

PRESENTED AT COURT

Experience of an American at an English Royal Levee.

A RAPID TRANSIT FUNCTION

He Was In and Through and Out Before He Really Realized What Has Happened—The Way His Difficult About a Costume Was Overcome.

A six foot American who had secured a "command" to one of the English royal levees recently found himself in a pretty predicament.

On his notification paper was the hint that levee dress was indispensable. In the guileless innocence of his democratic soul the American took this to mean that frock coat and shiny shoes would be called for.

He was in the act of looking over his best outfit of that nature when a more experienced friend called and caught him in the act. The friend made haste to inform the misguided Yankee that levee dress involved silk stockings ruffled sleeves, black sword and other items.

Consternation ensued. It continued to ensue when owing to his height and girth no borrowable suit was discovered and no tailor could be found who would make one before the next afternoon. At last a stage levee dress was rented from His Majesty's theater where it had done duty in "The Last of the Dandies."

After the levee was over the American confessed that he hardly knew what had happened. When he reached the palace he was first surrounded by the yeomen of the guard, who started him upstairs with great dispatch. In the course of his progress upstairs the yeomen disappeared, and he found himself in a lane of tin plated life guardsmen.

Again the scene changed, says Town and Country, and there was a lane of royal footmen and next a large room filled to overflowing with admirals, generals, diplomats, peers, chamberlains, soldiers and sailors of all degrees of commissioned rank and a great host of men attired like himself in levee dress. One by one they were singled out and ushered into the royal presence in the adjoining room, where stood the king surrounded by his suit.

The work of presentation was so rapid that the American found himself out and in another room before he knew what had happened. His overcoat was on his back in the same rapid, mysterious fashion, and the next thing he knew he was outside in the courtyard. But he was actually "presented" and is now forever Hof fahig, or eligible for presentation at any court in the world, provided he behaves himself.

All this was preliminary to the presentation of the man's wife and daughter at the drawing room. Men are presented at the king's levees, and the women undergo the same ordeal at the courts or drawing rooms, which are by far the more imposing functions. It is probably no exaggeration to say that every time a drawing room is held £100,000 is spent by the people who go to court.

None but a very old habitue of the court—and then she is never below the rank of a countess—would dream of appearing at court in a costume that she had worn there before. The item of flowers alone is one of vast importance. If it were not for the drawing rooms the large florists could not exist.

Every woman who is presented goes armed with a bouquet, whose value is at least a pound, and some of them are worth ten times that sum. Then there are the bookmakers and the hoslers and the milliners to consider, to say nothing of the people who lend carriages.

Suppose there are at a low estimate 500 people on the presentation list. Of these every mother's daughter has herself photographed in her court costume, and London court photographers are notorious for their stiff prices.

St. James' park on the night of a drawing room is filled with Londoners who wander up and down the double line of carriages stalled in the mall, peering into the windows and criticising the costumes of the matrons and their debutante daughters. It is a legitimate privilege of the populace to consider those waiting for presentation as objects of interest, and there the latter have to sit, some of them over an hour, subjected to the gaze of London's citizens. You see half a dozen shopgirls flattening their noses against the window of a motor brougham and carrying on a rapid fire conversation about the dress of milady and her daughter inside.

"Ain't she beautiful, Mary Ann?" or "Wot do you think of this un? Oi don't like 'er gown at all."

All this has to be borne with Spartan fortitude so long as there is no rowdiness; but, strange to say, there never is.

A good many people starve themselves for months so that they and their offspring may have the money to enable them to go to court. There are many half pay colonels who live in the country whose one object is to come up for a drawing room.

Generally they have influential and wealthy friends who make it easy for them in the matter of lodging in town and lend them their horses, carriages and footmen; otherwise it would be impossible for them to go. There seems to be a tradition that if a man's daughter has not been presented at court her way to a successful marriage will not be so smooth. That of course is a fallacy, but the tradition never dies, and so people stint themselves and endure endless sacrifices that they may put the hall mark on themselves and their offspring.

CUSTOMS OFFICIALS.

Those of England Called the Most Obliging and Helpful.

There is no country where the matter of landing from American passenger ships is so easy and so expeditiously done as England, says the Travel Magazine. Of course it is a free trade country, the freest in the whole world. There are duties levied on tobacco and spirits, but travelers are allowed a half pound of tobacco in any shape and a half pint of spirits, which also includes perfume. Sugar is dutiable, whether in grain, sweets or in jam, but a small quantity is freely passed. In all cases, however, these goods must be the actual property of the passenger and be for his use and control. Cocoa, coffee and tea are also dutiable, as are reprints of English books. Outside of these things, as named, passengers can bring in anything—motors, cycles, horses, but not dogs, which animals a net to exceed six months' quarantine awaits. Keep dogs on the American side. The customs officials are life appointees—under the civil service—and will be found most obliging and helpful. In fact, they are a model to the customs world. Tell the truth at all times to these officials and you will be all right. They are marvelously keen on spotting the supposedly smart liar. Lying doesn't pay "anyhow, Himmessy!" at home or abroad.

TESTATORS' LAST WISHES.

Strange Requests Regarding the Arrangement of Funerals.

Sir James Colquhoun's desire to be buried in full evening dress costume recalls, says the London Standard, curious last wishes of other testators.

George Herring directed that his remains should lie beneath a smidial at the Haven of Rest, Maidenhead. Queen Victoria planned the entire programme for her funeral, even choosing the music to be played, the anthems to be sung.

A couple of months ago a young lady who died at Reigate on the eve of her wedding was buried in her bridal dress, the friends who were to have been her bridesmaids attending the funeral in the gowns which they should have worn at the wedding and carrying in place of wreaths the wedding bouquets.

More singular was the funeral of Major General Algernon Stewart at Hascombe, Surrey. The coffin was drawn to the grave by the dead man's horse. The mourners walked, and the bearers wore old fashioned smocks, each with its collar adorned with a text. The same man appeared in their mourning garments at the church service on the following Sunday.

Disqualified.

Although Mrs. Harlow loved her husband and admired what she considered his good points, it was a never ending source of amazement to her that he had been chosen to fill the office of mayor for three successive terms.

"Everybody knows how much I think of James," she said in a dazed way to one of her husband's cousins. "I always said and always should say that he is as good as gold. But if you'll tell me whether you think a man who is color blind and who brings home toys that won't go when you wind them and who still thinks I could like olives if I'd only try is fit for such a position why, all I can say is I don't."—Youth's Companion.

A Chinese Idea of Foreigners.

The following is a quite modern Chinese conception of the foreigners' treatment of infectious cases: "If an epidemic broke out two foreigners took the sick away and put them in a little room, washed them with lime water and then locked them up so that no one could see them on purpose that they might soon die and not propagate the disease. Wives and children might cry and weep, but the foreigner would but drive them away with sticks, for until dead no one must see those faces again. Better for all of us to jump into the sea than submit to this."—South China Post.

Antiquity of an Old Tune.

When Napoleon's army was in Egypt in 1799 and the band struck up the tune which in England is set to the song "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" its effect on the Bedouins was electrical. They leaped and shouted and embraced one another deliciously. They averred that they were listening to the oldest and most popular tune of their people. It is thought that the tune was brought to Europe from the dark continent in the eleventh century by the Crusaders.—St. James' Gazette.

The Appetite.

"The appetite," said the physician, "is always a consideration of great importance."

"Yes," answered the man who is painfully economical. "If you have a poor one you worry about your health, and if you have a good one you worry about the expense."—Washington Star.

In Ignorance.

"Your husband seems to have an exalted opinion of you," remarked the bride's aunt. "He says you are his right hand."

"Yes," rejoined the young wife, with a sigh, "but he's one of those men who never let their right hand know what their left hand does."

Wrong Man.

"You understand," said the captain, "that we want a secretary who is thoroughly accustomed to managing men."

"In that case," answered the applicant sadly, "I'm afraid it's not me you want, but my wife."

Money does all things. It makes honest men and knaves, fools and philosophers.—L'Estrange.

The Scrap Book

In His Own Line.

Jim Jackson was brought before a judge charged with chicken stealing. After Jackson's conviction the justice, with a perplexed look, said: "But I do not understand, Jackson, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window and there were two vicious dogs in the yard."

"Hit wouldn't do yer a bit o' good, judge, for me to 'splain how I katched dem chickens, fer you couldn't do hit yerself if yer tried it forty times, an' yer might git yer hide full er lead. De bes' way fer you ter do, judge, is jes' ter buy yo' chickens in de market, same ez older folks does, an' when yer wants ter commit any rascality do hit on de bench, whar yo' is at home."

BRAVE LOVE.

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long,
And when we rested by the hedge
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold,
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song,
The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one—
Our homeless wanderings down the lanes—
It long ago was done,
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For horses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown
And sore,
And love and beauty tine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear
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How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold,
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song,
The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one—
Our homeless wanderings down the lanes—
It long ago was done,
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For horses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown
And sore,
And love and beauty tine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long,
And when we rested by the hedge
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