

# Queen Alexandra-- Mistress of Windsor

One of Queen Alexandra's important occupations is the government of her new household, which numbers just under 1,000 persons. Queen Victoria was in every sense mistress and head of her household. All housekeeping questions were settled by the royal mistress herself, who personally ordered the meals, and even kept an eye on the household linen, the smallest details of domestic economy not being regarded as beneath her notice. To this watchfulness was due the fact that the queen's was considered the best regulated household in the entire kingdom.

The new queen will not shirk her domestic duties, although they may be in a degree irksome and worrying.

No servant is ever dismissed from the palaces, and to this is attributed the freedom of gossip about royal domestic arrangements. When a marriage occurs, the couple are usually provided with a small post, carrying with it a residence. Most of the royal lodges are occupied by couples who have served royalty for many years.

The only additions to the royal household since the time of Henry VIII are two steam apparatus men. It will hardly be credited that even now it is the lord steward who still orders the fires to be laid, but the lord chamberlain alone who can cause them to be lighted! A servant in receipt of £60 a year arranges all the candles—waxlighter is his official title—but two others—a first and second lamp lighter—at a salary of £100 each, are required to light them, as well as the lamps, while it costs £492 to have the table laid by five functionaries, whose official title is table deckers. Their sole duty is to lay the dinner cloth and see that the plates, dishes and cutlery are fairly set forth. The salary of the chief butler, who looks after the wine, is £500 a year.

There are sixty housemaids at Windsor, and the late queen knew the name of each and her special line of duty. Going into an unused room upon one occasion she noticed a cabinet that had not been dusted that day. She promptly wrote the royal autograph in the dust, and beneath it the name of the particular maid whose duty it was to dust the room.

The kitchen is ruled over by a chef, whose salary is £700 a year. Under the chef are four master cooks, who are on duty about a fortnight at a time. Then there are two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, about sixteen apprentices, half a dozen kitchen maids, two yeomen of the kitchen and the clerk of the kitchen, who keeps the accounts and does the carving. He receives £300 a year. The confectioners get £300 and £250 each. The chef has a small room set apart on one side of the kitchen; the others work in the one room, and one can imagine that the entire scene, with its mingled noises, the rush of feet, the hum of voices, the clatter of pots and pans, the many different odors that rise in a cloud to the oak roof, is like another edition of Walpurgisnacht. At the moment when dinner is being served there is a constant stream of stalwart pantrymen bringing in the grand, golden dishes, tureens and sauce boats. Out at another door flock the footmen bearing the same dishes, daintily dressed and served.

The functionary who receives the lowest salary is the ratcatcher. He must eke out an existence on £75 a year. He is the only servant whose salary is provided outside the civil list, and every session the House of Commons, in committee of supply, consider this vote and gravely agree to it.

The royal washing costs £2,000 yearly, and is done at a picturesque building near Richmond park, called the royal laundry. The linen is carried to and from the laundry in cedar boxes, bearing brass plates inscribed with the different names, for example: "The King, 1;" "The Queen, 2;" "Princess Victoria." The boxes carrying the household linen are marked with the initials of the palace, as "W. C.," or "B. P." Primrose soap, slightly scented and quite free from alkalies, is used, and is extremely costly. Queen Alexandra's body linen is exquisitely fine and severely plain, and she never wears a flannel petticoat after it has been washed.

The royal household costs in the aggregate £132,000 a year in salaries, while an average of £172,000 a year is paid to "the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker," and the other tradespeople who feed the members of the household.

The ultra private apartments of Queen Alexandra at Windsor, which is the official royal residence, consist of four rooms—the audience chamber, the sitting room, bedroom and dressing room. They are on the first floor of that portion of the castle known as the Victoria Tower, and are approached from without by a secluded passage, where the queen may enter her carriage unobserved by anyone, except those of immediate attendance. The suite of rooms is entered through two large double doors of oak, picked out with gold and paneled in Gothic style. A cosy lift, oak, upholstered in crimson, conveys the queen from the portico up to her rooms. In the audience chamber the queen receives people with whom it is her wish to speak, either on matters of business or pleasure. Her sitting room, which faces south, is of great height. From a wide oriel window is a fine view of the Long Walk, the Home park and the Great Park. There is a magnificent marble mantel and a fireplace, in which is burned nothing but beech logs.

In a cabinet in this room are kept the

sixty leather-bound volumes or catalogues in which is the inventory of all the furnishings of Windsor castle—china, glass, silver, draperies and furniture of the 700 apartments. This inventory was made by order of Queen Victoria, and in accordance with her ideas. Like a good housewife the queen was fully aware of the individual merit and the places where they ought to be kept, of hundreds of her possessions, although she had no reckoning, thousands of which she had no reckoning.

The most costly dinner service in the world is at Windsor castle. It is of solid gold and valued at £800,000. Of the numerous services of plate and china but three are ever in use. In the crimson drawing room is kept a magnificent collection of china.

## Fate of Charley Ross

Ex-Mayor John Briest of Trenton, N. J., makes in the New York Sun a statement of what he knows about the kidnaping of Charley Ross. He was brought into the case because it was believed at first that the boy was hidden in or about Trenton and the police wanted Mr. Briest's help in searching for him. Most of his knowledge of the case came from the Philadelphia detectives. Mr. Briest says:

"The secret as to who the kidnapers were was confined to the heads of the Philadelphia and New York police departments and both supposed that they were on a boat plying either on the Delaware and Raritan or the Pennsylvania canal, the letters being posted from Trenton, Bristol, New Brunswick and Newark tending to confirm that theory.

"The detectives felt so certain that they would have the kidnapers within a few days and receive the credit and reward that their identity was kept a close secret among themselves. Had the matter been made as public as was the Cudahy affair at Omaha the criminal abductors would have been arrested within a few days by the police officers of Newark, Jersey City or Bayonne. Their theory that the kidnapers were on a boat was correct, but it was not the kind of a boat they were looking for, as it afterward turned out.

"William Mosher and Joseph Douglas were the abductors. They had been peddlers and engaged in an oil and lamp store in Philadelphia, with a branch store in Trenton in charge of other parties. The wagon was one that had been used in the business. They brought Charley from Germantown to Trenton over the lower Delaware bridge and through Bridge street to Hamilton avenue, and across the state to a yacht they had prepared for the purpose on Raritan bay. The detectives had the right parties.



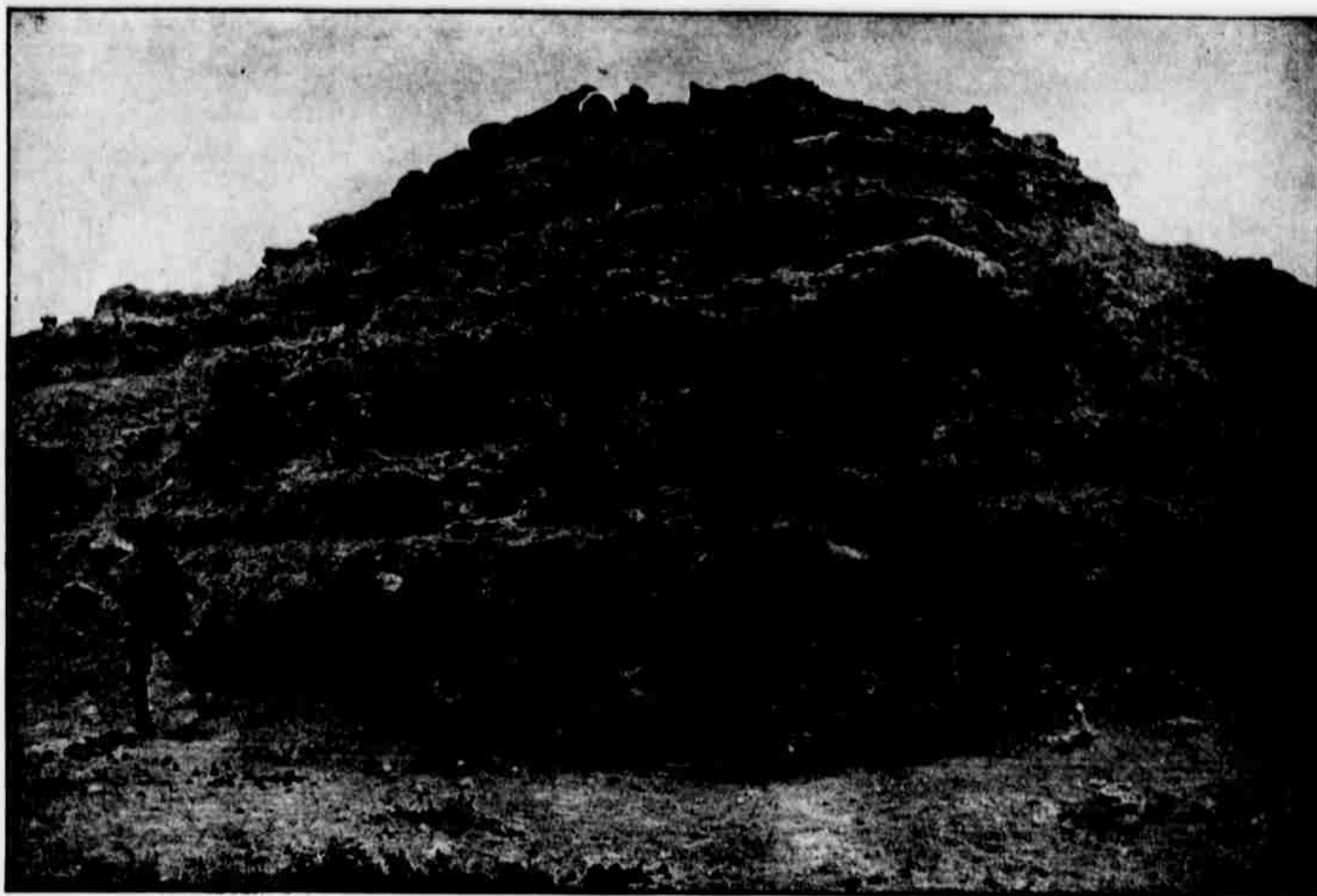
SORTING MAIL AT POSTOFFICE.

but they were on the wrong scent for the boat, and the kidnapers kept them so by depositing their letters in the Trenton postoffice and other cities near it.

"Mosher and Douglas no doubt kept Charley Ross on that boat while they sailed around New York, Raritan and New York bays and adjacent waters and up the Hudson river on marauding expeditions to maintain themselves. There he was secure from prying eyes and gossiping neighbors.

"Charley Ross died not more than three months after his capture, from neglect, home-sickness and disease, and his little body was buried in the waters of Newark bay. The body of a boy about his size and age, dressed in clothes too large for him, as if they had been purchased at random, was found floating on the bay and turned over to the authorities of Jersey City. Mr. Ross was called over to see it, but he failed to identify it as that of his lost child.

"Whether it was the body of the boy whose fate had touched the hearts of millions of mothers and fathers throughout the land I am not prepared to say. But I feel just as certain that that was the end of the unfortunate boy as I am that he was kidnaped. They did not mean to harm him, but only to hold him, as Pat Crowe did the Cudahy child, until they could get the ransom money in their hands, and then he



PICTURESQUE NORTHWESTERN NEBRASKA—DAEMONELIX BEDS, AT HEAD OF LITTLE MONROE CANYON SIOUX COUNTY.

would have been sent home or placed where he could have reached there.

"William Mosher was a man of ability. He had children of his own whom he loved and for whom he had striven hard to earn honest dollars, but poverty had been the lot of him and his, and his wife said that they had always been poor, and he took that means to secure money to secure some of the luxuries of life that others were enjoying and which he coveted. He had no idea of doing harm to the boy, but thought that he would be ransomed within a very short time.

"Douglas was only a weak man in Mosher's hands and was under his subjection. The mistake of the detectives was in the kind of boat the kidnapers were on and in keeping within themselves the names and descriptions of the abductors. Full and general publicity at the start would have resulted in their capture and the restoration of the boy to his loving and almost broken-hearted parents.

"On the night of December 14, 1875, Mosher and Douglas broke into the house of Judge Van Brunt at Bay Ridge, L. I., and were discovered. Mosher was shot and killed. As Douglas lay on the grass plat

ments of the empress. The figures were on a big sun, whose rays were made of the best and heaviest gold. Sun and clocks are still there, but the golden rays were taken away.

"Near the Lotus lake of the imperial palace in Peking stands a small house with a sort of bentry, with clocks of various dimensions. They were struck by a hammer and produced a most harmonious concert. The big clocks are there still, but the smaller ones are all taken off.

"On the other shore of the Lotus lake was the private mansion of the emperor, since the empress dowager kept him prisoner. The emperor's apartments consisted of three rooms—reception room, bed room and library full of costly books bound in the precious yellow silk, the privilege of the imperial family.

"The emperor's bed was here not a bench, as usual in China, but a real sleeping sofa, a couch covered with dark brown, heavy silk, which was torn off to the edge of the couch. Everything pillaged! Chairs, benches, tables were made of a very hard, valuable, dark brown wood, adorned by wonderful carvings. They were broken, knocked about by hundreds. The work of barbarians! By which nation was it done? It is impossible now to say."

## Worth the Effort

Mrs. Rebecca Steinberg, after pursuing her truant husband from her home in Russian Poland to New York, then to Texas and finally to San Francisco, came up with him in the latter city a few days ago and will endeavor to compel him to support their child. Her story is a pitiful tale of a noble woman's sacrifice for her child and her grim determination to make the father of that child provide for it.

"I was married to Samuel Steinberg in Nantua, Russian Poland, in 1891," said the deserted wife. "I was a poor girl, 17 years old, and as Steinberg had a splendid government position my parents persuaded me to marry him. I was hardly married a week," continued Mrs. Steinberg, "when my husband began to neglect me. He would remain away from home and come home in the early morning hours after having spent the night in gambling. Finally he came to me and said it was imperative that he leave our native land—that he had spent all his money and that he would go to New York to begin life over again. I begged him not to go, but he insisted, and I gave him the few jewels I had that he might raise some money. I put him up a lunch and rode with him forty miles to the point where he took the train. There he kissed me goodbye and promised to send for me as soon as he was able. I never heard from him from that day to this. I do not love him any more," said Mrs. Steinberg, in conclusion. "How can I? I do not want him to come back to me. I only want him to support our child."

The child for whom Mrs. Steinberg demands support is a little girl, Etta, 8 years old, who is living in Nantua with her maternal grandmother. When Etta was a year and a half old her mother decided to start on a quest for the man who deserted them, and left for New York. The next day after her arrival in the big American city Rebecca Steinberg went out in search of work. The first place she struck was a large tailoring establishment, and there they put her to work sewing on buttons. For six years, day in and day out, the Polish woman remained in that same factory, always sewing on buttons. Her earnings ranged from \$3 to \$6 per week. Out of this money she paid \$3 a month for a room, sent 10 rubles (\$3.50) per month to her mother in Poland for the support of her child and saved sufficient to go to Texas, where she had heard her husband was.

"It was hard work saving so much out of so little," Mrs. Steinberg explained. "I ate only one meal a day, usually bread and butter and coffee. Soon I learned not to require much food. I rarely ate meat, per-

haps once a month, and never anything in the middle of the day. Finally I got enough money to go to Texas, but when I got there I found my husband had come to San Francisco. The people for whom he worked in Texas, however, were extremely good to me and helped me to get to this city. The woman with whom I am stopping now is a sister of the kind-hearted stranger in Texas, and she has promised that she will keep me with her during my stay here."

## Dewey, the Mascot

On Saturday evening, February 3, 1901, the sad news went around in Red Oak, Ia., that "Dewey," of Company M, Fifty-first regiment, Iowa infantry, United States volunteers, was dead.

For the last few months, relates the Red Oak Express, he has been stopping at the Depot Hotel, the noise and commotion of the "Q" yards being more suited to his martial tastes than the peaceful calm of the Johnson house. It was first supposed that he died from the grip, but later indications lead his friends to fear that he was a victim of foul murder. Whether he ate of poisoned candy sent him by some hated rival or took it purposely in a fit of despondency over the inactivity of civil life will never be known. His friend and comrade, Bob, was unable to be with him during his last hours.

Dewey joined Company M at Camp McKinley, Des Moines, at the urgent invitation of Comrade Jeffers. He was a dog of unswerving patriotism and unquestioned loyalty to duty. No better soldier followed the flag over the seas than Dewey.

He knew every bugle call and every word of command. In fact, at one time he nearly devoured the "army blue book." He suffered uncomplainingly the horrors of sea sickness during the long ocean voyage and bore with patience the tiresome guard duty at Cavite, but when the word of command was given he chased the Filipino command over the rice swamps of Luzon with the same zest with which he followed a fleeing jackrabbit over the golf links of the Presidio. To every boy in Company M he was a confidant and a friend. He cheered and entertained them through the long days in camp; he comforted them through the lonely hours on outpost. He returned to his native land battle scarred and worn, having lost an eye and the use of one leg in the service. He joined the reorganized Company M and has never missed a drill. His spirited bark is silenced.

It is with a feeling of genuine sorrow that the boys of Company M say a last goodbye to this doughty little comrade.

In the great unknown there is a canine paradise we are sure our military hero is already putting a gang of "Rookies" through the old manual from "company attention" to "dismissed."

But as to our Dewey here below, sound taps, fire the salute and lower Old Glory o'er this brave little four-legged defender of the flag.

## Jay Gould's Timely Hint

"I called upon Jay Gould once to ask him for a rule that would bring me success in my work," says Edward Boyer, principal of one of the finest grammar schools in New York City, in Success. "Every one who knew Jay Gould knew that he was a preoccupied man—that his thoughts were usually far away from the present scene. I was introduced to him by a friend, but I felt that he was scarcely conscious of my presence. We had planned to make some startling remark to attract his attention; and, as I did so, the great financier looked at me for a second, as if he saw me for the first time. Then I put my important question. 'What is your business?' he asked, as quick as a flash. 'I am a schoolmaster,' I replied. 'Then let other people do the work,' the advice was to the point, and has proved itself invaluable."