

APPROXIMATE SECRETS OF EDWARD VII: REVEALED

KING EDWARD VII was a victim of the "shattered life," according to his biographers.

Had it not been for a smattering of character and originality, inherited from some remote ancestor, according to facts that have just been brought to light, England's late ruler would have been no more than a prince of peace, complacent, royal nobody.

For, besides the "divinity" that is commonly supposed to encircle kings, the late head of the House of Windsor, until he was long past 50 years of age, was swathed round and about with the august apron-strings of his royal mamma. During all that time never once was he allowed to know anything about any affair of state, nor to so much as view a single official document dealing with his country's diplomatic relations with any foreign nation.

Here are the disclosures as a court recorder has been for him public:

From his earliest infancy Edward was reared artificially.

He was regarded as the horticulturalist might regard a rare hothouse plant—to be watered regularly, sunned at certain specified intervals, but never to be permitted to come in contact with the real world without.

He was never allowed to think for himself.

His life was so ordered that even the most minute and intimate detail of his daily existence was mapped out for him beforehand by older heads. The famous baccarat scandal and the notorious Mordaunt divorce case were his result.

They were simply the outward evidences of his rebellion against the rigid ceremonial and deadly royal routine that hedged about his being at every instant of his sleeping or waking life.

Retained His Personality.

That they were no worse was due, perhaps, more to the fact that in spite of all the effort to atrophy his personality, the Prince of Wales, as Edward then was, somehow managed to retain a trace of the rugged, virile character of his Germanic ancestry, inherited in fuller measure by his cousin, William, of the House of Hohenzollern.

And this though at every step of his life he encountered the iron will of his misbegotten royal mother. Her absolute refusal to allow her son to accept a single responsibility during her lifetime will cause future historians to designate it as the chief blot on Victoria's record as a ruler and already the English people have experienced a tremendous change of heart toward her memory.

For nearly three-quarters of a century they were prone to depict the old Queen, around whom floated a halo of sanctity, the effectiveness of the rigid, puritanical etiquette that was the chief characteristic of her court.

Now they condemn her as a martinet-like mother who all but crushed out the spirit of her favorite son. Indeed, the same qualities which were lauded in Victoria are today severely criticized in Queen Mary.

The publication of a volume containing the first competent memoir of King Edward VII, just issued in London in the cause of this sudden revelation of feeling. Printed as a supplement to the Dictionary National Biography, it is a masterpiece of literary art.

Upon the fact that Sir Sidney Lee, the biographer, has been able to draw upon first-hand information not previously accessible.

Facts hitherto unknown or dimly veiled behind the polite inventions of court functionaries are now made public, with the result that for the first time the world is able correctly to

measure the character and personality of England's late King.

In future his foibles and failings and shortcomings will be viewed more charitably by the world in general and by the English people, ever lenient toward their rulers' weaknesses, in particular. For all who read will realize that Edward was but the puppet of chance and circumstance.

Raised a "Mollycoddle."

The education of a Prince can never be an easy problem. But it is scarcely possible to imagine a more foolish attempt at a solution than the method actually adopted in the training of the late King. The Prince Consort tried to bring up his eldest son as a hot-house plant.

As a boy and as a youth the heir of the throne was not allowed the wholesome discipline of free association with others of his own age. His meetings with the companions carefully chosen for him were rigidly supervised. His natural disinclination for study was increased by the narrowness of the curriculum.

It was treated as a matter of mere facts and dates.

"Fiction was withheld as demoralizing, and even Sir Walter Scott came under the parental ban." Residence at Oxford, so effective in widening the outlook of the average undergraduate, was made practically worthless to the Prince of Wales, owing to the restrictions with which it was fenced about.

In short, the whole course of his education, instead of being a fit preparation for a career of exceptional responsibility, was precisely of the kind that, in the case of a complacent victim, would have produced a mollycoddle or a prig.

Worst of all, the royal purpose to shelter the Prince of Wales from the world was persisted in after he had passed the period of adolescence. He was 20 years of age when his father died. Thereupon Queen Victoria's anxiety for his protection became still more intense.

"Abounding in maternal solicitude, she never ceased to think of the Prince of Wales as a boy to whom she owed parental guidance, the more so because he was fatherless. A main effect of his father's death was consequently to place him, in his mother's view, almost in permanent statu pupillari. She claimed to regulate his actions in almost all relations of life."

An extract from one of the Queen's letters to her uncle, King Leopold, supports this conclusion of the biographer. Speaking of her late husband's plans, she said:

"And no human power will make me swerve from what he decided and wished. I apply this particularly as regards our children—Bertie, etc.—for whose future he had trained everything so carefully. I am also determined that no one person, may be ever so good, ever so devoted among my servants, is to lead or guide or dictate to me."

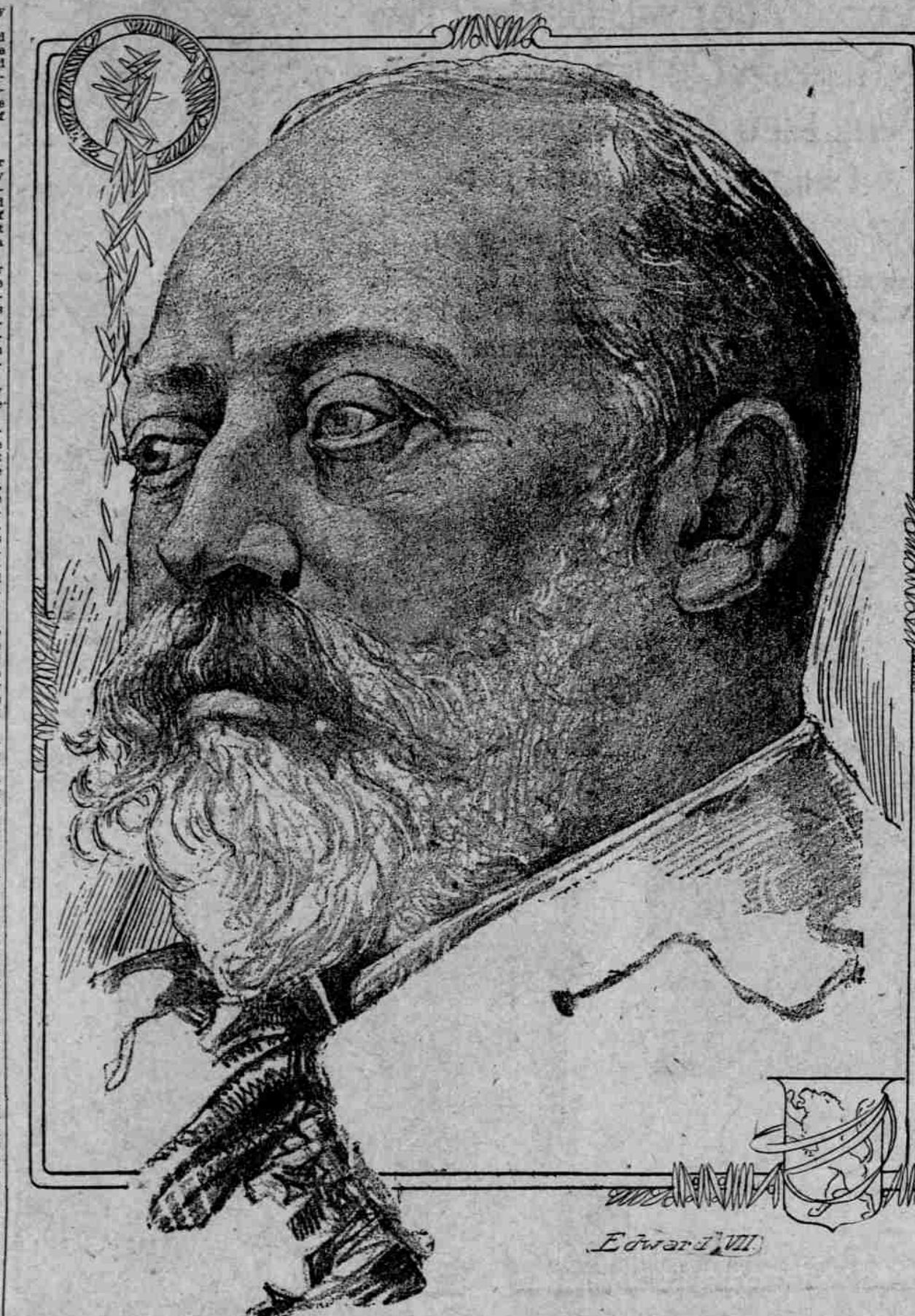
Unique Defense by Stead.

Queen Victoria's autocratic disposition, of which this is by no means the first revelation, could not be other than mischievous to the development of the character of her successor. This was especially so when it took the form of excluding him from any apprenticeship to the more important functions which a monarch has to discharge under the British constitution.

What Sir Sidney Lee now tells us confirms a striking diagnosis made by W. T. Stead at the time of the baccarat scandal at Tranby Croft in 1891.

When the press, the pulpit and public opinion in general were united in condemning the Prince for setting so bad an example, Mr. Stead, with his usual independence and courage, contended that he was more sinned against than sinning.

"The Prince of Wales," he said, "occupies a position which exposes him to temptations against which human nature is not proof because it deprives him of the balance weight which would



Edward VII

have enabled him to stand firm."

The Prince, he continued, was rarely permitted to do any serious work. All

the year long he was doomed to an endless sentry-go of monotonous and soul-wearying ceremonial. There was

nothing in his life to give dignity to his thought and occupation for his leisure. So the wonder was not that he should have disappointed so many hopes, but that he should have preserved so many of the ordinary virtues of humanity.

The truth of this judgment has never been fully realized until today. Sir Sidney Lee now discloses the amazing fact that Queen Victoria, persistently fought against the recommendations of her Ministers that the Prince should be admitted to first-hand knowledge of public affairs.

It was not until 1892, when he was 51 years of age, that she consented to his being allowed to see a selection of the confidential state papers.

It was not until three years after that he gained the right to receive all foreign dispatches as a matter of course and to possess a key to the official pouches containing reports of proceedings in the Cabinet.

Friendship of Gladstone.

It was the renewed remonstrances made by Gladstone, beginning as early as 1872, that made the first breach in this wall of exclusion. No doubt his long-continued championship of the Prince's interests had something to do with the kindness with which that statesman was always regarded by the Prince and also with the dislike shown him by the Queen.

We are told, on the other hand, that "Lord Beaconsfield, her favorite Prime Minister, assiduously courted his royal mistress's favor, tacitly accepted her modest estimate of her son's political discretion."

The concession, however, came too late to neutralize the defect of the stupid policy that had been pursued so long. In his sixth year the Prince came to the throne, which had been his known destination for the whole of his life, but he came to its responsibilities in large measure as an outsider.

Let us hear again the straightforward testimony of Sir Sidney Lee:

"He was a stranger to the administrative details of his great office, and he was too old to repair the neglect of a political training. Nor was he of an age at which it was easy to alter his general mode of life."

He cherished a high regard for his mother's statesmanship and political acumen, but he had no full knowledge of the precise manner in which they had been exercised. At the outset there were slight indications that he overestimated the sovereign's power.

"In consultation over a King's speech he seemed in some peril of misinterpreting the royal function, but his action was due to inexperience and to no impatience of ministerial advice."

In one respect—not even hinted at, of course, by the biographer—the mal-education of the late King had a wholesome result. He evidently made up his mind that his own children should not be handicapped as he himself had been.

Accordingly, the present King, instead of being shielded from every breath of fresh air, was sent to rough it as a midshipman on a man-of-war, and, after reaching manhood, spent several years in knocking about the world as an active naval officer. It is generally known, too, that in the period preceding his accession there were opened to him opportunities of acquainting himself with the problems he would shortly have to face.

Indeed, Lord Rosebery's remark about the "inexperience" of the new King at the political crisis of 1910 would have been far more appropriate to the much older man who was called to the position of supreme responsibility nine years before.

Sir Sidney Lee's memoir lets in a good deal of light upon King Edward's private opinions on domestic politics. It seems that the reform in which he was most interested was the housing of

the poor. His concern in this matter dated from his chairmanship of the Royal commission for the subject—that most only serious task he was permitted to undertake while Prince of Wales.

Comment of English Press.

It is amusing to note how the organs of the opposing political parties in England are fastening upon those points in which King Edward's views agreed with their own. The conservative papers emphasize his resentment at the criticism of the Transvaal War, his lack of sympathy with the outcry against Chinese labor in South Africa, his displeasure at "political oratory which appealed to class prejudice, and excited in the poor unwarranted hopes," his dislike of the budget of 1909, and his demur to "any alteration in the status or composition of the Upper House."

The liberal papers, on the other hand, call attention to his disparaging comment on the tariff reform proposals, to his earnest attempt to prevent the throwing out of the budget by the House of Lords, and to the fact that the Conservative scheme for altering the Upper House "conflicted as directly with the King's predilections as the scheme for reconstructing its veto."

Sir Sidney Lee has rendered a valuable service by dispersing the false rumors that were widely circulated in connection with this last controversy—rumors that have unfortunately gained an appearance of validity through their adoption in the Encyclopedia Britannica article.

The Encyclopedia interprets as "a remarkable sign of the King's discomfort" the insertion in the King's speech of the words "in the opinion of my advisers" in connection with the passage referring to the House of Lords.

We learn from Sir Sidney Lee that this phrase was not an interpolation by the King, but was from the pen of the Prime Minister, that the King made no comment on it, and that the draft was submitted to him, and that a similar formula had appeared in previous Kings' speeches when they were under the formal obligation of announcing a warlike or peace-making policy devised by Ministers.

The further suggestion of the Encyclopedia article, that the King's death was hastened by the acuteness of the conflict, is also shown to be without foundation.

Serious misconceptions are also cleared up with respect to the share taken by the late King in the direction of foreign policy. It is important here to quote the exact words used by the biographer:

"His embodiment in foreign eyes of English aspirations inevitably exaggerated the popular importance of his public activities abroad. The foreign press and public often made, during his reign, the error of assuming that in his frequent interviews with foreign rulers and statesmen he was personally working out a diplomatic policy of his own avowing."

"Foreign statesmen and rulers knew that no subtler aim lay behind his movements than a wish for friendly social intercourse with them, and the enjoyment of life under foreign skies quite unencumbered by the burden of diplomatic anxieties."

Those who have accepted the myth of his responsibility for the entente with France have been accustomed to regard him, according to their own point of view, either as "Edward the Peacemaker" or as a Machiavellian weaver of anti-German intrigues. Neither conclusion will survive Sir Sidney Lee's exposition of his real attitude, for he was more loyal than the adherents of either school, and he supposed him to have been to the constitutional obligations of a British sovereign.

THE TOP PRICE IN BASEBALL Which Includes The Inside Story of a \$22,000 Deal.

Wherein the Highest-Priced Pitcher in the World Tells Certain of the Facts That Led to His Purchase by the Pittsburg Club, at the Same Time Giving Some Valuable Advice to Ambitious Young Players—Taking O'Toole's Dictation, William E. Whiston, the Baseball Expert, Presents an Interesting Narrative of the "\$22,500 Beauty's" Diamond Experiences and His Efforts to "Make Good" for His Record Purchase Price.

TEN TIPS FOR YOUNG PITCHERS.

Here are a few "don'ts" which O'Toole has followed himself and which he gives for the benefit of aspiring young pitchers:

First—Don't try to do too much the first time you walk out.

Second—Don't exert your arm until it is thoroughly warmed up.

Third—Don't try to throw a long distance.

Fourth—Don't throw any curves that hurt your arm to deliver.

Fifth—Don't throw curves too early in the season.

Sixth—Don't drink intoxicating liquors.

Seventh—Don't smoke; at any rate, not cigarettes.

Eighth—Don't stay out all night and then wonder why you can't pitch the next day.

Ninth—Don't do anything that will have a tendency to weaken your eyes.

And LAST BUT NOT LEAST—DON'T GET A SWELLED HEAD.

Being heralded as a "\$22,500 Beauty" to the baseball world has its drawbacks. The fans are apt to expect much when such a fancy price is paid for a pitcher—even if he is a prodigy. And they are likely to be disappointed—at least at the outset.

But Martin James O'Toole, the box expert for whom the Pittsburg Nationals paid this record-breaking figure, is "making good." He is showing his erstwhile critics, some of whom did not hesitate to declare that no pitcher could be worth that startling amount, that the judgment of the purchasing club was sound and that Barney Dreyfuss can afford to laugh at his one-time scoffers.

With Rube Marquard, the high-priced

twirler of McGraw's Giants, O'Toole has later forced his front on the league pitching class, and between the two of them will be divided the chief honors of the mound this season. They are a class by themselves, as their records so far amply attest.

The story of O'Toole's purchase, of course, has been told and retold hundreds of times. But never has a history of the events that led up to it, nor the efforts that he made to live up to his purchase figure been set down. A man who can command the top price in baseball must have something in him out of the ordinary.

So I went to see O'Toole.

"HOW DO I like being a twenty-two thousand dollar beauty?" said O'Toole as he lounged in the lobby of one of New York's best hotels, where I found him. "Well, I don't know. As far as I'm concerned, I've been too busy trying to make good to consider the reasons for my being in the big league. In fact, the price paid for me never enters my head, except when you newspaper men get after me. All I care to say is that the Pittsburg management thought I was worth that amount and I'm doing the best I can to show that this judgment was not mistaken."

"Yes, lots of papers have printed articles in which they claimed that I wasn't worth the money, and before Rube Marquard began to make them sit up and take notice and I was always mentioned by certain sporting writers as the 'lemon.' I guess we've both showed them what we could do since the opening of the season, for now they can't praise either of us enough. They don't mention the word 'lemon' any more, at least. So, you see,

"I was in 1905 that I played my first real game. I was working in the office of the Dennison Manufacturing Company over in Penn State and did the pitching for the team that represented that company. We played every Saturday afternoon and sometimes on Sunday. At the end of the season I had won 20 games out of 23

played. The next year saw me with the same team, and I succeeded in winning the same number of games, but lost four."

"In the Fall of 1906 I received an offer to pitch the following year for Brooklyn, Mass., of the New England League. I could hardly wait for the Winter to pass I was so anxious to see what I could do against 'league players.' I guess I didn't know I won my first seven games and finished the season with a record of 20 won and 10 lost."

"I remained with the Brooklyn team until the Fall of 1908, when I was sold to the Cincinnati Reds. John Gansel, now manager of the Rochester team of the International League, was at that time looking after the affairs of Garry Hermann's team. I guess I didn't know I was very good to Brooklyn, because he returned me to Brooklyn right after the Spring training was over."

"After I had pitched a 15-inning no-score game against the Glenn, Mass. team, Fatsy Donovan, of the Boston Americans, bought me for \$2500."

"Well, it was the same old story. I was plenty fast enough for the 'bushes,' but of no account in the big league. Although Donovan didn't consider me good enough for Boston, he got more than he paid for me when he sold me to St. Paul, even if he wouldn't give me a chance to show what I could do. Naturally I was pretty sore at what I then considered shabby treatment, but which I know now was the best thing for me."

"For had I been given a chance to pitch against the big leaguers they would, no doubt, have given my offerings such a lambasting that I might have lost confidence, and when that is gone a pitcher has lost one of his best assets. At any rate, St. Paul decided that Sioux City, Ia., a team in which the St. Paul owners also had stock, needed me worse than they did, and I was loaned to them. Sioux City won the pennant that year, and although it wasn't until July that I really got into the game, I managed to get in 23 wins against three lost."

"I was under instructions to return to St. Paul at the close of the Iowa League season. So as soon as I had pitched my last game I packed up and lit out. I remained with St. Paul until their season closed, and as nothing had been said as to whether I was to play with Sioux City or St. Paul the next season I was at a loss to know just where I stood."

"Of course, I knew that I had advanced a few steps in being able to more than hold my own with the bat-

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"Of course, I knew that I had advanced a few steps in being able to more than hold my own with the bat-

ters in the Iowa League, but I also knew I would never be satisfied until I had forced the scouts of the National and American Leagues to take notice of me."

"I KEPT myself in excellent condition all Winter and when the call came for Spring practice I felt as though I could step right in and pitch a nine-inning game without an effort. And right here I want to say, for the benefit of young pitchers, that the biggest mistake they can possibly make is to overwork their 'salary wing' at any stage of the game."

"Especially is this so at the opening of the training season. That is the time that most players get over-anxious. If they are enjoying good health they naturally feel strong and want to let off some of their surplus steam, with the result that they discover, the next day, that they cannot use their pitching arm at all. It is not an unusual thing for a promising young pitcher to put himself out of the game for good simply because he got over-anxious to show how good he was at the beginning of the season."

"What happened during the season of 1911, when I was with St. Paul, is a matter of baseball history. I started off the season by winning 11 straight games, making a record of 65 strikeouts in the first five."

"About this time I began to hear rumors to the effect that scouts from the National and American Leagues were watching my work. While I was pleased to know that my efforts were causing enough talk to set the 'big boys' thinking, I didn't let it faze me. I kept right on plugging, and under what difficulties no one but myself knows."

"You see, I had received a sunstroke early in the season, and for 10 straight weeks I didn't know what it was to be without a headache. I often felt like 'throwing up the sponge,' but somehow I stuck it out, and on July 13, 1911, I was sold to Pittsburg for the largest sum ever paid for a ball player."

"There were 12 big league scouts in Milwaukee the day the deal was closed, and you can believe me there was some tall bidding done. The highest bid on the morning of the 13th was \$16,000, and the local papers were full of all kinds of stories."

"One paper had me sold to New York. Another to Chicago. In fact, no two papers seemed to agree. I found out after the sale had been made that Mike

Flynn, who was representing McGraw, had instructions from his chief to overbid everyone, and how he ever let the men from the Smoky City beat him it is more than I can tell. Not that it makes any difference to me who got me."

"You know as well as I do what I've done since I joined the Pirates. I'm coming along, slowly, perhaps, but just the same surely, and the light of my ambition, too, that in the period preceding his accession there were opened to him opportunities of acquainting himself with the problems he would shortly have to face."

"NATURALLY the men in the major league are better players than those in the minors or they wouldn't be there. The trouble with the average minor leaguer is that he doesn't use his head enough. He leaves most of his playing to luck."

"You can't expect to win the top of any profession unless you have a little gray matter. Experience counts a lot, but what good is it if you haven't the brains to benefit by it? About three out of every ten players in the minor leagues would try to outguess me when they came to bat. Now I find that every man who steps up to the plate has got something up his sleeve which he thinks will offset my curves."

"Every pitcher has his own methods of getting information from the batter. I try to get some idea of what the man at bat is going to do as soon as he steps up. I call it my 'first-thought-hunch.' By that I mean that the first idea that enters my mind is the one that I work on."

"A pitcher can get information from a batter in various ways. For instance, he may play a player stands at the plate has got a lot to do with the kind of ball I'll throw him. The position of his feet gives me a fairly good knowledge of about where the ball will go, providing he does land on it."

"It's up to me to put one over in such a way that it will be almost impossible for him to hit it safely, standing in his position. I can't explain how I seem to know what kind of a ball to deliver the batter or what kind of a ball he expects me to throw. It's just as I said before—it's my 'first-thought-hunch.'"

"There are days when I don't have to change a signal from my catcher. Of course, Kelly and I understand each other better than Gibson and Simons, who are the other catchers with Pittsburg. Still, I'd just as soon have either one of them on the receiving end,

They are both good and help a pitcher at all stages of the game. Then, again, there are times when I get a tip through a signal from one of the infielders. He may figure out what the opposing pitcher is trying to pull off and he gives me a signal that will change the plans I have already made."

"I remember a little incident which happened during the first game I pitched in Boston. Kelly was catching me, and Mike Donlin, who was the first man up in the sixth inning, had two strikes and three balls on him. I tried to put a fast one over on him, and he landed on it for three bags."

"The score was 3-2 in favor of Pittsburg with no outs, and with Donlin on third it looked pretty bad for me. I struck the next two out and had two strikes and three balls on the man at bat. Donlin had been sticking pretty close to third, so I hadn't paid much attention to him, except to make him climb back on two strikes. I thought he was taking liberties."

"Well, just as I wound up to throw a 'splitter' I got a signal from Kelly that Donlin was starting to steal. I had no time to change my position of the ball in my hand, so I let it drive straight for the plate. It broke in such a fashion that Kelly got it about six inches above the ground, and touched Mike out. Had it been a half foot higher Mike would have been safe."

"It was in another tight place at St. Louis, three innings on and two out. The situation wouldn't have been so bad if we had a good lead, but the score was 2-1 in our favor, and up walks Rube Marquard. The St. Louis leaguer is a bad man any time, but his ability as a pinch hitter made him doubly dangerous just then. It was a pretty bad hole with the sacks filled and three balls and two strikes on Bresnahan."

"It has been said that I get myself into more tight places than any other pitcher in the big league. Why? Simply because I sometimes lose control. Take that eleven-inning game at the Polo grounds in New York City. Marquard was pitching for McGraw's team, and by winning it he succeeded in equalling the records of Ed Reulbach and Jack Chesbro."

"New York was only able to touch me up for eight hits, while we collected a dozen off the Rube. Still, we couldn't win. I got myself in enough holes that day to lose several games, but I always managed to pull out, until Beals Becker and his big black bat

(Concluded on Page 7.)