

ON WHAT MEAT ROYALTY FEEDS

Dishes That Are the Favorites of Kings and Queens.

The Ruler of Great Britain and India is Fond of Expensive Tea, Drinks Coffee Sparingly, but Often Takes a Glass of Beer—Eats American Apples—Emperor and Empress of Germany Very Simple in Their Tastes—King Humbert a Vegetarian—The Pope Always Eats Alone.

The Queen of England breakfasts at nine o'clock, lunches at two, and dines at six, and the waiting at breakfast and luncheon is done entirely by two Indian servants. The menus are headed "Her Majesty's Dinner," with the date beneath. The good old fashion is kept up of having the cook's name called out as each dish is brought to table. The Queen, says the Boston Globe, is called the most expensive tea drinker in England. She likes tea, and uses a particularly fine souchong, costing her a pound. She has always bought her tea at a shop on the Strand. About forty pounds of tea are used in a week at Windsor. Of coffee she seldom partakes, except a demitasse after dinner. With her soup is served a glass of old white sherry. This the lady drinks from a cup of gold formerly the property of Queen Anne. She often takes a glass of beer. The apples which the Queen eats grow in New York State. It was Lady Randolph Churchill who introduced the Spitzenburg apple to her Majesty, just twelve years ago, and since then a supply is sent yearly to Windsor. These apples, by the way, are highly polished, each one is wrapped in velveteen tissue paper, and the barrels are painted in parallel stripes of red and green, and glosily burnished, while around and inside of the top are realistically painted. On the head of each barrel, is stenciled the address, "To the Under Steward of the House of Windsor Castle, England." The Queen's fondness for the Viennese and French bread runs into all sorts of shapes. There are loaves and twists, and rolls made like little mannikins are supplied for the edification of any small grandchildren who may sit at her Majesty's table. A fillet of beef, a baked potato, is a favorite dish. Baked potatoes. In her published diary the Queen admits her partiality for Scotch cream and haggis. Queen Victoria's household expenses amount to the neat little sum of \$425,000 a year.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany take their morning meal as simply as any couple in the land. A small, round table, fully set with everything the menu affords, in covered silver dishes, is carried into the breakfast room at the appointed hour. Next to her Majesty's chair, a smaller table, with coffee and tea urns, spirit lamps burning, is placed, and then the house marshal approved of the arrangements the Kaiser's chief valet, knocks at the bedroom to announce that breakfast is ready. All the officials and servants withdraw. The breakfast consists of eggs and omelets of various flavors, steaks and cutlets, hot and cold rolls, marmalades and toast, and that German dish, purloined, I suppose on festive occasions—brithdays, for example, chocolate as well as tea and coffee is served. Her Majesty comes to breakfast in a wrapper, with her hair done up in an impromptu coil, while the Kaiser sports a smoking jacket, over a pair of ruffled or silver braided trousers. Breakfast is served by the Empress, and when over, everything is quickly removed. A favorite viand with their royalties is small, white loaf, the top powdered over with salt, and a kind of bun called the "Lucia eye" is another. Yet, another kind of bread is required for most of the royal meals. This is made of the finest flour and baked till the outside, which is afterwards cut off, is quite black. His Majesty is quite prejudiced in his tastes, and does not care for any dishes save those "made in Germany." The Emperor prefers vastly a girl who can make a meal to one who can manufacture a constitution.

Once while visiting in Milan, the late Empress of Austria took her luncheon quite alone and unattended in a little restaurant. Rice and shrimps—two do allusions—the name of the menu—formed the staple of her luncheon, for which she paid eighty centimes. Queen Olga, of Greece, has simple tastes in diet, and she keeps Lent with exemplary fidelity, and eats black olives and bread like the poorest of her subjects.

King Humbert is a vegetarian. He lives entirely on vegetables and fruits. The doctors have forbidden him to drink coffee, and his beverage is Bordeaux and plenty of water. The King never feels so well as when his fare is bread, potatoes and oranges. Peaches are his favorite edibles. The Queen has made repeated attempts to become a vegetarian, but finally gave up as despair, being fond of a generous diet. The royal meats are served on gold plates.

For breakfast the Pope has a single glass of tea or milk, a roll and no butter. At three o'clock he dines—a little soup, two courses of meat, with vegetables, one glass of wine, and a dessert of fruit. He always eats alone.

The Sultan of Turkey spends \$5,000 a day for his table, and this does not include grand state dinners or other elaborate functions. He likewise takes his meals alone, and not in any particular room, but wherever he happens to be—in the palace, or garden, or private park. Silver dishes, which are sealed up, are used entirely for serving his meals. These are covered with velvet covers to keep the contents warm, and the procession of servants, consisting of, perhaps, one hundred persons, starts for the spot where the Sultan happens to be. The table, which is of silver, is the first thing borne in the procession. A ladleful of food from each vessel is first taken by the imperial taster; this grand chamberlain takes a spoonful, the Sultan watching the operation, and finally commencing the meal.

The Mikado of Japan rises early, breakfasting at seven o'clock. He uses a knife and fork whenever he takes foreign food, but prefers chop sticks. He usually takes his breakfast and luncheon alone. His dinner, taken with the Empress, is served in table d'hôte style, with all the European accompaniments.

ments. To have his wife sit with him at the table is contrary to the regular practice in Japanese families. Emperor Kwang Su of China, always takes his meals quite alone, save attendants, in solemn silence. Chicken is served at every meal, and the eggs he consumes are anywhere from 200 to 300 years old, and considered a rare delicacy. Also sharks fins—very cheap—being the proper name for this dainty. Cakes covered with sesame seeds are another Chinese dish in great repute.

BLAME PUT ON AMERICA.

An Officer in Dewey's Fleet Places the Responsibility for Trouble With Filipinos.

The following letters by an officer in Admiral Dewey's fleet have just been printed also in the New York Tribune. They are worth reading: Manila, December 8. Paymaster Wilcox of the Monadnock has recently returned from a six weeks' trip in the interior of this island, in which he traversed in different parts of it, and he has had many talks with him, and have learned much of the state of affairs in the interior. What has most impressed me is the complete organization of the natives throughout the island. The population is said to be 2,000,000 people all of whom acknowledge the authority of Aguinaldo except some savage mountain tribes. The territory was won by his soldiers, and is now ruled by him.

Instead of being country of savages it is peopled by men who wear the garb of civilization, who read and write, who own and work farms and lands, and who worship God, the Father, Jesus Christ, and the Son. These people may not have made much progress in the ways of the outside world, yet they have made some, and are certainly far ahead in the social scale of the uncivilized natives. They are an organized military and civil government, really satisfactory and successful in its operations. They have a Congress with representatives, which is elected at present controls Luzon, outside of Manila and Cavite. They have a well-organized and well-drilled army of many thousand soldiers, armed principally with Mauser rifles, well equipped with complete military control and subordination. There is no division of authority, it is all under the one head. This army has met European soldiers on the field, and has invariably vanquished them, and outside of Manila and Luzon it is today supreme.

These are not matters of my personal opinion, but the actual facts as they exist today, and in them I see possibilities of serious trouble. If it occurs, I believe that the fault will be with America, not from an overt act on our part, but from a lack of appreciation of the feelings of these people, who believe that they have fought for and won their independence. They thoroughly appreciate what our navy did in making possible their organization, but they want us to appreciate what they have done on their own account. At first they were full of kind feeling for us, and we for them. Now the prevailing feeling has changed. On our side the existing feeling seems to be that these people do not know what self-government is; that they could not use it if they had it, and have no right to it anyway. That they have gone ahead on their own lines and established their own government is considered an inexcusable impertinence, worthy of severe chastisement. Some of our officers think that they have absolutely no rights of any kind. I have heard many officers of both services, and sometimes I have asked such persons if they believed, if they thought that these natives should be allowed to have their country, and I have actually been told no.

There is now actually no sympathy with our people and the native race, and the latter know it and feel it, and are intensely disappointed. Every day I hear opinions to the effect that these people ought to be wiped off the face of the earth, and have no right to live. Where I feel possible trouble is in the fact that these people have already had a good taste of victory, and have great quantities of arms and ammunition, and are in complete control of the country, excepting a limited area, and in their power to make trouble for anybody that they have a mind to. It is easy enough to understand the cause of the aversion that our people feel toward the native, because near acquaintance does not conduce to admiration. The native is not attractive in any way.

Boho, January 24. They (the Filipinos) are thoroughly in earnest in wanting their own independence, and I am heartily in favor of their having it. In this respect I have changed, as formerly I was in favor of annexation. It would be a awful job for us to try to govern these people, and particularly so because they wish to govern themselves. They are 10 millions strong, and it would be a mean and thankless job if we were to try to govern them when they had the strength to govern themselves. I do not really see why we should wish to govern them. If they should ask us to do so, I would think that it was our national duty to them, and that we were bound to do so. If they do not want us to, why should we be desirous of shouldering such a heavy burden? I honestly believe that these people are as fit for self-government as are the people of some of the so-called "civilized" countries of South America. I suppose that we will have to remain in force here until we are satisfied that they are in some respects fit, and then I think that some kind of an international agreement will be formed to insure their integrity as a nation. I do not doubt that what we want in the shape of a coal station, commercial rights, etc., we will have as a matter of course. The only possible reasons why we could want these islands is for the commercial benefits to result on the one hand, and for purposes of military and naval strength on the other. We can have all this without loading ourselves down with the government of these millions of people, alien to us in every sense and 7,000 miles away from the nearest point of our country. Furthermore, they say that they are grateful to America for her assistance in driving the Spaniards out, but at the same time will fight all America before they will allow their own country to be ruled out.

DEPLORE THE NECESSITY.

Augusta (Me.) New Age. We do not believe that there is an American who feels with any pleasure the enlargement of the Philippine archipelago which is reported to be dispatched from Manila every few days. Men of every shade of opinion deplore it as an ugly necessity, which there was no way of avoiding, but one which they would have gladly avoided had he made a proper effort to bring about a good understanding with the natives. Yet none glory in him. None gloat over the defeat of the poor devils who are making a stand against an incomparably superior power.

MADE LINCOLN TUMBLE HIS HAIR.

Mr. Merrill Finnerman Gave the Country Its First Correct Idea of the Raisepfitter.

The death of Joseph Medill recalls the story of a picture of Lincoln, the one by which he became known to the country. It was very soon after the recent nomination of Lincoln for the Presidency. The story of the picture is given in Mr. Medill's words as near as they can be recalled:

"I knew him so well that he called me Joe and I called him Abe. He came to see me in the Tribune office soon after his nomination. I think I sent for him. I said after we had talked of more important matters: "Abe, there are not many people in the country who know how you look. You must recover my breath, be taken. Get ready and I will go with you."

"Snapshots were unknown then and so were newspaper artists as they are called. Lincoln went to his hotel to fix up and I called for him at the appointed time. I think he saw that I was surprised. "How do I look?" he asked. His coat was buttoned up from top to bottom. But it was his hair which caused me to look at him. He had evidently been in the bath and the skin and the temples as smoothly as if it had been ironed. It was so unlike him that he looked unnatural.

"It will never do, I said as soon as I could recover my breath. He said he could never be elected President if the country thought you wore your hair that way. "He looked at me as though he were dazed. He had the heart of a child. He had placed his hair down in front of me thoughtfully and innocently. It hurt him to think he had done something he should not have done. That was his nature. He looked at the mirror and then that expression of humor which I never saw in any other face came out. He took both hands and shoved them through his hair until it looked like a brush heap after a hurricane. Then he looked at me and I told him that he must make his hair look as if it were a photograph, several blocks away, and my recollection is that he scarcely spoke during the time. When he sat before the camera he ran his long fingers through his hair again and then looked at me like a child that had been whipped. From that picture all copies for campaign purposes were made, and whatever caricatures and cartoons were suggested by that picture.

The oddest trait in Mr. Medill's character was his sense of justice. An old man in his service had been discharged by the head of the department in which he was employed. The old man bought a stand, a few lemons and some sugar and opened a lemonade stand in front of the elevator entrance of the building. He had been there two days before Mr. Medill saw him. Mr. Medill bought a glass of the old man's lemonade, and after he had tasted it asked:

"What are you doing here?" "Making lemonade," was the reply. "Why are you not at work?" "I have been discharged."

"You will have to go to work again. You can't make lemonade." Mr. Medill went to the head of a disciplinarian to go over the head of the department without good reason. He did not restate the old employe, but gave him work in another department, and he still has the job.

Mr. Medill never laid his memory with the contents of his paper except its editorial page or matters of national importance. This led to some humorous incidents. He was an inveterate reader of exchanges. He read them wherever he went, and whether at home or in his travels in this country or abroad, he sent nearly enough reprints to the office daily to crowd out the news and the advertisements as well as the paper. When he was in Ireland some years ago he found a newspaper printed somewhere on the island, in a remote town. When he finished clipping from it there was not much in the paper but hoars. He enclosed the clippings, marking them with the name of each well known "Must J. M." and mailed them to Chicago. On his return he inquired for the issue of the paper containing his Irish clippings. The inquiry necessitated the explanation that they had not been printed, or rather that they had not been reprinted. They had originally appeared in the Tribune under the direction of Mr. Medill. The Irish paper had purloined them without credit. He was quite sure and sometimes his affliction was utilized to his advantage. In this case when the explanation had been given he looked out of the window and to the sky and said:

"Yes, it looks like a storm." An hour later he dumped seven columns of reprint on beet sugar on the managing editor's desk with the instruction that he wanted twenty-five copies of the paper next day. Every correspondent in the country was instructed that night to keep everything down, and at 10 o'clock the managing editor was served with a request to send over Mr. Medill's "proofs" of that reprint article on beet sugar."

AN ODE TO THE COUNTRY.

(By a Society Swell.) I would fly from the city's rule and law, From its forms and fashions cut loose, And go where the strawberries grow on the sward, and the daisies bloom, And the gooseberries grow on the goose. Where the caltrop tree is climbed by the cat As she eagerly clutches for prey, The guileless and unsuspecting rat On the ratoon bush at play. I would catch with ease the saffron cow, And the calves in their glee As they nimbly spring from bough to bough In top of the cowslip tree. I would listen to the partridge drum his drum, And the woodchuck chuck his wood, While the dog devours the dogwood plum, In the primitive solitude. L. A. S.

PROSPERITY AND IMMIGRATION.

Providence Journal. There is more than passing significance in the United States to bring any such increase in immigration as that which used to be the certain result of returning prosperity after every period of business depression. The reasons for the failure are obvious enough, and they are not confined to conditions in our country. They are, in brief, the filling up of the more inviting new lands in the temperate zones, and the better opportunities of the working classes of Europe in their own homes. The statistics of both Great Britain and Germany show marked decreases of emigration. Poor men can earn a living there more easily than they used

to. On the other hand, the rapid increase of population in the United States, Canada and Australia, and the fall in the market price of the agricultural products of those countries, have lessened the inducements for foreign settlers. Industrial conditions are fast reaching a common level throughout the temperate zones, and migration between the countries of those zones will never again play as important a part in their development as in the past.

Since it has had a glimpse of General Miles' uniform, Boston is somewhat ashamed of the timidity it displayed during the war.

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