

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

PART TWO

TRUTH AND LIBERTY

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 17 1906 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

Saturday News Special Service From Lands Across the Sea



Woman Exposes Horrors of London Jungle. EVENTS COME QUICKLY. EVENTS COME QUICKLY. He wasn't appeased when a jeweler appeared with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, done in diamonds for the proprietor, who as yet has not been awarded the distinction. A dog seller turned up next with a whole kennel of blooded hounds. Then came the fire brigade and the bose was turned on before the proprietor could shriek out that his cashier had not sent in a hurry-up telephone call. A plumber called with a shower bath. A sculptor came prepared to take a

Olive Christian Malvery, Wife of an American Consul, Does the Work of an Upton Sinclair in the Medern Babylon, and Lays Bare the Iniquities of the Canned Food Business, Much Worse Than Anything in America.

Special Correspondence ONDON, Nov. 8 .-- London has its "Jungle," as full of beasts, as

sculptor came prepared to take a model for the bust of the cafekeeper. A maker of surgical bandages and wooden legs came to fit him. Silk stockings, corsets and fluffily-fashioned foul and degrading a product of human greed and cruelty, as Chicago's, and London has found an "Upton Sinclalr" to expose its horrors in lingerle arrived for the pretty cashier -all to be paid for on delivery. A conthe person of a woman-Olive Christian Malvery.

fectioner's delivery wagon brought a top of candy for a swell christening. Flowers and funeral wreaths came by Like Upton Sinclair, she has obtained by personal experience her knowledge the cart-load. An embalmer followed, asking for the corpse and a first-class of the revolting and brutalizing conditions underlying much of the preserved. food trade of the modern Babylon. She shared the toils and lived the lives of the victims of rapacity and fraud champions. She

cestry, for her great-grandfathers were respectively French and Scotch. But her physique and physiognomy are those of the oriental.

tion, which included a knowledge of three oriental languages and a thor-ough mastery of English. She traveled much about India. She gazed on the awesome grandeur of the snow-clad Himalayan mountains, and reveled in the matchless beauties of the Cash-mere lakes. The charm and mystery of the scenes amid which she wander-ed—the vast solitudes, the ruined cities, the busy marts—fired her im-agination, and when a mere child she began to write stories.

hard lot she had shared, her big, dark lustrous eyes were suffused with tears and her tender little mouth guivered. Then I understood,

A CHRISTIAN NOW,

who could

They gave me love and friendship

of view. I thought I understood them.

COMING OF GRAND LADY.

A CHRISTIAN NOW, "I am a Christian," she said, "or rather, perhaps, i should say that I am a Christian as I understand Christian-ity, for on many points of theology I find myself exactly at variance with my orthodox friends. It seems to me that the greatest obligation laid upon us by the Master is that we should do some-thing to bring sunshine into the lives of those whose lot is so much harder than our own. So when I found that I could give entertainments which those who could afford it would pay to see. I felt it incumbent on me to do some-thing with my gifts and talents for thing with my gifts and talents for

said, "that I obtained, after a long night out in the London streets with dejected and homeless creatures, a temporary job in a jam factory. There were there some score or more of wo-men and girls who, like myself, had spent the night wandering the streets of London. This kindly town had of-fered us no place of refuge where we could have washed or made ourselves in any way decent or fit to take up work in a fruit-preserving factory. One of the women had some masty skin disease; what it was I am not able to say. They were all desperately dirty, and absolutely unfit to touch food that was meant for human consumption.

"There was no place in this factory where the workers could wash their where the workers could wash their hands, nor were there sanitary arrange-ments of any description. We sat down as we had come out of the street and began work. The heat was so intense that the perspiration poured down the unfortunate workers, and every now and again a woman would put up hei hand to dash off the moisture from her forhead and face. "The fruit was of course not washed. It came to the factory in huge vans, plied high in large baskets. It was the practise of this particular factory to buy at Covent Garden market the sec.

which was

ond or slightly 'off' fruit, which was unsaleable to fruiterers, costermonger

or green-grocers. Owing to the heat and pressure of packing, the fruit often

arrived at the factory in a sort of half

fermenting mess; indeed, so bad was it often that it was impossible to pick

out whole fruit. All we could do was to take up the mess by handfulls, pick

out any leaves or stems that were pro

nent, and throw it into the next basket in a sort of pulp."

WAGES OF THE WOMEN.

for this they were often compelled to work 12 or 13 hours a day.

Malvery went to a marmalade factory the chief director of which is a man o

high standing in his church and noted for his charity and public beneficence. "In this factory," she said, "were em-ployed some 70 women and girls and be-tween 30 and 40 men. The women were

of a very low class-foul-mouthed and drunken. Every room had a foreman. In all my experience of factory work I

have continually heard the same com-plaint made where men are employed

to supervise girls and women. It would not, of course, be polite to retail all that

one hears of the evils arising from such

a system, but it is sufficient to say that the fact has come to my own knowledge

of two girls who, rather than give u their means of livelihood, submitted t

the wishes of the foreman under whom

they worked. It is not pleasing to con-template the closing chapters of such

THE ORANGE PEELS.

drunken.

history.

From the jam factory Olive Christian

tory never exceeded \$1.75 a week

The wages of the women in this fac



You Are Just "Waking Up" Fact of Want Advertising-Possibilities for YOU--Why, Late Than Never!"

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Science Working on 100,000 Tiny Rodents in Hope of Conquering Dread Disease.

WONDERFUL EXPERIMENT.

Mankind May Owe Great Debt of Gratitude to Little Animals Regarded As Noxious Pests.

GIRLHOOD IN INDIA. Early emancipated from the trammels that surround native girlhood in India she received an excellent educa-tion, which included a knowledge of

Redal Correspondence ARIS, Nov. 8 .- A French Theodore

BUTAL TRAGEDY;

STRANGE REVENGE

ssassin Floods Cafe Where Vic-

tim Worked With Bogus

Orders Galore.

WITING EVENTS FOLLOWED.

ded Fire Brigade. Police and a

funeral Procession, But There Will

Be no Execution.

Hook in a frenzy. That phrase really sums up an amazing story of revenge by a rejected lover of thich all Paris is talking today. This atraordinary case of relentless practial joking, which surpassed the most successful efforts of the renowned Hook, ended in an appalling murder. the assassin, who has just been senlenced to death, is Etienne Hubert, and until recently he was a humble bottleinser in the St. Lazare cafe. There he fell in love with the pretty cashier, Honore Villssech, but she rejected his wit. Now she lies dead at his hands after a series of extraordinary happenings such as perhaps never before save taken place even in Paris.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

edy and tragedy are mixed up accrly enough in this tale, which be-ins when Etlenne Hubert was engaged the proprietor of the cafe near the ous station to wash his bottles and lasses. Although a fearsome looking stomer-lean, wolfish and somewhat sshapen, Hubert was a good work-and at the beginning his employer leved he had found a treasure.

DAINTY LITTLE BEAUTY.

s for Mdlie, Vilissech, the cashier of Lazare cafe, she was one of the tainty little beauties that Paris boasts of so rauch. Officers in gay uniforms, foung dandies and old beaux, hung tally around her wire cage for a smile wa word from her. The humble botwasher added himself to her host admirers. When opportunity pre-ed itself he loitered at his work if her heighborhood and cast many adorine elements. d admirers. M ador ng glance at the fascinating But never a word did he pass r. Instead he poured out his her fest-by mail. Postcards m reached her on almost every Some here set Some bore amatory picture irning words of love. After th After the Etienne gathered up 1.500 and declared his passionate He signed his name. Mdile basech promptly fore up the cards which the young man was spending his wages. Then as they still con-ued, she complained to the proprie-Habert was warned, yet the flood postcards was trebled. When at least had been received Hubert White Whad h a received, Hubert was permptorily discharged.

HIS AMAZING REVENCE.

came the bottle-washer's amazwhich he worked by tless bogus orders over the by phone purporting to come from the Lazare cafe. In an hour from the Hubert had been kicked out on the a barber called at the cafe the proprietor. The latte simzelf on his fine, full be the was trouble at once, for the wanted pay for loss of time. slared he had been ordered round slared he had been ordered round hurry by the cashier over the tele-ne. So soon as the barber had beer to pull out Mdlie. Villssech's t oth. had been represented to him that the ty cashier was in all him that the was in all the agonles a terrific toothache.

BEGINNING OF PROCESSION:

his was the beginning of a colo which lasted day in and Mes brought a grand plane c. There followed a tuner to cafe. There followed a tuner to have a model of the second selle almost had a fit if a red-faced midwife, hurriedly to oned for the cashier, rushed in. for followed and then a druggist babies' bottles. A wagon load ckens, cows, sheep, pigs, donkeys, ted one upon the other. Seven a loads of maledorous refuse were inheaded at luncheon time in of the cafe before the almost inproprietor could stop the awful

asking for the corpse and a first-class funeral procession drove up, consisting of hearse, a dozen carriages and a score of crape-covered professional mourners. Bands came on order to serenade and gendarmes galloped, to arrest an imaginary thief. Perishable goods of all sorts, valued at thousands of frames were delivered every for whose cause she worked in jam factories, where rotten of francs, were delivered every few minutes.

LOST HIS VOICE.

The proprietor had lost his voice explaining and had torn out most of his hair with rage. The cashier was sim-ply prostrated. She fled from the scene and sent in her resignation. But Hubert followed her. Again he began his bombardment of postcards. began his bombardment of postcards. Mdlle, Vilissech appealed to the po-lice. Hubert was arrested several times and solemnly warned. Then the girl appealed to her friends, as Hubert didn't heed the police warnings. Her friends secreted her and a few weeks later established her in another part of Paris as the owner of a stationery store,

HUNTED THE GIRL.

Hubert dropped his further plan of revenge on the cafe proprietor and hunted the girl. He soon found her and when she again spurned him and his advances he opened up alone on her. She went into hysterics when an undertaker came round to measure her her coffin, so Hubert was again arrested.

MURDER CAME NEXT.

Mdlle. Vilisseeh appeared in court to prosecute. The prisoner made an im-passioned but futile appeal from the dock for her love. Immediately on being released from prison, the man went to mademoiselle's store. He sur-prised her there at 6 o'clock in the morning. What happened between the two is not known, but Hubert stabbed her to death with his first knife thrust. Then he brutally hacked at the body inflicting no less than 25

He gave himself up shortly after wards to the gendarmes and a speedy trial followed. At the preliminary examination, Hubert pleaded that he was insane through love of the girl, and knew not what he did. Medical experts were ordered to report on his case. At the trial, they certified that contrary to appearances. Hubert was perfectly sane. The murderer showed no remorse, but when sentence of death was pronounced, he shouted, "I lo her. To die for her will be bliss."

her. To die for her will be bliss." He will not have to die, however, for Paris is now without an official executioner, and there is, moreover. no district that will allow a guillotne to be set up within its precincts. So Hubert will escape the death penalty he so richly deserves and in its stead, will receive a life sentence.

POVERTY AND DRINK IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Lloyd-George, a member of the British cabinet. In a recent speech in Wales, said that there were tens of millions of persons in the United Kingmillions of persons in the United King-dom enduring year after year the tor-ture of "living on, lacking the barc necessaries of life," and all this ex-isted amid a splendid plenty whi? poured into a land so wealthy that it could afford to loan out of its splendid riches thousands of millions to less well endowed lands in other parts of well endowed lands in other parts of the world. One of the causes, he said, was the fact that so many were unable to earn sufficient to maintain them-selves and their families. He asserted that there was a large percentage of the population of sober, clean men and women who suffered the privations of unmerited poverty. He said that a large percentage of poverty was due to drink and gambling, and he added to drink and gambling, and he added that next year the government means to wrestle with the drink problem in earnest. He said that it would require all the aid all the organizations for the elevation and improvement of the lot of humanity could give them. He predicted that this effort of the gov-aremone to artest the wrong Aona by ernment to arrest the wrong done by drink would lead to a great struggle, but he thought the government would

ed in its effort to check the evil.

legan to write stories.

¹T joined a guild of working girls in Hoxton and gave entertainments for them and did my best to make them happier. I have never done anything for which I have been so richly repaid. For some years she cherished the ambition of becoming a great writer. But among the gifts which nature has fruit is converted into table dainties; she labored in meat preserving estabstowed upon her was a voice of rare lishments where putrid messes are sufcharm and compass. Some of her friends advised her to go to England ficiently disguised by chemical pro-cesses to serve as canned food; she slaved for slum sweaters at starvation spent much time with these poor girls. I tried to get at life from their point and cultivate that voice and take up singing as a profession. While still in her teens, armed with a few introwhile still wages; she lived in the most wretched of cheap lodging houses; and that she ductions, she came alone to England and for two years was a student at the Royal College of Music. At the might drain poverty's cup to the dregs she became a homeless wanderer and "One day there came to the guild a very grand lady indeed, the sister of a duchess. She gave the girls an ad-jdress. She treated them to a lot of same time she studied elocution and dramatic art under Beerbohm Tree. cassed some nights on the Thames em bankment with a bench for a bed What she learned in this way the Brit hed

DEBUT AS A SINGER.

gratuitous advice. She told them what their duties were to society and how they should discharge them and how what she learned in this way the Birt-ish public is to be told before long, and judging by the account of her experi-ences which Miss Malvery has just given me the result will be a storm of After some three years of hard After some three years of hard work she made her debut as a singer, reciter, and lecturer. She sang her own songs, recited her own poems and storles. The novelty of her per-formances, her personality—that in-definable something about her which led women to describe her as "too sweet for anything"—won for her in-stant success. She became a society pet, but passed through the danger-ous ordeal unscathed. She made a popular wrath in this country only less vigorous than that which swept over the United States after Upton Sinclair made his famous exposure of some American packing house methods. When I first heard of Olive Christian Malvery I figured her in imagination as woman of the masterful, masculin type, hard, thick-skinned, strong-willed --the sort of misfit woman who might ous ordeal unscathed. She made a tour of America, too, and those who easily don trousers and go through life playing a man's part in the world. But saw her on platforms there or met her at receptions will share my own surprise that such an elf-like creature she proved to be the antithesis of this should have undertaken the work of an Upton Sinclair.

she proved to be the antituests of this type. There is nothing suggestive of the woman with a mission about her. She is about the last woman in the world one would pick out as one who would enter London's "Jungle," dare When I met her the other day for the first time in the pretty but mod-estly furnished drawing room of her the Kensington flat 1 fell to wondering what was her secret—whence came the impulse that had given her the strength and fortitude to submit her-self to conditions and go through its perils and expose its horrors. She is a native of India, whose w are supposed to be so oppressed and benighted that many thousands of dollars are spent on missions to convert tasks which must have been so utter

grateful they ought to be for the ef-forts made to uplift them. It was a typical exhibition of Mayfair patron-izing slumdom. And naturally the girls resented it. "'How little this grand lady under-stands them,' I thought. Then I fell to questioning how much I really un-

to questioning how much I really un-derstood them-kow far I had really qualified myself to help them. And then and there I resolved that I would go through some of their experiences, and I would work as they worked and live as they lived. And I didn't select the easiest of their occupations." Of the stories she told me of her*ex

periences, I have space for only a few When she first conceived the idea of when she first conceived the files of enlisting herself in the great army of factory tollers she had no idea of the nauseating revelations which work in those devoted to the preparation of food would bring to her, for it was before the Chicago exposure had thrilled the civilized world with horror and

THE FRUIT SEASON.

"I was never able to find out where the oranges were bought, and I can-not give as authentic the story in com-mon circulation in the factory that the great quantities of orange peel which I myself saw brought in were which I hayed streets. I had no means of verifying this statement, but this I do know, that the oranges, which came in great baskets piled one on top of the other in the company's own vans, were

often in a state of decay. "One morning the consignment fruit for the day's boiling was so had that the workers made open jokes about it when the foreman was not joo close. One basket of oranges which I had the pleasure of unpacking and counting contained fruit so bruised and crushed down, and evidently of suc age, that there was a growth of greeny white mildew on the top and between each layer. I pointed this out to the foreman, and was promptly told that hat was no concern of mine, and that f I could not mind my own business

there were others as could." "There is only one conclusion which comes to those who work in such places, and that is that even wealth does not protect people from the dirty and disgustingly manufactured stuffi sent out from these places; for theb sale, I am happy to say, is not confined to the very poorest classes. It is some small satisfaction to think that a fine lady, with all the dainty tastes fost-ered by great wealth and elegant surroundings, may perhaps partake of some preserved delicacy which has been made in filthy and unsaultary workshops by suffering and dirty people.'

EMPLOYMENT IN MEATHOUSE.

In the course of her investigation Miss Malvery obtained employment in a meatpacking house owned by a large company and a very rich one, and rur in a name that has been for many cears familiar to the British publi telating her experiences there Miss Malvery said:

"On one occasion there came into the factory four enormous wooden cases so fearfully that it made one physics ally sick; the whole air was polluter by the smell from these horrid cases and yet every scrap of that diseased offal was used in the preparation of

(Continued on page eighteen.)

Special Correspondence.

A

ONDON, Nev. 8 .- Mice are at a premium in London just now.

There is one place where upwards of 100,000 of the tiny rodents are kept "In stock," And still the cry is

for more. This is the headquarters of the imperial cancer research fund which is established in a large building adjoining the Savoy and Cecil hotels on the Thames embankment, with which all American visitors to London are familiar.

The porter at the entrance of this building has never been known to turn a mouse away. Anything in the mouse line, from the wild field creature unused to city ways, to the sleek, white so-phisticated variety, is acceptable at the research building. If you happen to be broke and want 10 cents, all you have to do is to catch a mouse and have to do is to catch a mouse and take him up to the "mouse hotel." In-variably you can make a sale. No matter how many mice you may have, the market is always open. There is a dime waiting for every possessor of a mouse who wishes to dispose of his property.

MOST NOXIOUS PESTS.

Up to this time, the ordinary mouse has been considered a mere pest; an enemy to mankind. At last, however mice have been advanced to an honored place in the animal world. Without Without mice, modern medicine would know practically nothing about that deadly foe to the human race-cancer.

During the last few years, however, since science has turned its attention mousewards, research into the history of cancer has progressed by leaps and bounds. It is not too much to predict that before many years, medical knowl-edge will have extended to the mastery of cancer, just as its knowledge of diphtheria has rendered that once dreadful plague practically harmless. When we consider that the material for cancer research is supplied entirely by nice, the human race owes the mouse a debt of the deepest gratitude. If sci-ence is able to isolate cancer and finaly cure it through the agency of the nouse, humanity should combine to rect a statue to the genus mouse. We have statues to dogs, and lions-why not to mice?

MOUSE ONLY ANIMAL

Strange to say, the mouse has proved the only animal capable of serving in the search for the cause and cure of cancer. Guinea pigs, rabbits, dogs, kit-tens, and all other animals so often used in investigations to discover a remedy for deadly diseases have utterly failed to yield practical results in cancer research. It was at this point, when the world of science was practically stumped that the mouse came for-ward and immolated himself on the altar of knowledge-otherwise the vivi-sector's table.

Rector's table. I have just paid a visit to the Lon-don laboratory of the imperial cancer research fund and saw from 25,000 to 20,000 mice, each one of which had a cancer in some form or other. Mice live for a very long time on the vivi-certion resumption and some meas section treatment: and some mile which have had cancer actually recov and some mice which have had cancer actually recor-er. It is on this extremely lateresting fact that the hope of ultimately con-quering cancer rests. Why certain mice with virulent and undoubted can-cer get well is the problem which sci-ence is wrestling with today. Mice by the thousand are being observed and treated with certain medicines; and perhaps some day. In the not distant future, one of the doctors will hit upon a form of treatment which will enable mice to recover with certainty, and then the human race will be rid of one of the worst scourages which today afof the worst scourages which today affects humanity.

REGARDED AS HOPELESS TASK. When it was first proposed to con-luct a systematic investigation into the cause and cure of cancer, the medi-



them to Christianity and spread among them the blessings of civilization. He ly revolting to a nature so exquisitely sensitive, so delicately organized, so responsive to every appeal of art and heauty. But_I soon found out, When disgust. life story is a most romantic one. She was born in Lahore. In her veins flows the blood of Indian princesses. "It was early in July, when the fruit beauty. But I soon found out. When she spoke of the poor creatures whose season was almost at its height," she East and west are mingled in her an-