

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

THE CAT HOBBY OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

She Abandons the Breeding of Fine Dogs to Raise Fancy Felines

PEEP INTO "CATTERY GARDEN"

Royal Cats That Have Special Grooms To Wait on Them, and Which Live on Them.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 15.—To all but the favored few who are on intimate terms with Queen Alexandra it came as a surprise when on her arrival in Ireland a while ago, the queen was found to be accompanied by a pet cat. Heretofore a dog of one breed or another almost invariably has been numbered among the queen's traveling companions, and it was known generally that her majesty, besides being fond of bow-wows, bred them extensively and was the owner of about the most luxurious kennels in England—but she never has been suspected of any special liking for cats. I learn, however, that these animals have almost entirely supplanted dogs as recipients of the queen's attention. Her kennels were the royal lady's delight, but when she discovered that all sorts of folk were copying her in this direction, she decided to stop breeding dogs and go in for cats instead. True to her customary policy of thoroughness, the queen now has a small army of the best breeds, and if any of the royal residences contain a mouse the creature must be a veritable De Wet of its kind.

FREE RUN OF THE PALACE.

The "royal cats" have practically the free run of Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Sandringham House, and any of the queen's friends who yearn for feline companionship have only to confess as much to Queen Alexandra to have their wish supplied.

THE FELINE FAVORITES.

The queen has six particular favorites among her cat family, but a valuable Persian engrosses her special affection. This is "Sandy"—who is so named because he first saw the light at Sandringham. For several months her majesty has never traveled without him and he is as fondly attached to his royal mistress as the celebrated Irish terrier "Jack" was to the king in his most affectionate moments. "Sandy" is privileged to depart with the queen in the dining apartments, though his less fortunate brothers and sisters have to confine their activity to the other rooms in the royal dwellings.

KING IS A CAT HATER.

Edward VII hates cats and if he had his way "Sandy" would not long have the privilege of "looking at a king," but the liberties that her royal husband demanded for his "Jack" the queen now demands for her pet. If the king has no love for "Sandy" however, the feeling seems to be fully reciprocated, for the queen's favorite will not come to his majesty's side of the table at any price, and generally makes himself scarce when his majesty is about. "Sandy," as well as "Monarch" and "Ossy," the two cats—also Persian—which come next to the favorite in the queen's affection, sit for their photographs at Buckingham Palace recently—thanks to which fact it is possible for the first time to reproduce their likenesses. They also have sat at Windsor and Sandringham to Louis Wain, the great cat artist who declares them to be about the best and most patient sitters he ever has had.

FIFTY ROYAL PETS.

According to the latest estimate the royal cats now number 50. Her special pets are always in residence where the queen is for the time being. They have a groom all to themselves; they have a bath every morning and their toilet is carefully attended to twice a day. On the slightest sign of illness the royal "cat" is summoned and makes a careful diagnosis and the result is immediately communicated to her majesty. There is a specially prepared room

called "The Cat Hospital" in the stables attached to Buckingham Palace and here pussy reclines—when indisposed—in a bed sufficiently luxurious for the baby of a marquis. Its temperature is taken and the stethoscope applied as regularly as if the fate of an empire were depending on the cat's existence. Her majesty makes constant enquiries as to the progress of the illness and if one of her pets is reported in danger she goes personally to see it.

HEALTH FOOD FOR PETS.

For her cats when in health, the queen has prescribed a diet of fish and milk, and as she is quite unwilling to trust the discrimination of the ordinary London milkman as to the quality of the latter the royal cats are fed on milk which comes fresh from Sandringham every morning, while a fishdealer of repute is entrusted with the supply of the fish known to be the best for feline consumption. When her majesty first took to cats she knew nothing whatever about their tastes or habits. She was also ignorant of the points of the different breeds, but Louis Wain, whom she had presented to her for the purpose, was able to convey so much information that now the queen can discuss cats with the greatest expert in Europe.

MAKES HIDEOUS MIDNIGHT.

I am told that King Edward is not alone in his cordial detestation of his consort's new pets, but has associated with him in this respect, not only most of the other members of the royal family, but the entire staff of domestic at various palaces, who say that though it is true a rat or mouse hasn't been seen there since the era of the cats began, the queen's pets make the midnight hours quite as hideous as if they were ordinary back yard prowlers and

Americanization of London Newspapers.

Even the "Thunderer," That Haughty Six Cent "Backbone of the Empire," Has Had to Come Down in Price to Keep Up With the Journalistic Procession—Fleet Street's Napoleon.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 15.—When even "The Thunderer"—that haughty, six cent backbone of empire, the Times—came down in price the other day, there was no longer any doubt about the effective Americanization of the London newspapers. It all began in the lively brain of the Napoleon of Fleet Street, Alfred Harmsworth. He it was who first adopted American newspaper methods to English traditions as far as two such opposing forces could be joined. He imported a lot of American newspaper men, printed the news without circumlocution, cut out the padding, took some pains to make what was written readable, and, above all, published a morning newspaper for one cent.

It was considered a shocking thing to read in Mr. Harmsworth's Mail a naked statement to the effect, for example, that the king was about to buy a new horse, whereas such portentous information previously had been broken gently to the public in a time-honored form like this: "We have received information from sources of unquestionable authority (writes a correspondent) that his most gracious majesty is not

official life is undoubtedly due to the absence of that species of enterprise and alertness which makes every big American newspaper a watchdog of efficiency and honesty in public departments. Editorial denunciation of suspected abuses here takes the place of reportorial exposure and proof.

SUPPRESSED INTELLIGENCE.

News that concerns itself with governmental or municipal departments is infinitely harder to obtain here than in America. Officials display much greater zeal in suppressing interesting intelligence than in making it public. Red tape, conservatism and blank stupidity oppose all manner of obstacles to the reporter who has recourse to any department in quest of what in America would be regarded as perfectly legitimate information. A question once arose as to the number of warships from each nation represented that would be allowed to participate in the coronation naval review at Spithead. Some contradictory reports had been published on the subject, but it was by no means an official secret. Foreign governments had been duly notified. In Washington the information could have been obtained by calling up some official on the telephone. Naturally I inquired that I should have no difficulty in obtaining the information at the

story, if the facts are not obtainable in any other way, he tackled some policeman concerned in it and privately offers him a shilling or two to tell what he knows about it. The money is always taken provided the policeman runs no risk of being detected by some superior official, but often the information is not worth the price paid for it. Frequently it is manufactured on the spot for purposes of revenue only. The usually phlegmatic British bobby can develop a very lively imagination when there is a prospect of earning a few shillings thereby. But the reporter gets his money back. In his weekly account he charges:

To obtaining information from the police

It is recognized as a thoroughly legitimate charge. To this extent do London editors aid and abet in police corruption and bribery.

LETTING NEWS RIPEN SLOWLY.

News is gauged by a very different standard from that which prevails in America. The managing editor of a great London daily once handed a proof to me with the observation that it contained something which might be worth cabling. It stated that two Americans had been arrested at Charing Cross for shooting at one another and would be

the story goes that the peer, made apprehensive perhaps, by what already had befallen him, promised obedience, and ordered the chapel changed back forthwith.

At last accounts there were understood to be several writs out for the marquis, whose endless extravagances are said to have been responsible for his disastrous fall. Even an income of \$1,000,000 a year, which the nobleman was said to possess, could not stand Christmas trees with their branches encrusted with small diamonds and hung with larger ones, such as the marquis provided for his guests at Anglesey last Yuletide. The magnificent motor-car, which he bought some time ago, and which was said to be the most sumptuous on earth, has not yet been paid for.

THE IRISHMAN AND HIS DOUBTS.

As is well known, Rev. Robert Collyer of New York city was a blacksmith in Germantown, Pa., before he became a preacher. Once, when there was little work at hand, he asked a builder in his neighborhood for something to do. The latter replied that all he could give him would be a job carrying a hod.

"I'm your man," replied the blacksmith, promptly.

Years afterward, while an imposing edifice was being erected in Chicago for Dr. Collyer, he was standing among the beams, watching the progress of the work, when an Irishman came along with a hod of bricks. Dr. Collyer spoke to him and he paused.

"This is hard work, so?" said the Irishman.

"I know that well," answered Dr. Collyer. "In my day, I've carried the hod myself." "The Irishman stared at me an instant," said Dr. Collyer, in relating the incident, "and then went on his way mumbling something that sounded suspiciously like, 'I wouldn't believe the parson was such a hard'—Success."

ENGLISH MAMMAS; AMERICAN WIVES.

Former Say That Latter Stand in Light of Young British Debutantes.

GOSSIP OF GREAT METROPOLIS.

Lady Mary Tells of the Desire to Have "All London Constructed on the Broad American Principle."

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 15.—Many fair mammas with eligible daughters, and chaperones with fair aspirants for matrimonial honors on their hands have a grievance for which they declare the young American matrons who figure so conspicuously in fashionable society are largely responsible. Their specific complaint is that debutantes are no longer invited to dances as of yore and that in consequence their chances of contracting desirable marriages are greatly diminished. And they assert it is chiefly the brilliant and bewitching young American wives in the London social world who set the example of closing the ballroom doors against young unmarried English girls. Having once taken the field they hold it against all new comers. It is they who dance and give the dances for which invitations are most eagerly sought. As notable among these are mentioned Lady Essex, Lady Grey-Egerton, and several others, in whose trains, as attendant satellites, are many young English matrons. At their smart tapershoreen functions young unmarried girls form an inconspicuous minority, while their brothers, who often regard dancing as a "buddy bore," receive more invitations than they can find time to accept. Under such circumstances what chance, asks the indignant British matron, has the demure little English girl just out of school against the brilliant and dandified of the all-conquering American woman in society?

STILL HOUSE HUNTING.

The Duchess of Roxburghe is still house hunting. She is now personally known to nearly every fashionable real estate agent in London and has earned the reputation of being the stiffest bargainer among all the American ladies who have found their way into the English peerage. "She also is fastidious to the point of being almost ridiculous," said a leading agent who has some of the finest mansions in Mayfair and Belgrave on his books. "Why," he added, "if I offered her Buckingham Palace or Marlborough House she would find fault with them. She wants all London constructed on the American principle." It is thought likely that the duchess will settle on a house in Cavendish Square as the owners of mansions in the American colony in Mayfair are opposed to any radical changes in the international construction of their properties, especially when they are only required for short terms.

MONEY CONSUMING WEDDINGS.

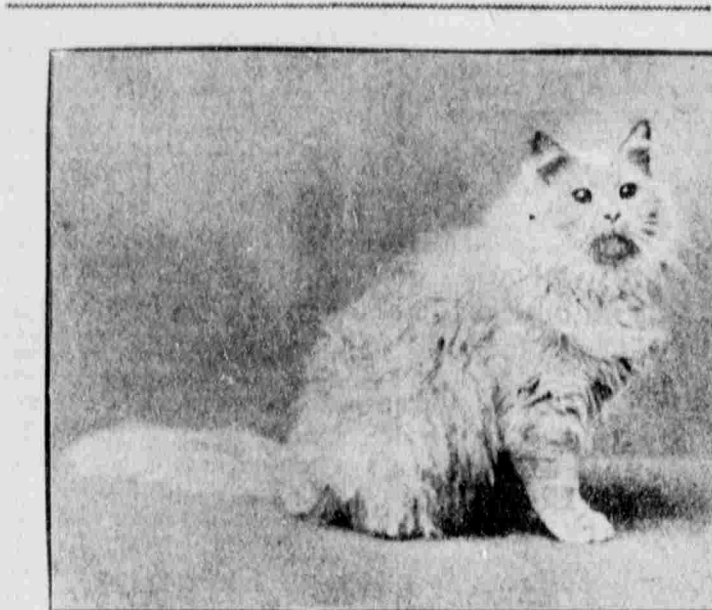
That expensive and brilliant wedding do not always ensure the continued prosperity of the young couples is a truism that holds good from the highest to the lowest. Certainly few marriages could have been more dazzling than that of Lady Peggy Primrose, the daughter of the Earl of Rosebery, to the Earl of Crewe, yet within a few years even these, lacking the wherewithal to keep up a home of their own have returned to live with the bride's father.

LADY PEGGY'S NUPTIALS.

Not in a generation would there be such universal interest in the marriages of any one girl as that manifested in

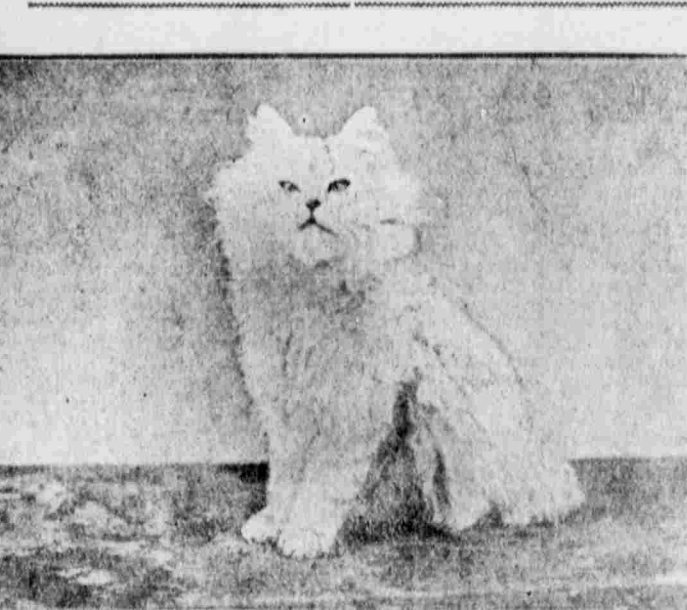
THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE CAT, "SANDY."

A Valuable Persian, Thus Named because he Was Born at Sandringham, the Family's Norfolk Home.



"MONARCH," ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S PETS.

Another of Queen Alexandra's Cats, Which is Second Only to "Sandy" in His Royal Mistress's Affections.



"OSSY," FREQUENTLY PAINTED.

SOME OF THE FELINE PETS OF ENGLAND'S BELOVED QUEEN.

not exalted members of the feline aristocracy.

SOCIETY ALSO PURS AND MEWS.

Now that the queen has gone in for cats, society, ever eager to follow a royal lead, is sure to take up the fad and pass will be in vogue for some time to come. In fashionable circles there are, however, already many cat devotees. Most conspicuous among them is Lady Marcus Beresford, founder of the Cat club. She possesses what is said to be the finest "cattery" in the world in which something like 150 cats of the choicest breeds, from the tailless Manxman to the bushy-tailed chinchilla, live in a veritable feline paradise. Many of them reside in a picturesque creeper-clad building known in the neighborhood as "Cat cottage." Here no expense has been spared in adapting the rooms to their requirements, and the most elaborate provisions are made for warmth and ventilation. One room is set apart for a woman who is held responsible for the conduct of the establishment. A small kitchen is provided for preparing the meals of the cats. On the walls are racks to hold the white enameled bowls and plates in which their food is served.

A VARIED DIET.

Variety is considered an essential.

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unlikely to effect the purchase, at some time in the near future, of "etc., etc., to the extent of many more words which kept the item modestly clothed in verbiage.

We heard a lot about the iniquities of American journalism in those days, but the mail furnished exceedingly, and in time was followed by the Express, also sold for a cent, largely written and edited by Americans, and avowedly modeled on American styles, and furthermore distinguished from all other English newspapers by printing actual news on the first page—and with real headlines on it, too—instead of the usual non-display advertisements. Both papers were, and are, clean and honest and comparatively lively without being scurrilous.

COMMOTION IN FLEET STREET.

The treble success of the Mail and the Express has had its effect at last, despite the British tradition that once you buy a newspaper you always buy it. The good old News, founded by Charles Dickens, and continued by other distinguished men, was the first of the penny papers to come down to a cent, and print more news and less stuff. Then came the Chronicle a few months ago. A live enterprising editor was installed, a new plant was put in, and unprecedented effort was made to meet and cover unexpected news events instead of rather resolute news as being of an ephemeral nature, and, therefore, unworthy the dignity of a journal gravely devoted to routine. Illustrations were introduced in all of these papers, and attention was given to headlines and arrangement of news.

The transformations which have thus set Fleet street astir will have to be followed sooner or later by other contemporaries, who will find it impossible to sustain dignity and dullness on dwindling circulations. As the London morning dailies circulate all over Great Britain many provincial papers will undoubtedly be compelled to follow their lead. It marks a new era in British journalism, a general waking up and shaking up in the editorial "sanctum sanctorum" which have long been consecrated to routine.

GOOD BUT Ponderous.

The characteristics of the conventional English newspaper which most impresses an American newspaper man is its aloofness from the masses—their ideas, aspirations and prejudices. The big old school dailies only remotely and faintly reflect the life of London, the largest, most varied and interesting life of humanity in the world. Much excellent reading matter they contain, for those who have time to peruse them—well written if somewhat ponderous editorials, learned essays often on social, industrial and scientific problems, really good book reviews, much able correspondence, areas of arid but accurate reports of parliamentary debates—but they do not tell what is going on among the people. Their reports on local happenings are dry and colorless. On their staffs reporters play a minor part. There are far fewer of them than find employment on the big American newspapers. The Telegraph, the penny London daily that still persistently claims "the biggest circulation in the world," has barely a dozen of them.

English newspapers have been content in the main with such news as can be obtained merely by reporting what somebody says, or is transmitted to them through official channels. Uninteresting fashion which long established precedent demands. Of independent investigation to get at the bottom facts there is hardly any. Much of the supposition is written in that dull, uninteresting fashion which long established precedent demands. Of independent investigation to get at the bottom facts there is hardly any. Much of the supposition is written in that dull, uninteresting

admiralty office. I was referred to the private secretary of the permanent secretary. Various communications passed between us, but after being kept dangling around for more than two hours, I was informed that there was nobody in that huge department who could answer my query. What was meant, of course, was that there was nobody present who would assume the terrible responsibility of giving out a mite of information for publication.

Do you mean to tell me that there is no official on the board of agriculture who had been the effect of the wet weather on the crops. The inquiry produced consternation among the officials there. One of them, I believe, felt a profound pity for the ignorance which could prompt anybody to seek information on a live topic from a British government department. "I am truly sorry that you have taken the trouble to come here," he said, "but really we don't know anything about the effect of the rain on the crops."

Do you mean to tell me that there is no official on the board of agriculture who could give me authoritative information on the subject? "I am very sure that there isn't," he answered, shaking his head sadly. Then a bright idea struck him. "I tell you what you might do," he said cheerily. "Go and interview the editor of some agricultural paper about it. He ought to know something of the effect of the rain on the crops. He would have to, you know, to run an agricultural paper."

I wondered what an official had to know in order to hold a billet on the board of agriculture, but did not think it judicious to ask him. It occurred to me that at the Royal Society of Agriculture, which is a private institution and not dependent on British taxpayers for support, I might find some one who made it his business to keep up on agricultural conditions. But my inquiries there proved equally futile. "We don't know anything about the effect of the rain on the crops," said the secretary. "How should we? We get out an annual report, but we shall not set about preparing that for some months yet. Come around then and we may be able to give you some information."

HORROR OF INTERVIEWS.

In recent years interviewing has been recognized even by the most conservative British journals as legitimate journalism, but it is not practiced to anything like the extent it is in America. British officials high and low have a great horror of it. Mr. Chamberlain may be interviewed in America, but never would he submit to it in England. When a reporter seeks information of the London County Council he is given a paper to sign by which he pledges himself not to use what he learns in the form of an interview, and not to mention the name of his informant. No official information is ever given to reporters at Scotland Yard or the police stations concerning murders, suicides, burglaries, or any crimes of sufficient magnitude to be of public interest. Judicial inquiries are the only recognized source of legitimate official information on such subjects. When a reporter is put on a criminal

arraigned in Bow Street Police court in the morning. No names and no particulars were given.

"I suppose you have a reporter out running the story down," I remarked, being then somewhat green with regard to English journalistic methods, "and will get the rest of the story later."

"No," he replied, "that is all we shall publish tomorrow. I don't suppose we should get any additional details if we tried, and it is not of enough importance to be worth trying. When the case comes up in the police court we shall be able to get all the particulars without any trouble."

I tried to give him some idea of the efforts that would be made in an American newspaper office, if a bit of news of that sort drifted in at night, to get a complete account for next morning's paper. He was not much impressed. "My dear sir, England is not America," was his comment, "and American journalistic methods would not work here."

RESTORING THE CHAPEL DON'T MEND MATTERS.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 15.—It would not be surprising if the airy-fairy Marquis of Anglesey—actor, gem-collector and dandy—began to doubt the appreciativeness of Providence. Affairs with the "Diamond Marquis," as he is called, have been going indifferently for some time, but at present he finds himself in dire straits and this in spite of having taken at least one step designed to atone for past errors. It is now understood that the marquis is bankrupt. His last provincial tour with his theatrical company came to a disastrous end, and soon after it was announced that some of the ballet-dancing peer's finest jewels were to be sold by auction at a fashionable saleroom. Now the marquis' creditors both in London and Bangor—the Welsh town near Anglesey castle—are to hold meetings. Meanwhile his lordship has betaken himself hurriedly to the continent.

The marquis' attempt to square himself, as it were, with Providence was made in this wise. It will be remembered, no doubt, that when first his lordship conceived the idea of giving Christmas pantomimes at Anglesey castle, he committed the profane act of turning the private chapel into a pocket theater, which he named "The Gaiety." Naturally this shocked the clergyman as well as all other devout folk in the neighborhood, and frequent appeals were made to the peer to restore the place to its original state. To these, however, he turned a deaf ear, and the "butterfly" and skirt dances which the marquis delighted in executing, went on where once his ancestors had offered up their prayers. But not long ago—or just when times began to get hard with the lavish-handed nobleman—a more determined divine called at the castle, who declared to the marquis that his troubles would increase and multiply if he did not instantly repair his desecration of God's house. And

WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

Of "The Passing of a Loved Brother," a Georgia biographer says: "It was about a quarter to 10—on, I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't five minutes to the same, considering the fact that the clock was a eight-day one, an' had run down the night before, an' had been wound up an' set by sun-time, which is not to the minute, as everyone knows, though some go by the sun altogether, an' never bought a clock in their life—'specially on the installment plan, which makes you pay twice as much as the clock is worth, the agent taking the clock, and all you have paid on it, if you miss one installment. Well, as I said when I started out, it was about a quarter to 10—or maybe five minutes to the same, when the spirit of our loved brother shook off its earthly clothes—a new suit, he had just bought—and put on the heavenly robe, which is without money and without price. Amen!"—Atlanta Constitution.

GENERAL OKU, JAPAN'S BRILLIANT COMMANDER.



Gen. Oku has demonstrated himself to be one of the military wonders of the world. His strategy against the invested fortress of Port Arthur has displayed military genius of a high order.



NURSE DEFEATS DUCHESS.

The Duchess of Sutherland endeavored to force the resignation of the head nurse, Miss Stevenson, from the Charities Nursing Association. Miss Stevenson presented the matter to the board of governors, with the result that the duchess was forced to resign from the association.