

KING OF SPAIN IN INTERVIEW TELLS OF LIFE

Young Monarch Very Popular in England; Holds Ideals of King Edward; Will Not Express War Sympathies.

New York, March 22.—The following interview with the king of Spain, written for the London Daily Mail, is, by special arrangement with that paper, made available for members of the Associated Press.

The first time I saw the king of Spain he was running up the steps of the Ritz hotel in London, and the cabman to whom I was paying my fare remarked, "Good old Alfonso." He was certainly not old, and it is possible that at the moment he was not particularly good; but the words expressed faithfully enough the attitude of mind, sympathetic, half-proprietorial, wholly indulgent, of the British public toward the boyish monarch of a friendly but foreign land. It was enough that he was coming to England for a wife, and that he was the friend and protégé of King Edward; he was "one of us."

The next time I saw him was at his mother's palace of Miramar, in Sebastian, where he did me the honor to receive me in private audience. The first touch of autumn was on the roses and (it must be confessed) the geraniums of the palace garden. But the sunshine lay hot and bright on the blue waters of the shell-pink bay, where, under the very windows of the palace, the great yacht *Grauda* was rolling at its moorings.

Makes Impressive Sight.

On the walls of the room where I waited there was but one picture—an enlarged photograph of a little boy on a horse; little boy sitting firm and upright in his saddle, his face turned to look you straight in the eyes with an expression of keyed-up courage, of anxious boldness, as though to meet whatever destinies might lie before him. I thought as I regarded the picture, that some good influences must have at work moulding the little mind that looked through the windows; and the words of the London caddy came back to my mind and gave me the sense that in a foreign country and amid the uncustomary environment of royal state, I was about to meet a familiar friend.

Just at first, on being ushered into his presence, that sense forsook me. The young man who came forward, with just a touch of formality, to greet me, seemed to be a denizen of the historical rather than the actual world; and the arched eyebrows, lion moustache, and the iced eye brows, Hapsburg chin and arch, under the long Bourbon nose, produced a strangely foreign impression which it took a few moments of the easiness of the modern manner and the well modulated English of the quiet voice to dispel. But only a few minutes.

Velasquez faded, and the little boy on the horse and the youth enjoying himself in London became so real that presently I told him about the caddy's remark. It was obvious, that it represented just the kind of feeling the sportsman in him would wish to inspire; and the wide, slow smile spread over his face as we talked of London and England—especially of King Edward, of whom he spoke with an affection and regret that were very touching to an Englishman. The love of life that endeared Edward to his world found a ready echo in the young heart of Don Alfonso.

"He was my professor," he said, and the boy who had never known a father found in the worldly wisdom of the English king a supplement to the loving, though stricter, influences of his own circle. He told me of the dozen ways in which King Edward, by showing a ready sympathy with youthful high spirits, could hold them back from follies or excesses by a single word or hint, and at the same time win the heart of his young fellow traveler on the difficult road of royalty.

Loyal to Edward.

"I was his most loyal subject," said King Alfonso, and very gracefully on the part of his Catholic majesty.

I have had other talks with his majesty in the same and other surroundings—among them in those of the royal palace in Madrid, perhaps the most magnificent of the inhabited houses of kings. There the setting is so elaborate that one could hardly be surprised to find the man being a little obliterated by the monarch. But it was not so in my experience. When, after being passed from hand to hand, one traversed alone the great chamber under the glowing canopy of Tiepolo, it was the same, friendly and unaffected graciousness that waited for one and led the way to the little ante-room where chairs and cigarettes were substituted for inclinations and formalities. By dwelling on what he has in common with you, and seeming to ignore the rest, he throws a light bridge across whatever gulfs of training, race or estate may separate you from him; and so makes it possible for one whose knowledge of him is as limited as mine to form some living acquaintance with the mind and character that lie beneath the smiling surface.

The first thing that strikes one in King Alfonso, apart from the fact that he is a young man of extremely agreeable manners, is a certain modesty of mind which I imagine is unusual in ruling monarchs. It is true that he is the king of Spain; but you feel also that he regards that position as furnishing him with the means of himself the end; that he values it much less for the sake of its privileges than of its opportunities. In every serious word he says you realize his own sense that besides going king he is a human being, in a position of great responsibility toward other human beings; that his lot is cast in a difficult time, in which all true men are called upon to exert their whole strength and pull their whole weight.

King Has No Snap.

"These are not easy times in which to be a king," he said to me; "one has to know a great deal more and work a great deal harder than in any other time. And if you fail, your failure means a great deal more. I may not be good enough for the post," he added, "but anyhow I mean to try my best."

I quote his remark because I believe it represents no mere affection, but a genuine sense of his responsibilities and of the difficulty of discharging

them aright. It is not that he has an obsession as to the greatness of his position; rather that he has arrived at the conclusion along with most men of sense and spirit that it is none too easy a task to fulfill one's whole obligations in any walk of life, and that the complications of constitutional sovereignty are not exactly things that make it easier.

His conversation is, I think, less an expression of his own mind than a search and angling exploration into the mind of the person he is talking to. He wants to know things, you feel; to inform himself, to fish out and extract the note of truth from that changing tune of voices, all modulated to one more or less deferential key, with which it is the royal lot to be surrounded. And his methods are very clever. He has a trick of starting a subject by suddenly expressing a view, probably rather a startling view, and possibly not at all his own view, in order to hear what you have to say. He is much more interested if you disagree with him than if you agree; and I am sure he takes a sly pleasure in the statements of those who desire, but are afraid, to disagree with him. And he is successful in his method. At the end of a conversation he will probably know much more about you than you know about him.

But there shines through the intercourse, certainly as I have found it, a certain clear preference for the truth, even though it may not be agreeable, which courtiers are perhaps not very quick to gratify. It is difficult for an ordinary person, to whom the source of information on things in general are open and who approaches them by the common access, to realize the difference between his views of them and that of a monarch, to whom they are always interpreted in the light of his own position. The very minds of men are as difficult for him to know as the streets of his own capital. Both are self-conscious in his presence; they are turned, as it were, to him, and present the aspect which they deem suitable. He sees everything in full face, and nothing in profile. He hardly ever overhears or overhears; what he hears is spoken to him, to what he sees is prepared for him to look at.

Has Royal Disadvantages.

The king of Spain is perfectly aware of this royal disadvantage, and he hardly ever overcomes it, partly by seeing as many kinds of people as he can and partly by the exercise of his own very considerable intelligence. It is his character, moreover, to be sympathetic, and this, too, has its pitfalls, for in matters outside his immediate knowledge he is readily open to persuasion. Perhaps too open, for he seems sometimes to be influenced by views and ideas the basis and origin of which cannot be really congenial to his own candid mind. It is the weakness of graceful natures, and in Don Alfonso there is an essential grace of character, outwardly matched by the gracefulness of attitude and movement which is remarkable even in a country where gracefulness is a masculine rather than a feminine attribute. Whether one would say that he is more open to persuasion than to conviction, and the voice of the latest persuader seems to have most influence with him, I say "seems," because whether this susceptibility to influence is based, in the case of the king, on real weakness or strength I do not pretend to know. The young tree swings and there is an essential grace of character, outwardly matched by the gracefulness of attitude and movement which is remarkable even in a country where gracefulness is a masculine rather than a feminine attribute. Whether one would say that he is more open to persuasion than to conviction, and the voice of the latest persuader seems to have most influence with him, I say "seems," because whether this susceptibility to influence is based, in the case of the king, on real weakness or strength I do not pretend to know.

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We talked about this one day, and he was remarkably frank and clear-minded about it. He loves his Spain, there is no doubt about that; more than once in our talks he has said: "Remember, I am a Spaniard first, a Spanish soldier next, and a king—or a pro-throne or anti-throne—afterwards."

His first anxiety is to do wisely and rightly for Spain; how to do it, and wherein wisdom consists, naturally not always clear. The army is what he knows best in Spain. Military science has been his special study, and in his role of soldier he takes himself very seriously indeed. But the millions in his country are necessarily cut off from him personally; between their lives and his life, their difficulties and his difficulties, is interposed a peculiar system of government, over which, in fact, neither they nor he have much actual control; although I like to think that the crowds of poor people who loaf all day in the sun in the very shadow of the palace walls, who bring their meals there and play their games there, symbolize an intimacy that exists in the heart, even if it finds no other outward expression.

Loves Active Sport.

Don Alfonso has this attribute of kingship; that in more than one respect he is in advance of his people. In this attitude towards sport, for example he comes nearer to the English ideal than possibly any other Spaniard. He has little use for the kind of sport that consists in looking on at bull fights and betting on pelota matches. He loves the active role. In polo his is a courageous, dashing, hard-riding, and rather rough game, variegated by a streak of stunt stunts. In polo, as in motor-driving, it is the danger and the pace that he loves. He is one of the best partridge shots living and an implacable killer. Here also it is the pace that he loves and the danger—in this case to the partridge.

I once said to him that the real danger to a king in his position lay not in the poor people who had not enough to eat, not in the strikers against economic injustice, but in the idle young men of the upper classes who do nothing, sacrifice nothing, create nothing for the good of their country.

"I quite agree with you," he said, and proved it by telling me of some of his schemes for training and inducing this idle class to take some real part in the work of the country. His influence on them can only be for good; but it is an appalling task even for a king to undertake single handed—the reformation of a whole class. But here, also, whether

he succeeds or not, it will not be for lack of courageous effort.

Of course we talked of the war; but here he asked questions more than expressed opinions, and I can honestly say that on no occasion did he say anything as to where his private sympathies lay. But I am entitled to my own opinion, and it was of a nature to make me like, and not dislike, telling him about the war as I have seen it by sea and land.

His courage is perhaps the noblest and the most conspicuous thing about King Alfonso. It is the courage of the very finest temper. I spoke of the young tree swaying in the winds, untried as yet by the tempest. Really I have no doubt as to the result of the trial. Courage like his can bend almost infinitely, but it can also stand firm as a well-rooted tree in the storm.

And the storm is coming. When or how, from what direction, I am wise enough not to predict. I can only say that in Spain are all the elements, ripe and over-ripe, for a commotion of the first magnitude. It is often threatened. I have seen him in one moment when it seemed imminent, and found him ready to meet it with the smiling gravity, the calm but alert courage that has visualized the worst that can happen and finds it neither terrifying or unbearable.

When the trial does come, whether it takes the form of a violent crisis or the long-drawn agony of the birth of a new Spain, it will find King Alfonso ready and resourceful. He is not afraid of the coming storm. Perhaps—who knows—he may find in it his true hour, his supreme opportunity. At any rate, to hope so is to wish him well in the highest and best sense.

Boy's Passion for Chemistry Ends in Suicide

A verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity" was returned on Saturday at Hornsey at an inquest on the body of Arthur Easterbrook of Quornmore road, Stroud Green, a school boy, aged 14, who died after taking cyanide of potassium.

It was stated that the boy, the son of a retired civil servant, was a pupil at the Hornsey county school, and that he had shown extraordinary aptitude in the study of chemistry. He was found dying in an attic where he carried on his studies. In a letter found in the room the boy had written: "I have lived and died for chemistry. Farwell, my beloved chemistry. I am removing myself to another planet, where I can carry on my studies undisturbed."

Mr. Arthur E. Easterbrook said that his son often brought home chemicals, and the witness believed that he purchased them. On Wednesday two masters of the school came to the house and inquired about some valuable weights which had been taken from the school, and the witness soon after found the boy dying in his room.

Dr. Lockhead stated that death was due to cyanide of potassium poisoning.

Mr. Gibbon, senior physics master at Hornsey county school, said that he missed some articles from the school laboratory, and that in the boy's laboratory he found some expensive scales which belonged to the school. The boy said that they were given to him by another boy, but he would not give the boy's name.

Robert John Price, chemist, of Stroud Green, said that on Wednesday evening the boy bought some cyanide of potassium.

The Coroner—Did he sign for it?

The witness—No, he had signed on previous occasions, but not this time. But that is not sufficient?—Not technically. He did not sign on this occasion because he was very frequently buying drugs.

The Coroner—That has nothing to do with it. This is a Schedule A poison and ought to be signed for. The police had better take note of the fact that this witness sold to a boy of 14 a poison without asking for his signature.

Addressing the jury, the Coroner said that no one could think that such an act could be committed by any person who was sane. He and the jury expressed their sincere sympathy with the family.—London Chronicle.

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SKINNER'S BIG IDEA. By Henry Irving Dodge. Harper & Brothers, \$1.50.

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ONE MONEY! MONEY! By Eleanor H. Porter. Houghton Mifflin Co., \$1.50.

Stanley Fulton, a bachelor with only dollars for companionship, begins to wonder what will become of his 20 millions when he dies. In order to test in advance his only relatives—three distant cousins whom he has never seen—he decides to give them each \$100,000 and then appear among them as plain John Smith and watch the result of his experiment. How the money was spent by the different families, bringing joy and a wholesome life to some, and only sorrow to others, and how "John Smith," himself learns a needed lesson and finds a wife is told in this book.

KEEPING HIS COURSE. By Ralph Henry Barbour. D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

This is another of Barbour's inimitable boy stories, chock-full of excitement, adventure, business and base ball.

NOBODY'S CHILD. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Bobbs Merrill Company, \$1.50.

The dramatic interest of this story is concentrated in Ann—Nobody's Child—the lovely young daughter of an impoverished family of farmers whose fields border on the estate of the wealthy old house of Westmore. Why Ann is loved at home and why her father has absented himself during the greater part of her life the young girl herself does not know. Instinct tells her there is some sinister motive back of his neglect, but what it is neither she nor the reader learns until late in the story. Ann is a refreshing creation. Mrs. Dejeans has succeeded in conveying a vivid impression of youthful innocence, girlish charm, spontaneous gaiety and above all a great hunger for affection and happiness.

Miscellaneous.

MANUAL OF PHYSICAL TRAINING. George Sully & Co., 75 cents.

This book contains the latest United States War Department Manual with detailed instructions and regulations in force in the new allied armies as developed by the British and French in the present war. A treasure house of practical information. One hundred illustrations and diagrams.

DEDUCTIONS FROM THE WORLD WAR. By Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, of the German Imperial Staff.

This book is very instructive as a denunciation of international ideals and as a warning of the plans, which are being made in Berlin for the cold and reasoned application of the lessons of the war and the development of a still more scientific military system, a still more perfect war-machine than existed in 1914. Circulation of the book in Germany was prohibited, but its export was prohibited and very few copies have found their way across the frontier.

FARM ACCOUNTING. By Hiram T. Scovill. D. Appleton & Co., \$2.

Farming is a business—no less exact and much more important than almost any other. Starting with this thought as a basis, Mr. Scovill shows just how to keep an exact record of its operations and analyze them in such a way as to insure the greatest financial benefit therefrom. The fundamental principles of commercial accounting are applied in an exceptionally clear and simple fashion to the peculiarities of the farm.

IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE. By Demetra Vaka. Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$2.

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hand from kings, ministers and generals, of the trail of intrigue and corruption that stretches down the center of Europe.

HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell. Harper & Brothers, \$1.50.

The latest discoveries and researches, modern interpretations, and graphic restorations are united in this book, which treats of the history of architecture as a living art down to the present day.

SEA DOGS AND MEN AT ARMS. By Jesse Edgar Middleton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

A Canadian book of songs—stirring, martial verse, ringing with the glory of English achievement by land sea and air, and particularly attentive to the valiant spirit and shining deeds of Canada.

IF A MAN DIE. By Rev. J. D. Jones, D. D. George H. Doran Company, \$1.

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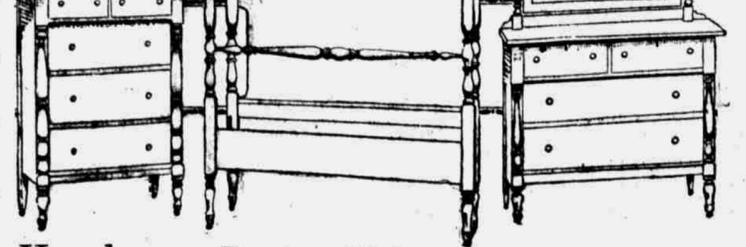
God. It gives a satisfying answer to the grief-stricken and brings genuine consolation.

RISE OF JAPAN. By James T. Sunderland. G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.25.

This book gives what high authorities on Japan believe to be probably the most just, fair and reliable and at the same time the most illuminating portrayal that has appeared in brief form from any source of the true character of the Japanese people, of their civilization as compared with our own, and of the real aims and ideals that as a nation they have set before themselves for realization.

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