

Competition is inevitable—and Even in Reading and Answering Want Ads, You Must Be Alert If You Would Be First.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1906. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

If You Are Just "Waking Up" To the Fact of Want Advertising, of its Possibilities for YOU—Why, "Better Late Than Never!"

PART TWO.

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Mrs. Charlemagne Tower
Wife of the American Ambassador at Berlin.



Salon in the American Ambassador's Palace in Berlin.



Where the American Consul-General in Berlin Receives his Guests.

AWFUL BRITISH CANNED GOODS

Investigation Discloses Conditions Very Much Worse Than Those in America.

HORRORS OF "ROTTEN ROW."

Consumptive Cattle Sold for Food and Disinfectants Used to Disguise the Bad Meat.

Special Correspondence.

ONDON, Aug. 28.—Guilty American meat packers may at last rejoice in having companions in crime. Examinations just made in England by various sanitary authorities conclusively demonstrate that English meat packers and other food manufacturers are quite on a par with their American cousins whom they have so loudly denounced recently. From every part of London, and, indeed, from all the big cities of England, come reports from sanitary authorities to the effect that conditions prevailing in a number of canning factories, in meat markets, slaughter houses and butcher shops "could not be worse."

According to statements made over their own signatures by many of the most prominent public analysts, meat is often in a condition not only dangerous to public health but absolutely poisonous. All sorts of ruses and dodges are employed for concealing the real nature of the foodstuffs prepared in this country.

When the first announcements of the Chicago exposures reached England, a violent shout went up from meat packers to the effect that "home industries" were being patronized there would have been no cause for alarm. Almost immediately the importation of American canned goods dropped off to alarming extent, and the American industry received a staggering blow. No opportunity was lost by British packers to seize the moment and generally to roast American products of every kind, and while wrecking the American market these packers made desperate attempts to get their own products prominently before the public. Stores in various parts of London displayed big signs—"No American canned goods sold here," "British products only," and "Use Honest British Goods; don't eat vile American stuff."

A NATIVE CALL DOWN.

But the triumph was not for long. Dr. Cooper, one of the best known medical men in London, who is also a member of parliament, and of the London county council, rose up bravely before the public and declared that he and his fellow members were as guilty as their American rivals. In a statement made to the writer on this subject, Dr. Cooper said:

"The public has no conception of the filthy condition prevailing in most of the English slaughter houses, especially in the small private ones. Chicago's worst places could not be any worse than these. Most of the small slaughter houses in England are absolutely filthy. No inspection whatever; the butchers may kill when they like and under whatever conditions they please. The places literally reek with filth; they are never properly cleaned up, and the conditions under which animals are slain make the meat unfit for human consumption. I have proof of this in London of the carcasses of animals that have died of tuberculosis. As for meat inspection in this country, it does not exist. The inspectors have no training whatever—they know nothing about bacteriological or microscopical examination. They only have their sense of smell to go by. Butcher meat which is particularly bad, and smells so 'loud' that even an inspector would notice it, they treat the meat with potassiumate of potash, which kills the smell temporarily—at least,

long enough for the so-called inspector to pronounce it sound.

EAT ROTTEN ROASTS.

"What with selling tuberculous and rotten meat, and with the perfunctory and useless system of alleged inspection that goes on in this country, I do not consider that we in England are a whit better off than the Americans. With uneducated inspectors who are not up to the tricks of the trade, no one in England is safe in eating the 'roast beef of old England' that we boast so much about."

"There is a place in Smithfield market—the largest meat center in England, where thousands of tons of meat are sold—which is called 'Rotten Row.' This section of the market does not come under the jurisdiction of the inspectors who have charge of the city of London; and, as a consequence, when any bad meat is to be disposed of it finds its way to 'Rotten Row.' Here inspectors are not allowed to interfere, and you may imagine what goes on. Tuberculous, filthy meat is here offered for sale. People of the poorer classes buy this stuff, and I have no doubt that many diseases and even deaths may be attributed to it."

"I have seen with my own eyes crates of Ostend rabbits treated with permanganate of potash to keep them from smelling, and sold at the ridiculously low price of 75 cents per crate. This is practically giving them away. They have to be sold for the reason that this permanganate only keeps them from smelling for a short time, and if they are not gotten rid of quickly even the purchasers would realize their condition."

BAD RABBITS FOR POOR.

"It must be remembered that rabbit is one of the staple articles of consumption among the poorer classes in England. Thousands of tons of rabbit are sold on the London markets each year. Of course, I do not say that all this meat is bad, but a large quantity of it is. None of it is properly inspected, and it is often sold in a condition which renders it highly dangerous for human consumption."

"Even when meat is in a fairly decent condition, I have seen it offered for sale under circumstances which render it unfit for human food. In England a large amount of trading is done from what are called barrows, or being warm and fresh killed, forms a splendid culture medium for all sorts of germs, and, of course, when human beings buy it it is literally reeking with all sorts of bacterial matter. A great deal of it gets fly-blown, and we had any decent inspection in this country it would be condemned. There should be a law passed in this country forbidding the sale of meat from push carts, and also it should be forbidden to expose meat on the dusty streets, unprotected by glass covering, as is done in every butcher shop in England."

"No matter what may be said of Chicago, we have equally bad conditions prevailing here, not only in the sale of what is misnamed 'fresh killed' meat, but also in the canned goods variety."

BRITISH CANNED GOODS.

Bearing out Dr. Cooper's statements as to canned goods, every analyst of London employed to make special examinations of British tinned goods found conditions prevailing quite as bad as those existing in America before the great "house-cleaning" there. As a matter of fact, nearly every London public analyst just now has his hands full making analyses of canned meats and other canned goods. Special attention is being given to British produce, and some startling revelations have just been made. At the special instance of the local government board no less than 28 different sections of London have taken up the investigation of canned goods from various English packing houses. In every public laboratory—and there is one for nearly every district in London—you see piles of canned goods standing waiting for analysis, while specially employed chemists, microscopists and bacteriologists are looking assiduously for evidences of diseased and deleterious matter in the contents of the supposedly irreproachable English canned goods about which packers have been boasting so much.

The result of many of these analyses has been the prosecution and infliction of heavy fines and even imprisonment on many London packers. In one case, where boracic acid was found in potted ham, the meat had turned black, and it was testified by experts that it had been treated with preservative because it was unfit for human consumption when packed. The firm whose label

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Something of the American Colony in Berlin

The Center of Its Social Life is the Sumptuously Furnished Palace of the United States Ambassador—The Kaiser Wanted to Get Replicas of Some of The Ornaments But Was Staggered at the Cost Thereof.

Special Correspondence.

BERLIN, Aug. 29.—Berlin is said to be one of the finest "American" cities in the world and the transatlantic stranger finds himself in such an atmosphere of home that he soon begins to seek for the cause of it. There are more than 500 American families "resident" in the Kaiserstadt, whose homes are open to strangers, pilgrims and fellow countrymen and who form the nucleus of the different sets of social life.

There is more organized life in the American colony in Berlin than in any other colony in Europe. In Paris the Americans are so widely scattered that there is little question of United social life, and interests, and beside, the colony is composed of a very different set of people whose aims are by no means as serious as are those of the Americans in Germany where the leading spirit is work, and there is less inclination to enter into the frivolities of life than in the city on the Seine.

COLONY PROUD OF IT.

First in the list of American homes must be considered the embassy of which the colony is justly proud. Ambassador Tower enjoys the reputation of being the richest man in the diplomatic service of the United States, and he pays for the beautiful palace near the Reichstag and Tiergarten a yearly rent that considerably exceeds his salary as diplomatic representative of Uncle Sam. The palace is a stately building and the state apartments are particularly splendid. The fact that the emperor dined twice at the embassy last winter is significant; his majesty seldom finds time to dine more than once with the foreign ambassadors during the season and he made an exception. It is said, because he feels very comfortable and at home in the residence of the American ambassador, who is especially "persona grata" at the court. The emperor is much

interested in the art treasures that Mr. Tower has collected, and particularly in the Turkish room which is the especial pride of the host.

ORIGINAL AND EXHAUSTIVE.

The embassy silver is all of an original design and very costly and beautiful, and there is a story from an authentic source that the emperor greatly admired the candle shades and requested one to be sent him in order that he might have them copied. They are very delicate, open tracery, and the silver workers wanted such a high price for them that the emperor could not afford to have them made. It is a favorite saying with his majesty that he is not a Vanderbilt and cannot afford to indulge in the luxuries of American multi-millionaires.

The feeling between the embassy and the colony is of the most cordial nature; Mr. and Mrs. Tower give at least two public receptions during the winter to which all Americans are invited. These functions are conducted on a scale of more than ordinary magnificence and are generally attended by several hundreds. Mrs. Tower pays a great many calls in the colony, and gives a limited number of private entertainments, lunches, teas and small receptions to which the older residents are invited. She seldom makes her functions international, but prefers rather to entertain Americans alone.

Mr. Thackara, the United States consul-general and his wife, who is a daughter of the late Gen. Sherman, have established themselves in an apartment house in the city, and the Thackara family is well known; they entertain largely for the two young daughters and many are the informal dances and old-fashioned "tally-ho" and chafing-dish suppers over which Mrs. Thackara presides.

THE AMERICAN PASTOR.

The home of the American pastor, the Rev. Dr. J. F. Dickie of Detroit, is pleasant and friendly and almost every American who comes to Berlin finds himself sooner or later welcomed by the genial divine and his amiable wife. Next in order may be considered the home of Dwight Partello, former

United States consul in Düsseldorf, now United States treasury agent in Germany, which is presided over by his daughter. Mr. Partello is the owner of the finest violin collection in the world. For years he has searched the globe for his treasures, and since the purchase of the collection of the Duke of Arcy, he considers his own second to none.

He came into fame a few years ago by tracing and restoring to the Czar of Russia a stolen Stradivarius and received a decoration for the service. As may be supposed, the Partellos draw around them a large musical circle and give music evenings which are events in the musical world in Berlin. Many a young artist feels his fingers itch to get hold of one of those marvelous instruments, but Mr. Partello is jealous of his treasures and the honor of bowing one of those Strads, or Josephs, or Amatis, is reserved for the few, and they the elect.

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL HOME.

The home of Dr. James Henry Honan, of Chicago, a physician who has been established for some years in Berlin, affords an interesting example of how a characteristic and representative American home may be created out of foreign materials and with foreign walls. Dr. and Mrs. Honan are both connoisseurs in the matter of antiques and their home is filled with beautiful things of all kinds. There are among the most cordial entertainers in the colony and their private entertainments as well as public receptions are marked with a true spirit of hospitality and friendliness. Mrs. Honan is a student of archeology, and is not only pursuing her work at the university but has had the honor of preparing the English Guide to the Pergamon museum by commission of the directors of the Royal museums of Berlin. This is the first English guide that has ever been issued by the Royal museums.

KEEP THEIR INDIVIDUALITY.

The American women lose their individuality less, it may be said, than any other women; many a girl who has lived perhaps several years in Berlin, and is dressed entirely from the German shops is surprised to hear as she walks in the street, "There goes an American." Every year a new house is opened, it may be only for a

short time, but it brings its own atmosphere, always something a little different, musical, literary or sometimes just nothing but kindness and hospitality. Women who have never realized that they had any social influence at all, find that they have here; every American who enters Berlin society finds his or her level, and it is a survival of the fittest; a far higher premium is set upon brains than on money and there is probably less gossip and "cleverer, healthier tone than can be found in any other American colony abroad."

THE DENTISTS' CIRCLE.

Quite a number of important homes are in what is known as the dentists' circle. American dentistry was introduced into Germany as long ago as the early fifties when Dr. Abbott came to Berlin from the state of Maine, and since this time all the American dentists may be said either directly or indirectly to have come from his office. The late Dr. Sylvester, of San Francisco, who, as the Kaiser's dentist, received the title of "Hofrat" was Dr. Abbott's associate, and Prof. Miller of the Berlin university who afterwards married Dr. Abbott's daughter, was for a long time in the older man's office. Prof. Miller has been the recipient of most special honors during the last winter. Owing to the unsatisfactory conditions existing in the Royal Dental Clinic in Berlin, he tendered his resignation with the intention of returning to the United States and accepting a position which had been offered to him at Ann Arbor university, Michigan, but the entire dental profession of Germany put forth the most vigorous protests and at meetings in which dentists from all parts of the country took part, appeals were made to the "Ministerium" to accede to his requests, and the matter gained such proportions that Professor Miller consented to remain for a period.

NO LONGER CHEAP.

Dr. George Watson, whose wife is a member of the famous Sherwood family of Chicago, is the dentist of the Kaiserin and the younger children. He has a beautiful home in an exclusive quarter of the city. Dr. Davies, the present dentist of the Kaiser, is rather a late arrival. He and his young wife have a rather pretentious apartment in the Tiergarten district.

There is no question of economy in living in Berlin. The time has gone by when living in Germany is cheap; almost any housekeeper will tell you that she pays out double for household expenses that she did 10 years ago. Rents are as expensive as in New York, and other things in proportion. Servants are notably bad. Police regulations are, to say the least of it, trying and one has to stick close to the shore in the early days for fear of breakers. There are regulations governing music and practicing which are indeed a trouble to the ambitious student, but a boon to the dweller in the "flat upstairs."

It is a measure of ideal life that many Americans lead in this foreign land. Regarding their sojourn in Germany, the ideals of Americanism are strongly upheld, and when the family returns, its members are none the less patriotic because of their residence abroad and contact with old world culture.

J. MACKLIN BEATTIE.

Smile.
Smile every day and every hour.
Smile when you meet your friends.
Smile on your business acquaintances.
Smile, for people love and respect a happy man.
Smile in the household, at the table, everywhere.
Smile when you hear unpleasant things about yourself.
Smile, and your social circle will make you vastly more welcome.
Smile, and half your troubles, the imaginary half, will disappear.
Smile when things go wrong; it will not make them worse at least.
Smile, and the world will look about as well again as it did when you were a boy.
Smile while you are at work, and something of pleasantness may pass into your work itself.
Smile when your bills come in; it will not make them any harder to pay, and a bright spirit may suggest ways and means.
Smile on the street, in cars, in elevators; it will not hurt anybody, and people may feel that the world is not so bad after all, when they see you.
Smile at yourself when you have to look in the mirror to shave or adjust your tie, and you may find yourself better looking than you thought.
Smile when strangers or bores come to break in on your time; it will help you get rid of them, and then they will not be so much of a bother.
Smile when you are with a pleasant look—Spare Moments.

AMERICAN WOMAN INVITES THE KING

Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck Spending a Mint of Money to Entertain Edward VII.

TO BEAT OTHER HOSTESSES.

An American Heiress Who Isn't Looking for a Titled Husband and Astonishes Everybody.

Special Correspondence.

ONDON, Aug. 29.—It is nothing new to Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck (Miss Livingston of New York) she was before her marriage) to entertain the king; she has done it repeatedly at her house in Richmond Terrace. When, however, his majesty goes to Highcliff castle on his return from Marienbad, it will be the first time that he has spent a night under the Cavendish-Bentincks' roof. Although they are only renting the place, they are spending a tremendous amount of money in preparation for the royal visit. Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck's ambition is to outdo every other hostess, American or otherwise, who has entertained King Edward. In place of the unpretentious motor car in which the king usually proceeds from a railway station to the house of his host, Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck has arranged that he shall drive to Highcliff castle in semi-state with four dashing steeds and outriders. She has succeeded in getting the chef of the Carlton at an enormous cost to compose the dinner on the night of his majesty's arrival. A new bathroom is being added to the suite of rooms his majesty will occupy, the one previously in use being like other parts of the castle, distinctly antiquated. The king has a few weaknesses in luxury, and one is a fancy for an elaborate bathroom. Although of late the king has shown that he prefers bridge after dinner to music, Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck intends having some music, and there is mention of Mrs. Ella Russell being included in the artists. If his majesty cares to take his first experience in ballooning, he will have an opportunity of doing so at Highcliff, as ballooning will be one of the pastimes afforded.

INDEPENDENT YANKEE GIRL.

An American heiress from New York, Miss Badoock, is attracting considerable attention over here. She is a very good-looking and exceedingly emancipated young woman, and apparently has no thought of becoming a titled heiress. Her array of motor cars (two of which she brought with her from New York) her excellent driving—for she is her own chauffeur—and can take any motor car to pieces—her independence and her daring have all qualified her for notoriety, whether she seeks it or not. She recently motored to Harrogate and is making a tour up to Edinburgh through the Cathedral towns. The fact is much commented upon in England that it is only the middle class American of limited means who takes a really intelligent interest in traveling and wants to find out all that is to be known about centers of historic or literary interest. Of her class, Miss Badoock is decidedly an exception. She is "doing" England thoroughly. When she has finished here, she is going to the continent with a similar intention.

EXCEEDINGLY RESERVED.

Although an American, she is exceedingly reserved, and at hotels, at all events, refuses introductions on all sides. The other day she was the subject of a bet. A certain well known man wagered that before forty-eight hours were over, he would sit beside her in her car, or else she in his. This is how he planned to win his wager. He knew Miss Badoock's hour for departing for her drive in the morning, and getting into the garage, removed a screw from her motor, which was bound to bring about a slight trouble before she had proceeded far ahead. In due



IN AN ENGLISH MEAT INSPECTING ROOM.

Sanitary Inspector at Smithfield Market Taking a "Sample" From a Side of Meat to Ascertain Whether it is Tuberculous or Not—The Visits of London Sanitary Inspectors are Always "Surprises."