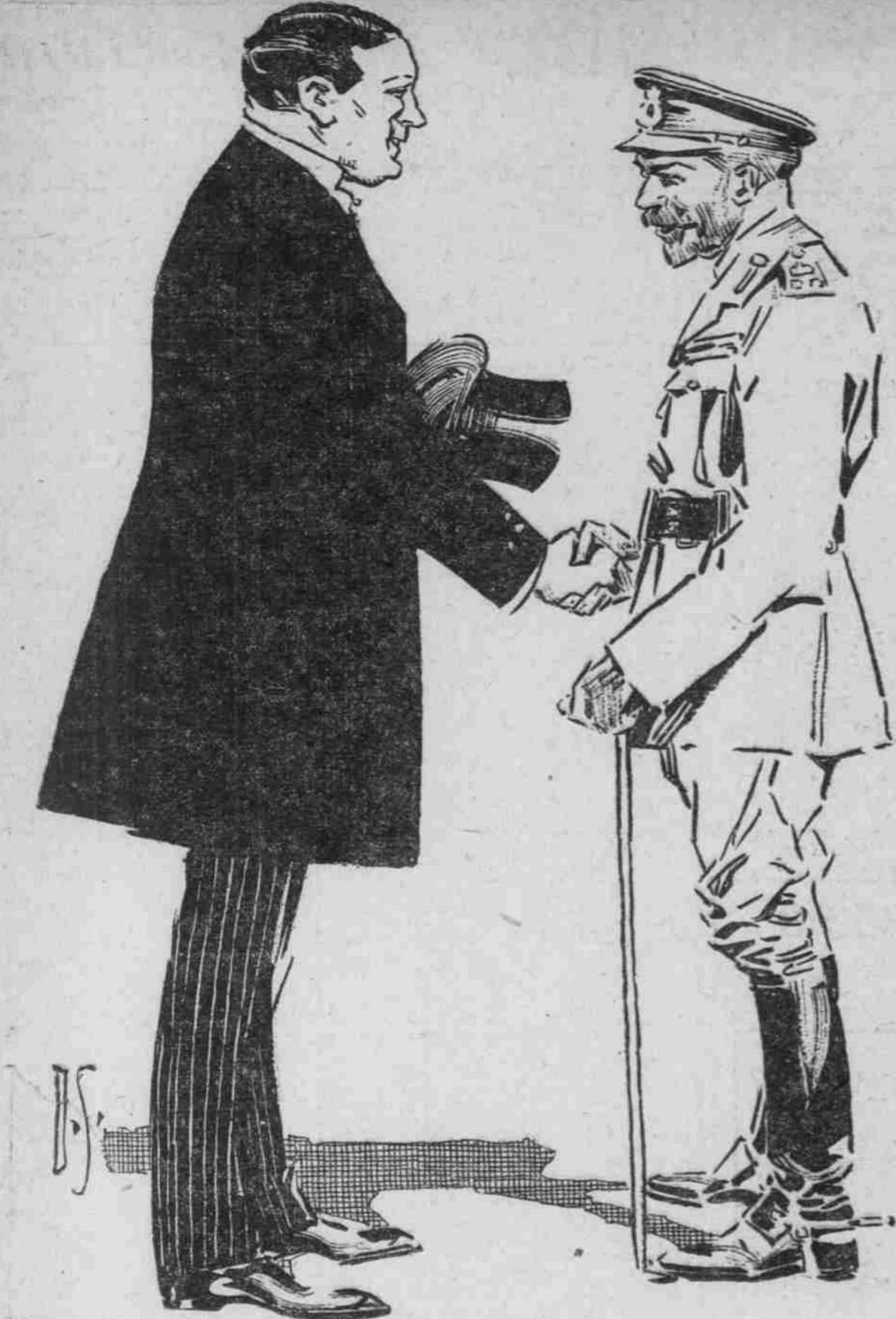


# When Yankees Meet the King

Incidentally, How President Wilson Made All England Smile Look at the Picture) When He Permitted the Legs of His Trousers to Contradict Each Other.



"Good-by, King. Out west, where I came from, we would call you a real he man."

King George and Queen Mary visiting a group of American soldiers and sailors at a Y. M. C. A. hut.

BY CLIVE MARSHALL.  
A BUNCH of Yankees sat one day at Buckingham Palace talking to King George. Every man in the party found himself liking the rather quiet-mannered Briton. This talk "became general" as the phrase goes, and it was found that the king could "mix" as well as chat man to man in a way to mark him as being the sort of democrat in spirit the average Briton claims that he is.

They talked about England and America and war and newspapers (there were newspaper men in the party), and there were some good stories. The stories a king tells may not always be so frequently repeated as other men's stories, proper reserve, tending so frequently to caution, but the fact is vouched for that his majesty made a highly favorable impression, and this brings to the front the point of this story.

As the party was leaving one of the western men grasped the hand of George V.  
"Good-bye, king," he said, "I want to tell you that out west where I came from we would call you a real he man."  
I think the chances are good that the king and queen are still laughing over that and with very real enjoyment.

The chances are good, too, that the Yankees have made many a good laugh on the other side—good laughs that might have been something else if not occasioned by Americans. An American is permitted to say things, principally, of course, because he would say them whether he was permitted or not permitted, and for the reason also that the older world likes the freshness of the newer world. When the American talks about democracy he means it, and he means it because he lives it and doesn't know very much about anything that isn't democracy.

**President Wilson and the King.**  
Of course President Wilson's meeting with the king and queen is the most conspicuous and historic instance at hand. Naturally, for every political reason, the meetings were outwardly cordial in a striking degree. Until Mr. Wilson sits down some day to write his memoirs we are not likely to know the details of these meetings. They were as intimate as they could be, for the Wilsons stayed at Buckingham Palace itself. When it was Mr. Wilson's birthday the king went "down the hall of the flat" and made a morning salutation by way of wishing the American president many happy returns of the day.

However, no incident of these meetings is ever likely to acquire so much of distinctiveness as one that occurred on a certain busy day during the London visit. The distinctiveness of this incident was not occasioned by anything said, by any quotations from the populace, any gilding of royal cars or splendors of civic decorations. It was occasioned by a simple little item in Mr. Wilson's dressing for the day.

The tailors of London and every surviving Beau Brummel in England must have shuddered when they saw or learned the truth.  
The photographer who innocently perpetrated the figures of the king and president standing together must have shivered and quivered when he saw what he had done.

And the simple fact is this—one leg of Mr. Wilson's trousers was turned up and the other wasn't.

The Manchester Guardian and certain other British newspapers recorded the fact with a grimace of sheer joy. Other papers probably were constrained to be polite enough not to mention the matter. Perhaps they wished no discordant or trivial note to creep into the celebration of cordiality.

On this page is printed the photograph that records the now famous sartorial blunder. Your guess as to how that "cut" was, on this particular morning, established on one leg and not on the other, is probably as good as any one else's. It couldn't have been the bootblack, because Mr. Wilson certainly put his boots outside the door



Queen Mary talking to an American soldier.

the night before and found them polished in the morning in regulation British fashion. Or maybe his valet polished the whole set. At all events he didn't sit on a bootblack stand to have the bootblack make the blunder. Anyway, it was another of those Yankee originalities.

**The King and the Soldiers.**  
In France the king met many American boys.

One day in Flanders the king asked an American soldier where he came from and was greatly amused when the latter answered:

"From the village of Chicago."  
In an American hospital one of the wounded men piped up:

"We're tickled to death to see you." "These are incidents of the freedom and cordiality which seem to be inspired by the democratic king's way of doing things."  
The king ought to have thrown the first ball at that Yankee ball game, but as it came about he only handed the ball to the umpire and managed to do it so that the umpire and the crowd voiced him a good sport. The king and queen both tried American buckwheat cakes at Eagle Hut and declared themselves unanimously in favor of the British adoption of buckwheat cakes.

**Like a Kansas Mayor.**  
Representative John R. Connelly's report of his meeting with the king was warmly appreciative of the British ruler's simple, democratic ways. Mr. Connelly says:

"The king gave us a regular Kansas handshake and then we talked for half an hour. The fact that he spent four years in the navy while a boy perhaps made him at once find the subject upon which we were both best informed. He discussed the subject with much interest and understanding."

"The committee came away with the impression that the king is a most human fellow. He knew how to meet the committee as just ordinary Americans and make them feel easy. He treated us fine—just as if he were the mayor of a small Kansas town."

**Comparing the King to Roosevelt.**  
Sidney Brooks in writing a character sketch of the king says:

"Sitting in an easy lounge chair, in an easy lounge suit, in a room overlooking the grounds of Buckingham Palace, King George reminded me more than anybody else, of—Colonel Roosevelt! It had never occurred to me before to associate the two men together. But in an hour and a half I talk that I had with the king I was constantly being struck with points of resemblance. Both are great talkers; both have optimistic views which they are at little pains to hide; both on occasion can be delightfully indiscreet; both make use of natural and



Photograph of King George and President Wilson, showing the little incident of the trousers "cuff" that made all England smile. Notice the historic variation in the arrangement of Mr. Wilson's trousers.

animated gestures; both betray in every word that they are men of downright temperament of eager and impetuous disposition; both have a hearty sense of humor; of both one instinctively says, 'Here's a man who is thoroughly frank, human and positive, full of the zest of life, and meeting whatever comes along half way.'"  
By the way, the king made a very good impression as a "real he man" when he met the American labor delegation last year, and no delegation was likely to be more critical than this. All eyes both have optimistic views which they are at little pains to hide; both on occasion can be delightfully indiscreet; both make use of natural and

ing kings and titled people of lesser importance lies in the difficulty of naming them. Saying "your majesty" is a huge difficulty to an American. Thus, "Good-bye, king!" was not at all an unnatural method. As a matter of fact, royalty, or at least the modern version of royalty, rather likes the free and easy American way. Of course, it does make a big difference that it is an American. There is no disrespect in the American brevity.  
The stylists on the other side are all ways immensely stirred—either to amusement or contempt, when a would-be proper person, not fully informed, says "my lord" to Northcliffe, for example, "My lord" is the servants' term.

"Your lordship" is held to be the correct term for those who really are "in the know."  
In the matter of the king or any titled person whatever "Sir" is always a permissible and acceptable term of address and is a much safer proposition for persons not accustomed to handling titles. If you are untrained in the matter, whether you are contemptuous about titles or not, and wish simply to show a polite respect for the individual in a purely democratic spirit, you are quite on comfortable ground in saying "Sir" as you would to your president or your bishop.  
Some day, naturally, all humbug will be brushed out of the world. We

## Rhine Doesn't Compare With Columbia, Says Soldier.

Corporal E. D. Lewis of Hood River Writes of Occupation of German Territory by American Forces.

HOOD RIVER, Or., March 1.—(Special.)—"Saw the Rhine a few days ago," writes Corporal E. D. Lewis to his father, A. G. Lewis, member of the directorate of the Apple Growers' association, "but the Columbia any day is preferable." Corporal Lewis, known to his local friends as Bun, enlisted with the 2d Iowa regiment. He is now with Company E, 168th infantry, 42d division and expects to be assigned to permanent duty with the army of occupation.

Corporal Lewis' last letter was written from Niederbreisig. He says he is eager for mail from home and judges

may not all call one another "comrade" or "citizen," but there will, doubtless, be some equivalent. Then we shall have no more anxiety. In that day we shall never wonder how to dress—another perplexing matter that bothers

Americans on the other side—because we shall all dress as we choose.

Perhaps it is true that this is a period of transition and that the era of absolute democracy for all such matters is nearer at hand than we suspect. he has an abundance on the way. The last letter he received was dated October 18. It was received on November 18. In his last letter, written January 18, he says:

"Tomorrow is my birthday. The last was spent in France and now I am here in Germany. I sure hope the next will be spent in God's country. All of the rumors at first indicated an early homecoming, but things are different now. I hardly think we will be home or even out of here inside of six months. Gee, how I long to get home and back on a ranch, or at least at work at something that seems to be useful. There is to be a big field meet held in France, under the auspices of the A. E. F. in June. So it seems that the higher ups are figuring on quite a stay over here."

## New Hair Will Start Growing Today!



A Powerful Secret for Hair-Root Developing. Also New Way of Positively Removing Wrinkles by Refining the Texture of the Skin.

IT SEEMS almost a shame to see how much valuable time is lost in an effort to save the wasting away of a formerly beautiful head of hair. A great many use materials which are absolutely ineffective; they believe they are nourishing the hair, but instead they starve it. Premature graying of hair is one result. How wonderful it is then that the hair can be so treated that it will immediately take on new life by being given the very materials which it really takes into its own cell life. This, for instance, is what occurs when the following formula is used on the hair for even a short time. It is a tremendous hair restorer. It infuses new vigor in the hair roots, so that the difference is easily seen in a few weeks. Get from your druggist for about fifty cents a one-ounce package of best quinine and rub the contents with a half pint of water and a half pint of bay rum. Use often and liberally. Your hair, for one thing, will at once begin to stop falling.

not make up this cream yourself, and then you will be absolutely certain that your complexion will be wonderfully beautified in a few weeks! Mix together an ounce of santonin and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine in a pint of water, to form a cream. Rub in well, and use twice a day at least, on your face. Your freckles and all muddiness and blemishes will very soon give way to the exquisite tint and spotless loveliness you have so long wished for. The santonin will cost about fifty cents at any drug store.

ACACIA—Any skin will respond quickly to the following treatment. The cream given below should be made up by yourself, which you do in a few moments. It makes the texture of the skin very fine and as a result you will soon notice that the small and deep wrinkles, crow's-feet and the sagging of the flesh will leave and in its place bring a splendid youthful plumpness and vigor to the skin. To a half pint of water and two ounces of opol, add also one tablespoonful of glycerine. This cream is remarkably nutritious to the skin and after a few days you will be able to say that you have found the secret of keeping the face young. Any druggist will supply you with the opol for about fifty cents.

MISS E. E.—Fatty accumulations are constantly forming on every scalp. Soap cannot remove them; it simply removes the looser dirt. Dissolve a teaspoonful of eggol in half a cup of water and use as a headwash. This will dissolve away all these accumulations and leave the hair with a splendid sheen just like silk. You can get enough eggol for twenty-five cents to give you over a dozen shampooes.

MRS. GRUMBLE—Your complaint about chunky face powder is well taken. I want you to try the face powder which I had made up for myself in order to avoid this very chinkiness. It is Valeska Suratt Face Powder, and is sold at drug stores in any that for fifty cents.

MISS G. O'C.—Here is the best way in the world to get rid of any superfluous hair and do it without reddening or irritating the skin. It is the only way known to "dissolve" the hair. It leaves the skin in perfect condition and leaves no spots or redness whatever. It is glorious to use. Get a one-dollar bottle of hair solvent. It is a liquid which you apply to the hairs. It is all ready to use. In a few moments the hairs dissolve completely away, and the "work" is entirely done.

DIMPLES—Apply some hydrozylated talc to the area and you will find that it will do more than anything else to regulate that excessive perspiration in the armpits and destroy all odor completely. You can obtain the hydrozylated talc for fifty cents at any drug store.—Adv.