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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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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 cen-ter of the American Invasion. Hun-ter of the American Invasion. Hun-ter of the American American dellars it has more than size and attest figures dreds of thousands of American dollars are pouring into it, and our capitalists hope to take 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 hungering for it. There are today 30,000 American residents in London, not including the floating population of tens Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Irish-

it has more than six and one-half mil-lion people, or about one-seventh of all the people of Great Britain and Ireland and one-fourth of all those who live in cities I have gone to the top of the monu-ment, to the top of St, Paul's and out to Hamstead Heath to try and get a

view of the city, but at no place have I been able to see it all. It extends on American residents in London, not in-cluding the fleating population of tens of thousands more. The city has more of thousands more. The city has more and at times makes you think you are

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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 Fills John Bull's Paunch.

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 \$,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 rich, of hundreds of thousands who spend money as freely as any people on earth, and of a million of 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 \$3,000,000 a year and dukes and earls who own towns and wat existing and lords each arbor solds. vast estates and lords and other golden drones 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 Lon-don which I have seen during my stay, One is the church parade at Hyde Park, which takes place every noon on Sun-days from 1 until 2 o'clock. This will give you some idea of the possible mar-ket 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

reach across Europe, making a paved | on the Strand on the night the word walk, walled with houses over France, | came that the Boer war was ended and around. I buttoned my coat up tightcame that the Boer war was ended and peace had come. Every one is mad with joy, and the lower classes have ly and pushed my way through to one of the policemen telling him of the pickpockets. dropped work for a holiday. They have poured themselves from Whitechapel "Yes, this is the pickpockets' harvest. There will be hundreds of watches stolen tonight and we cannot prevent it. You had better keep off the side streets. There is such a jam here that and the slums of other parts of the city and have come to Fleet street, the Strand and Trafalgar Square to celebrate the occasion.

Many of them have been drinking all day and more are drinking now. The crowd consists of women and men, boys and girls, rushing, pushing and jostling one another as they move up and down, the sidwalks and readware. At closes the sidwalks and roadways. At times they stop the buses and the hansom cabs must go at a walk. The faces are hard and many of them

killed by the roughs. are red with drink. Even the women are drunk, and at every few steps you meet a party of them who are singing and dancing and throwing their arms around one another in their inebriate joy. Some have men with them and men and women pass along embracing as they go.

Young girls have long peacock feathers with which they tickle the men in-discriminately under the chins as they pass. I stopped and leaned against the wall to make mental notes of the crowd. Every now and then some giddy White-chapel maiden with her hair frizzled over her ears and a sailor hat on the chin or put a feather in my nose and told me to "larf." Indeed, it made me blush

DRINKING IN LONDON.

I was surprised at the drunkenness of the crowd, and especially at the num-ber of intoxicated women. I have seen every great city in the world, but no-where have I seen women drinking publicly in the saloons as they do here. in lieu thereof. On the peace night I saw drunken girls of 15 and some who seemed younger, although there were signs on the sa-

loon windows saying that children un-der fourteen would not be served. There were scores of women with ba-bles in their arms dancing and shout-ing, their breaths redolent of whisky and gin Some of the balance and gin. Some of the babies were not more than two weeks old, but their mothers bundled them up to their

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

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

Is tailer and broader than any load of sheaves ever brought in from the wheat fields. The cabbages are laid in regu-lar rows, and there are thousands of heads of cabbage to the load. Then there were great loads of pink radishes, each rad'sh 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 we cannot watch the alleys which lead off the Strand. The girls will entice men into the dark places, when their pals will knock them down and rob cubes of pink balls. There were vast leads of spinach and carrots, onlons and potatoes, and all sorts of green stuff, from water creas to asparagus. them. The work is done in a minute and the thieves get away."

AMERICAN FRUIT IN DEMAND.

In the next day's paper I saw the re-port of a number of robberies of this kind, one man being knocked down and 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 FIFTEEN THOUSAND POLICEMEN. And still London has fifteen thousand and Oregon. Many of the apple boxes were marked Tasmania and some South policemen, and they are, I believe, about the best police in the world. The city is so great, however, that they cannot Australia, the latter having been brought here on a forty days⁵⁷ trip in cold storage ships. There were hot take care of it all, although they do so very well in ordinary times. house grapes, peaches and strawber-ries. The strawberries sold at 75 cents The police are under the control of the home secretary and their jurisdic-tion extends in every direction within fifteen miles of Charing Cross. Three

a basket, and I was offered peaches at 85 cents a piece. The peaches were larger than any I have ever seen in hundred of them are mounted and a the United States. They are raised under glass and are sold from boxes large part of their business is chasing bicycle riders and bicycle thieves,

under glass and are sold from boxes of soft, white cotton, being handled as carefully as new bables. our late varieties of American peaches and of the hardier kinds of pears. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

SHIRKING AS A SCIENCE.

Half the mental and more than half | men already grown have to acquire it HOW UNCLE SAM SPOON-FEEDS JOHN BULL. the bodily ills women undergo would be for themselves. If they are housekeep. But I must not forget the American

invasion. Take a look at London's mighty paunch and see how it may be This is a faculty that must be cult-vated. Few women north of Mason and Dixon's line are born with it. When the Pilgrim Fathers bequeathed to are six million mouths in the city itself; every one of these has to be filled three times a day, and already many are filled by us. Indeed, it has been

gooseberry tarts are served everywhere and my teeth are still on edge from trying to masticate the so-called green gooseberry tart. The berries are larger than ours, but so sour that they turn the face of a girl of eighteen into that of an old maid of thirty as she bites in-to them. FLOWERS FOR MILLIONS. Leaving the vegetable market I went to the buildings adjoining where flow-ers are sold. I cannot describe the blaze of color and beauty which greeted

Among the curious things sold are

green gooseberries and rhubarb. This is the only place I know where they call rhubarb fruit. Rhubarb and

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me as I entered. The great building, as large as one of our biggest depots, was filled with blossoms of every description from the hothouses of Eng-land and the continent. There were carloads of beautiful roses, vast quan-tities of calla lilies, comflowers as blue as the blue of our flag and masses of flowers of every tint. The English are fond of flowers on their tables and at fond of flowers on their tables and at dinner and luncheon every well-to-do family has its bouquet to look at. I regret to say that many of the hotels make a better display of flowers than of food.

FRUIT AUCTIONS.

A little later in the day there is a great retail market at Covent Garden. There are also fruit auctions, where fruit of all kinds is sold in large quantitles and where many of the local deal-ers come to buy. The business is enormous, the sales of a single day run-I have talked with some of the mer-chants. They tell me that the Lon-don market is supplied with apples by America during the winter and that our apples bring the best prices. California fruit of all kinds is in demand, and the market men believe that a good bust-ness could be built up in the sale of

The bodily its women undergo would be lightened if they could learn to shirk scientifically. This is a faculty that must be culti-

their descendants brown bread, baked so much else to do that she must shirk

The police dress in blue with black helmets. They are not allowed to car-ry pistols, and their sole weapons are short clubs. They are far more polite than our policemen, and this notwithstanding they do not receive half the pay. The ordinary policeman gets from \$330 to \$400 a year, and a sergeant receives from \$465 to \$785. In addition to this they are furnished with clothing or money

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

TWO OF LONDON'S FIFTEEN THOUSAND POLICEMEN.

MONSIGNOR GUIDI.

mathan Dublin, more Jews than Pal- | looking through spectacles of smoked esize and more Roman Catholics than Eme. It has tens of thousands of Italun Germans and French and people from India, Africa and the islands of the seas,

THE BIGGEST CITY ON EARTH.

Idespair of being able to give a conestion of the size of London. I have been here for weeks and it grows big-set every day. The statistics show that it has more people than New York and Chkago combined. It is bigger than any two capitals of continental Europe. It has a greater population than New in a year. If the streets were placed England ind it exceeds in the number end to end, beginning here, they would

glass. The smoke is so thick that it clogs the chimneys, and in some parts the city the chimney sweeps clean them three times a year. The city ex-tends out for a radius of 15 miles from Charing Cross; it embraces an area of about 700 square miles, equal to 2,800 quarter-section farms, and in it there are 900,000 inhabited houses and 7,000

miles of streets and roads. Think of that and figure out what a chore it would be to explore the city on foot. If you should walk day and night, not stopping a minute, you could not tramp through all of London's streets

these people represented the cream of London swelldom. 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 lordly

dames, clad in Paris gowns and bon-nets, 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 mer and some without, staring and laughing and chatting. In the crowd I saw faces of every na-

tionality 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 sutomobiles whistling by, and alto-gether 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

breasts and sang and danced with the rest

The saloons along the Strand were filled with half-drunken people of both sexes. I looked into saloon after saloon and did not find one in which there were not women drinking. Many of the women were gray-haired and even these were drunk. This drinking pre-vails throughout London. The women patronize the saloons almost as much as he men, and you cannot drive through

the poorer sections of a Saturday evening without seeing drunken women dancing, shouting and quarreling.

AMONG THE PICKPOCKETS.

The scenes make me think of Dickens' novels, and especially of Oliver Twist. The characters of that story everywhere and Fagin and his pickpockets were abroad. There are no more expert thieves in the world

than here, and I saw a good specimen of their work as I stood against the wall. Two men lost their watches in-side of two minutes. The first was an old fellow with his wife. As the thief rushed away the good woman shed tears, saying: "They've stolen my hus-band's watch."

The other was a dude in a tall hat. who, like myself, was out to see the fun. One thief knocked off the hat, another pushed the dude and a third grabbed at his watch chain and took his

gold repeater before he could

rightly said that England is spoon-fed by the United States. If her outside supplies were shut off she could not live for more than six months. We annually send her more than 28,000,000 pounds of beef, 39,000,000 pounds of ba-con, 68,000,000 bushels of wheat and more than 100,000,000 bushels of barley.

LONDON'S BIG MARKETS.

filled with American eatables.

He replied:

The city has the greatest markets of the world. Take, for instance, the Co-penhagen Fields cattle markets near the world. Islington, one of the scenes of John Gil pin's ride. They cover thirty acres, and handle about 4,000,000 cattle a year. Four thousand beeves and 12,000 sheep are, on the average, sold there every market day, and the place has accommodation for 10,000 cattle and 35,000 sheep

Another great market for cattle is that of Smithfield, on the site where Blody Queen Mary burnt the saintly John Rogers at the stake. The place has a bloody history, and it is bloody today, for it is one of the chief meat markets of London. It is filled with American beef, which is here sold as the "rare roast beef of old England." Then there is the Leadenhall, market, where poulty has been sold for 400 years, and the great markets of Covent

Garden, which sell fruits, vegetables

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 lib-erated, 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 per-spective. That which is nearest is always largest, and it is at random that

she takes up each duty. In this misfit of a planet something The unscientimust be crowded out, 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 housekeeper, and no one suspects that her powers of charm and her gift of re-

sweeping a dirty room tidies it so that it produces a specious effect of cleanliness. When she must shirk dusting the drawin-room, she wipes off the polished surfaces and draws down the shades, If she must shirk in order to get out of the way a piece of sewing that the time is all too short to complete, she sets the long stitches where they will not show and makes the outside of the cup and platter so shining that it never occurs to any one to look at the side that is hidden. As a matter of course, the woman

who makes a science of shirking is a diplomatist. When she shirks breadmaking because there is something else f more importance on hand, she buys breadstuff so pleasing that the family feel they are having a treat. If she has shirked going to church for several Sundays, she compliments the cler-gyman judiciously on his sermon or his rayer the next time she attends serbrayer the next time she attends set-vice. (Clergymen are peculiarly sensi-tive to praise of their public prayers.) If she shirks her duty calls, she invites the sinned-aginst friend to a meal at the house or writes her a flattering note about her last club paper. The woman who shirks is usually popular. If her cleverness is equal to her science, she gains the reputation of being a good housekeeper, and no one suspects that third and flowers. ok his The Covent Garden market is one of turn the largest of London. It is within a



MONSIGNOR AUGUSTO GUIDI.

The appointment of Monsignor Auguste Guidi as aspostolic delegate to the Pallippines has given universal satisfaction in America. Mgr. Guidi will use for his forthcoming consecration the sacred vessels of gold formerly belonging to Pope Plus IX. Mgr. Guidi hopes to effect a solution of the friar question sticatory to all parties concerned.



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 Capan, 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 ven feet, in width from three to four fest, 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 heiroglyphics. 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.



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.

