

London Correspondence

Of course the Prince's birthday was celebrated very quietly, but nevertheless he had down a few special friends to Sandringham, and he got any number of presents, including one from his wife. Though he is now gray headed, and very much a grandfather, he is very funny when he receives presents, for whereas, of course, all his letters are opened by his secretaries, he never will allow a parcel to be touched, but insists on cutting the string and removing all the wrappers himself. He says he loves getting presents. When he uncovers an offering that pleases him his glee is quite boyish; the gift has to be taken over the house to show to everybody. If he can't quite make out what he has got or who the sender is, His Royal Highness winks his left eye very fast. This is a fact, odd as it may sound; he always winks when he is surprised at anything; I don't think he can help it. By the way, this habit of opening all his own parcels is objected to by the officers of the household, who are always on the lookout for infernal machines and similar devices. Their alarm is surely needless; the Prince is far too popular to be made the victim of anarchists. At least he seems to think so, for when such fears are expressed to him he always laughs very heartily.

Poor little Princess Maude has had to consent to living in Denmark, but the King, in order to comfort her, has given her a house "all to herself." She flilly refused to live in the beautifully furnished flat in one of the palaces which had been got ready for her, "because," as she said, "you met all sorts of people as you went in and out." So now she will at least have privacy. Her new home is small, but that does not matter for the present.

People are still wondering and gossiping about the Buccleuch puzzle—i.e., why the Duke of Buccleuch should have been given the Garter left vacant by the Marquis of Northampton's death, whereas everybody expected that either the Duke of Portland or the Duke of Bedford would receive it. Additional surprise is felt because the Duke is already a Knight of the Thistle, and it is a well established rule that the two decorations are hardly ever conferred on one man. I believe the real reason for the unusual honor is the Queen's fondness for the Duchess of Buccleuch, who was her Mistress of the Robes for a long while and is *persona gratissima* at court. Besides, both the other Dukes are young men, and can well afford to wait until another Garter falls to the Queen's disposal. The Duchess of Buccleuch was a Hamilton, sister to the Duke of Abercorn and the Marchioness of Blandford, so she is great aunt to the famous Marlborough baby. Her eldest son, Lord Dalkeith, is married to one of the Bridgeman; she has four other sons, of whom Lord George is in the smart Tenth Hussars, the Prince of Wales' regiment and the one to which the poor Duke of Clarence belonged. The daughters, Lady Katharine and Lady Constance Scott, are of our smartest and best behaved girls, great favorites at court and certain to make brilliant marriages. In fact, all the Scotts of the Buccleuch and Queensberry clan are so eminently *comme il faut* that it is not at all surprising to experts in such matters that Her Majesty should specially honor them.

Several additions to the ranks of aristocratic authors have lately been made. The Duke of Atholl has at last finished his work. "The Chronicles of the Atholl and Tullibardine Families," which will cause quite a sensation among Highlanders and indeed, Scotsmen generally. (You note that I do not fall into the common southern error of calling these clanish worthies *Scotchmen*, than which nothing makes them more indignant.)

Yellow journalism is as prevalent in England as it is in this country, but on account of different conditions it assumes a different form. The *Saturday Review* of London, is a conspicuous example of it. The correspondent of the *Review* reported in detail his alleged conversations with the King and the Crown Prince of Greece; the King and Crown Prince published denials of his statements; whereupon the *Review* declares that the King and Crown Prince are liars, and that it prefers to trust to its discredited correspondent. This is yellow journalism of a malignant type. Every public man reserves the right to disavow the unauthorized publication of private conversations, and every editor that has been seduced into printing such confidential interviews accepts the disavowals courteously. The late Roscoe Conkling used to talk very frankly to reporters and then add, "Of course if you publish this I shall deny that I said it." The experienced reporters replied: "Oh, of course!" One day a green-horn added to his copy: "Having said all this, Mr. Conkling remarked that he should repudiate it if he saw it in print." Nevertheless the reporter was discharged.

In a recent *Review* the editor relates confidential conversations with Lord Rosmead—better known as Sir Hercules Robinson—and represents him as saying of his superior official, Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, "He is not a gentleman; no gentleman would act so to his subordinates." I do not believe that Sir Hercules ever used the words that have been put into his dead mouth. The sneer that Mr. Chamberlain "is not a gentleman" is older than the events in South Africa in which Sir Hercules took part. It was invented by the Tories when Mr. Chamberlain was a Radical leader, and it was repeated by the Radicals when Mr. Chamberlain went over to the Tories. The same phrase was used against Mr. Disraeli, yet Mr. Disraeli became Premier of England, and I have no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain will achieve the same distinction if the silly attacks upon him be continued.

"How shall I begin this story of the explosion?" asked the new reporter.

"Begin it, 'his story of last night's stupendous tragedy is soon told,' etc.," replied the city editor. "And, by the way, you'd better make about three columns of it."

Mrs. Smythe—That woman's father left her \$2,000,000 in her own right.

Mrs. Tompkins—I might have guessed that much; she dresses so dowdily that any one could see she was spending her own money for her clothes.

"Yes," said the widow, "I have great fears for my poor husband's future!"

"Why so?" inquired the sympathizing friend.

"He died of apoplexy while trying to drive a pig out of the garden."

Gilfoyle—Fosdick perjured himself like a gentleman.

Poindexter—How's that?

Gilfoyle—He swore to his brother's wife that her new baby was the finest infant that ever lived.

Geraldine—I never allow a man to kiss me unless we are engaged, but—

Gerald—But what?

Geraldine—Of course we can break the engagement after the kiss.

Quip—A fanatic is a man that would burn the world to save a haystack.

Nip—Yes, and the worst of it is he's always under the impression that he's burning a haystack to save the world.

Some men are so fond of excitement they'd rather get licked than have nothing happen.

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