Pages 9 to 12. PROGRESS. Pages 9 to 12.

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

Stories of Royalty.

Something stronger than curiosity is felt in London society as to the future attitude and demeanor of the king, especially with regard t. nd friends. It is sa h t he is disposed to hold aloof and to assume a very serious and dignified line. Thue he refused very curtly an invitation to dine at a private house where he went constantly as Prince of Wales, saying, that the King could not go where the Prince did. On another occasion he summoned Lord Marcus Beresford, who had managed his racing for him, to Marlborough House. In past days he was on such intimate terms that he was always called Markey by the Prince. The king, however, throughout the interview, addressed him formally as Lord Marcus, and when asked if he meant to withdraw from the turf, His Majesty replied that he proposed, with Her Majesiy to appear in state at Ascot and possibly at Goodwood. At the end of it all, however, and with a touch of his old camaraderie, Edward VII patted his friend on the back and said 'Good-by, Markey,' very cordially.

The King has always taken a keen interest in social affairs which is not likely to diminish with his augmented rank and authority. There is little doubt that he was very keenly concerned in regard to the marriage of the Marguess of Headfort and the pretty actress, Miss Boote. My Lord's family were much opposed to the match, especially his mother, the Countess of Bective (whose deceased husband did not survive his father and therefore never bore the title of Headfort). Among other attempts to break off the marriage, august influences were invoked to send the headstrong young man abroad. He is a soldier —an officer in the Blues, or Royal Horse Guards—and it was suggested to Earl Roberts that he might send the lad to South Africa, or even to India: anywhere out of harm's way. Now the Commander-in-Chief's powers are none too great at best—witness the recent debates in the House of Lords—and they certainly do not extend to sending, nolens volens, any supposed culprit who bear the King's commission to the uttermost ends of the earth. Lord Roberts is a courtier and much more likely to yeild deferenee to Royal wishes than his predecessor, but here he was powerless, and he had to say so. Of course, if the Blues, the young Lord's regiment, were ordered abroad as a body he would have had to go with them; but it would have been a strong step to punish a whole regiment of Household Cavalry to save the noble Marquess from a so-called mesalliance. And now the mar riage has occurred.

We may expect to hear of some changes in evening costume now that the King is supreme. He has always hankered after some improvement of the sombre black, and not long ago, as Prince of Wales, was much in favor of the adoption of colored and embroidered fancy waistcoats.

The King has always been a great stickler for correct dress. Here are two good stories on the subject. Years ago the Prince honored with his psesence a smoking concert given by Sir Howard Vincent, then Colonel Vincent. The host received his Royal guest according to strict rule in the front hall, and arrayed in evening clothes and tights—not ordinary trousers. Tights it may be mentioned are exactly what their name implies of black silk and they are always worn at the palace in undress not full dress—that is to say not with uniforms or court suit. Directly the Prince saw Sir Howard's lower limbs he said sternly;

'Go upstairs and take those off; they should never be worn except when the Princess is present.'

On another occasion, at a private dinner given by the Duke of Fife to the Prince of Wales, a very distinguished litterateur arrived in a black tie; he was fond of them large, in the French fashion, with large bow and wide, falling ends. A whisper from the Prince sent host to guest, and there was a polite request to go into a dressing-room, where he would find a selection of white ties.

Talking of tights, a pretty story is preserved of the dear old Queen. Some years ago, when at Osborne, the Queen heard that two gallant young officers just returned from the wars were residing in the neighborhood. They were at once 'commanded' to come and dine, but by the Queen's desire the invitation was indorced 'Ordinary evening dress.' Her Majesty added with a smile: 'I don't suppose these young gentlemen can muster up a pair of tights between them.

The Queen had a very keen sense of humor and no doubt chafed a good deal at the stiffness and dullness of state dinners, where none spoke unless Her Majesty addressed them. One night, however, a telegram was brought to the table for a guest, and he was permitted to read it. The result was a loud laughter; he showed it to his next neighbor, who also laughed, and the Queen at length asked to be told the joke.

It appeared that the guest had recently been decorated with a new order which, when commanded to Windsor, he was expected to wear. But on arrival at the castle he could not find the ribbon and cross anywhere among his belongings when he unpacked. So he appeared at table without his decoration, and it was not till the telegram arrived that he learnt that his overcareful servant had safely put it away. The telegram ran, 'look in your left boot.

The present king's exact knowledge of the niceties of costume is well illustrated by a little incident dating from the time he was Prince of Wales. A distinguished General recently advanced to the dignity of a Grand Cross of the Bath, was a little in doubt as to the proper way of wearing the great satin bows which are attached to the order on Collar Days. So he called in his tailor to advise, begging that some assistant might be sent to dress him for his next appearance at a levee.

When the General reached the throne room and made his bow he noticed the Prince eyeing the bow and smiling with approval. Quite right said His Royal Highness; and the General afterward heard from his tailor that the latter, a little doubtful himself, had referred the knotty point of wearing of the collar and bow to the best authority available, the Prince of Wales.

Apropos of the King's increase in dignity there is a delightful story of how he delicately intimated to a lady that there had been a change. The lady in question had been an especially favored friend of the Prince's, and naturally hoped that she might enjoy as much of Royal as she had of Princely friendship. Immediately upon hearing the news of the death of Queen Victoria she dispatched a note of condolence to the new King. Exactly what was in the note no one knows, but she waited with some little anxiety to see whether a reply would be forthcoming. Naturally, at that time, letters and telegrams of condolence were piling in upon Edward VII to such an extent that there could be little or no attempt to answer them. This the lady knew, and she felt that an answer to her communication would be to some extent a guarantee to her position of influence at court.

The answer came. It arrived at dinner-time, when the lady had a party dining with her. She was not wholly ill pleased at this, and she announced with a smile, 'A telegram—from the King.'

But the telegram was perhaps not all she had expected. 'I hope and believe,' it ran, 'that I have the tears of all my subjects.' Never perhaps in a career full of things delicately put did Edward VII phrase a rebuke with more exquisite nicety.

A VARIED CAREER.

Sir Thos. Lipton and the difficulties he has had to meet.

Sir Thomas J. Lipton is now an extremely wealthy man, but has had a varied career. Years ago he was in America as a poor man, and was at one time a street car driver in New Orleans. He hadn't a dollar to his name when he went to work for the street railroad company. He only drove his car one month. At the end of that time the employes went out on a strike. Two of the strikers jumped on Lipton's car one afternoon.

'Are you with us?' one of them asked.

'Who are you?' inquired Lipton.

'We're a committee from the strikers,'

And Tom Lipton—he was known as plain Tom in those days—had to hunt a new job. A little after that he was going from house to house obtaining orders for a crayon portrait concern. In the evening he generally amused himself by playing his violin. He owned a pretty good violin—one he had brought over from Scotland with him—and he loved it above any of his few earthly possessions.

He became acquainted with a merchant in New Orleans who was fond of music and nearly every night Lipton went to the merchant's shop and played the old Scotch airs he so loved. One night when Lipton was on his way to the shop he heard the clanging of fire bells and saw the people running in the street. He turned the corner and discovered that his friend's shop was in flames. The violin was in the shop.

Lipton dashed through the fire lines and reached the place. The building was all in a blaze, but the front door was open. Without an instant's hesitation he rushed into the store, made his way through the stifling, blinding smoke to where his precious violin lay in its case at the back of the building picked it up and staggered back to the door again. As he rushed out into the street a big policeman caught him by the collar.

'It's my property,' gasped Lipton.

'Oh, it is? Well, you come along with, me.'

So Lipton was detained until the proprietor of the store could be found, but all the time he hung on tight to his violin.

When Lipion left New Orleans he had just eighteen dollars. He went to New York and obtanied employment on the Anchor Line steamer which was scheduled to sail the next day. On the trip across the Atlantic Lipton amused himself in off hours by playing his violin. He played so well that he attracted the attention of the passengers, and the big Scotchman was the principal performer one night at a concert in the saloon.

How Churchill Got His Liberty.

Of Winston Churchill, the famous young English M. P. and war correspondent, a rather good story of the time when he was a prisoner of war in Pretoria is being told in the London clubs.

In common with many of the other prisoners he was allowed to borrow books from the State Library, which contained many excellent works. One of the first books which he obtained was Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great. In a very short time he had read through the whole of the half-dozen volumes.

He then asked for and received an English edition of Mills' On Liberty. Within a few days of receiving the book he succeeded in escaping from Pretoria.

When the Boer jailers came to search the quarters of the vanished captive they found the book, with its suggestive title of On Liberty. Now, the book was printed in English, and, unfortunately, the Boer librarians were not very well acquainted with that language. They understood the meaning of the title, but, try as they would, could make very little of the contents.

However, the fact that this was the last book which Churchill read before his disappearance seemed to them a very suspicious circumstance. From its title they judged that it must have aided him to escape. They decided that it would be unwise to lend it to other Britishers, and from that time any English officer who desired to study Mills' famous work and applied to the library for it was suspiciously refused.

Mr Churchill, became quite as well known to the British public through the Boer war as any of the Generals at the head of the armies.

Campanari's Absence Of Pretense.

Mr Guiseppe Campanari, the well known baritone, was told a number of years ago when he first began to sing in opera at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, that no opera singer could maintain his hold on the public if he remained in America for the entire year. The theory given was that the singer lost the charm that absence and return are supposed to give those in public musical life. But Mr Campanari remained in America, for he has a theory of his own, which is that a singer should live as quietly as possible, appearing before his audience to do his best, and then returning to his home. His belief is that it is neither distance nor absence, but seclusion, that lends enchantment, and that being too well known personally by a large circle destroys the illusion which should be maintained by those singing romantic roles.

Mr. Campanari carries his views into practice, and in his everyday dress is unrecognized by a majority of the employees at the Matropolitan Opera House, in spite of the many seasons he has sung here.

After assisting in a recent presentation of I Pagliacci, which was followed by another opera, he went into the house to hear the second part of the performance. An employee, finding he had no seat coupon, called him sharply to task and ordered him from a position he had taken behind one of the boxes.

Appreciating the situation the singer meekly started to go, whereupon a lady in one of the boxes started up and told the usher who it was that he was addressing so rudely.

'You only did your duty, said Mr. Campanari, in calm response to many apologies; and he heard the rest of the opera from behind the scenes.

In his quiet home in West Forty-fourth Street, Mr. Campanari devotes his spare time to his three children, two girls and a boy, directing their education with the assistance of Madame Companari, who was a well known German opera singer before her marriage. The younger of the daughters has a voice and bids fair to follow in her fathers footsteps. The son has taken up the study of the violin.

During long tours, while his colleagues are sight-seeing in the cities visited, Mr, Campanari remains at his hotel and rests, in order to be fresh for the evening performance. On his return from an extended journey he always has a big bundle of views which, he wittily explains, 'are photographs that I have seen of famous places.'

Mr. Hare's Fountain of Youth.

Mr. John Hare, the eminent English actor-manager, who has been touring America, says that the most delightful compliment he ever received was from Mr. Gladstone. It was a double ended compliment; whichever way you took it, it was satisfactory.

Mr. Hare has invariably played the part of an old man, his character as Mr. Goldby in A Pair of Spectacles being a good example. Added to this he has a horror of having his picture taken.

Once he consented to have a flash light picture taken after a performance in New York. The photographer waited until he was exhausted, after the last night of an engagement, and Mr. Hare, after some moments of hesitation, finally rushed out, called to the manager to bring the man in, and then dropped down in a chair. The photographer began to adjust the apparatus and Mr. Hare kept calling out: 'Go on, go on! You take no end of a long time.

The photographer got so nervous and Mr. Hare so irritable that the flash ligh was not a success. Mr. Hare saw the negative of the picture, threw up his hands, and said that he would never try it again.

Mr Gladstone had never seen a picture of the actor, but he knew him well behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. The Premier's favorite play was A Pair of Spectacles, and he always went behind the scenes to chat a while with the actor. The really old man and the made up old man would sit there and talk in the most delightful way for an hour after the show.

One day the Earl of Rosebery had Mr Gladstone to dinner, and he also invited his friend, John Hare. The actor came in smooth shaven, looking about thirty five. He was presented to Mr Gladstone, and the Prime Minister shook his hand most cordially, and said:

'My dear sir, I am very, very glad to meet you. I know your father very, very well. Splendid actor! Fine old man!'

It took the whole evening for the Earl and Mr Hare to convince him that this son was really the father.

'Has the colonel been digging into mathematics? I never saw such an expression of worry.

'No; he has just discovered that there is only one hip pocket in his new trousers and he is racking his brain to decide between carrying a gun and a flask.'

First Aeronaut—One can't put any dependence in what the weather man says.

Second Aeronaut—No?

First Aeronaut—No; he predicted a fifty-mile an-hour breeze for today and our airship is merely crawling along.

'Shakespeare, observed the trite conversationalist, never repeats.

'That is true, answered Mr. Stormington Barnes; the only way to do Shakespeare nowadays is to give one performance and then get right along to the next town.

'How do you like your new neighbour, Mrs. Way?' 'Not at all. She's awful stingy. Why she borrowed our big saucepan to boil her pudding in; but when I went over yesterday to ask her to lend me eight shillings to pay the rent, she said she didn't have it to spare. Wasn't that mean?'

They were playing a game of cards together when she casually remarked: 'So you take my heart, do you?

'Why, certainly—yes, replied he hurriedly, glancing into her eyes. And the game was up.

'Belinda, if my salary were raised, we could be married on Christmas Day.' 'All right, Augustus; I'll write your employer an anonymous letter, and tell him we both think he is a mean old thing.

'Marietta, you had better write your Aunt Jane that we are going there on Christmas Day.' 'Why?' 'If you don't, she'll be writing up that she is coming here.

'What's the matter?' 'Myra sent me fifteen shillings and a list of Christmas presents she wants that amounts to three pounds ten.'