

Beauties Who Surround England's Queen



LADY VIOLET VIVIAN, MAID OF HONOR TO THE QUEEN. LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE. HON. DORIS VIVIAN, MAID OF HONOR TO THE QUEEN.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA is very like Queen Anne, in that she takes the sincerest pleasure in flowers and pretty women. Since her husband has assumed supremely royal state and influence she has slowly, gently, but firmly been retiring, from all the posts of honor about her person and household, the good but frumpy elderly ladies who ministered to the pleasure of the late gracious queen.

By the time the coronation takes place the English court will be justly famous for a galaxy of lovely girls and youthful matrons, all worthy the brush of Sir Peter Lely and the admiration of that notable judge of feminine beauty, gay King Charles II. About the queen's preference of the court this preference of the queen's for good looks and good tempers and good hearts is well known, and nobody was in the least surprised when two of the most picturesque twin beauties in Great Britain were chosen as her first maids of honor. These sweet girls are the Honorable Doris and the Honorable Violet Vivian. Though they are twin sisters, they are not counterparts one of the other, and the Honorable Violet is esteemed rather the fairest of the two. If the Honorable Doris is just a trifle less perfect than her tall, slender, chestnut-haired, violet-eyed, Rossetti-mouthed sister, she is keenly witty and quite as popular with the queen, who is not so severe a stickler for royal etiquette as was her predecessor, and likes to hear of the jokes and pranks of her shrewd maid of honor. The Honorable Doris is one of the few persons who can read aloud to the satisfaction of her mistress, who is hard of hearing, but does not wish to be reminded of her weakness.



COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

Next after the Vivian girls, as these sweet maids are familiarly spoken of in London drawing rooms, the queen is fondest of the Ladies Butler, the daughters of the marquis of Ormonde, and are counted the two handsomest women in Irish society. Last year Lady Beatrice Butler, the oldest sister, married for love the gallant General Pole-Carew, and her sister, Lady Constance, is invited to serve at court. Lady Constance is an all around modern girl; almost faultless in feature and coloring; a finished horsewoman; an expert in and on the



HON. ETHEL GERARD.

water; a clever water colorist; a maker of the most delicate varieties of fine Irish lace; a linguist and a charming companion. She yachts with her father, physics and advises and jests with the Irish peasantry on her father's estate, and is delightfully unspooled by admiration and wealth. She is to take her turn as a court lady during the coronation, in association with one of the prettiest women and boldest fox hunters in the United Kingdom, the Honorable Ethel Gerard.

The horse has yet to be found that this courageous young lady would fear to ride, and yet, despite the fact that she comes of a long line of hard riding maternal as well as paternal ancestors, she is in no sense a horsey girl. On her horse she is as froutron as a Parisian marquise, and she has long been a prime favorite with the queen, who admires her high spirits and her gentle voice and big appealing gray eyes.

If women below the rank of duchess were permitted to bear the canopy over the queen in Westminster Abbey it is safe to predict that the countess of Cromartie would have been one of the four chosen to this high office. As it was, the queen deliberately passed over the claims of many superior elderly ladies who believed in their divine right to assist at coronations and picked out her four canopy bearers, because they were young, pretty and eminently likeable. Their graces of Sutherland, Marlborough, Montrose and Portland are to support the queen, greatly to the disgust of the duchess of Devonshire, etc. Among the assisting women only will be seen the pretty, piquant countess of Cromartie, who is a countess and heiress quite in her own right. She is first cousin of the duke of Sutherland and through her father inherits the earldom of Cromartie, which he inherited from his mother, who was also countess of Cromartie in her own right. Lady Cromartie, with all her wealth and good looks and high lineage, chose to marry Major Blunt, and he and she live at Castle Leod or at Tarbad House on Cromartie Firth. In all things, even to her brow accent, she is Scotch and speaks Gaelic as fluently as her Highland tenantry. Her sister is the sturdy Lady Constance Mackenzie, who rides astride, and swims like a South Sea Islander, and travels as industriously as Sinbad the Sailor, and cares not the snap of her fingers to be at court. Lady Cromartie is gentle and domestic and a truly warm friend of the queen, who, though old enough to be her mother, is not in the least overshadowed by the fresh young beauties she pleases to gather about her.

Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

SENATOR HOAR'S brother, who is a distinguished jurist, has as pretty a wit as the venerable statesman himself. There was a funeral a short time ago in the town where he lives of a man who, while very rich, had been mean and miserly, relates the New York World.

"Are you going to the funeral?" a man asked Mr. Hoar.

"No," he replied, "but I am in favor of it."

"Out in my district," said Representative Landis of Indiana, quoted by the Washington Post, "there was a quaint old character who finally succumbed to illness and had to take to his bed. Much against his will the village preacher came to see him and, as usual, indulged in a prayer by the sick man's bedside.

"And, O Lord," prayed the minister, "give unto our sick friend a new heart."

"Hold on there, parson!" interrupted the patient. "It isn't my heart that's troubling me. I wish you'd ask the Lord to give me a new liver!"

Ambassador Horace Porter still tells as good stories as he used to before he went to live abroad in a diplomatic capacity, says the Boston Herald. At a dinner in New York the other night he regaled his hosts with a description of how the Amer-

icans in Paris celebrate the Fourth of July when they set about it. At the last anniversary of the immortal declaration somebody proposed that the American flag be run on top of the Eiffel tower. This was considered a rather rash proposition at first, but the enthusiastic Yankee who made it wouldn't be discouraged. He made the necessary arrangements with the Eiffel tower management and the Stars and Stripes floated from the top of the tower all day. "It reminded me," said Ambassador Porter, "of the small boy when they said to him on the Fourth of July to stop wiping his nose. He said: 'It is the Fourth of July and it is my nose and I am going to wipe it off the face of the earth.'"

Two interesting war-time stories were told the other day by Senator Bacon of Georgia, relates the Washington Post. One of them concerned Senator Pettus of Alabama, who, as everybody knows, was a gallant officer in the confederate army.

In one of the battles before Vicksburg Senator Pettus, then a colonel, was captured and carried as a prisoner before General Grant.

"Colonel," said Grant when the prisoner was brought before him, "what are those troops out in front of me?"

"General," replied Pettus, "I must decline to answer that question."

General Grant looked him in the eye for a moment. "You are right, colonel," he said. Then turning to an officer nearby Grant said: "Take this gentleman to the rear and treat him kindly."

Senator Pettus has never forgotten that interview with General Grant.

The other story illustrates the same nobility of feeling in General Robert E. Lee, the commander of the confederate forces.

It was at the close of the battle of Gettysburg. As General Lee rode from the field he came upon a young union soldier, a mere boy, lying on the grass, wounded. The boy, though painfully hurt and unable to rise, had a spirit not to be quenched. As he recognized the confederate uniform he raised himself upon his elbow. "Hurrah for the union!" he cried defiantly, though with feeble voice.

General Lee got down from his horse, went over to the boy and laid his hand tenderly on his head. "I hope, my son," he said, "that you are not much hurt and that you will soon be well."

George H. Daniels, general passenger agent for the New York Central railroad, is not easily taken in, but there is a story floating about among railroad men of how the editor of a country newspaper once got the better of him in the matter of passage.

This editor, who was a personal friend

of Mr. Daniels, had a brother, to whom he used to give some of his free transportation. Mr. Daniels found this out and the next time his friend wrote for passes he replied: "Sorry to refuse you, but I've been told you've been giving them away to an outsider."

A few days later Mr. Daniels happened to be in the village and called on the editor. "You see how it is," he explained. "I am willing to do almost anything for you I can, but I hear that you give away the passes to your brother. Now, I don't know your brother, but I know he has no claims on the road."

"My poor brother!" exclaimed the editor indignantly. "Why, the last time I saw my brother a hearse was carrying him to the cemetery."

Mr. Daniels was apologetic and regretful. "I didn't know that your brother was dead," he said, "and I am very sorry. I'll send you transportation at once."

He did so and the brother took a trip to New York on it. A few weeks later Mr. Daniels met another friend from the editor's town and remarked that he was sorry to hear of the death of Tom's brother.

"Why, Tom's brother isn't dead," said the other. "I saw him just before I came away, driving his hearse. He's an undertaker, you know."

"They certainly know more about poli-

tics in Indiana than in any other state in the union," said Colonel Harry Hall to a New York reporter. "Every man is a politician. An experience I had when I was stumping the state in 1896 for McKinley shows how closely tabs are kept."

"I got off at Greencastle to get a sandwich and met a prosperous looking man at the lunch counter.

"How are things politically?" I asked.

"Oh, first rate," he said. "We've got 'em this year, sure."

"Got whom?" I asked.

"Why, the democrats. We've been fighting them for years and we've brought 'em democratic majority in this county down so that we'll 'em last time. This time we'll whip 'em."

"Are you sure of it?" I asked.

"Certain," he said, with the utmost conviction. "Why, stranger, three republicans have moved into the county and there ain't a family in the county with a sick republican in it. We can't lose."

While Congressman Warnock of Ohio was serving as judge of the court of special pleas in his district, which position he held for ten years, he was one day trying a case in which a woman was a witness. An attorney asked her age and the witness hesitated. "Better answer the question now," said the lawyer. "The longer you hesitate the older you will be."