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DESERT EVENING NEWS.

The Great Percentage of the Prosperous Farmers, Ranchmen and Stockmen of the West See No Other Paper Than the Semi-Weekly News. Advertisers, Make a Note of It.

PART TWO. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1903. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

TOOTH-TENDERS OF ROYALTY.

American Dentists Who Chum With Their Imperial Patients, Czar and Kaiser.

KNOW MANY STATE SECRETS.

The Famous American Dentist Who Saved Empress Eugenie, Established The Reputation of His Brethren.

Special Correspondence.
London, Oct. 25.—Ever since the fateful night when the Empress Eugenie, deserted by the friends of court whom she had trusted the most, turned for refuge to the house of the late Dr. Evans, her American dentist in Paris, kings and emperors throughout Europe have delighted to honor American dentists. The position is a delicate one, particularly intimate and confidential, demanding the utmost finesse and diplomacy, yet conferring no honors except those the sovereign cares to bestow.

And it seems to have become an accepted fact that an American fills the bill much better than a loyal subject of the monarch. The American retains his nationality, and his royal master can throw etiquette to the winds with him without demoralizing the whole court and causing endless jealousy and heartburning. Furthermore, American dentistry is generally recognized in Europe as being the best in the world.

It is true also that an American dentist has never betrayed the king who trusted him, and so at last it has come to pass that at most of the large courts in Europe, no dentist but an American can hope to win the royal favor.

NONE BUT AMERICANS.
In Vienna there has been for many years an American dentist, Dr. E. W. Thomas, who knows the emperor better than any of his ministers know him. In Rome there is Dr. Chamberlain, the friend of the king of Italy, who will not accept the services of any other dentist. In Madrid there is Dr. Aguilar, a Spaniard by birth but an American by education and adoption, whom the king has placed in charge of the dental institute he is especially interested in. In Dresden, Dr. Jenkins, an American, has built up a notable fortune through the favor shown him by the king of Saxony, who has several times declared publicly that Dr. Jenkins was the only dentist in his kingdom that could ever be permitted to attend to the royal teeth.

Dr. Jenkins is the man who instituted the use of porcelain fillings and his success in that line was a direct result of the king of Saxony's favor, because the king commanded that Dr. Jenkins should be allowed to do whatever he liked in investigating the great porcelain factories in Dresden. A few years ago Dr. Jenkins took part of his fortune and bought an historic castle just outside of Dresden, overlooking the lovely valley of the Elbe, and he lives there like a prince.

KAISER'S LUCKY DENTIST.
But the Kaiser's American dentist, Dr.



THE KAISER'S AMERICAN DENTIST.

Dr. Sylvester in the uniform of the Royal Yacht Club of which the Kaiser made him a life-member—the only one who is not of royal birth.

Sylvester, and the czar's American dentist, Dr. Wallison, fill the most difficult positions and have succeeded the most brilliantly of all the tribe. Dr. Sylvester was a friend of the famous Dr. Evans, and perhaps from him learned some of the arts that made Dr. Evans the boon companion and adviser of Napoleon III. At any rate he went to Berlin about thirty years ago without money or any friends among the powerful ones to help him on, and in a few years he was attending to all the teeth in the Kaiser's family. That was of course when the present Kaiser was a boy, but when he became emperor he continued just as friendly and unconventional as ever with Dr. Sylvester although with almost everyone else, he assumed a different manner at once and gave them to understand that he was very high and mighty indeed.

Dr. Sylvester has a big house in Berlin in the most fashionable quarter near the Tiergarten, where he has big funkeys in gorgeous knee breeches to open the doors and usher you in upon magnificence. One room after another stratches before you, each one seeming to be as grand as it could be and filled with as beautiful furniture and ornaments as you ever saw in a private house. And in each one there are gifts which the Kaiser or some member of the imperial family has given the dentist. To the persons whom he wants to honor the Kaiser gives a marble or bronze bust of himself—and he has given Dr. Sylvester three or four of these keepsakes.

EMPEROR COMES EARLY.

In one room is the chair where the Kaiser has his dental work done. For he comes to his dentist just the same as others do, only he comes early in the morning so as not to disturb Dr. Sylvester's regular practice. He generally walks down through the Tiergarten, attended by an attendant, and he has come and gone before the people of the neighborhood know anything about it. The young crown prince is a great friend of Dr. Sylvester's also, and goes to see him without ceremony. One day, when he was a little boy, the

dentist entered the palace and the prince saw him from the top of the stairs, and was so delighted that he tried to get down by the quickest way—sliding down the balustrade. But in the midst of the descent his father appeared and gave him a good spanking which the prince often laughs about with Dr. Sylvester.

The Kaiser has made Dr. Sylvester a life-member of the Royal Yacht Club, the American dentist being the only life member who is not of royal birth. The Kaiser is the commodore, and Prince Henry the assistant commodore. The meetings take place in the summer at Kiel where Dr. Sylvester goes with his yacht, "Tarda," and the Kaiser often goes on board for a friendly chat.

TELL HIM RUSSIA'S SECRETS.

The czar's dentist, Dr. Wallison, does not have as pleasant a time because Russia is such a different country. The czar could not be as good friend in public with Dr. Wallison as the Kaiser is with Dr. Sylvester, even if he wanted to. But in private he admits Dr. Wallison to an intimacy which is remarkable. All the members of the imperial family demand the services of Dr. Wallison, and as they have estates in many different parts of the huge Russian empire and are always changing about from one to another, the dentist never knows where he will be summoned to from one day to another. Etiquette in Russia would not allow of their going to Dr. Wallison's office.

But of course, he is not treated at all like an ordinary individual when he visits his imperial patient. He has at his command every luxury in traveling, and when he arrives at the palace, a big suite of rooms is at his disposal. When he goes to the czar or czarina they talk to him without the least ceremony, ask him all sorts of questions about what is going on in the world, about his children, and about the funny stories he can amuse them with when next he comes.

Dr. Wallison lives in St. Petersburg in the same street with the grand dukes and grand duchesses and the ambassadors. It is near the winter palace and faces the Neva where for many months in the year there is one long stretch of snow and ice.

Dr. Wallison is a full of lovely things and in one room he has a complete collection of large photographs of the members of the imperial family, each one a gift from the person whose autograph is written upon it.

LADY MARY.

WHISTLES FOR THE KING.

Young American Society Girl Adopted a Quicer Profession.

Special Correspondence.

London, Oct. 25.—Miss Louise Truax, the young American society girl who intends to make whistling her profession, is to whistle for the king and queen at Buckingham Palace soon after they are again in their London home. Miss Truax has no intention of going into what may be called public work, for the present. She is having such a rush of engagements in private houses that concert possibilities do not tempt her. Just now, she is with her mother in France, but they expect to return to London in a few days. Miss Truax was lucky in being introduced to the London smart set by Mrs. Arthur Paget, who knew the family in the United States. It was at Mrs. Paget's dinner, that King Edward heard the pretty brunette go through her repertoire and asked that she be introduced to him. Thus she became the vogue. Among the places at which she has since appeared is Kensington Palace, where she dined with and afterwards whistled for the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, King Edward's Bohemian sister. It is the young girl's hope to whistle before all the crowned heads of Europe before she is 25.

One of the queer customs in vogue in Sandringham, the favorite country house of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, has to do with Sunday church service. It is an understood thing that unlucky 13 numbers the minutes of the reverend gentleman's discourse. No preacher is expected to preach longer than 13 minutes. The habitues of Sandringham pulpits understand and rarely pass the limit. The men who from time to time step fresh into the greatness of sermonizing to King Edward are always duly informed of the restriction, and stop as near the thirteenth minute as they can.

Another point of etiquette in the king's home church is that the clergyman always speaks in the direction of the lower left hand corner of the little building. The acoustic properties of the church are such that owing to her deafness the queen can hear what is said only when the speaker looks neither to the right nor left, but into that particular corner.

Yet another oddity connected with

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FISHERMAN FIRST; MONARCH SECOND.

Dom Carlos So Fond of Hook and Line That Affairs of State Are Forgotten.

HIS MINISTERS ARE MYSTIFIED.

Finances in Frightful Condition and With Strong Leader Monarchy Might be Easily Overthrown.

Special Correspondence.

Madrid, Oct. 25.—In these last weeks the principal foreign newspapers have published telegrams from Lisbon stating that alarming manifestations are taking place in Portugal against King Carlos because it is believed he is neglecting his duties as sovereign in order to attend to his favorite sports, and that the Republicans are busily taking advantage of this agitation.

There is so much of truth in these rumors that if the Republicans could manage to agree among themselves the days of the monarchy in Portugal probably would be numbered.

King Carlos undoubtedly has a predilection for all kinds of outdoor pastimes. This predilection is partly owing to inclinations acquired and encouraged in his infancy and youth, and partly to other reasons. In the first place, all sports require a certain amount of physical exertion, which tends to diminish obesity, with which evil Dom Carlos is seriously menaced and of which he is terribly afraid.

Secondly, in devoting himself to these recreations the king enjoys much more liberty than if he were constantly locked up in his palace with a rather straight-laced queen, although he is not now in the springtime of life.

His majesty is desperately fond of lawn tennis, for which he has laid out beautiful grounds in his splendid properties of Ajuda, Necessidades, Cintra and other places, to which he invites celebrated English champions in tennis who are friends of his. He pays all their traveling expenses and entertains them in the most sumptuous and hospitable manner. But where the king is most at ease is in clubs, where he can play with less ceremony and etiquette than in his palaces. Those who have seen Dom Carlos, dressed in a wide, blue blouse and white linen trousers, playing, dancing and joking with various of the most beautiful damsels of the gay society of Lisbon have unanimously declared that in those moments he looked more like an aristocratic viveur than chief of an important state.

Dom Carlos is also a great hunter and often makes long excursions, especially during winter, through the magnificent woods appertaining to the crown, usually choosing those parts of his possessions which are furthest away from the capital.

A PASSIONATE FISHERMAN.

But the sport of all others which the king loves is fishing. It is a passion which costs him annually enormous sums, and it may well be affirmed that during a large part of the year it constitutes his sole occupation. For the purpose of gratifying it to the full he bought in England some time ago a superb yacht, which in compliment to his august wife he named Dona Amelia and which cost about \$200,000. The large sum was not paid from the income of the royal family, but with money belonging to the state, and the Republican newspapers severely censured the purchase, which they qualified as a waste of national funds.

The sovereign is never tired of making prolonged sea trips around the coasts of his kingdom and especially along the coast of Algarve, and abandons himself tranquilly for many hours together, by day and by night, to the pleasure of fishing. Being an expert, patient and lucky fisherman, he generally catches an abundance of fish, which he presents to the charitable institutions of towns which happen to be near at hand. The only fish which Dom Carlos reserves for his own use is the sea bream, of which he carries his best specimens home to his palace. It requires much skill to catch this sort of fish.

SAYS YES, BUT DOESN'T COME.

When once his majesty has set forth on a fishing trip it is difficult to persuade him to relinquish it. If he receives a message from the government requiring his immediate return on account of urgent state affairs, he generally answers that he will comply without delay, but, nevertheless, pursues his occupation for some time longer. It is only after repeated communications that Dom Carlos resigns himself to duty, and even then he merely disembarks at the nearest port, takes train for Lisbon, and when once the business for which his presence was needed has been dispatched, hastens back to his yacht. He has even ordered that decrees awaiting his signature should be sent to him in the port at which his yacht lay anchored, and, after having signed the documents on board, promptly put to sea again.

However, it is only just to mention that the king of Portugal when absent is not wholly and solely absorbed in sport, but that he also attends to work of a more useful nature. Indeed, his fondness for fishing and his real scientific knowledge have enabled him to write several important works on marine life, in which he has had as fellow-laborer on several occasions, the Prince of Monaco—Jah resident of the Monte Carlo profits—who is also an intelligent amateur of this class of study. The Portuguese monarch is also a good



DR. WALLISON, The American who is not only dentist but confidential friend to the Czar of Russia.

painter of sea-pieces, some of which obtained awards in the last Paris International exhibition. He devotes much of his spare time to the art of painting, and afterward he presents his pictures to his friends and to the museums of the kingdom.

AN EASY LIFE.

If the monarch does not seem to take sufficient interest in the government of the country it must not be supposed that this is wholly due to his frequent excursions, for, although Dom Carlos is generally well informed as regards political matters, he does not devote much of his time to state affairs, even when he is not hunting or on board of his yacht. He rises at 8 o'clock in the morning, takes his breakfast in leisurely fashion and then begins to paint or devote himself to his maritime studies. After having dined he spends only twenty or thirty minutes in dispatching political business with his ministers, whom he treats with the greatest familiarity and never consults if he can help it. In the afternoon the king reads, writes private letters, smokes, rides out on horseback with his adjutants, or else takes a drive in his car, and then goes to play at lawn tennis and amuse himself with his friends. At night he nearly always goes to the theater and never misses a zarzuela, or a French opera.

Truly, Dom Carlos cannot complain that his work is excessive and on the other hand he cannot exactly affirm that his work is badly recompensed, for he receives nearly three and one-third millions of dollars a year out of the public pocket. This is much, especially considering the little trouble it costs the king to earn it. But the sum is nevertheless insufficient to defray the enormous expenses occasioned by the maintenance of the court, of the splendid palaces scattered over Portugal and the favorite sports of Dom Carlos, so that the Portuguese royal family had to mortgage nearly all its limited private property and struggle besides with great financial difficulties until Dom Carlos got married to Amelia of Orleans, with the interest of whose dowry—calculated at from 20 to 25 million dollars—she frugally cleared their estates from debt and new partly sustain themselves.

DOMESTIC TROUBLE.

However, there does not reign the most perfect harmony between Queen Amelia and her husband, their tastes and temperaments being as far apart as the poles. Dom Carlos, although he is a man of talent and culture and has a good heart, likes to cut a dash and amuse himself as much as possible, whereas Dona Amelia is an extremely virtuous and pious lady of a cold and reserved character. Having studied medicine science assiduously, she likes to visit poor patients at their homes and in the hospitals. She has herself founded several magnificent hospitals for consumptives. Her charities have won for her the affection of the people and phrases of admiration, perhaps somewhat exaggerated, from the monarch's press.

But in spite of their differences it appears that the king and queen rather like each other, and they would certainly like each other much more if it were not for the frequent altercations brought about by the jealousy of Dona Amelia. For his reason they usually live apart and even in different towns, and are only seen together at official ceremonies and feasts.

ROTTEN NATIONAL FINANCES.

These dissensions existing between the king and queen are not calculated to weaken the effects of the campaign undertaken by the Republicans with the view of creating in the country hostile feeling against Dom Carlos, taking as a pretext the monarch's fondness for pleasure. Yet the point on which the Portuguese Republican party founds its greatest hopes is the maladministration of the finances of the country. This administration is really so bad that it must surely sooner or later lead to a catastrophe, for the deficit of the treasury increases every year, and exterior and interior loans are getting more and more difficult to obtain, because now nobody cares to lend money to the government, and the latter is reduced to ask small banking houses for small sums, on which it pays an interest of 7 per cent or even 8 per cent.

If the actual disastrous state of af-

CLIMBING THE ALPS BY RAIL.

New Jungfrau Line a Veritable Marvel of All That Constitutes Modern Engineering.

ROAD TO BE LESS THAN 8 MILES.

Grade is to be Never More Than 25 Per Cent, and Ascend to be in 100 Minutes.

Special Correspondence.

Geneva, Switzerland, Oct. 25.—The consuming passion of mountain climbing which seizes every visitor to this wonderful country has been somewhat dampened in the past two years by the awful list of fatalities in the Swiss Alps. So many venturesome amateurs have been plunged to death in the chasms of the Alpine glaciers that the Swiss government has seriously considered the imposition of severe restrictions upon the pastime of scaling the snow clad peaks, and yet the spirit which drove Longfellow's hero to the heights where, dying, he planted his banner with its strange device will break all laws and restrictions.

THE NEW RAILROAD.

A better safeguard of life and limb than legal prohibition of mountain climbing is the new Jungfrau railroad, one of the great marvels of modern engineering. The wonders of the world have increased so rapidly that they no longer number seven or 70 times seven, but the Jungfrau railroad must be placed in the highest rank. When it is completed the tourist may ride in perfect comfort in modern electric cars over a smooth roadway surrounded by every precaution against mishap to the very summit of the Jungfrau, 13,720 feet above the sea.

WAS SCOFFED AT.

The late Guyer Zeller, the Swiss engineer, was the originator of this great scheme. When his project was first suggested even able engineers doubted its practicability, but the road has already been built to the Eiger glacier, 7,000 feet above the sea level, and the scoffers themselves can see that it is only a question of time and money for Zeller's plans to be consummated. The entire length of the road will be less than eight miles. The grade is never to be greater than 25 per cent, and the ascent is to be made in exactly 100 minutes. Running up to the Eiger glacier, the road penetrates the walls of ice; then, running around the back of the Eiger, it will go to the Monch which point an elevator will lift the traveler to the ultimate summit of the Alps. Almost \$1,000,000 has been spent on the road to date, but many millions more will be required before the work is finished. Zeller and his family have advanced most of the money already expended. Since Zeller's death his successors have been able to add only one station a year.

OPERATED BY ELECTRICITY.

The road is operated by electricity generated in the Lauterbrunnen valley and conducted up by naked wires at a tension of 7,000 volts. At the stations are transformers which lower this current to 700 volts.

The three phase alternating current and the overhead trolley system is employed. Two trolleys are used on each of the two overhead wires on account of the large currents which have to be supplied to the locomotive. The locomotive complete weighs 13 tons. It is controlled by a reversing switch and three absolutely independent brakes, insuring the train against any possible accident.

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EX-QUEEN NOW LIVES IN TERROR.



The above photograph shows poor old ex-Queen Rumanalona and her little niece, Marie Louise, who are in fear of being abducted by Lebaudy's generalissimo, Gen. Laboulaye. This odd character has threatened to kidnap and keep the queen in good style unless the French government treats her better.



The latest wedding of high social importance in London is that between Beatrice, the beautiful younger daughter of Lady Alexander Paget, and Lord Herbert, a nephew of the late Sir Michael Herbert, who married Lella Wilson of New York and whose niece, May Goebel, is soon to marry the Duke of Roxburghe.