

# CHILDREN WHO WILL HELP to CROWN KING GEORGE



Prince George and His Mother



Prince Albert of Wales



Prince Edward



Lord Hartington, a Train Bearer



Master Anthony Lowther, a Page of Honor



Master Walter Campbell, a Page of Honor



The Hon. G.E. Knollys, a Page of Honor



Prince John



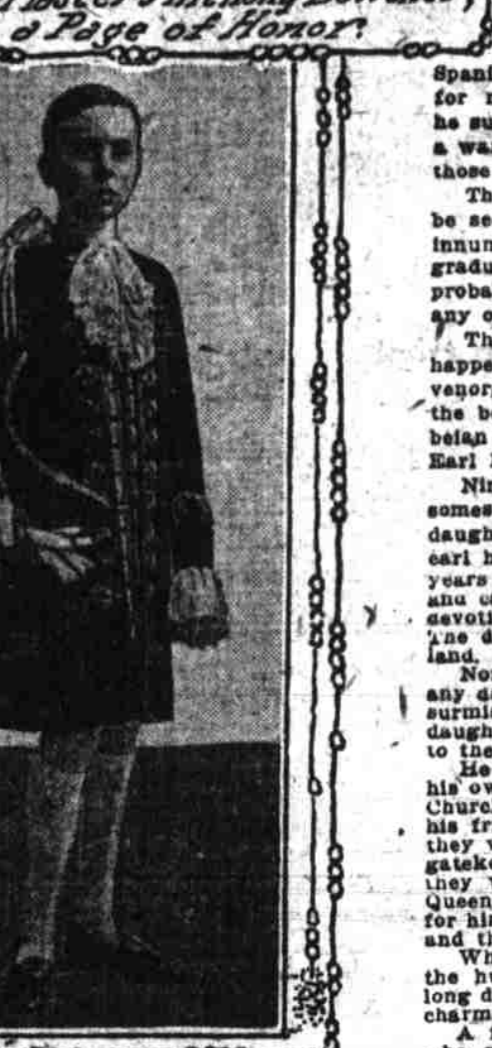
Princess Mary



Lord Cranborne, a Train Bearer



Lord Romilly, a Train Bearer



Master V.A.C. Harbord, a Page of Honor

## The Royal Children of the Coronation.

## Youngsters Whom the Coronation Will Enroll in the Pages of English History

REMEMBER your first circus? That really first circus when you were old enough to sense something of all the grandeur and gorgeousness which spread over the unparalleled aggregation of overwhelming talent and distinction included in the greatest one-ring, two-ring or three-ring show that had ever been in the entire world?

Was there anywhere ever such a long-continued thrill of unadulterated blisses; and did any other circus in after years compare with that first one? All their circus lacked was the solitary feature required to take it away from earth and translate it right up into perfect heaven.

That feature? Why, wasn't your sole regret the stabbing pain, which recurred as your gaze dwelt on every succeeding act, that you were only at, and not of, the circus?

Well, this summer there are whole groups of boys, most of them just of the age when

they are qualified to enjoy a circus, who are awaiting, with ill-dissembled eagerness, their debut as picturesque performers in the biggest circus the world has ever seen—the coronation ceremonies in England.

They are the sons of Great Britain's peers, and their job is that of playing page to their own noble fathers, or, in more favored instances, to royalty.

The grown-ups over there—what with their secret, gnawing anxieties over the obstreperous commons, the fate of Ireland and the income tax—will participate in that splendid circus with about as much genuine enjoyment as the magnificent ringmaster and the loop-the-loop stars, who are working for their living.

But only the pride and joy of the kid who has been admitted to the sacred toil of carrying a water bucket at a real circus can compare with the happiness these peers' heirs are awaiting so rapturously now.

TO THEM, so long as they are boys and haven't matured sufficiently to discuss problems of empire with the blasé omniscience which is the assumption of youth, the king is a real, old-fashioned king, vested with all the power and glory, and none of the dawning worries, a modern king ought to have—and does have.

To them the pageantry is altogether actual and true and not merely symbolical of many powers and privileges that have been taken over by a people who have insisted on running affairs to suit themselves, instead of kings and peers.

To them the colors flare bravely; the laces are the exquisite mist of some fairyland where they are happy denizens; the very faces of the court beauties are incarnations of all that is entrancing and fair.

Just now, throughout the circles of Great Britain's nobility, the main thought is clothes—and, perhaps, the bills that are to come afterward. But the bills are quantities totally unknown to the expectant pages. Their fathers can worry about little things like that. What they see is that, for all their families' nervous anxiety to make sure of correct designs and prompt delivery of coronation robes, some one is continually finding time to attend to the details of their page costumes.

### EARLY DISTINCTIONS

If he were to evidence the smallest shortcoming when the great day arrives, it would be noticed more than if the fault were in the make-up of the dignitary he attends; and when that dignity happens to be some one other than his own father, it would amount to dereliction that is well-nigh unpardonable. So the heirs to the great names of the United Kingdom and Ireland are being treated now with a consideration which they may never know again.

It is understood that in every instance where it is possible the peers are to be attended by their sons. Thus, the coronet of the duke of Devonshire will be borne by young Lord Charles Cavendish. Lord Elmley will bear that of the earl of Beauchamp. Lord Cranborne will be the page of the duke of Devonshire. These youths, legally, are as a rule simply young esquires, no more possessors of titles than the sons of the tradesman who feel honored by permission to announce themselves as purveyors of canned lima beans and bottled horseradish to the noble parents. But English society accords the heirs of such distinguished houses a courtesy title, usually belonging to the family, but in abeyance under the possession of higher rank by

the father. So far as universal acknowledgment of the title goes, young Lord Cavendish and young Lord Ashley themselves, scarcely realize that they are not legally the personages their names denote.

In King George's train will appear many young sprigs of nobility; and it is worth noting that not all of them belong to families most prominent in the peerage. It is distinctly a case, at this coronation, that page-boy honors have gone by favor, although the favor has been amply earned by the fathers or the mothers of the children. Among them are one or two like the Hon. George Edward Knollys, son of Lord Knollys, who is rather beyond the age when a coronation can be altogether a circus to him, for he is now in his sixteenth year, and served as a page of honor to Edward VII when that monarch had the long-delayed happiness of being present at his own coronation.

He will be page of honor this time, and will share that highest of page functions with plain young Walter Campbell, the son of Sir Walter Campbell; Anthony Lowther, son of Lancelot Lowther, and Victor Alexander Harbord, son of Charles Harbord, but grandson of Lord Suffield.

Little Lord Hartington will be a train-bearer, together with Lord Romilly, who is already a real baron, because he has now inherited the title, although but 12 years old, and with Lord Cranborne, that Salisbury's young son. The hand of Queen Mary appears in some of these appointments, quite indirectly, but potentially nevertheless. She has a way of sticking to her friends that offsets many other traits less highly esteemed, especially by those most in favor at court during King Edward's reign.

Lord Hartington's mother is the duchess of Devonshire, the queen's most intimate friend and her mistress of the robes. The duchess of Buccleuch, her aunt, held the post for a quarter of a century; but almost as soon as Queen Mary that stood the friend of the princess of Wales the old duchess decided that her failing health made the position too onerous, and resigned. Her niece, the queen's closest friend, was at once given that peculiarly confidential place, and whoever is kin to her can count on whatever honor or emolument Queen Mary can influence. The young marquis of Hartington is close to the age of Lord Knollys' son, but he is still a real boy in his devotion to all outdoor sports, a taste that brings him very close to his father in his pleasures.

Young Lord Cranborne's title is the one his father bore nearly a dozen years ago, when, in the house of commons, as an under secretary of foreign affairs, he started the world by making the official statement that it was Great Britain that stood the friend of the United States when Europe proposed to interfere in our little mixup with Spain. Although he was the son of England's leading statesman, Lord Cranborne himself had attracted little attention here when he uttered the words which had no small weight in influencing this country's opinion of Great Britain.

His declaration ran counter to the claim made by Russia, that it had been our only friend during the



Lord Romilly, a Train Bearer

## EXPENSIVE to SAY GOODBYE



HE WAS a very nice young man, very nicely dressed, and he gazed at the outgoing liner with the heartbroken expression that betokens the lover whose dear one is sailing away, innocent Una, to take her chances among the ravishing nobility who need her money. "None!" he answered. "Not on your ancestral tree. If she is on that boat, she's the latest and last of mine dear ones and a granduncle. My sufferings are worse. I stand here, after shipping off all my friends to Europe, stone broke myself, and hopeful only of three square meals a day until they

come back and bring me collections of picture postals of the coronation."

He was the extreme of the modern fashion, which decrees that, if you have a friend—especially a girl friend—who can raise enough to take the trip abroad, you must speed the departure with gifts that will convince the passenger list there's a million-dollar heiress on board. If, as happened with the sad young man, your friends are so many and your attentions so munificent that your travel fund is used up before you start, your best bet is to skate along until next year, and then start early.

THE enormous expense of steamer gifts may account for the steadily advancing date of the summer flitting. What profits it a man who shall wait until the first of June to go, if his acquaintances are whooping it up from Rome to Berlin with trophies that came out of his travel money? Better take the \$500 or \$1000 they have cost him, start in April and gather in the steamer gifts as the early bird assimilates the worms.

A merciful providence spares most married men and all unmarried girls. Gwendolyn, when Phoebe said, needn't send her anything more expensive than a bunch of violets, because Phoebe thought that Gwendolyn is chronically hard up, and Gwendolyn knows she knows; so what's the use?

But with a bachelor! Well, simply take the round of one bachelor's best girls; his influential women friends, including hostesses who have fed him; and all men whose influence is useful and whose wives and daughters, if they are not expectant, are at least receptive. Several hundred figure in the list, and at least half a hundred loom important in his eyes. A \$10 bill looks smaller than a two-spot when he is planning his escape at the lowest price; for, above everything else, he dares not look stingy.

Then—remembering the thousands that are sailing out of the port of New York alone every week, even before March has been blown into the hereafter—take a little journey through any liner of the supercilious class just before it sails.

The bon-voyage gifts received by the passengers up to the beginning of any single voyage run from \$15,000 to \$25,000. Baskets and boxes have come to demand a separate space on the piers; cabins and staterooms are filled. The flowers come by the wagonloads; no one wagonload for any one traveler, but so many individual tributes on so many different wagons that, by the time the last orchid has been crowded into a popular belle's cabin, she can only stand outside and wonder whether they're her

Spanish war, just as it had been in the civil war, and for months the dispute raged, until interest in it succeeded to the Salisbury title, he has had rather a warm place in the regard of Americans.

The appearance of all these young pages, not alone seen with their fathers, will be certain to recall innumerable romances of the peerage, which has gradually abated. But ever since, and especially when probably produced, more astonishing love affairs than any other set of people in the world.

They say it was just luck that little Lord Elmley happened to be the son of pretty Lady Lettice Grosvenor, sister of the duke of Westminster, instead of the beautiful daughter of a worthy but entirely plebeian gatekeeper, who eked out his humble living on Earl Beauchamp's estate.

Nine or ten years ago the earl was one of the handsomest young peers in England, and the gatekeeper's daughter was one of England's prettiest girls. The earl had succeeded to the title when he was only 19 years old, and he had gone a strange way for one and care-free young peer. He had one hobby and one avocation. The hobby was the collection of snuff boxes, the devotion was to the Methodist Church of England.

None of his family or his fellow-peers discerned any danger in the snuff boxes. But as soon as it was surmised that he was enamored of the gatekeeper's daughter, everybody saw grave danger in his fidelity to the church.

He was now 27 years old, perfectly able to make up his own mind and very much inclined to do it. If the Church of England feature had been out of the way, they would have cared a hang what became of the gatekeeper's daughter. But with his church principles they were mortally afraid he would marry her. So Queen Victoria was led to make direct appointment, and the earl, taken with ambition, sailed away.

When he returned he had duly forgotten all about the humble ideal he had once set himself to pursue, and the earl, taken with ambition, sailed away.

A fairly numerous proportion of the young heirs who will be pages have come in from the continent, but none of them is old enough to know much about it or to care.

They are going to be part of the circus. They will have their hands full with their own romances later.

quarters or are awaiting the arrival of the interesting corpse.

And cost! Why, an admirer, in Seattle is just as liable as not to wire an open order to a Broadway florist, who is foolish if he isn't generous to a fault. By the way, if you happen to be in Canton, China, and know the ship and the sailing date, you can still impress her by cabling, with instructions to the florist to attach the cable dispatch to your bunch. She won't be impressed with your extravagance, but she will appreciate your thoughtfulness. Ordinary floral tributes to the dear departing shouldn't lapse below \$5; and engaged girls are supposed to be both to receive flowers worth more than \$5 from admirers who would rather send them to her fiancée, with a ribbon attached reading, "Loved and lost."

About a thousand would be a minimum estimate for the number of baskets of fancy fruits. Plenty of the big liners make a specialty of the table; but the fond eyes of loving friends, who want to make sure that some girl wearing a twenty-inch corset on a twenty-four-inch figure shan't starve, can usually dig up hot-house grapes, special peaches and various other expensive delicacies, which, with a basket or box, ribboned and spiced, will boost the bill to \$25.

Champagne is the merely moderately flattering at \$10; when you go into hand-painted boxes and fill them with the very finest assortments obtainable, \$25 vanishes as sweetly as if you've never earned it, or taken it away from somebody who did earn it.

Champagne has been steadily acquiring a reputation as being a specific for seasickness. Of course, the ship carries enough champagne to float the lifeboats, but not for voyagers who have kind and loving friends. A neat little case, containing a dozen pints, handsomely framed up so as to lure the mind to visions of sunny vineyards, can run from \$25 to \$50, and look as good to the perfectly healthy traveler as it does to the interesting invalid.

Maybe she has a dog. Well, the steamer gift includes a hamper for \$100. And there are not a few who think of stockings, be smoked in the office; but he'll comprehend how much you paid for what he's smoking now, and he won't blame you.