

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

## UTAHNIANS AT THE JUBILEE.

LONDON, June 24th, 1897.

"My wife's gone clean cracked about the Jubilee  
 Hol the Jubilee! Hey! the Jubilee!  
 I'm a poor married man as you can plainly see  
 Oh this Jubilee will be the death of me."  
 —The song of the hour.

London for the last month has been suffering from a severe attack of Jubilee which has been more virulent in its intensity as the notable day has drawn nearer. until the inhabitants of the staid solid old smoky city wander around in vain in search of well known landmarks, rub their astonished optics in bewilderment, promptly contract that dire infection of the malady Jubilee, wend their way homewards and with feverish haste and patriotic glee proceed to stick paper flowers, designs, bunting, electric and multicolored glow lamps on the exterior of their domiciles and exercise their lungs practicing up the national anthem. For be it known that on June 22nd her most gracious majesty, the Queen of England, proceeded in state to Saint Paul's Cathedral to return thanks for God's goodness to the nation during this reign of sixty years, the longest in the history of the English people.

To say that London has been transformed, is to put it mildly. For weeks past King Carpenter has been lord of all he surveys. Grand stands to accommodate from three to as many thousand spectators have sprung up throughout the entire route of seven miles. The luckless pedestrian in the meanwhile has been forced to raise his trusty umbrella, to ward off the shower of sawdust, tenpenny nails and tack hammers, that has been raining on his devoted head. Needless to remark that the knights of the saw struck for higher wages—they know a good thing when they have it. Of course they received what they asked for and according to the Daily Mail the majority of them have been earning their eight pounds a week. The only trouble seems to be that now the Jubilee, is over, the carpenters will retire on their fortunes and tell their late employers "to take their blooming stands down themselves." Fabulous prices were asked for seats, some being held as high as \$100.00 each, whilst a comfortable little corner on a roof between a wall and a chimney pot, actually commanding some twenty feet of interrupted view, was held for the modest sum of \$500. To illustrate to what extent speculation was carried: Spencer and Co., the dry goods people, whose store faces the site upon which the services were held, were offered by Maskeylene, who is the Hermann of London, the following proposition which was accepted: Maskeylene contracted to pull down their old premises, erect a huge three story grandstand, furnished with restaurants, lavatories etc., and for the use of the same to pull down the latter and erect in its stead a handsome four story stone front store. As he contemplates clearing several thousand pounds by the deal doubtlessly both parties are mutually satisfied.

It is only during the last week that London has assumed a gala appearance. Heretofore whilst in its chivalric stage

the architecture was more after the Farmers' ward barn order—straight lines and plenty of lumber; glassless windows stared at one from all sides; the swell clubman on Piccadilly stepped out of his hansom, barked his shins on a pile of lumber, and then mysteriously disappeared, like a Kaffir into his hut, through a small hole in the lumber chaos and thus reached the sacred precincts of his club; whilst the merchant in the City along Cheapside dictated his correspondence in the presence of half a dozen sacreligious carpenters who were employed in sending the office boy out for beer and incidentally erecting a temporary balcony outside the windows of the magnate merchants. The carpenter epoch can never said to have been truly passed, as the majority of them were working Sundays, day and night, up to the morning of Jubilee Day. The week previous however the upholsterers took a hand and like magic the unsightly boards disappeared. Bunting, trimmings, velvet hangings, brass railings made their appearance on all sides, whilst along the entire seven miles on both sides of the streets, gaily colored venetian mas placed fifty feet apart sprung up like magic, from the tops of which were strung across profuse strings of colored paper flowers, evergreens and flags above which at right angles further cords bearing the flags of all nations extending across the streets fluttered in the breeze in bewildering profusion of color and effect. It would take pages to describe the various designs and effects assumed by the patriotic decorators.

But by far the most interesting part of the jubilee demonstration was the crowd. People from all over the world have flocked to London; the London street Arab brushes against the Indian prince in all his splendor of silk turban and oriental dress; the globe trotting American rubs shoulders with the heathen Chinese; the stalwart Australian trooper hobnobs with the sable West coast (Africa) mounted police; representatives of the terrible Turk carcass against the bearded Russian with delightful impartiality; whilst the habitual cockney curses as the sightseeing provincial with charming innocence invariably keeps on the wrong side of the sidewalk. For a fortnight past has this cosmopolitan horde invaded the most cosmopolitan city of the world, setting all rules of street etiquette at variance and driving the overworked policeman to the borders of delirium. Bus fares have risen in price 300 per cent., while the mob, from early morn till the next morning, takes possession of the streets, to the huge delight of the cabmen and other jehus who see how close they can get to one without running him down.

Several rehearsals of the procession took place in order to accustom the horses to their surroundings; and, although they were held sub rosa, the crowd at 7 a. m. rehearsed their part in rushes, whilst the police rehearsed telling flank movements in checking the same, the pickpockets getting in a unique and effective rehearsal on their own behalf with invariable success. The country cousins dodge the traffic frantically and then stand in a most provok-

ing manner and gaze at the preparations for the illumination and block the traffic from the four points of the compass; in the meantime carrying their umbrellas and canes at most perilous angles. The provincial is the same the world over. He wears the same hunted look, also a frock coat and Derby hat. From his pockets, at stated intervals, he draws half an orange and invites his lady partner to "ave a piece to freshen her up." The police were at their wit's end to solve the problem of handling several million people without any great loss of life. With this end in view they published in the papers columns of edicts, whilst every bill board is decorated with three sheet posters of closely printed regulations, that must gladden the business offices of the newspapers and job printers. Strong gates have been erected across streets where flank movements on the part of the crowd were anticipated, whilst all bridges across the Thames were closed to the public, and further vehicular traffic on the principal thoroughfares closed at seven a. m. Ambulance stations were stationed at stated intervals along the route, the public told to keep to the right and admonished to go slowly, especially when proceeding on a down grade, for it is not easy to handle a crowd of humanity some fifteen or twenty times larger than the entire population of our State.

Among the sightseers must not be forgotten a delegation of sixty-four of "the home contingent," reinforced by Bishop Romney and wife, and Mrs. McCune and daughter. As thirty go into three beds ten times and none over, the majority of the boys elected to stay up all night, and in the words of the playwright have "A night out." To be candid, the major portion indulged in three nights out, with the ultimate result that they have most successfully cultivated a baggard expression and a gait resembling that of a Western youngster when he first discards his shoes with the advent of spring, and proceeds to step lightly over a rocky place. Nevertheless the universal verdict is, that it was worth it.

By midnight of the 21st, the streets were thronged with hundreds of thousands, whose general deportment, when in comparison to that of an election night, would be as from a political caucus to that of a well behaved Sunday school. London was in its glory. Three songs were the sole repertoire of the mob: "God save the Queen," which ultimately degenerated into "God shave (hic) th' squeam; "Soldiers of the Queen," and "Only one girl in this world for me," which were yelled out by gangs hundreds strong, who paraded the streets eight abreast, armed with pea shooters, tin horns and squirts. The East end girls and factory hands were out en masse, and one and all indulged in a most unique dance peculiar to themselves and the slums of London. They formed in phalanxes six or eight abreast, with their arms around each other's necks, and to the music of a concertina and their own discordant howls, jumped frantically forward two bounds; their hats would almost touch the pavement, then with two jumps to the rear they would throw their bodies back, elevate their ragged shoes, and display a most unnecessary amount of holey hosiery. Down every side street, especially off the strand, Imromptu