KING·GEORGE·GETS·PRESS·AGENT TO BOOST·HIS·WANING·POPULARITY

But Even That Fails and English Monarch Remains as Unpopular as Ever.

BY E. L. SCOTT.

LONDON, July 12.—No star of the footlights has a more enthusiastic and indefatigable "press agent" than has King George in Lord Stamfordham, his private secretary, but although an elaborate scheme for booming the King, planned by Lord Stamfordham, has been vigorously carried out, it has not been anything like successful in achieving its object as its noble inventor hoped.

Lord Stamfordham, it may be explained, stands in much the same relation to King George as Lord Knollys did to the late King.

Lord Stamfordham is one of the oldest and certainly the most intimate and trusted friend of the English monarch over whom he has considerable personal influence, far more influence indeed than King Edward ever allowed anyone to exercise over him.

Lord Stamfordham, as Captain Arthur Biggs, first took office in the royal household as a Groom-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, to whom he later acted as private secretary for some years; but from the outset of his connection with the court, the prince who is now King, felt an especial liking for him. After the royal marriage Captain Biggs looked after King George's private affairs, though it was not until King Edward's accession that he was officially appointed private secretary to the then Prince of Wales, when he was created a baronet. After King Edward's death Sir Arthur Biggs was created Lord Stamfordham and went to Buckingham Palace to share the duties of private secretary to the monarch with Lord Knollys.

It was about six months after King George came to the throne that Lord Stamfordham began to map out a definite policy for bringing the King as much as possible into the public eye. Royal tours through the great industrial districts, visits to the East End of London and the attendance of the monarch at an inordinately large number of public ceremonies were arranged and other methods planned for bringing and keeping the monarch as much as possible in the "limelight."

Neither King George nor Lord Knollys altogether approved of these plans. King George because he somewhat naturally disliked the idea of going out of his way to increase the scope and extent of those special duties of the monarch which he particularly dislikes, and Lord Knollys because he did not think that they would be successful in their object, which was to increase the general popularity of the King, and because they might, he knew, have the reverse effect.

But Lord Stamfordham got his own way; his policy of "booming the King" has been for the past year in full operation, and there is probably no one who regrets having had anything to say to these efforts to increase the monarch's popularity more than Lord Stamfordham himself, for they have involved him in no end of trouble and have utterly failed to bring about the results they were intended to do.

A big mistake was the publication in volume form of King George's public speeches made during the past ten years. Lord Knollys was strongly opposed to their publication. The only thing that could possibly justify such a proceeding would be that the volume should be a tremendous success and Lord Knollys knew it was a hundred to one against such a volume having anything but an extremely small sale.

But the volume was published; it was, of course, given the widest publicity in the press, but the book was an absolute failure, and of the 500 copies printed by way of a first edition, certainly not more than 100 were sold; and no wonder, for there is no monarch living who has to be more guarded in his public utterances than King George, and the volume was simply a collection of obvious platitudes.

The royal visits to the East End of London and the industrial north have all been conspicuous failures. From the King's visits to the north great things were expected. On the first occasion when the King visited the mining districts in February last an effort was made to obtain an address of welcome from the federated miners. His Majesty was offered one from the mine owners, but this was not what was wanted by Lord Stamfordham. What he wanted he failed to get, and so the King had to be content with the quite respectful but not specially enthusiastic greeting of the miners at the one mine His Majesty visited.

The King's recent visit to the railway works of the London and North Western Railway Company, at Crewe, was more successful, but here again Lord Stamfordham failed to entice an address of welcome from the Amalgamated Society of Railwaymen, and His Majesty had to accept instead the joint address of the officers and men of the particular railway company whose works he went to visit and the whole affair was generally regarded as being a first-rate advertisement for the London and North Western Railway Company, but a poor one for the popularity of the monarch.

Perhaps, however, the most unfortunate of all Lord Stamfordham's efforts in popularity seeking for King George was the trip he planned to the East End of London some little while ago, when King George went to Chingford to open a new water-service reservoir.

There are several ways of reaching Chingford from Buckingham Palace. The route chosen by Lord Stamfordham was through a place called Bow, one of the poorest and grimiest of the slum districts that lie east of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The King was to be received at Bow by the local Mayor and William Thorne, the Parliamentary representative of the district, and both were to be presented to the King and Queen, who was to accompany his Majesty; such, at least, were Lord Stamfordham's arrangements, but Thorne, when he received the invitation to meet the King, respectfully declined to accept it, alleging as the reason that no steps were being taken by his Majesty's government to mitigate the terrible poverty of the district which he represented in Parliament.

* * *

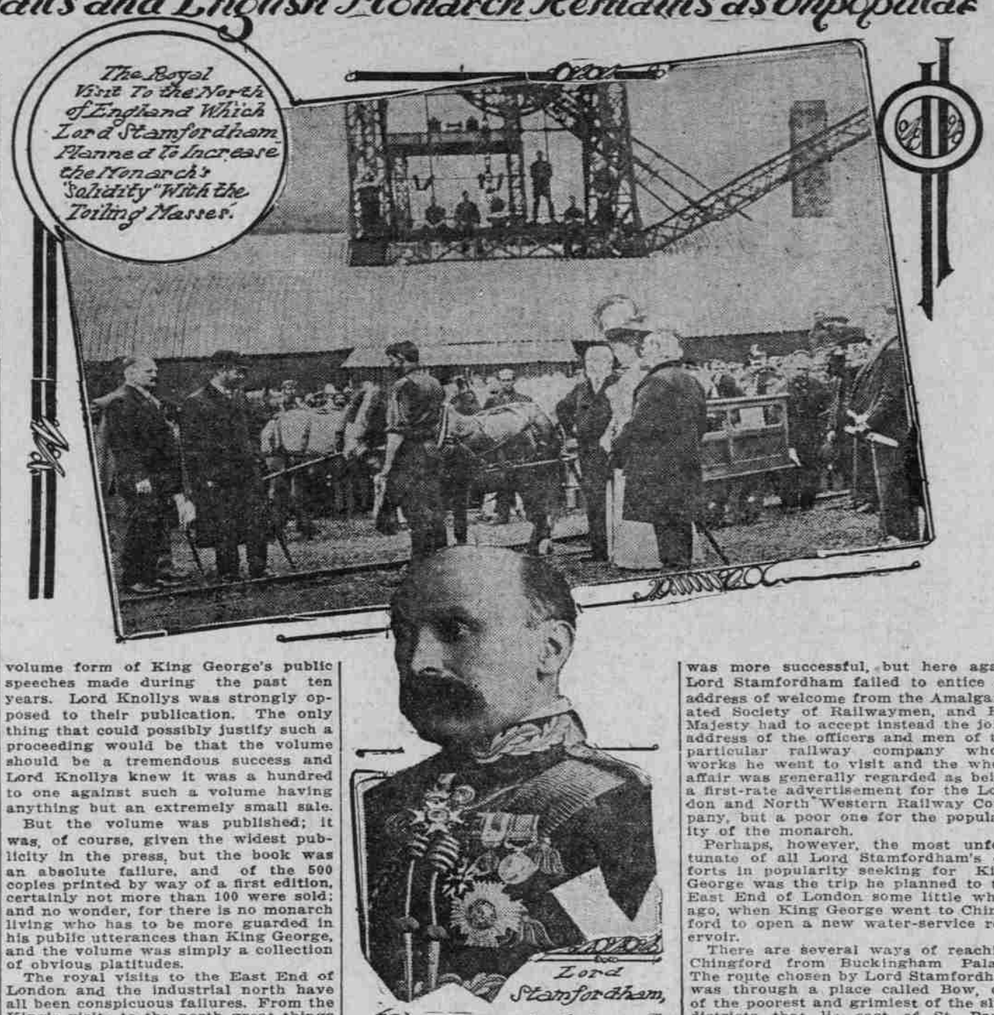
Lord Stamfordham should, of course, have taken care to ascertain if Thorne would accept the invitation before it was sent to him officially, and so avoided the scandal of a public refusal on the part of the member for the district to meet the sovereign.

There has never been a worse piece of official bungling at court than the way in which this affair was managed. Lord Stamfordham, of course, placed the blame of it on his subordinates, but it entailed on him nevertheless severer royal comment on his action than he ever had to listen to before.

The fact is that there was never any need at all for the King to go popularity hunting. Though he never could and never will be as popular as his father, King George was and is quite popular enough. Lord Stamfordham has not succeeded in discovering any feelings of actual disloyalty, but what he has done is to find out that the average Briton, especially the average British workingman, won't enthuse to order about his monarch, a fact of which the late King was fully aware, and he never allowed any attempts to be made to make him do so.

The visits of King Edward to the great industrial centers were few and invariably made without any special preparation, and were rarely or never made the occasion of organized receptions; the people were simply left to receive the monarch as they desired, and they always received him well.

Lord Stamfordham has learned that his strenuous labors in booming the King are misdirected, and in future the visits of his Majesty to the industrial towns and slum lands will be fewer and undertaken with far less ceremony and general advertising.



Microscope and Building Stone.

Engineering and Mining Journal.

Especially valuable are the comparative microscopic studies of rock used in building which has resisted weathering for a long time and that which is in process of disintegration. The cause of rapid weathering can be recognized as a natural structural relation. Two granites, for instance, of almost identical mineralogical and chemical composition can behave quite differently. The one remains sound for years; the other disintegrates rapidly because delicate microscopic pressure zones run through it. Two marbles of equal beauty show entirely different powers of resistance as material for a work of art exposed to the weather, according to whether calcite individuals in thin section interlock with sinuous outlines or merely adjoin each other as paving stones.

Proofreader in All Tongues.

Indianapolis News.

James Cooper, a promoter of the parcel post system, never saw the inside of a schoolhouse until he was 14, but so thoroughly has he devoted himself to study that he has a working knowledge of practically all the modern civilized languages. He was born at Nantucket, R. I., the son of a printer, and in course of time became a master craftsman himself. The greater part of his education was received in the printing office. At one time he was proofreader in all languages in the Government printing office at Washington, D. C.

Unexpected Wisdom.

Judge.

"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher to the juvenile class, "can any of you tell me what an epistle is?"

"I can," answered a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An epistle is the wife of an apostle."

Louisiana Has a Leaning Tower

UNDERMINED by one of the terrific hurricanes of the Mexican Gulf, the great Chandeleur lighthouse, on the Louisiana coast, is endeavoring to rival the gravity defying feat of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, in Italy. Driven many feet out of plumb by the tornado, the tower is being swung further and further from the perpendicular by the action of the tides on the foundation, which rests upon nothing more stable than the sands of the seashore. Despairing of ever restoring the lighthouse to its original upright position, the station has been abandoned by the United States Lighthouse Service and another light established in a less exposed position. Aided by the restless tides, the irresistible "pull" of gravity will soon complete its work and the tower will scatter its stones upon the beach. Already the strain is beginning to tell and cracks which have recently appeared upon the snow white walls are widening ominously.

THE SORROWFUL QUEEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

had worn the mantle of grief embroidered with tears, and——

"Oh," Dicky heard his throat say suddenly, and then there was the dark feeling as if it hurt—hurt. He kept thinking of the chair; it was an awfully big chair. Then his bed felt big—as big—as big, almost, as the world when there's nobody in it. And then he thought of father. Father was in New York—with business; there was nobody—nobody to hear him say his prayers. Frayers! Ah! Once, once he had prayed a bad one; in bed, too, like this: "God bless everybody but her." Maybe—maybe—that had made Him take back the baby. And now, 'way, 'way down there, in her own lonely room — which seemed as big as the world, too, maybe—was the new mama who wanted just to kiss children. Any kind of children.

All at once—it was somewhere in the night—Dicky felt as if his legs wanted to get out of bed. Then there he was in the middle of the floor, with his fingers putting on his bathrobe and slippers, and after that there were his feet taking him straight down the hall to the new mama's room.

"Come in," said a voice immediately when he knocked.

But Dicky's ears seemed full of cotton—he knocked three times, and when he stood in the room, close to the new mama's bed, staring down on her, he could only say huskily:

"Good evening."

"Good evening," returned the new mama, smiling beautifully.

Then, "Won't you sit down?" she asked, as if it were quite a usual thing for Dicky to be there, which it wasn't, of course.

She pointed to a chair close, close to her bed as she spoke.

"Thank you," mumbled Dicky politely, and down he sat, but with his eyes shut tight.

For, though she was still smiling, smiling even more beautifully, there were her cheeks all wet. And, though she was wearing just a pretty lady nightgown, with ribbons and things, with her hands folded together like that, as if they were saying prayers, she looked as if she were the sorrowful queen. The light from the coal fire had shown him plainly.

"Ah," he said slowly. He opened his eyes and stared at the carpet a moment. Then he stared hard at the new mama. Then, "Ah!" he said again, and then he laughed—a strange, happy little laugh.

"Wunst," he began, almost bursting with something — something that seemed extremely pleasant—oh, lovely. "Wunst there was a boy borned."

"Yes," murmured the new mama. She seemed to know that he was telling a story. She unclasped her hands, putting one under her cheek, and turning comfortably to face him. She looked tremendously related to him that way—tremendously!

"He had just arms—an' legs—an' a head," went on Dicky, too dazzled to say merely that his hero was not a prince. "But"—the story was telling itself now—"he never had any mama of his own. W'en he was coming down from heaven, she was going up, and they never met. Anyway"—Dicky was splendidly sailing now—"anyway, he don't care any more. He's got 'nother one—an' she's very nice! An' that's all."

How long the room was quiet after this Dicky never knew. Then he saw that he was looking straight into the new mama's eyes, and that they were looking straight into his—looking as if something had happened.

"Darling," she whispered, "Darling! Darling! Darling."

Dicky said nothing. It was all too wonderful. He only sat smiling back sweetly, and yet a little wistfully, thinking to himself the word he had never wanted to think before—mama, mama, mama.

ANITA FITCH.

A SHELTER OF THE FOLD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

hall, his sister slept, a shawl wrapped around her shoulders. The faint bluish gray of the early Spring dawn came through the open window, and from some stable near came the stamping of horses. The Prodigal got up stiffly and turned out the light. The slight motion roused the sleeper a little.

"He was always a high-spirited lad, mother," he said clearly. "His faults are of the head, not the heart. Don't cry, mother. He'll come back."

The Prodigal gripped the foot of the bed with straining hands. The old man's eyes were open, looking at him.

"I have come, father," he said hoarsely. But the feeble mind had wandered. The minister was in his church again, looking down from the pulpit at the faces of his people. His voice was stronger and full, and the son shrank back into the shadow.

"My friends, let us sing together this wonderful hymn: 'There Were Ninety and Nine——'" The voice trailed off into silence. The old man lay there very still. He scarcely breathed, and the pulse in his thin neck fluttered and almost stopped. And out of the shadow at the foot of the bed a man came and dropped on his knees.

"Father, father," he groaned, "don't you know me? It's Henry, father—Henry. I've come back."

The old man was smiling a little, as if he already saw beyond the borderland. But at the voice he roused. He looked long and lingeringly into the eyes of the man beside the bed; then he lifted his hand in benediction and placed it on the bent, shaking head.

"Henry," he said softly—"Henry, my eldest son! May God bless you!" There was a great peace on his face. His voice was almost gone, but the Prodigal caught the whispered words that he uttered:

"For this my son was dead and is alive again; was lost and is found."

The room was very still; the faint, irregular breathing stopped. And on his knees beside the bed the Prodigal watched and prayed.

—Mary Roberts Rinehart.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

about like this. One of these nice enthusiastic, high-minded, interfering women, whoever she was, got hold of him. You know the type. Because he was idle, she had the opportunity to spring her fads upon him, and her theory was that every man ought to be doing something.

"She preached to him. She tempted him, so to speak, and he fell from his state of idleness and pleasant leisure—which, you understand, had been hitherto perfectly satisfactory to himself—into the idea that he must be doing something for himself. She aroused his self-respect, when in this case he was a good deal better off without it, and the result was that he left his wife.

"He's come back now. He got tired. But they say things will never be the same. His wife tolerates him now. And all on account of a meddling woman. You see, if he hadn't been idle, he wouldn't have been tempted by a woman like that to make himself any better."

Townley mused.

"That's right," he exclaimed. "Who was the woman?"

"Didn't learn. She ought to be suppressed. But, really, it's his fault. For example"—he learned toward Townley—"she wouldn't try to meddle with a man like you, would she?"

"Not much!" replied Townley emphatically. "In the first place, I wouldn't have time to listen to her. Then again, I would support my wife."

He lifted his glass to his lips.

"I guess," he said, "that a woman like that—whoever she is—would try her theories on some one else, and leave me in peace. That's about what my own wife does—and she's no fool!"

THOMAS L. MASSON.

China Will Develop Her Coal Properties

THE coal deposits of China are considered greater than those of the United States. The new republic has reached the point where it mines 10,000,000 tons of coal a year. Some competent engineers go so far as to declare that the coal deposits of China are greater than those of the United States. The production of coal in the United States in the banner year of 1907 was about 480,000,000 tons and it never is very much short of that figure.

China undoubtedly could produce 100,000,000 tons of coal a year without any unusual strain upon her production abilities. She might, with a comparatively small investment, produce twice that amount. The railroads now building will require much more than the republic can produce at present. The great manufactories she is seeking to establish will be operated by steam power, therefore a greater impetus is to be desired in the coal-mining business.

France to "Mug" Convicts as They Leave

STEPS are about to be taken in France to make possible the legal application of the Bertillon system to prisoners when they leave prison.

Hitherto, according to the regulations, M. Bertillon has been able to photograph and measure the features of criminals only at the time of their arrest. But it has long been recognized at the Prefecture of Police that after serving a sentence of, say 10 years, a criminal is liable to show a complete change of appearance on his liberation.

Consequently it is very difficult for detectives to identify him from the Bertillon record, taken at the time of the first arrest, if he again gets into the hands of the police.

"ANGELS TEACH ME"—SAYS Child Musical Prodigy

Seven-Year-Old Tot Played the Piano at Two and Is a Composer at Seven

DORIS RYAN, seven years old, Chicago's musical prodigy, declares she learned her music from the angels. Choirs of angels with shining wings, the child says, visit her pillow by night and in her dreams sing songs to her which she remembers and plays on her piano the next day.

Her ability as a pianist, composer and orchestra leader has attracted the interest of musicians. Chicago had its first public introduction to her not long ago. Orchestra Hall, shrine of classic music, built as the home of the orchestra founded by Theodore Thomas, was crowded with a fashionable assemblage. An orchestra of 35 pieces was tuning up. A chair was placed on the leader's dais.

From beneath the stage came Doris Ryan, a fragile little figure in white frock and blue sash, embarrassed, blushing, hanging her head as a thousand lorgnettes and opera glasses were trained upon her. She was lifted upon the chair—she was so small that the musicians could not have seen her if she had not been thus elevated. A baton was placed in her hand. As her fingers closed about it her trepidation vanished. She straightened her little body, threw back her head and tapped a music rack with an air of authority. Then as she waved her baton the orchestra plunged gayly into the music of "The Doris March," a tuneful, dashing melody composed by the child herself.

Throughout the rendition the little girl seemed perfectly self-oblivious and lost in the music. There was no trace of stage fright about her. She directed the orchestra in a way that left no doubt in the minds of musicians or audience that she knew exactly what she wished done.

When the music needed a stronger touch of the violins or reeds she turned to those instruments and with vigorous beats of her baton urged them in greater emphasis. Once the horns did not play as she thought they should and she waved at them decisively and stamped her foot in a burst of temperamental irritation. Again, the music seemed to drag slightly.

"Not that way," cried the little maid with a frown, and she cut the air with a quick, angry stroke that woke the musicians to a liveller measure.

As the last note of the march died away Doris ceased suddenly to be the leader of the orchestra and became a child again. Her embarrassment returned. She did not turn and bow to the audience, which had burst into a tumult of applause, but climbed down from her chair and slipped away out of view in the shadows beneath the stage.

One of the members of the archestra caught her in his arms and carried her out before the audience again. She hid her face on his shoulder. "Bow to the people," urged the musician. So, timidly, she straightened up in his arms and bowed her acknowledgment to the thunder of clapping hands.

"Did the orchestra play your music to suit you?" Doris was asked after the concert.

"No, they didn't—not exactly," replied this critic of seven. "They missed the tempo several times and they did not always bring out the music. They wanted to play it in their way and their way was not always right. I wrote the music and I know just how it should be played and I tried to make them play it my way. But, after all, the orchestra did pretty well."

Doris was born in Detroit. She is the daughter of Sylvester and Millie E. Ryan. She is the youngest of six children. Her father is a printer and her mother a dressmaker. Neither her parents nor her brothers and sisters have any special musical talent. Doris was born a musician. Her musical aptitude manifested itself while she was a baby in arms.

When only a few months old she would lie quiet and happy in her cradle while her mother played some simple melody on the piano. But one discord, one mistake in the harmonic working out of the music, and sobs and shrieks would come from the crib in which the tiny musician lay.

When two years old she learned to play the piano. When her mother first set her on the stool in front of the piano the child seemed delighted. Her little fingers reached out and sank into the keys as if in obedience to custom. She struck a chord. Her mother laughed, thinking it was an accident. But Doris soon convinced her that it was no accident.

In a short time the child began to work out tunes. She never asked help. Sometimes when her mother would attempt to instruct her the little girl would show irritation and wave her away and work out her melody in her own way, often after hours of effort. At times she would play tunes which none of the family had ever heard before and which plainly were the baby's own improvisations.

The Ryan household had an experience when Doris was 4 years old. At 2 o'clock one morning they were awakened from sleep by the playing of the piano in the parlor. They stole downstairs and found Doris in her thin night robe picking out a melody which was new to them. They opened the door softly. Intent upon her music the child did not notice them as they stood in the doorway. When the girl had worked out the piece to her satisfaction she slipped from the stool and started back up stairs to bed. Her mother caught her in her arms.

"Where did you learn that piece?" her mother asked.

"Oh, mamma," cried Doris, "the angels taught it to me. While I was asleep I dreamed the angels came and sang a song to me. It was the prettiest song I ever heard. I kept as still as a mouse for fear I might scare them away and listened to their singing. When they flew away on their bright wings I woke up. But their song still ran through my head. I remembered every note of it. I did not dare wait until morning for fear I might forget it. So I got out of bed and ran down stairs to the parlor and played it on the piano."

The next morning Doris played the song again and Mrs. Ryan set down the notes, wrote words to it and had it published later under the title of "My Lullaby." The mother's words have caught the spirit of the child's dream song:

Shadows and moonbeams are hand in hand,
Guarding the pathway to Slumberland;
Even the lilies have gone to rest,
Safe with their heads on the river's breast.
Guardian angels with silver wings,
Silently hovering nigh,
While the night wind sings
Of the holy things
In a mother's lullaby.
Slumber, my dearest, the Shepherd will guide you,
All through the night he is ever near,
Keeping his watch with the angels beside you,
Slumber, dear.

When six years old Doris went to school. She took great interest in the drills and marches of the children, but she did not like the music to which these exercises were performed. For several days she sat at her piano at home after school and tried to compose a march, but the music to suit her would not come.

One night after she had gone to sleep, according to the child's own story, the angels came again and sang a swinging march song to her. The next morning she played it on her piano, and Mrs. Ryan again set the music upon paper. The piece was subsequently published as "The Doris March," and it was this composition which the orchestra played under Doris' leadership at Orchestra Hall.

At 7 years of age Doris is now an accomplished musician. She has an artist's repugnance to ragtime and popular music. She leans almost entirely to musical classics. Some of her favorites are Liszt's "Twelfth Rhapsody," Moszkowski's "Serenade," Chopin's "Nocturne" and Brahms' "Prelude." These pieces are difficult even for an accomplished performer on the piano.

Doris is a slim, pretty child, with brown eyes and dark hair, cropped off about her neck. She has been delicate from babyhood.

"How do you account for your musical knowledge?" the little girl was asked recently.

"I don't know," she answered frankly. "I have always seemed to know music somehow. When I first sat at a piano the keyboard looked familiar to me. I don't know why—it just did."

"Do you really think the angels teach you?"

"Yes."

"Do you see them plainly?"

"As plainly as I see you. They have white robes and shining wings, and their hair is like gold. I never see them when I am awake. They come to my bedside in dreams and sing to me. I remember the songs they sing, just as if they were printed on my brain. If it were not for the angels I don't believe I could play. I have never had a music lesson. I have had to learn everything else and have had to study as hard as other little boys and girls."

When requested to play, Doris went to the piano with a serious and demure air. She sat on the edge of the stool, that her toes might touch the pedals. She played a serenade by Chopin. It was interesting to watch her fingering. She thundered on the bass keys; she rippled over the treble. At times she lifted her hand high and dropped a finger like a pebble on a key. In rapid passages her small hands made a white blur above the keys.

The sureness of her touch was remarkable. Her breadth and clearness of tone, clear phrasing, nice nuances, perfect rhythm and attention to details brought out all the beauties of the piece. She played with understanding and expression and displayed the technique and virtuosity of an artist. One recognized at once her real interpretative ability.