of my life has been appropriated to study and work. I am happiest when I am at work. Upon some new scheme for the improvement of the homes of the people, or of my friends, or of mine own."

J. G. WESTON.

THE LUDLOW FLYING MACHINE ON WATER.



The cut shows the aeroplane built by Israel Ludlow which was exhibited at the Jamestown exposition. The United States government is much interested in the machine and has placed a torpedo boat at the inventor's disposal in order to tow the airship, which floats on pontoons.

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