

What Her Royal Highness, the Princess Eulalia Thinks of Us

Very Amusing Experiences in America Told by the Spanish Infanta Eulalia in Her New Book, "Court Life from Within"



Her Royal Highness the Infanta Eulalia of Spain.
By H. R. H. The Infanta Eulalia, Aunt of the King of Spain

In Her New Book "Court Life from Within," Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

WHEN my mother died I was able to get wholly clear of the formalities of Court life, and I left the Palais to rent an apartment for myself, where I could live like a private person with my maids, without even a lady-in-waiting. I bought a few acres of land on the seashore of my beloved Normandy, and built myself a Summer cottage cooled by the happy breezes that I had known as a child. And here I can say and do and think and write what I please, untroubled by the prohibitions of crowned heads, who can enforce no command on me and impose no punishment—except to deny me an entrance to Courts from which I have been only too glad to escape.

When my first little book was about to be published the King of Spain wired me that I could not publish it without his consent. I repudiated that control of my liberty, and they threatened to deprive me of my title and the small income that comes with it.

I was puzzled to know what they would decide to call me, if not "the Infanta Eulalia," and I was interested to see if the King would set a precedent for depriving the "inviolable" Royal family of its titles and its property by legislative enactment. He decided, wisely, to let the matter drop, and I heard no more of it.

It is my final realization of freedom that I celebrate now in these pages. I have escaped, mind and body, from my gilded cage. It has taken a lifetime, but it was worth it. I have no respect for anything in the world except intelligence. I live in France because it is the most intelligent of all the countries I have known.

I have seen the world waking to the fact that the rule of money is no better than the rule of rank, except when it is more intelligent; and I can foresee the day when the inequalities of property will have no more authority than the inequalities of rank to oppress mankind. I read and write to keep my own intelligence in health by exercising it. And I am afraid of no critic except the one who may find my intelligence feeble, with a prison pallor, in spite of its joy in its escape.

It was during my years of travel in Europe that I was offered the opportunity of going to America to represent the Throne of Spain at the World's Fair that was to be held in Chicago to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery. I accepted the invitation with joy. I had no longer my childish idea that if I could only take a boat and sail to America I should be really "free," but I had still in my mind the household saying that I was "only fit for America," and I felt sure that I should like the great democracy, and I was eager to see it.

When we picked up our pilot off Sandy Hook I was on the upper deck, promading happily in the chill wind in light clothes, and the pilot remarked to one of the boat's officers that it "was dan-

gerous for that young girl" to be exposed in such a way to such weather. He was told that I was "the Spanish Infanta," and he laughed uproariously at the idea, and the more seriously the officer assured him of it the more he enjoyed the joke. I saw him looking at me and laughing, so I inquired what was the matter, and when I found out I was slightly puzzled.

His amusement proved to be typical of my whole reception in the United States. As one of the newspapers put it, they had expected a "big, dark Spanish princess with a black mustache," and it was with a tickled surprise that they found me "like any of the girls you see walking down Fifth avenue." Their pleased curiosity was reflected in the accounts that the reporters gave of me. No conceivable personal detail escaped them. One reporter even discovered that I had a gold crown on one of my back teeth, and I was mystified to know how he could have seen it. Surely my smile was not so broad as all that! I tried myself before a mirror. No! By no possible grimace could I expose that tooth. I remained mystified. I do still.

The amusement, however, was not altogether on their side. The newspapers had not prepared me for this familiar but kindly tone of the American press, and the people of European countries had not the simple benevolence of the curiosity that brought the smiling crowds to greet me in the United States. The American young girl is the spoiled darling of the nation, and they were all as willing to spoil me—and I was willing to be spoiled—by their almost affectionate and chivalrous desire to give me "a good time."

I cannot pretend that I saw anything at all of the problems of government in the country—nothing of the poverty, of the industrial exploitation, of the inequalities of opportunity and the control by the moneyed classes, of which we have since come to hear so much in all the kingdoms and republics and democracies of this changing world. I was merely a caller in the parlor. I knew nothing of the family life in the house, much less of the difficulties below-stairs.

We did not land at New York, but at Jersey City, where a special train was waiting to carry us to Washington. It would have taken us in Spain twenty-four hours to go the distance; we covered it in five hours, and I did not feel shaken. In Spain if luncheon had been served us on the train it would have been "to kill time," here it was served us "to save time."

One was struck at once by the busyness of the life and its efficiency. We had been caught up by an organization that transported us, fed us, housed us, delivered us into the hands of a host or at the doors of an entertainment, returned us to our hotel, took us on excursions, provided us with drives, protected us from intrusion, conducted us through crowds, intelligently, suavely, without any hitch, comfortably, almost invisibly, with a foresight that seemed to provide for every contingency that could happen,

and to be prepared for any change of plan that we could wish.

And the spectacle of the life through which we hurried had the same air of having conquered the material agents of existence to the same end—namely, that every one should get as much as possible done in a day with as little friction as possible in the mechanical means of doing it.

From some of the Americans whom I have seen abroad I had not got a very happy impression, and now I understand why.

They had been out of their element; they had left at home their reason for being. The women, for example, were less conspicuously dressed than some I had seen in Paris, and less nervously self-assertive; and the men were more easy and more natural. They were not on the defensive among foreigners whom they felt to be critical or whom they desired to impress. They were not blatant nor apologetic. They were happy, intelligent, hospitable and altogether engaging.

I found no one with whom conversation was not instantly possible, and the volubility of my conversation was a matter of amused comment with our suite. The truth was that I was not only sympathetically interested in all I saw and eager to talk about it, I was also at once aware of the friendliness of the eyes that watched and listened, and I talked, and my vis-a-vis talked, without any awkwardness of restraint.

There were no royal "monkey tricks" expected of me. I was unable to dance—though I often longed to—because I was on an official visit, and questions of precedence would have made it necessary for me to choose the most important personage in the room as my partner or take the risk of offending him.

And the most important person at a dance is not always the best dancer. But I was not set apart on a date, as I would have been at home—"always on a stand, like a harp," as I used to complain—and I enjoyed myself. I felt that I was really meeting the people whom I met. I was not merely royalty; I was a sort of national guest, whom every one tried to interest and entertain.

One accepted as an inevitable part of one's public character the army of reporters and photographers who surrounded us at every official appearance. They were not intrusive, and having learned that I could not give interviews they did not try to get any. The goodwill of the crowd, who were as omnipresent as the newspaper men, was always delightful.

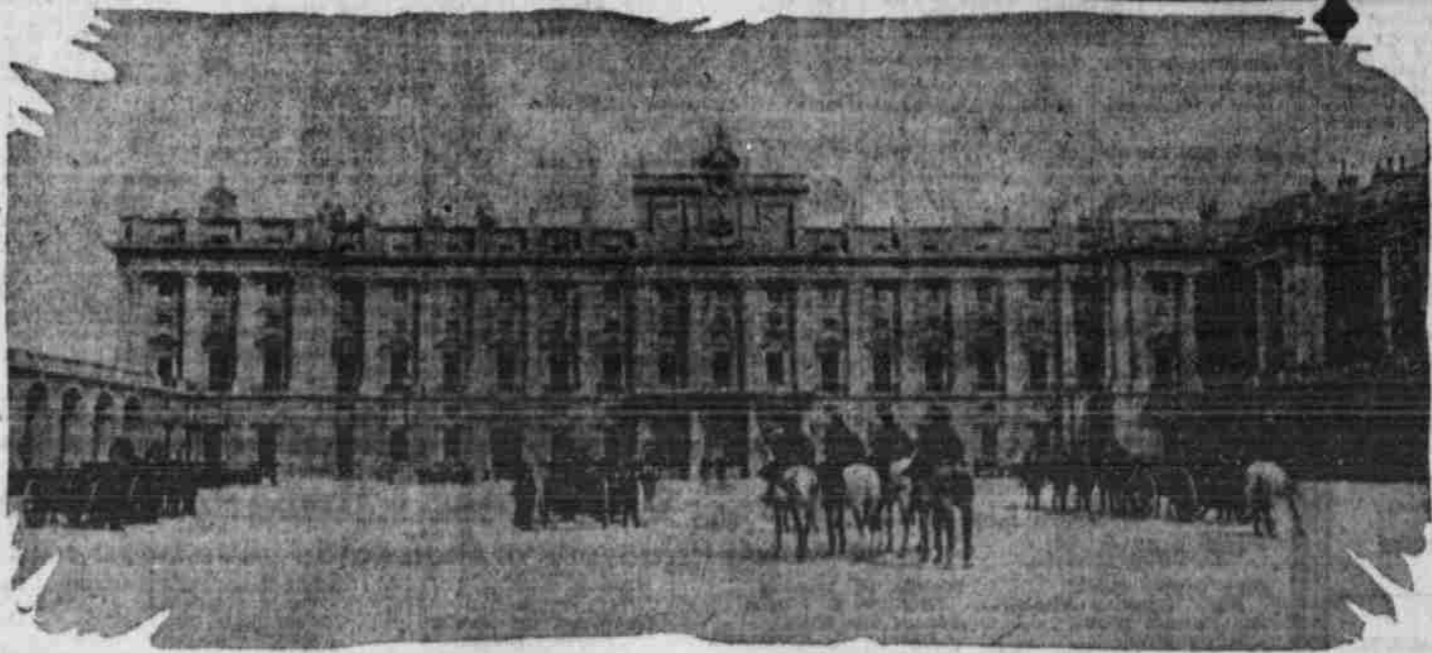
They gathered, of course, merely out of curiosity, but their stares were not, as in other countries, either awed or inimical or just curious. They greeted you, as they might their own representatives, with amiable smiles and cheers, waving their handkerchiefs.

In the thronged streets of the exposition they could not be held back by our police escort, who struggled with our good-naturedly as they, good-naturedly,

pressed in upon us, and one could not help but accept their pressure with a smile. It was all quite human and jolly and inoffensive—a democratic crowd, democratically unrestrained in its interest in everything and everybody. When I was complimented on the popular impression which I seemed to make I could reply, quite truthfully, that if the Americans liked me it must be because they could see how I liked them. I liked them immensely.

They seemed all prosperous and all happy. We had no begging letters and petitions for alms thrown into our carriage, such as would have overwhelmed us at home. We did not meet any of those affected excesses of deference to royalty which would have been so out of place in a country where there is no Crown. If people crowded to see us, out of curiosity, I could not complain; I was

King Alfonso XIII. of Spain, the Infanta's Nephew, Who Threatened to Deprive Her of Her Title and Allowances.



The Royal Palace, Madrid, Where the Infanta Eulalia Formerly Enjoyed Apartments, from Which She Was Excluded for Expressing Herself Too Liberally.

just as curious to see them. They were not rude—and I hope I was not.

Any one who makes a royal visit to any country must see it superficially; and if I wrote here that President Cleveland and his beautiful wife were charming hosts, that the country around Washington reminded me of England, that the lake front in Chicago (which was about as big of Chicago that I really saw) was

handsome, that New York was New York, and the Hudson River the Hudson River—I should not relieve my mind of anything that even Lewis Carroll's conversational wairus would have cared to hear. And I should not interest even myself by writing it.

If I had come to America as a person distinguished by intellect, instead of merely by birth, I might have been very

proud of the crowds that came to see me, and my contact with American life might have been an illuminating experience worth detailing. As it was, my apparent popularity could mean nothing to me personally, and my experiences, though pleasant, can mean nothing to any one else. Nothing had happened to change

my belief that my public life as a royal personage was a busy futility.

And when our steamship drew away from the shores of New York, and all the farewells had been said, and the last cheers of the last crowd had sounded, I was at once sad to watch a land recede that I felt I should never see again, and glad to be alone with my own thoughts and free to lay off my public character.

The Infanta Eulalia in the Salon of Her Present Home.

Some Very Queer Jobs Warships Have Done

NOT all the tasks warships are called on to undertake have to do with war and the destruction of human life and property.

A couple of French warships were sent into the Mediterranean some years ago to wage war against a school of porpoises which were doing an immense amount of damage to the fishing industry in those waters. After three days' hostilities, during which quick-firing guns were used with considerable effect, the vessels returned to port triumphant, having practically annihilated the enemy.

A year or two ago a warship of Great Britain's Australian fleet was given the strange job of capturing or destroying a mysterious sea monster which had been

reported off the Falkland Islands, the scene of the recent German naval defeat.

It is pretty safe to say that the officers, if not the crew, entertained grave doubts of the actual existence of the frightful creature which had been described; it was too terrifying, hideous, gigantic and ferocious.

But shortly after the ship arrived in the waters where the monster was supposed to lie in wait for vessels, the officer of the watch described a strange-looking beast making toward his ship, and it was immediately guessed that this must be the substance of all the alarming tales. And a pretty good substance it proved, too.

An attack was made upon it, and after some hours fighting with harpoons and quick-firers, the mysterious

monster, which proved to be a sea-elephant between thirteen and fourteen yards long, was slaughtered and taken aboard.

Some years ago the Norwegian government sent out a powerful little fleet of warships, armed with mines, torpedoes and quick-firing guns, to exterminate a vast horde of seals which was denuding the sea on the northwest coast of all fish life.

But the government had reckoned upon tens of thousands of seals, whereas there were millions. So unending was their number that the fleet had eventually to admit itself defeated, with the loss of one man and two slightly wounded, owing to an accident, and to "retire in order," having exhausted its entire supply of ammunition.