

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1901.

## Royalty Before Camera.

While William the Second-to none has probably faced a camera oftener than any other ruler, alive or dead, he has a good rival for photographic honors in King Edward. In fact the entire royal family of Great Britain has been more photographed so often, collectively, individually and in sections, that it seems as if the royal motto must have been made over into:

'Count that day lost when no new photo is added to the world's treasures.'

Everybody in England says 'photo' for photograph. In this country the word is rarely heard among educated people. But we have a monopoly of 'bikes,' so the British may perhaps be allowed to revel in photo without being criticised.

The mania for being photographed is shared, but in a less degree, by almost every branch of European royalty, even down to the sprigs, of which there are not a few. There is to be found an occasional member of the hierarchy who refuses to be snaphotted and even balks at a regular photographer, but the truth is that these exceptions are women who are neither so young nor beautiful as they once were.

The late Empress of Austria, whether because she wanted to be remembered as young and beautiful, or for obscure reasons known only to herself, was decidedly averse to being photographed or even to having her portrait printed. This prejudice was one she had displayed for a good many years before her death, and the result was that after her assassination the only picture obtainable in many cases was one at least twenty five years old.

She always carried with her a large black fan which she used as a screen to protect herself from the omnipresent camera fiend.

Five or six years ago in Venice the King and Queen of Italy visited the Empress of Austria on her yacht in the lagoon. Of course everybody that could manage it was out there, too. The spectators bobbed about in a great semicircle of steel-prowed black gondolas watching the meeting of their Majesties at the head of the gangway.

Even though the gondolas were fifty feet or more from the vessel and the receiving party stood under the shadow of the awning where an instantaneous exposure would not have been successful, the Empress kept her black fan so constantly between herself and the array of boats that no one had more than a mere fleeting glimpse of her face. Yet she did it with so much grace and seeming absence of intention that it appeared to have happened more by accident than by design.

It is said that the only time she was caught off her guard was a short time before her death. A camera fiend hid behind some bushes and got a fairly good picture of the Empress walking with the Emperor at Bad Nauheim. Her sister, the ex-Queen of Naples, also avoids the photographer. It is said that she has not had her picture taken for thirty years.

The late Empress Augusta of Germany never consented to pose for any kind of picture after she was 40. She was beautiful in her youth, but she lived to be old and broken, twisted and crippled by rheumatism. She was over 80 when she died. For almost twenty years she had been a physical wreck.

People at the baths which she frequented would see an old woman, haggard for all her paint, wearing a wig and huddled together in a wheeled chair. That was the Empress Augusta. At this period she would occasionally give her picture to some one, but the picture was forty years younger than the Empress. In it she appeared as a young woman, at the height of her beauty.

The Duchess of Argyll is another woman who, having once been very pretty, prefers not to have her waning charms recorded by the camera.

But the other royalists do not seem to be afflicted with these qualms. They have only one horror, and that is of being, as they say, snaphotted. They want to have a chance to pose and look pleasant. In Germany, in spite of the Kaiser's love of being photographed, it is a legal offence to point a camera at him or at any member of his family without having received

permission. In England those in attendance on the sovereign are expected to go even to the length of destroying, 'accidentally' of course, a camera which is suspected of containing a snapshot of the King or the Queen.

This mania for being photographed sometimes brings embarrassment in its train. Fiances fall out even when of royal blood, and as these same royal fiances have a way of being photographed in the most sentimental and bourgeois manner, there are often pictures out which have to be called in.

It is said that the Russian Government has gone to a great deal of trouble to withdraw from circulation the picture of a Grand Duchess taken with her first fiance. She afterwards jilted him and married another man. In England there is a persistent search for the pictures in which Princess May of Teck was shown hand in hand with Duke of Clarence, to whom she was then betrothed. Now that she is the wife of the dead Duke's brother there is a natural wish to get the photograph out of sight.

King Edward, at the funeral of the Count of Paris, was photographed standing beside the Duke of Orleans. Now that they do not speak, King Edward has stopped the sale of the pictures, and would be glad to confiscate those already sold.

Emperor Nicholas, for his part, finds that he has been photographed once too often, at least from a political point of view. He and the German Emperor once had their pictures taken as members of a group of officers at Darmstadt. The Kaiser had his arm around the Russian Emperor's neck. This was very touching. At any rate, it touched the pride of the French when the picture was arranged to show only the two Emperors. People used this to taunt the French with the intimacy between William and Nicholas, until Nicholas ordered the confiscation of the picture.

The Sultan of Turkey does not waste his valuable time posing before a camera. Whether he is afraid that it may be really and truly loaded, or whether he feels that the flash of youth is no longer on his countenance, there is no official record obtainable at present. But it is said that the European press has no pictures of him save some taken away back in 1877 which have been doing duty ever since.

In our own country things are decidedly different. Abroad a cat, perhaps, may look at a king, but a camera, unless duly presented and accredited, may not. In this land of the free the camera fiend may do his worst.

### ALLIGATORS LIKE NEGROES.

Will Eat Them Says An Authority. In Preference to a White Man.

An interesting story of the saurian family is told by one of Algiers's oldest citizens, Mitchell J Barrett, who has spent much of his life in adventure on the high seas and in travelling in a business way along the Gulf shores. He relates that when a boy, living on the banks of the St John River, it was customary for the boys in the neighborhood to go in swimming every day.

Alligators were very numerous, but it was a seldom occurrence that a white person was molested by them. Mr Barrett says that he cannot recall an instance where a white man or boy was ever killed by one. On the other hand, we be unto the pickaninny who ventured into the St Johns, where these water pests held forth. It is said that a negro never risks his life where an alligator lives.

Mr Barrett says that on one occasion, while he and several of his comrades were in bathing, a negro boy, well known to the party, came by, stripped off his clothes and dived in with the others. He had been in but a few minutes, when he suddenly disappeared without the slightest apparent struggle. An alligator caught him in the 'middle' and took him under the water without giving him time to even warn the others.

He tells of a similar incident on the Sabine River, another paradise for the alligator. He states that while he, two friends

and a negro were crossing the river in a small boat it ran against a snag and capsized near a nest of the pests, and the white man swam ashore without molestation. But the negro was upon by several alligators as if they had some special grudge against him.

Men can easily avoid attacks from this source. But long ago, when Florida was more sparsely settled and there were no fences along the banks of the rivers, cattle and swine naturally strayed down to the river's edge to find a quiet, cool spot to graze and fight the gallinippers which were there in droves and made a shadow as a cloud. As long as the stock would find these places on the banks they were comparatively safe from alligators. But as the day would grow, and as the heat would increase, they would stray down to the river's edge and wallow in order to get under the water to keep cool. Their instinct, however, failed to teach them caution for invariably the sly alligator was there for a different purpose. He had crawled to the waters edge to sun his back which could scarcely be distinguished from an old log, and while the thoughtless cow or hog wallowed in the waters the pests of the Florida waters would make his attack with varying success.

### Taking the Baby's Picture.

In the days when we were young the photographer to whom a little child was taken for a picture was forced to depend upon the little bird was supposed to be just on the point of jumping out of his camera.

'Now, Johnny,' he would say, 'keep your eye right on this little boy and watch to see the little bird fly out.'

As no bird was ever known to make its nest in a camera little Johnny paid little attention to the photographers request

after the first trial, and consequently the man who made a specialty of 'taking babies had a hard time of it. It was also necessary for the fond parent who did not believe in telling little Johnny 'stories' to make an elaborate and usually lame explanation to the darling child, explaining that the picture man had made a mistake in thinking that there was a bird inside his box.

Nowadays the photographer man does this sort of thing more wisely. It is still necessary for him to conduct an impromptu vaudeville seown in order to keep the infant's attention but he no longer depends on birds which do not exist.

At the present time the proper caper is for the operator to produce a gilt and glass crown which he puts on his own head.

Now, baby, he says, you watch and see whether I can keep this crown on my head.

Then he allows the crown to fall off on the floor once or twice, much to the delight of the small child. Then when his subject had been brought to an unconsciously happy frame of mind the photographer replaces the crown on his head and gets ready for action.

Now, Johnny, he says, watch just as close as you can and see if your uncle can't keep the crown on this time.

Johnny, fully expecting that the crown will again fall off, opens his eyes and his mouth and gazes full of interest at the glittering bauble. Then the photographer presses the button and the deed is done. Which explains why so many 'awfully cute' pictures of small children are now being made.

### SURE DEATH TO ROACHES

Discovery of a Harlem Bride at the Closet of Her Kneep.

A Harlem bride who began housekeeping in a Lenox avenue apartment a few weeks ago had considerable trouble with roaches. They got into everything. The

bride was in distraction. But when her husband got home from his office a few nights ago he found the bride beaming with joy.

'I have fixed it!' she cried, hardly waiting for the man to take off his coat, I have done just the brightest thing! I have got rid of them; or at least some of them.'

'Them? Who?' demanded the husband.

'Why, the roaches,' of course, replied the bride, leading the way to the kitchen.

There in the centre of a table, was a big heap of dead roaches. They were mixed in with a brown powder.

'You got some kind of roach poison, I see,' commented the husband. 'It works all right, does it?'

'Splendidly! Why I just put a little heap of it there, and it killed all of those right away. But it took me a long time to catch them.'

'Catch them?'

'Of course. You see you put some of this powder on a table. Then you catch the bugs and put them into it. It kills most of them right away, but some try to run away and then you have to hold them right in it.'

'I see,' said the husband, and he walked away without another word.

But, then, he had been married only a very few weeks.

### They Were Seven.

'Say, wa.'

'Well?'

'There are seven liars in our class at school.'

'Oh, I wouldn't say that, dear. You might be mistaken.'

'No, I ain't. Yesterday the teacher said that all of us that never told a lie should hold up our hands.'

'And were there seven there who didn't hold up there hands?'

'No; there were seven that did.'

