ROYAL DOMESTICS

THEY SIT ON SOCIETYS TOPMOST RUNG

ENGLISH COURT AFFORDS QUEER IRONY ON MODERN LIFE

White Domestic Service Ordinarily Is Shunned, Yet English Blue-bloods Yearn For Court Employment—Grades of Service Decided by Intimacy With Queen—Duchess, Intimate of Queen, Is "Mistress of the Robes."

BY MADGE NEVILLE.

LONDON, June 29.—(Special Correspondence.)—"There's nothing so queer as folks," runs the northern saying. So, while in ordinary walks of life domestic service is becoming more and more distasteful service in the Royal household represents the top rung in the social lader.

But as even in Dante's Paradise there are varying degrees of well-doing so is it in royal flunkeydom. The Page of the Backstairs cannot vie in importance with the younest Maid of Honor, and the most experienced Gentleman Usher is not nearly such a personage as a Lady-in-Waiting.

The decisive factor in a royal servant's status is the degree of intimacy it carries with the august employer. The women and girls in personal attendance upon Queen Mary, of England, therefore hold the most enviable positions in English society. The present constitution of the Royal household was evolved by Edward 111 in his palace at Eltham, out of the chaotic elements that formed his court, on lines which have more or less survived throughout the centuries.

The Mistress of the Robes, at present the Duchess of Devonshire, is official head of the "Queen's ladies." For many a long year the post carried with it the title of "Mother of the Maids," and no one but a Duchess is eligible for the place. No annual tally of dollars are handed out to the Royal servants as such, though the Maids of Honor get "an honorarium," as no reward is expected save the honor of the exalted position. In by-gone days, the Mistress of the Robes used to attend personally to the Queen's morning and evening toilettes. The garments to be worn were handed from one lady of the bedchamber to the another before reaching the Mistress of the Robes, who then attired her royal mistress. Now, the Mistress of the Robes does not put in an appearance in the Queen's bedroom, but on state occasions, such as the visits of foreign royalty, she has to escort her to the chamber door.

The Duchess of Devonshire is not merely a decorative figure on great affairs of social state. She is one of the Queen's closest personal friends. They sew together for hours, their tongues busy with sobor themes while their fingers ply the needle and thread. This intimacy was knitted tighter than ever by the Indian Durbar visit. Devonshire House ball was the first private function of the season to be attended by Queen Mary, and as she is scheduled to spend a week-end at Chatsworth during July, there can be no doubt that the Duchess is a prime favorite.

The Duchess is also a capable organizer. Her capacity in this direction was shown by the part she played in regard to voluntary aid detachments in Derbyshire, under the war office scheme for mobolizing a nursing force in time of war. The resources of a large tract of country around Chatsworth were then carefully organized for emergency hospitals and the training of the requisite nurses. She is a daughter of Lord Lansdowne, conservative leader of the House of Lords, and a niece of the Duke of Abercorn.

However diverse their dispositions, one quality distinguishes the "Queen's ladies." Their moral characters are unimpeachable. Not a breath of scandal has ever tainted their reputations. Even "the bar sinister," denoting irregular alliances in the past history of families, appears on none of their escutcheons. The Queen has no use at all for gay dames with a hectic past, and won't even admit, like some of her male relatives, that merry widows may be vastly interesting persons.

Next in rank to the Mistress of the Robes, come the Ladies of the Bedchamber, sometimes called Ladies-in Waiting—the best known of whom are Lady Desborough, Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Ampthill, Lady Bertha Dawkins and Lady Mary Trefusis. Their duties have nothing to do with the royal couch, but a great deal to do with royal charity. They are the tactful intermediaries between Queen Mary and the people and institutions appealing to her for aid.

It was Lady Bertha Dawkins, for instance, who was selected to read a message of good-will from the Queen to 300 working girls who meet early every morning in All Hallows Church, and it was she who handed the parson a substantial check to be used on their behalf. All the year through these gentle emissiaries of mercy are proceeding on their errands of good-will, sometimes to have little heart-to-heart talks with hospital patients, or to pay private visits to tenement apartments or obscure cottages, from whence poignant appeals for aid have emanated. As a rule, only one dame is in attendance at atime, her period of service generally being of about a month's duration, during which time she resides under the same roof with he royal mistress.

"That divine being"—so her friends call Lady Desborough, the most brilliant member of the coterie in immediate attendance upon Her Majesty. A daughter of the late Honorable Julian Fane, she has been in the enjoyment of all that is best and brightest in society ever since her youth. Her "Saturday to Monday" parties at Taplow Court, on the river Thames—visited by Colonel Roosevelt during his visit to London—are famous neutral ground for leading members of the government and the opposition.

Good stories have an unerring knack of covering Lady Desborough's way. At her last party, attended by Premier Asquith and ex-Premier Balfour, she brought a smile to the lips of her guests by telling them about the difficulty which had been experienced in securing the services of casual laborers in the re-construction of the famous Boulter's Lock at the busiest spot on the Thames. "As the foreman of the works had been informed," she said, "that one of the men had quitted for 'family reasons,' inquiry was made into the cause of his absence. It transpired that 'the family reasons' were peculiar. He had to go and punch his brother-in-law's head, and had asked to be paid his wages in advance in order that he might drink sufficient beer to give him a requisite courage for the assault."

Lady Shaftesbury, another of the Queen's women, is domestically inclined. Very wealthy, she leads, like Lady Amthill, a self-effacing existence. They only come into the limelight in such fleeting glimpses as are afforded when the King and Queen drive in state through the streets.

Quite the most romantic section of the Queen's attendants is formed by the maids of honor. In Queen Elizabeth's day each maid was provided with stabling, palfreys and a waiting women, with a liberal allowance of "ale, bread and beef for her breakfast."

The number of maids of honor was reduced from eight to four by Queen Alexandra, who also put a stop to giving them a dowry of $5000 upon their marriage. Although it is the rule that these much-envied girls should belong to a social rank not lower than the family of a baron, Queen Mary has one maid of honor, Miss Mabel Gye, who is not of titled parentage. Immemorial custom, however, confers on them the title of "Honorable," whatever their birth. Miss Gye's three companions are Miss Venetia Baring, Miss Kathleen Villiers and Miss Ursula Lawley. Miss Baring is the daughter of Lord Ashburton by his first wife, and has therefore as her stepmother Frances, the second Lady Ashburton, who, as the daughter of J. C. Donnelly, won fame on the New York stage.

The only maid of honor who did not receive her appointment from an English Queen died in the way back times when Charles II made the running in English history. While in hiding once the gay King stayed at a country inn incognito and, with charming audacity, kissed the hostess on departing. Hot-foot on Charles' heels came his pursuers, who, while cross-questioning the good lady, heard of the royal salute.

Work Days Are Few.

"Now you are a maid of honor, indeed," said one of the soldiers, when he had revealed the identity of the fugitive.

"Well, then," quoth she, "I'll think the better of my lips till my dying day."

All Queen Mary's girlish associates are accomplished musicians, fluent readers and good linguists and each receives $1500 a year "pin money." Their term of waiting is 14 days each and two of them are always in attendance when the court is at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.

They sleep out of the palace. A carriage brings them in the morning and takes them home again at the close of the day's work, which often ends with 4 o'clock tea. Their life is a little more arduous, however, when foreign royalties are being entertained, for they have to show the distinguished guests the sights of the town.

While serving her term of office each maid of honor wears a badge—a miniature of the Queen, set in diamonds, and worn on the left shoulder with a crimson and white bow. On her marriage she retains the badge as a memento, and, like Miss Sybil Brodrick, now Mrs. Hammond, wears it as a brooch.

Dowager Alexandra, who abates none of her royal prerogatives, also runs a feminine entourage. The Late Duchess of Buccleuch was her mistress of robes and speculation is now rife as to whether the Duchess of Marlborough or the Duchess of Roxburge will be appointed as her successor. Serving the Queen Mother has had its penalties as well as its privileges, and in one respect it has been Cupid's worst foe.

Pathetic interest attaches to Queen Alexandra's devotion to the Honorable Miss Charlotte Knollys, for years past her constant companion. While maid of honor Miss Knollys lost her lover for the sake of duty. When the sparkle of youth shone in her eyes and her steps were buoyant, she had the offer of the hand and heart of a well-known courtier. The affection was reciprocated, but Miss Knollys had searchings of heart on thinking of parting from her royal mistress, and of the rule then enforced, that a maid of honor had to receive the royal consent before becoming affianced. Then, realizing how the Queen would miss her if she left her service, Miss Knollys did violence to her feelings and determined to remain a spinster. She did not even mention her love affair to her august friend and it was not till a long time afterwards that Queen Alexandra learned what her favorite had sacrificed on the altar of friendship.

Now the late King Edward's widow is "Alex" to her friend, who is "Chatty" to Her Majesty. Some say that the forsaken lover lost his life while big game shooting in Central Africa and others that he is an overseas settler. In any event, his case is one of the most pathetic in the recent history of the English court. It proves that from cottage to court Dan Cupid can do mischief, but in the latter locality he is hampered, like mere humans, by precedent and tyranny of caste.

The Hon. Mabel Gye, the only Untitled Maid of Honor to Queen Mary.

The Countess of Shaftesbury, one of Queen Mary's Titled Waiting Women

Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes

Typical Titled Lady in waiting

THE DESERTER

A TALE of HEROISM IN THE CIVIL WAR.

BY EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL.

THE long gray column crawled slowly along the white road—the April sun blazed fiercely in a speckless sky. The cowhide shoes of the tramping regiment raised a cloud of dust that hung heavy in the still air, and then settled slowly. From time to time expectant but listless glances were directed to the rear.

Suddenly a bright speck flashed for an instant upon the hill in the rear, and a moment later a torrent of blue-clad horsemen poured over the crest and swept down the road. The column faced about, spreading out into the fields. It was troublesome to climb the rail fences, so they pushed them down.

In a swirl of sabres that flashed prettily in the bright sunlight the horses came on. A sharp command was spoken and a sheet of flame leaped from the gray line, a haze of smoke was slowly dissipated and the hills gave back an echo to the crash of the volley—a bugle called shrilly.

In strange postures a litter of men and horses were scattered over the ground. Farther back, the retreating cavalrymen bent low on their horses necks.

With unconcerned weariness the gray ranks fell together and tramped down the road. The rear guard of the Army of Northern Virginia was used to cavalry rushes.

At the tag end of the column a long-limbed mountaineer slouched, a disconsolate look upon his sunburnt face. Occasionally he gave vent to a long and complicated oath.

"How much longer is this fool business to keep up?" he growled savagely to a comrade. "I'm blamed tired of running, myself! No Baker never was a-runnin' befo', I know!" He lapsed into moody silence.

Far back in the white road the dead men made black dots.

When night came the men simply dropped down on the dusty grass by the roadside. Far in the rear twinkled the camp fires of another army.

"Look at them fires," said Jim Baker, indicating the distant lights. "Them fellers air a-bilin' coffee!" He chewed savagely on a mouthful of parched cornmeal.

Out of the darknes came the sound of a galloping horse and the sharp "Halt! Who goes there?" of the picket. A muttered word, and the "Pass on, friend!" of the sentry.

Soon a whisper passed from man to man, a whisper greeted by some with tears and by some with curses—a truce was ordered — the army was to surrender.

When the roll of B Company was called in the chill dawn Jim Baker failed to answer to his name.

"Anybody seen Jim?" the Sergeant asked at large.

"Seed him last night," a soldier volunteered.

Again Came the Flash, and a Soldier Fell with a Harsh Crash of Accoutrements.

"Wouldn't a thought it of Jim," was the muttered comment in the ranks; "never would 'a thought Jim would 'a deserted! Lord! that sho' will kill Jim's old paw. He fit with Jackson in Mexico—told Jim never to come home ef he had to come with his tail betwixt his laigs."

The Color-Sergeant raved and swore. Nowhere could he find the tattered flag that he had placed beside him the night before.

When the rolls of the Army of Northern Virginia were turned over to the Army of the Potomac they bore after the name "Jim Baker" the single shameful word, "Deserted."

. . . . . .

Two ex-Confederate soldiers climbed the winding path that led to a cabin perched on the side of the mountain.

"Bill, I jest can't tell him!" the taller of the two exclaimed, as they neared the cabin. "Mo' 'en like he'll fill us full of buckshot fer sayin' so—won't believe hit."

"Ef he wasn't sho' ter find out sooner er later anyhow, I'd say he was killed, but it wouldn't be healthy fer us when he did find out, ef he is most 80."

A white-haired old man came out from the cabin and seated himself on a bench. His face was crossed by a thousand wrinkles and he had plainly passed his three score and ten, yet his step was lithe and his eye bright and quick like a hawk's.

The two men approached the cabin and seated themselves on the log step.

"Howdy, boys?" the old man asked.

The two each took a chew of "long green" and meditated. The shorter was evidently of the quicker nature, for he soon became aware that he had been spoken to.

"Jest tollerble, thank yer, Mr. Baker. How yo' comin' on?" he replied.

"Tollerble, thank yer," old man Baker responded.

Presently he looked them over curiously.

"How yo' fellers git off?" he asked.

"Didn't have ter git off—war's done—we-all is licked," the taller one said heavily.

The bushy white brows of the old man lowered.

"Don't 'pear to see Jim with yo'-alls?" he said.

The shorter man nudged his companion and the latter rose.

"Old man, yo' know I's been a fren' of Jim's all my life," he said with a certain rude eloquence. "But I tell yo', ef I had a knowed in time I would a emptied my gun inter him to a kept yer from this: Jim deserted the night afore the surrender." He stopped suddenly and looked expectantly at the old man.

"Boys, I didn't know yo'-alls was sich blamed fools!" he said, contemptuously. "Jim deserted? I tell yer boys, I know Jim—I am the last one of the Bakers alive today."

He rose, and with unsteady steps walked to the brow of the hill and gazed far off into the valley where the Chattahoochee made a silver line in the hazy distance.

The two men exchanged a glance and then went quietly away.

. . . . . .

An unbroken river of blue poured over the bridge and up the hill. The faces of the men were free from care, they would soon turn their faces to the North again, the war was over, they were going home.

As the advance guard gained the crest of the ascent an exclamation of astonishment came from a dozen throats. A quarter of a mile from the road, on another hill, showing clear and red like a saber gash, was a tiny earthwork—and in the center, from a sapling that had been stripped of its branches there floated a bullet-torn flag—the red Saint Andrew's cross of the dead Confederacy.

As they looked, from the works came a little tongue of flame, and without a cry a man in blue dropped, shot through the heart. An officer gave a command and a company wheeled from the road—the blue river swept on.

Again came the flash, and a soldier fell with a harsh crash of accoutrements. A rolling volley answered and the bullets made little swirls of dust on the breastwork.

For half an hour the fight kept on, then the fire from the hilltop ceased. The company stormed up the hill and topped the low embankment . . . then they paused, and the captain who had led them raised his cap.

Within the wall—stretched upon the ground—was the form of a single man, clothed in a uniform of ragged gray. Beside him was an empty cartridge box and a musket. Scratched upon the stock of the gun was the name "Jim Baker."

And, the captain being a man of understanding, they wrapped him in the silken folds of the red battle flag when they buried him.

(Copyright by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

SAVANT TELLS OF LIFE ON THE PLANETS

MR. EDMOND PERRIER, director of the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, a member of the Academy of Science and a great authority in several branches of natural history, has just published a book on "Life on the Planets" that has attracted a great deal of attention because it is the work of a really learned man who has given himself for once to the joys of speculation. It is not often that anything so entertaining is set before the reading public.

The great question, "What is going on in the other planets?" is answered by a man who at any rate knows as much about it as anybody else, however little or much that may be.

The basis of his argument is simple, the earth is a planet like the rest, presumably once a part of the sun, also like the rest. All that it has produced has been the result of the immutable properties of matter and of various forces working upon them and could not have been otherwise.

The properties of matter are known, forces can be measured. Knowing approximately the intensity of various forces on different planets, why can we not calculate their action on matter?

The properties of matter are known, forces can be measured. Knowing approximately the intensity of various forces on differtn planets, why can we not calculate their action on matter?

Life's Beginning the Same.

Life must begin under the same conditions on all the planets. Made up of infinitesimal atoms it must hape appeared throughout the planets whenever the necessary atoms could be brought together. The sun and the planets being in reality but one body these atoms must behave everywhere in the same manner, and wherever similar conditions are found there will be similar results. Where conditions are dissimilar results will differ in a manner that we can perhaps calculate.

Life, we may say, has appeared on all those planets the temperature of which has permitted atoms to come together to form living bodies and to grow. It is in the water that life begins. Therefore it can have developed only on planets where the water would neither freeze nor boil. For us the boiling point is twice as high as on Mars and not nearly as high as on Jupiter. We are able by calculating whether the atmosphere on a planet is lighter or denser than ours to determine this. We know, therefore, to begin with, that life would develop on Mars within more restricted limits than on earth, while the contrary would be true for Jupiter.

Now comes the question. What planets contain water neither freezing nor boiling? The conditions under which the planets were born varied greatly. In the outer circle of our system are the oldest planets, thrown off from the rim of the sun at the beginning of things. The smallest, Neptune, is 55 times the size of the earth; the largest, Jupiter, is 1300 times as large as we. But Neptune is the heaviest and it weighs less than glass or any mineral found on the earth. Saturn, the lightest of these larger worlds, would float on our ocean, were our seas large enough.

Still Have Great Natural Heat.

We do not know the temperature of these planets, but their lack of weight makes it seem probable that they are composed largely of gases and liquids. It is possible to believe that these planets cooled less rapidly than the earth and still have great internal heat. The oceans of Neptune and Uranus would, perhaps, be capable of producing life, so far as heat is concerned, but it is to be doubted if the chemical composition of those oceans would constitute a suitable environment. The elements which have been necessary for life on the earth planet, and therefore presumably are necessary on the others, seem not to be present.

The four great outer planets are, then, uninhabited, according to Mr. Perrier. They may become inhabited in time, but he thinks it improbable. If their light weight were due to an intense temperature, capable of keeping the elements which compose them in a state of vaporization, then, indeed, life would in time develop. But if that were the case they would be luminous in themselves, while as a matter of fact they can only reflect the sun. The light weight means, most likely, the absence of the chemical elements which are essential to the growth of life.

Venus and Mars Much Alike.

Venus, the earth and Mars show conditions much alike. Mr. Perrier can see no reason to doubt that life exists on our nearest neighbors as it does here, and since everywhere the same laws are at work, modified by the same forces, he constructs a picture of both those planets.

We know the causes that underly the earth development. They are commonplace enough; light, weight, the aptitude of certain substances which compose living bodies, to contract under certain influences, or to feed themselves and grow and change and bring about certain chemical reactions and to transmit the characters they have acquired.

These causes are not peculiar to any one planet. They act on Mars and on Venus as on the earth. "The poles of the two planets have caps of ice which melt regularly; both have an atmosphere, a little lighter in Mars, a little heavier in Venus; salt oceans, rivers, lakes of fresh water. It rains, snows, it hails, it thunders, it storms as with us. Seaweeds live in the oceans, grass and trees have invaded the land wherever there was enough water to support vegetation and the bushes, the fields and the forest feed a multitude of animals. But all these forms of life differ from ours in details which we can, to a certain extent, de-

RUBY IS WORTH MORE THAN DIAMOND

"MOST people are of the impression that the diamond is more valuable than any other jewel stone, but, weight for weight, the Oriental ruby costs many times what the finest diamond of the Kimberley field will bring," said Henri LaVallee, of Chicago, who has lately returned from a trip to the East Indies, the other day. "For instance, an 11-carat ruby sold in London a few years ago for $35,000. An 11-carat diamond in the market would not bring anything like this sum. The smaller sized diamonds and 'pigeon blood' rubies are not so wide apart in price, but real rubies are steadily in the lead in all gem markets.

"Last Fall I passed through that small district in upper Burba around Mogok, 70 miles north of Mandalay, from which nearly all the rubies of the world come. The pure ruby is corundum—chemically oxide of aluminium. The aluminium silicate is the basis of all clays and the sulphate is familiar as alum. The Mogok district was for three centuries owned by the Burmese Kings, and in those days, I learned, the possession of a ruby by a private individual, if it was worth more than $350, was regarded as a crime.

"Those of larger value were made part of the crown's property except in those cases where the individual had sufficient cupidity to break them up and sell them as several separate jewels.

"Some years ago a British syndicate got a lease on the Mogok property for a period extending to 1932, and began bringing out rubies over a cart road 60 miles to the Irrawaddy River. The process of taking out the brilliant red stones is unique. A pit is sunk ten feet square and 25 feet deep and a centrifugal pump is placed in it. The ground all around is then gradually loaded into trucks and hauled away to a washer, any water encountered being let into a pit, from which the pump removes it. This process continues until the level of the mine reaches the bottom of the pumping pit or the quantity of water exceeds the capacity of the pump, in which case it becomes necessary to sink the pit farther and increase the pumping power.

"Chinese in blue jackets and trousers, who eat rice, dried fish and salt pork, load the ruby ground into trucks, which are hitched to an endless rope, drawn up a slope and tipped into screens, through which, after being well shaken and disintegrated, it passes into washing pans 14 feet in diameter.

"Rows of steel teeth set in revolving arms churn up the clayey mass, the clay and lighter gravel run off into a safety pan and the heavier gravel, containing the precious stones, is left behind—about 1 per cent of the original contents of the washer.

"At the end of each shift a door in the pan bottom is opened and the deposit falls into trucks with covers, which are locked until the sorters are ready to treat the loads. The sorters tip the deposit into a large bin, also locked, from which it slowly dribbles into a revolving screen covered with various sizes of meshing. The sand is eliminated at once, and the clean deposit falls through in five sizes, the largest directly to a sorting table, the other four to a pulsator, which further separates the heavier from the lighter stuff. Because of the strong temptation to theft no natives are allowed to handle the larger sizes, and the English sorters conduct the next operation of working the stuff round and round in a sleve immersed in a tub of water till the rubies have gravitated to the bottom. The sleve is then smartly turned upside down on a table, so that the rubies are at the top and can be picked out by hand.

"The rainfall in the Mogok region is terrific. Twenty-five inches have been registered in four days there. With great open pits to be kept free from the results of such deluges the engineers often find themselves in great difficulties, so they have decided to drive a drainage tunnel through the hill on one side of the valley, which will not only curb the river flowing through, but also empty the water from the mines by gravity. The tunnel will be more than a mile long.

"When the rich deposits have been taken from the valleys it is planned to equip the hillsides with hydraulic apparatus, as do the gold miners of Alaska."—Chicago News.