

Two or three simple statements of fact—in a wait ad—may change and enlarge the whole outlook for you!

PART TWO

## SERBIA'S MAD SON "CRAZY FOR SURE"

Latest Freaks of King Peter's  
Present Heir, Show Him  
Unfit to Rule.

TO BE DECLARED INSANE.

Will be Succeeded by Prince Alexander, a Brother, Who Is Said to be a Model Youth.

Special Correspondence.  
VIENNA, Jan. 16.—Unless some sudden upheaval should previously remove the Karageorgevic dynasty once more from Serbia, there seems no doubt that King Peter's second son, Prince Alexander, will be the next sovereign of that unhappy country instead of his elder brother, the Crown Prince George.

Of late the latter's wild excesses, of which I wrote some time ago, have become more frequent and outrageous and have gone far to substantiate the reports that he is mentally deranged and utterly unfit to rule his country. These reports, of course, are denied, but mad or sane, it appears certain that George will never be permitted to succeed his father on the throne. It is indeed now stated definitely in court circles that the succession will pass to Prince Alexander, who is as popular as the crown prince is disliked and execrated.

### A HANDSOME YOUTH.

Just 15 years of age, Alexander is a handsome youth with a good figure. Physically he strongly resembles his degenerate elder brother, but in temperament and mental equipment he presents a striking contrast to him. George has the ungovernable temper of a maniac, Alexander is always amiable; George is lazy, Alexander is studious; George is stupid, Alexander is clever; George is coarse, Alexander is refined; George is a dissolute rake, Alexander leads a clean life. It is one of the puzzles of heredity that two such utterly different types should be born of the same parents.

Like his brother, Alexander was sent to the famous school for Imperial Pages in St. Petersburg, but the rigors of that northern climate proved too severe for his constitution and he was forced to leave the Russian capital. Before he did so symptoms of pulmonary trouble began to manifest themselves, but happily these have entirely vanished since the prince's return to Belgrade, and he is now in excellent health. Despite that fact, it is significant that King Peter has decided not to send him back to Russia, but to keep him in the palace at Belgrade. Recently he has been delegated to assist at several functions at which the crown prince was conspicuous by his absence. When the king appears in public he is usually accompanied by Alexander. He seems to feel that the lad's popularity affords him some measure of protection in his tottering throne.

### WOULD LIKE SUBSTITUTE.

There can be no doubt that the people of Serbia would hail with delight the substitution of Alexander for George as the heir to the throne. That was made apparent even at the coronation banquet, when a toast was acclaimed with tremendous enthusiasm which expressed a wish that the crown should "pass to the ablest member of his majesty's family." No stronger hint could have been conveyed that the crown prince was not wanted.

Meanwhile King Peter has lost whatever nerve he may have possessed as a young man. He is more closely guarded than ever King Alexander was, even when plots against him were daily discovered. Though only 60 years of age he has the appearance of a very old man. When he reached Serbia after the murders he looked like a decayed military man, with a thin, hawk-like face, marked with deep lines, grizzled hair and mustache. Now his face is ashen and laggish, his hair is white, his eyes are full of rheum. He shuffles along like a venerable old man, and his hands have the wrinkled, stiff, and shaky appearance of the hands of an old man. He spends much of his time in the bottle and in the smoking of large quantities of opium. By contrast with the life of terror and imbecility which he leads in his glided cage, the days of his old penurious struggles in Geneva must appear to him like a lost Paradise.

### ANOTHER CANDIDATE.

Falling Prince Alexander, there is another promising candidate for the throne of Serbia, the 14-year-old Prince Paul, son of Prince Arsen, King Peter's younger brother. Despite his extreme youth, Paul is popular among all classes of the people. He is a fine-looking, well-developed young man. But his success in the present state of affairs in Serbia that would allow of his being crowned and crowned mantle.

# SECRET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY JANUARY 26 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

Half a dozen lines of type may be the link between you and something you want.

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

## The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

### KING EDWARD'S KITCHEN AND HIS COOK.

M. Juste Menager, His Majesty's Chef, an Important Personage Who Receives \$10,000 a Year For Bossing the Culinary Department of Buckingham Palace, and Who Has Under Him an Army of Trained Menials



Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 16.—One of the privileges which the sovereign is still allowed to retain in democratic England is the appointment of his own chef. When there is a change of ministry, King Edward, at the dictation of the prime minister, has to take on a new lord chamberlain, who is nominally the boss of the upstairs department of the royal household, and a new lord steward who is supposed to have supreme control of the culinary department, but the real monarch of the palace kitchen, the "chief cook," as he is officially styled in good old Anglo-Saxon, is not subject to the vicissitudes of politics. Whatever party is in power, he continues to hold his job at his majesty's pleasure, which is just as long as he contrives to satisfy his majesty's highly cultivated epicurean tastes. And this is a matter which really affects the king more closely than a change of administration, for whether the Liberals or the Conservatives are in a majority, he can exercise very little control over the government.

#### FROM LAND OF GOOD COOKS.

The august functionary who ministers to the royal appetite is M. Juste Menager, a native of the land of good cooks, and something over forty years of age. He gets \$10,000 a year, which is \$500 more than is paid the first sea lord of the admiralty, the famous Sir "Jackie" Fisher, who practically runs the British navy. M. Menager owes his enviable position to hard work and—genius, for good cooks, like poets, are born, not made. But like nearly all truly great men, he is a modest one. He shuns publicity. His photograph heretofore has not been obtainable. It is only because in a moment of weakness, he consented to judge a recent cookery exhibition, and was snatched by a clever camera flend, that I am able to supply a portrait of him.

#### HAS AN EASY BILLET.

He has an easy billet. He is paid his big salary not so much for what he actually does as for knowing how to do it. So great a culinary artist is not expected to produce three masterpieces in a day. With a breakfast of the king, which is always a modest meal, he does not concern himself. He is not required to sleep under his master's roof, like most of the royal menials, but lives in a private residence a short distance from Buckingham palace. He always drives to the palace, arriving there shortly after 11 o'clock. In his own private office, a sunny apartment adjoining the kitchen, and overlooking lawns, he receives the luncheon carte drawn up by Lord Farquhar, the master of the king's household, and begins his day's work.

Lord Farquhar is a permanent official and resides at the palace when the king is in residence there. He is a baron and therefore a peer of the realm, with a seat in the house of lords, but he is not particularly well off, and his salary of \$5,750 a year—\$4,250 less than M. Menager receives, by the way—comes in handy to help him make both ends meet. The office of the lord steward, who is nominally at the head of the gastronomic department, is practically a sinecure. It is at present filled by Lord Hawkesbury, who pockets \$10,000 a year for drawing his salary and looking imposing on state occasions when his attendance is required.

AMBITION REACHED.  
If M. Menager were capable of envy, he might occasionally envy the lord steward. But he has declared that he would not be happy if he were not able to practise his art. And so far as fame is concerned, as the king's chef, he enjoys a far greater measure of it than is bestowed on any figure-head functionary. Besides abundance of leisure is allowed him in which to cultivate his own pet hobbies, or seek gastronomic inspiration. After luncheon he is free to do what he pleases until 6 o'clock, when preparations for the great event of his domain—"dinner"—begins.

At his command for this work are four master cooks, and a retinue of well-trained attendants, all clad in immaculate linen. Perfect discipline prevails among them. Clock-work regularity is the rule. Each dish is begun and finished to within a minute of the appointed time. Few words are spoken. The culinary autocrat walks around and superintends, offering a suggestion here and there for the perfection of some particular dainty, but so well-drilled and skilled are his attendants that he seldom needs to give an order. The main piece of the repast—the dish which may tickle the most luxurious of aristocratic palates and stimulate the most jaundiced appetites—makes his own special study and by it justifies his

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#### THE ROYAL KITCHEN.

The royal kitchen is some 300 yards from the dining apartments. That prevents any of the odors of cooking offending royal nostrils or those of royalty's guests. But it is attended by the drawback that dishes may cool en route. To overcome this, just outside the dining hall, is an ante-room in which stands the royal dishing-up table. It is of steel, brass-rimmed. Underneath is a hollow cavity, filled with steam, as are also the brass-cased legs. On its polished surface are deposited the dishes that have to be served warm, and while there, awaiting distribution among the table attendants the more delicate of them receive their finishing touches. The functionary who rules in this department wears evening dress and white gloves. He gives his directions in a voice that is scarcely raised over a whisper, for no vulgar clatter must be allowed to reach the royal ears.

#### MIRRORS MAKE IT EASY.

The passage between the kitchen and the ante-room is a long and tortuous one. The collisions between menials carrying dishes to and fro, used to be of frequent occurrence, and sometimes with appalling results to M. Menager's choicest productions. But a few years ago, mirrors were erected at the awkward corners by means of which the laden waiters can tell who is approaching in an opposite direction and thus avoid end-on smashes. An ingenious American once submitted a scheme for the construction of a miniature electric freight railway along this passage to convey the dishes to and fro, guaranteeing to save thereby both time and money, but he could not persuade the "high knock-nocks of the palace," as he termed them, to adopt it.

On great occasions the king takes a personal interest in the construction of the menu, but ordinarily his complacency is left entirely to the master of the household, and M. Menager, and if differences of opinion arise between

majesty's opinion that he is the best cook in the world.

The confectionery department is quite distinct from the kitchen. Its presiding genius receives \$1,200 a year, and his chief assistant, \$1,250. But here, as elsewhere, in all that pertains to what might be called the king's personal interior department, M. Menager's authority is supreme.

#### OUT OF BUSINESS END.

With the business side of the royal kitchen, M. Menager has nothing to do. No mercenary considerations are allowed to interfere with his creative powers. He gives no orders to tradesmen direct. He states what he wants and the clerk of the kitchen sees to it that he gets it. He gets \$3,500 a year and has under him three accountants. The office was created by King Edward, who has a fine appreciation of the value of business methods. The clerk of the kitchen has to pass every article of food that comes in, and to decide whether it is of proper weight and quality. When it passes his scrutiny, a check is made out and given to a clerk, who at once in a book a description of the article, the time of its arrival and the amount to be paid for it. So carefully are the kitchen accounts kept that the cost of every dinner can be estimated quite accurately.

The king's kitchen contains something like \$10,000 worth of utensils.

As for Serbia itself, it is in a most unhappy plight, politically, financially and industrially. Chaos and anarchy prevail everywhere outside of Belgrade. It is creditably stated that there have been more political murders in the country districts of Serbia in 1906 than in the whole of Macedonia. The only difference is that the latter are all reported and chronicled, sometimes two or three times over, while the Serbian press is so tightly muzzled that the slightest reference to the murders within their own land, some months ago one of the most prominent men in

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#### PURPOSELY SHOT PEASANT.

During a recent hunt near Belgrade the crown prince shot a peasant in the eye just to show his companions what an excellent marksman he is. Quite recently, after a dispute with Dr. Dimitich, the court physician and chief of the royal cabinet, the prince boxed his ears with such force

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KING EDWARD VII OF ENGLAND, AS HE LOOKS TODAY

#### WHERE THE GASTRONOMIC CREATIONS OF M. MENAGER ARE SERVED.

There are no less than 500 pots and pans, most of them of copper, and five scullions are solely employed to keep them brightly burnished. There are 4,000 knives, 3,000 forks and as many spoons of various sizes used for cooking and kitchen purposes. For the service of the royal table there are 8,000 forks and spoons of massive silver.

#### AN 8:30 DINNER.

The usual dinner hour at Buckingham Palace is 8:30 p. m., but the regulation of his majesty's household requires that the king be extremely partial, at least an hour before that time. The laying of the table is entrusted to two table deckers, who are paid \$1,000 a year each, but the chief butler, who gets \$2,000 a year, is responsible for the work being properly done. King Edward has a dislike to orchids on the dinner table, and not long since the chief butler got a scolding from his royal master because his taste in the matter had been disregarded. But it is chiefly because of his faultless judgment with respect to wines, particularly champagne, to which the king is extremely partial, that he is in moderation, that the chief butler commands such a big salary.

Like the king himself, M. Menager is a tactful man. He knows how to please the women folk and the men who do for him. He is sure to be popular. He has boldly challenged the opinion entertained by most exalted chefs, that women are incapable of mastering the higher mysteries of the culinary art. He encourages women cooks. He employs several of them at Buckingham Palace. He has declared that there are at least half a dozen women cooks in London who are capable of preparing a dinner for the king.

ELLIS ELLEN.

#### THE "MUST MARRY."

This incident was the first to arouse in the baroness's secretary the idea that possibly she was destined to marry him herself. The explanation she gave him was that she was convinced his fiancée was unsuitable for him and would not make him happy. Some time after, she took him by storm by saying:

#### WAS ENGAGED TO HER.

It is not generally known that Ashmead Bartlett was engaged to a companion of the baroness before his marriage. The story goes that Lady Burdett-Coutts induced him to break it off. So far had the matter gone that an editor of a society paper, the Whitehall Review, now defunct, had portraits of the couple whom he was about to reproduce, but that Lady Burdett-Coutts came to him and asked him as a special favor not to do so, and he presented her with the blocks and assured her she would hear no more about the matter.

#### ONE OF YEARS' "BUDS."

For days after Lady Orford's ball, which was in honor of her debutante daughter, Lady Dorothy Walpole, who is one of the year's "buds," people were talking about the snowball performance, which was a rowdy section of the guests indulged in between 1 and 2 a. m. They went on to the lawn and fought for all they were worth in their evening attire and flung snowballs at each other. The snowballs were made of the glass, with the result that dancing had to be stopped. The American hostess, who is a daughter of the late D. C. Corbin of New York, was extremely angry, but this did not induce the rowdies to desist. The girls who took part in the fray had their gowns torn to shreds and were always kept in readiness for their return at any moment, for Mrs. White used to say, "I never know when we may be withdrawn."

#### THE WHITES IN TOWN.

The Whites have been staying in town at their lovely house which, while they were in Rome, was never let and was always kept in readiness for their return at any moment, for Mrs. White used to say, "I never know when we may be withdrawn."

#### AT LOGGERSHEADS.

The cabinet and parliament are entirely at loggerheads, and political conditions are daily growing worse. The king is practically bankrupt. Since the tariff war with Austria-Hungary the farmers have been unable to sell their pigs and the agricultural districts, which means practically the whole country outside of the capital, are in the deepest distress.

#### NO PRESS LIBERTY.

Liberty of the press has no existence; the newspapers are completely under the control of the government, which exercises a censorship as rigorous as ever prevailed under the rule of the czar.

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In short, the general outlook is such that a catastrophe might come at any moment. Competent observers indeed affirm that it cannot be delayed much longer.

#### NO PRESS LIBERTY.

Superstitious citizens of Belgrade are recalling the fact that on the day on which King Peter entered the Konak hundreds of ravens from the banks of the Save and the Danube flew over Belgrade in such masses as had never been seen before. They settled last in the Konak and immediately before the windows of King Peter's apartments. For a whole week they remained cawing continuously and looting the entire neighborhood of its night repose.

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Nothing could drive them away. The court servants threw down poisoned meat, but the birds let it unharmed. Finally a dozen ravens were brought and the court officials did fearful execution among the birds the next night. Scarcely a tenth of the hundreds of ravens were left to fly away the next morning. The ravens are gone, but the black care and brooding despair remain. The finger of God is relentlessly pressing upon Peter Karageorgevitch, the miserable trembling creature of a throne acquired by murder.

L. HARVEY SCOTT.

## OLD SWEETHEART IS STILL WAITING

Strange Romance in Careers of  
William Ashmead Bartlett  
And Burdett-Coutts.

### ARISTOCRATIC ROWDYISM.

How Mrs. White, Wife of American  
Ambassador at Rome, Won the  
Title of "The Puritan."

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 16.—All things come to those who wait. There is, however, not the slightest reason to suppose that William Lehman Ashmead Bartlett awaited longingly the death of the venerable Baroness Burdett-Coutts, whose husband he was for 25 years. In the annals of the world, there was never a more peculiar union and yet a more perfect one of its kind. Those who knew best the millionaire peeress and her husband realized this. He anticipated her every wish. Once when discussing her husband with an old friend, the baroness exclaimed: "He is the most perfect chum, the finest business man, the most useful man, it is possible for a woman to have around her. I cannot imagine how I managed to live for 27 years of my life without him."

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Superstitious citizens of Belgrade are recalling the fact that on the day on which King Peter entered the Konak hundreds of ravens from the banks of the Save and the Danube flew over Belgrade in such masses as had never been seen before. They settled last in the Konak and immediately before the windows of King Peter's apartments. For a whole week they remained cawing continuously and looting the entire neighborhood of its night repose.

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Nothing could drive them away. The court servants threw down poisoned meat, but the birds let it unharmed. Finally a dozen ravens were brought and the court officials did fearful execution among the birds the next night. Scarcely a tenth of the hundreds of ravens were left to fly away the next morning. The ravens are gone, but the black care and brooding despair remain. The finger of God is relentlessly pressing upon Peter Karageorgevitch, the miserable trembling creature of a throne acquired by murder.

L. HARVEY SCOTT.

#### MOTHER FOR DAUGHTER.

On the other hand, Mrs. Oliver Belmont, the Duchess of Marlborough, over her rumpled hair, and in a very simple dress, said that in a fatherly way, he has asked Marlborough to allow him to help him keep up the expense of Blenheim palace. It would be, I hear, a very sore point with W. K. Vanderbilt, to know that the gorgeous home of his daughter was shut up or let, and he is prepared to make a considerable monetary concession to prevent either fate befalling it.



PRINCE GEORGE, Crown Prince of Serbia Who Will be Declared Insane  
PRINCE ALEXANDER, King Peter's Second Son, Who Will Probably Become Heir to the Throne in Place of His Brother George.