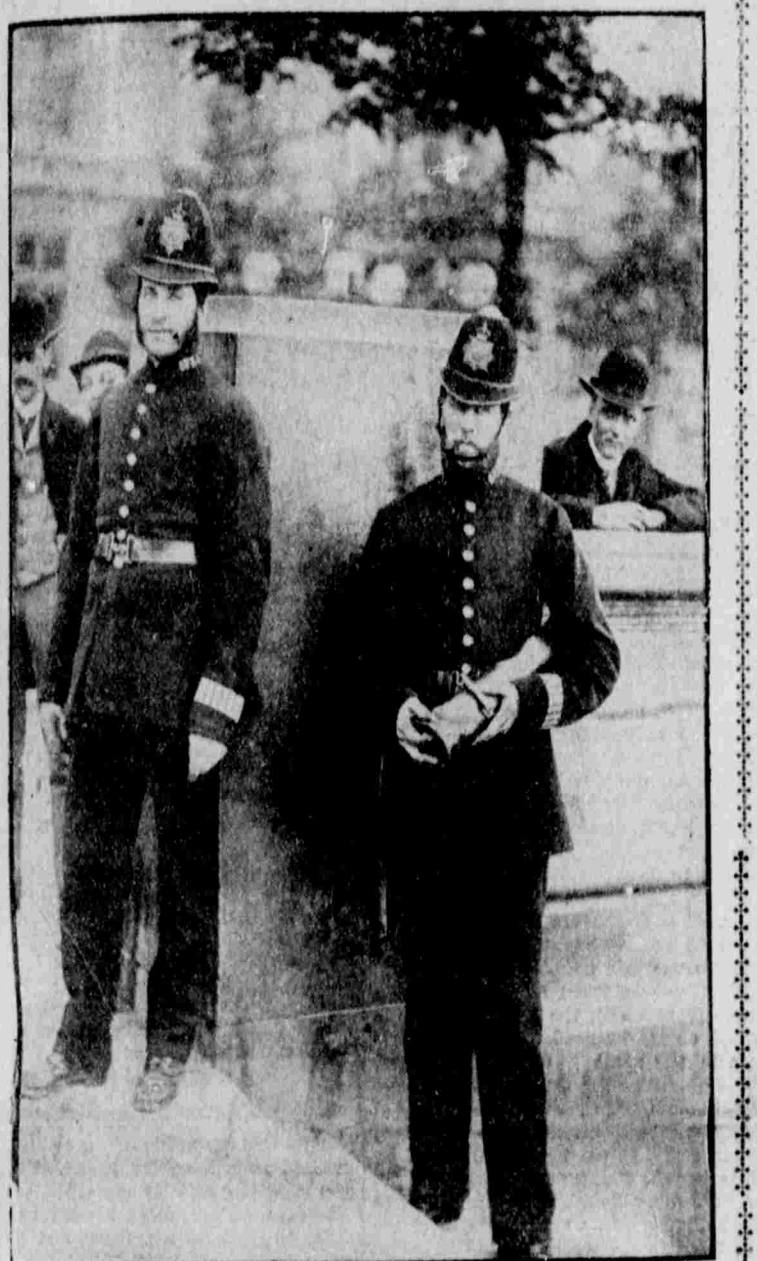


LONDON IN 1902.

THE BIGGEST CITY ON EARTH, AND THE MARKET IT SHOULD FURNISH FOR AMERICAN GOODS.

Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

London, England.—London is the center of the American invasion. Hundreds of thousands of American dollars are pouring into it, and our capitalists are pouring millions out. It is the fattest morsel in the world's commercial larder, and thousands of speculative mice from every part of the earth are hanging for it. There are today 30,000 American residents in London, not including the floating population of tens of thousands more. The city has more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Irish-



Photographers for the "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.

TWO OF LONDON'S FIFTEEN THOUSAND POLICEMEN.

more than Dublin, more Jews than Palestine and more Roman Catholics than Rome. It has tens of thousands of Italian, German and French and people from India, Africa and the islands of the seas.

THE BIGGEST CITY ON EARTH.

I despair of being able to give a conception of the size of London. I have been here for weeks and it grows bigger every day. The statistics show that it has more people than New York and Chicago combined. It is bigger than any two capitals of continental Europe. It has a greater population than New England and it exceeds in the number



MONSIGNOR AUGUSTE GUIDI.

The appointment of Monsignor Auguste Guidi as apostolic delegate to the Philippines has given universal satisfaction in America. Mr. Guidi will use for his forthcoming consecration the sacred vessels of gold formerly belonging to Pope Pius IX. Mr. Guidi hopes to effect a solution of the friar question satisfactory to all parties concerned.

London's Enormous Size—More People Than in New England and Bigger Than New York and Chicago—Pen Pictures of the Rich and the Poor—The Church Parade in Hyde Park and the Slum Parade on the Strand—Drinking in London—Pickpockets—Fifteen Thousand Policemen—A Peep Into London's Big Markets and How Uncle Sam Feels John Bull's Paunch.

reach across Europe, making a paved walk, walled with houses, over France, Germany and Russia, across the Ural and clear through China to the Pacific ocean. All the way you would find the streets well paved, and some of them the smoothest, hardest and best streets in the world. You would find many grand buildings and tens of thousands of dirty little two- and three-story blocks packed with London's poor, the most wretched and most drunken poor upon earth.

You would find plenty of places to eat and drink along the way. London has about 8,000 saloons, something like 2,000 coffee houses, and it has thousands of restaurants and places for tea and cake. It has 500 hotels, from enormous buildings which cover acres and sleep thousands down to little inns which have rooms for a score.

A CITY OF RICH AND POOR.

London is a city of millionaires and paupers, of thousands who are very rich, of hundreds of thousands who spend money as freely as any people on earth, and of a million or so who are wretchedly poor. The town has 100,000 paupers and I cannot tell you how many millionaires. It has a king who has a civil list of \$2,000,000 a year and dukes and earls who own towns and vast estates and lords and other golden drosses galore. In the West End about Hyde Park you drive through street after street of magnificent palaces, and in the east and along the docks you may ride for miles and miles through sections where whole families live in one room and where semi-starvation reigns.

THE CHURCH PARADE OF THE RICH.

Let me give you two pictures of London which I have seen during my stay. One is the church parade at Hyde Park, which takes place every noon on Sundays from 1 until 2 o'clock. This will give you some idea of the possible market for the best of American goods. Hyde Park is a great expanse of green trees, soft, velvety turf, beautiful lakes and walks and drives. On last Sunday there were 20,000 people walking up and down the chief thoroughfares, and these people represented the cream of London society. I have never seen so many persons so well dressed. Every man and every boy wore a tall silk hat. All were gloved, and the men wore frock coats and trousers tightly creased. As a whole the American men are the best dressed of their kind in the world, but the Hyde Park crowd on Sundays is better dressed than they, as it represents only the best tailors of the kingdom.

And then the women! My heart jumps as I think of them. There were at least 10,000 dainty girls and lovely dames, clad in Paris gowns and bonnets, and last but not least in American shoes. They were good looking, and as a rule tall and stately. They merely walked back and forth, some with men and some without, staring and laughing and chatting.

In the crowd I saw faces of every nationality under the sun, although the majority were English. At the same time there were carriages, coaches and four-in-hands driving along the roads outside the walks; there were scores of automobiles whistling by, and altogether the scene made me think that Poverty was dead. It was the parade of the rich.

THE SLUM PARADE OF THE STRAND.

Now let me give you a picture of the parade of the poor. Imagine yourself



Photo by Fairbanks.

FAMOUS RUINS OF COPAN DEPICTED BY UTAH ARTIST.

Artist John B. Fairbanks, who took the photograph from which this cut was made, writes: The monument in this picture is one of the columns found in the ruins of Copan, which were visited by the B. Y. Academy exploring expedition. There are ten shafts similar to this one. They vary in height from nine to ten feet, in width from three to four feet, and in thickness from fourteen to eighteen inches.

Each one of these was used as a sacrificial altar as is evidenced by the idol or image on the face of the shaft, and the table or sacrificial stone in front of it. The carvings on the front face of the columns are very deep, and some parts are brought out in full relief, while others are carved in more than half relief. The sides and back are covered with symbolic characters and hieroglyphics. The sacrificial stone is also covered with carved figures. The top of it is convex and a ridge completely encircles it, and ends in a spout from which the blood could run to the ground. There is a great field for study in archeology in Copan alone.

stone's throw of the Strand, and right in the heart of the city. The houses consist of vast buildings of iron and glass, big enough for a national exposition. They belong to the Duke of Bedford, who gets a rent of so much per week for every stall in them.

EARLY MORNING MARKET SCENES.

Covent Garden is the chief wholesale market of its kind for all London. The best time to see it is shortly after day-break. I left my rooms about 4 o'clock a. m. last Saturday and walked down to them. All the streets surrounding the market houses proper were filled with carts and wagons loaded with vegetables. Imagine the largest hay wagon you have ever seen piled high with green cabbages, so that the load is taller and broader than any load of sheaves ever brought in from the wheat fields. The cabbages are laid in regular rows, and there are thousands of heads of cabbage to the load.

Then there were great loads of pink radishes, each radish no larger than a pigeon's egg, piled up the same way, so carefully that they formed mighty cubes of pink balls. There were vast loads of spinach and carrots, onions and potatoes, and all sorts of green stuff, from water cress to asparagus.

AMERICAN FRUIT IN DEMAND.

There was a great display of fruit in baskets and in crates. There were oranges from California, and apples from Virginia and also from New York and Oregon. Many of the apple boxes were marked "Tasmania and South Australia, the latter having been brought here on a forty days' trip in cold storage ships. There were hot house grapes, peaches and strawberries. The strawberries sold at 75 cents a basket, and I was offered peaches at 55 cents a piece. The peaches were larger than any I have ever seen in the United States. They are raised under glass and are sold from boxes of soft, white cotton, being handled as carefully as new babies.

SHIRKING AS A SCIENCE.

Half the mental and more than half the bodily ill women undergo would be lightened if they could learn to shirk scientifically.

This is a faculty that must be cultivated. Few women north of Mason and Dixon's line are born with it. When the Pilgrim Fathers bequeathed to their descendants brown bread, baked beans and alleged liberty of thought, they threw in what is still known as a "Puritan conscience." This last gift would be bad enough if it merely made its owners unhappy when they were uncomfortable. But it does more than that. It teaches them that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, whereas the things well done that are not worth doing at all would fill a book.

From the onus of this conscience must the woman free herself who would make a science of shirking. Once liberated, she has a reasonable chance for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

For her difficulty in reaching this stage a woman's genius for detail is in part responsible. Also, her lack of a sense of proportion has much to answer for. She does not get things in perspective. That which is nearest is always largest, and it is at random that she takes up each duty.

In this mist of a planet something must be crowded out. The unsentimental woman does everything well until her strength gives out and she must leave half her work untouched or wreck herself in the attempt to finish it. The woman with a scientific bent carefully chooses where she will shirk and then does it.

The faculty of choice is now inculcated in the kindergarten. Most wo-



GEN. GOBIN'S STAFF.

The above snapshot taken on the coal fields shows Gen. Gobin's staff at mess. The firm stand taken by the militia has had a wonderful effect in striking terror into the ranks of the miners.