

# HOW THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL SAVED THE LIFE OF HER BOAT-MAN.



AMELIE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

BY COURTESY OF SENIAD PORTUGUEZA. BETTENCOURT DA CAMARA PHOTO.



HE WAS CLINGING TO THE BOAT.



EVERYBODY in Portugal knew that its Queen was clever and beautiful and charming. They have only now discovered, however, that she is the first distinguished heroine of the new century.

It happened at Cascaes. This is Portugal's Newport. Here is a royal palace built, a palace to be used in summertime, when Lisbon's court circles grow dull in the heat of the year. Because royalty has chosen Cascaes for its summer laziness all fashionable Lisbon flocks to Cascaes likewise and strolls upon its sands and bathes in its surf.

Summer lingers in Portugal. Deep into November its walks are thronged, its water dotted. Deep into November Queen Amelie may be seen at her daily plunge, leading a fashion that others try to copy and in the trying fall. For Queen Amelie is a swimmer par excellence. If she had happened to be born in another phase of life she would have turned out a prize diver to be exhibited. As it is, she swims for pleasure, not for profit, and an admiring crowd always gathers on the beach when she appears on the porch of the royal bathhouse. Dozens of field glasses are leveled at her, for everybody has heard of the way she swims on her side and the way she floats and the way she dives. Those who have heard want to see, and those who have seen want to see again.

"She moves in water like a cat on dry land," a traveler says. "She glides and slides, and you can't tell exactly how she moves, but she goes surprisingly fast."

"And graceful! There isn't a fish in the seven seas that looks more at his ease, out for a stroll in the water. She looks back and laughs at the court ladies, who gasp behind her, trying to keep up."

The royal palace at Cascaes, Felix Triguero says, is a summer residence on a large scale. Around it and as near as its royal dignity permits are other summer homes of Portugal's swiftdom. For them there are bathhouses along the beach. For the royal family a bathhouse has been built half a mile out in the water, and the royal bathers are rowed back and forth between it and the beach.

This bathhouse is a little island all by itself. It stands high upon a foundation of piles, and is a brightly colored dot on the big, blue water. The Queen likes cheerful colors, and she is said to have ordered the painting of the bathhouse.

Year after year the Queen spends her summers at Cascaes, and every summer day sees her in the water. Her swimming is only one of her many accomplishments to the world. It does not surprise her people much, for they expect her to do something clever. She has always been doing clever things ever since Don Carlos brought her home with him to the Lisbon palace. She capped the climax, however, when she saved Catalao's life.

It was on a day when she had hesitated a little about going to the bathhouse. "It looks threatening above," she said, thinking out loud, as she stood by the window. An ugly colored cloud had sneaked in front of the sun and made the sky look dreary.

"It appears to be much too threatening for your Majesty to trust herself out of doors," put in a lady of the court, one who is always poking in her oar like a fussy grandmother. That settled it. "No risk whatever," said the Queen. "I shall go. Suppose I do get wet, what of it? Won't I dry? To be sure I will. Suppose the waves are heavy? What of that? All the more fun swimming. I shall be able to keep my head above the water, never fear. And all the ladies will try to keep up, and they will be stepped in the face by the rough waves and they will have to go back to the bathhouse. Won't you, ladies?" she cried tauntingly, and off she went with a laugh and gave her maid orders to make her ready.

The maid was immensely pleased, though she had to look like a sphinx. She liked her tall, bright-eyed Queen, and

what she especially liked was her spirit. At social functions she is the life of the company. In her home life she is a ruler without need of title. In her sports she is fearless. No wonder her maid adores her.

By the time the royal rowboat pushed away from shore the ugly little cloud had slipped away from the sun and the weather looked more hopeful. The fussy court lady was disappointed because it looked as if she would have no chance to this. "I told you so." This is the most satisfaction that a court lady can get out of being in the right. She would never dare say so.

Jose Catalao was the man who rowed her out to the bathing place. He always is the man. He has been employed as the Queen's boatman for a long time, for he is trustworthy and the Queen is loyal to any servant who is loyal to her. So while Catalao is a good and willing boatman he knows that no man can take his place. He was pretty sure of this before, much surer now since the famous rescue.

Jose has a family living in Cascaes. They are poor, but what they have from his income is sure. During the season when royalty shines in the Lisbon palace Jose picks up all sorts of jobs about town and his wife takes in washing sometimes. The whole family are so proud of having Jose work for the Queen that once his wife refused a high-priced washing from one of her neighbors because the neighbor's husband merely owned a bathhouse on the beach—one which royalty did not patronize, although the boatman's income was three times as large as Jose's.

Before Jose pushed off on the day of the accident he remarked that there would be a rough sea soon.

"The cloud has passed," said the Queen. "Yes, your Majesty; but the water grows dark and there are flecks of foam on the waves."

"Are you afraid, Jose?" questioned the Queen in her most withering inflection.

But Jose knew his sovereign too well to be withered. He was only delighted at the implication that she was not afraid. He tried to accept the reproach with a properly humble bow, but a twinkle of enjoyment would steal into his eyes, despite his efforts, and the dimple next to the corner of his mouth would show. Somehow the Queen caught his eye and they both laughed together.

"If you're not afraid, I'm not, Jose," said she.

He was charmed. He dipped his oars in and pulled on them in big, strong tugs, for the water resisted heavily.

The Queen was in glorious spirits. She liked the way the boat rocked and the boatman pulled. When she got on her bathing suit she ran laughing out upon the veranda and called to all who dared to follow her. The ladies dipped squeamishly into the waves. Some struck out, but all gave up after a few strokes.

Never had Amelie swum so daringly. She was more lovely in the water than ever before. She freckled like a dolphin, laughed in the face of every wave that grew bold and kept sufficient breath to shout mockingly to her timid followers.

So for a splendid half hour she played and did not notice that the clouds were heavier.

"It's getting cold," she cried at last, feeling a sudden chill of incoming water. She swam reluctantly back to the house. Catalao was anxiously watching sky and water.

"Jose is still fearful," she said with a taunting little shrug as she passed into her apartments.

When she came out she was dressed warmly, even heavily. She had an extra wrap about her shoulders, for the air had turned sharply cold. The weight of her dressing had its significance later on.

The row back to the beach was a fight—the oars against the waves. The struggle was hard. Queen Amelie watched contentedly. She likes stormy weather almost as well as bright; not that she enjoys melancholy, but she throws her own sunshine over the grayer kind of a day, and she rather enjoys seeing that the gloomiest kind of a croaker cannot resist her. She cuddled farther down in her wraps and watched the muscles shift in Jose's big arms.

It is only half a mile back to the beach, but even in the short time of rowing a great change was noticed in the waves. It was not until the boat was within a few yards of shore that a wave proved too much for it. They saw the great white-topped thing coming toward them, but they never doubted the little boat's trustworthiness. On it came, dark and heavy. It growled sulkily. Then it struck and there was a crash.

For an instant nobody was conscious of anything except big noises and much water and then being flung about and hurled against hard things. The boat had been overturned.

Queen Amelie recovered her self-possession. She struggled a moment before she could strike out, for her cloak bound her. She tried to throw it off, but it clung. Then, seeing that she could not rid herself of it, she flung her arms out free and swam toward the beach.

Suddenly she heard shouts behind her. "Help!" She knew the voice of her loyal boatman, calling to people on the beach.

Her first thought was that he called for her, which was indeed true. But as the cries grew more despairing she turned to call back proudly that she did not need help. In turning she saw that Jose did not follow.

He was clinging to the boat. As she looked his hold loosened and she saw him dragged down by the undertow.

Queen Amelie never hesitated. "He has been faithful to me, I will be faithful to him," was what she would have said if she had spoken. She made one more futile attempt to fling off her cloak, then she swam back toward the drowning man.

People on shore were watching breathlessly. It all happened so quickly that no one could interfere. Help came running down to the beach, but when they got there the Queen was far out in the water. The onlookers saw her appear and disappear. Then she came swimming toward them. One of the royal hands was under the boatman's chin. The other was striking desperately for shore.

Not a person aided in the rescue. She had Jose Catalao back upon the beach before any one was able to give help. If any other woman had done the thing

she would have fainted promptly, the rescue being achieved. But Queen Amelie did no such thing.

"Yes, I'm a little damp," she said, "but that doesn't matter. I haven't time to think about that until I see that this poor man is taken care of. You see his leg is broken, that is plain. That is why he could not save himself. He must be taken to the hospital at once."

And having personally attended to his installment in the Cascaes Hospital she changed her clothes.

Her glory at this point had reached its climax, and if glory was all that Amelie wanted she might have forgotten Catalao then and there. The newspapers of Portugal would have printed just as big headlines and her friends would have gushed just as much.

But she had not finished her work. She knew that Catalao's wages were the support of his family. She saw to it that they received the full amount and will continue doing so until he is able to earn them again.

When he recovered enough to be moved she had him brought to the palace, where he could be better taken care of. He is fairly purring now in the midst of jellies and soups and wines.

If this were a fairy story it would have been the humble boatman who rescued the Queen and was presented with a palace in return. This is not a fairy story.

The only building at Spitzbergen is a tourists' hut about 500 miles from civilization.

In consequence of the increasing cost of Holland oysters American oysters are coming more and more into vogue in Germany.