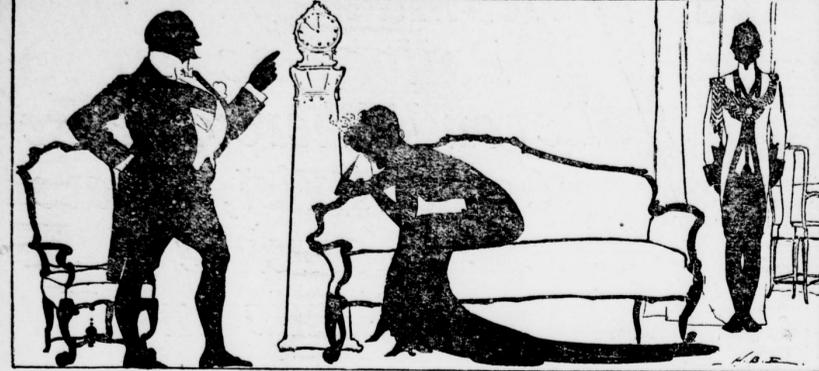


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"Petticoat Perfidies" Make King Edward Peevish.



"Why is it?" demanded King Edward, "that I can never get my dinner on time when I come to see you?" The Duchess in tears confessed that half the servants had gone on strike that morning because of one of her outbursts of temper.

Edward Peevish.

Lovely Marchioness of Anglesey Marries a Commoner;

Astonishing Lady Constance Richardson Goes Into Vaudeville; Haughty Lady Afflick Behind a Counter; Everything at Sixes and Sevens in the Royal Family!

LONDON, Jan. 23. OF late there has been noticed a growing irritability on the part of King Edward which some of his friends have ascribed to ill health, others to his growing maturity and others still to the political troubles which seem to threaten the existence of the house of lords, where so many of Edward's personal attachments lie. But the king says that none of these reasons is right. Instead, a number of most annoying incidents, for which the women of his court and of his own family are at fault, furnish the cause for his disturbed temper and the dwindling of his famous old smile.

Cardigan Memoirs Started It

"Petticoat perfidies," the king has characterized these occurrences, which began with the publication recently of Lady Cardigan's memoirs, that ill-natured and ill-advised rattling of skeletons in the closets of so many of the noble families who made his mother's reign brilliant. "Close upon the Cardigan memoirs came the enthusiastic rendering up of herself to socialism by the Countess of Warwick, that most charming and delightful member of Edward's court, who has had first rank as one of the royal "cronies." The king abhors socialism, and he misses greatly the pleasant talks he and the countess used to have. Somewhat like the earnest suffragettes, who take any peg as one upon which to hang a discourse, the countess never sees the king without being impelled to unload upon him a newest thought of equality and fraternity.

His position is somewhat like that of King George the Second, who, on speaking of one charming member of his court, said: "She was perfectly lovely as long as she just looked herself, but since she has learned to read she's unbearable."

The countess has one of the richest estates in England and devotes much of her time to the education of her son and daughter. The king is greatly disturbed that she will inculcate the abhorred doctrines in the minds of the heir of Warwick and his sister, and so plant what he considers a great deal of future trouble for himself or his successor.

Edward used to enjoy the dinners vastly that the countess gave him, but with her entrance into socialism she has also taken up the raw food cut and the menus at Berwick House are not those to please an epicure.

"A great woman spoiled," the king is said to have remarked recently. "My taste could hardly be called a vegetarian one and I am getting too old to create a new one."

But the latest greatest "petticoat perfidies" that have added at least a dozen gray hairs to the royal tresses are three: The invasion of the vaudeville stage by the versatile and astonishing Lady Constance Richardson, whose barefoot dancing (in private or for charity only) has so delighted royalty and nobility of England and the aristocracy of America; the employment of haughty Lady George Afflick as manageress of a department at Selfridge's "American Store" in London, and the marriage of the beautiful Marchioness of Anglesey to a commoner and the consequent loss of her title.

The Marchioness of Anglesey was one of that curious coterie called "The Souls" to which Mrs. Asquith, the wife of England's premier and the subject of Rose Williams Watson's attack, "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue," also

belonged. The king has always taken a vast interest in the marchioness, as has the queen. The eccentricities of the Marquis of Anglesey, her first husband, who turned his family chapel into a theater and had a penchant for impersonating certain characters on the stage, were notorious and somewhat disliked in two continents. The marchioness was ethereal and poetic; the marquis was fat from being either. Their quarrels were a very great scandal and made the king even then very unhappy. At last the marchioness had almost succeeded in having the marriage annulled, but through the efforts of the king the two were reconciled. Harmony didn't last long and another suit for annulment was begun. Through the king the two were reconciled as the marquis lay dying and the scandal Edward fears more than anything else—a divorce—was averted.

Both royalties hoped that the beautiful young marchioness would now give herself and her yearly income of \$50,000 to a more worthy peer. "The king is a confirmed matchmaker and did his best to line up an excellent list of eligibles for inspection.

But the marchioness was wilful, as usual. John Gilliat is the son of a rich London banker, is a dilettante in art and occupies the same "spiritual plane" as the marchioness. Not long ago the king was praising the qualifications of a certain earl to the lovely widow.

"Oh, I'm going to be married soon," said she. "To whom?" cried the astonished king, not forgetting his English in his amazement. "To John Gilliat," said the marchioness. "A commoner," gasped Edward; "you will forfeit your title." "I hate the title anyway," replied the marchioness.

No Presents From Royalty.

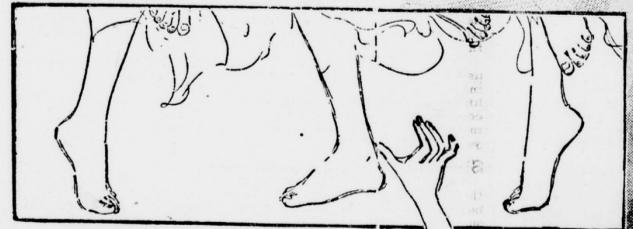
So she became plain Mrs. John Gilliat. There was not a present from king or queen, and for the first time for years the marchioness' name does not appear on the royal visiting list. The king is quite peevish about this.

Lady Afflick's perfidy hasn't even the glamour of romance that surrounds the dances. The Afflicks, although one of the oldest English families and friends of the king, need money badly. When Selfridge, the American storekeeper who has overturned London tradition, employed her at \$200 a week and a commission on all goods she sold to friends, there was much annoyance at Windsor. Lady Afflick is only 33

years old and very attractive and her department, fine gowns, is constantly crowded by persons curious to see a baronet's wife selling costumes.

Lady Constance's White Feet.

Right upon the heels of this came Lady Constance Richardson's reprehensible conduct. Lady Richardson is the daughter of the Earl of Cromartie. It appears that her husband has grown quite impetuous. Lady Richardson loves to do outrageous things which, of course, she does not consider outrageous at all. Frequently

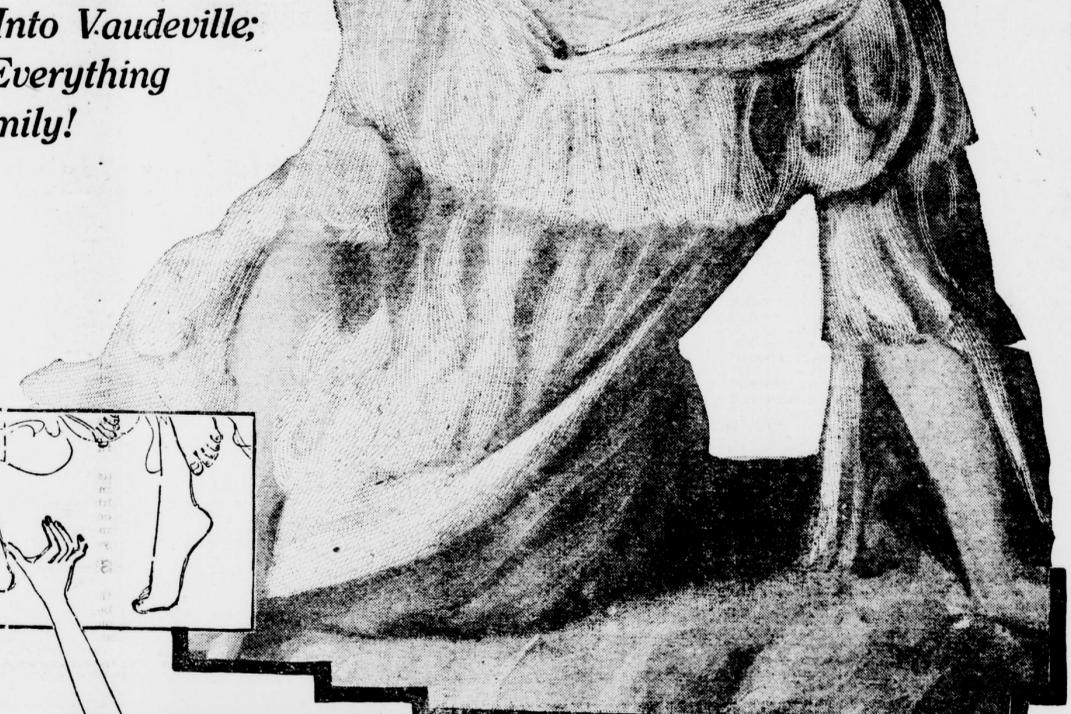


These Are the Feet of Lady Constance Richardson Which It Pains King Edward to Think Will Twinkle for the Proletariat at \$2,500 a Week—and This Is Lady Constance as Nell Brinkley Saw Her When the Aristocrat Was Dancing for Society in This Country.

she has shocked the king by shooting gorillas in Africa unattended except for native bearers, and long distances swims in the Thames, clad in scantiest garments and never with feet in stockings. But King Edward liked her immensely. He and the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Constance's aunt, are closest of chums. When Lady Constance discovered in herself a genius for dancing, the king discovered it, too. Lady Constance was an original in her terpsichorean endeavors as any other. She ran to bare feet and a Grecian simplicity of vestiture. She danced Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and Rubinstein's "Melody in F" at Windsor castle amid tumultuous royal applause. She danced for charity often. In New York recently she also danced for charity.

It became borne upon her suddenly that charity begins at home. The noble Richardsons were most completely laid up. "I'm going in vaudeville," said Lady Constance to her aunt last month. The duchess held up her hands in horror. She appealed to the king. He appealed to Lady Constance's ancestral pride.

"I can't keep up my pride on nothing a year," said she. "Perhaps a grant from the royal treasury," she suggested. "With all this cry over the budget!



King Edward of England, who is Having So Much Trouble With His "Women Folks" and Friends.

The Beautiful Marchioness of Anglesey, Whose Marriage to a Commoner Has So Enraged King Edward.

It would be ridiculous!" exclaimed the king. "Then it's the stage," said the lady. So at \$2500 Lady Constance will soon dance at the very romantically named Alfred Butt's Palace Music Hall. The thought of the aristocratic Richardson toes that twinkled only for royalty and charity twinkling for the proletariat at four shillings a twinkle fills the royal breast of Edward with agony.

His unhappiness is not likely to be lessened by the dance itself. The dancer has departed from the classic for her debut and will burst upon the British public in a creation typifying a 24th bride's joy when her lord and husband returns victorious from war.

In his immediate family the behavior of his daughter, the Duchess of Fife, has very recently given him great anxiety. The duchess is subject to fits of depression, of which she is in one of them there is no living with her in the great house in Portland square. It has been the king's custom to visit his daughter at lunch, but recently he has discontinued this.

The Duke of Fife is equally irascible, and between the two the household is changed about every month. The king demands that his meals shall be served on time wherever he is, which has been a privilege of royalty for ages. He was seldom ever able to get them on schedule when he visited the duchess.

It was last month that he went to dinner at Portland square. The king waited and waited and waited. At last in great anger he arose and demanded: "It that I can never get my dinner on time when I come to see you?" The duchess in tears confessed that her servants had gone on strike that day because of one of her outbursts of temper.

Lost Temper and Servants.

"Which would you rather lose—your temper or your servants?" asked the king, departing supperless in high indignation. It is known that the incident

The appeals of his niece, Queen Victoria of Spain, to be allowed to come back home away from wicked anarchists and bullfighters have become more frequent of late, too, and these rest heavily upon Edward's mind. "The failure of another niece, the

beautiful Princess Patricia, to accept the King of Portugal when he came a-wedding was a sore disappointment. The Princess Patricia, as she is known, is a problem. She'll marry where she will, and where she won't she won't, she says, and her royal uncle is very anxious as to the identity of "the will." Then, too, the other daughter, the Princess Victoria, is getting more and more eccentric.

The Reluctant Miss Drexel.

The Drexels have annoyed him exceedingly recently. The king has always looked upon their millions and the Drexel daughter, Margareta, as potential property of the crown through some deserving English nobleman. He was much displeased by the marriage of Anita Stewart, Miss Drexel's chum, to the Prince of Braganza, particularly as he had asked Mrs. Drexel to do all she could to stop the engagement. He has been quite furious over the rumored engagement of Miss Drexel to Braganza's black sheep brother, and unless the heir to the Drexel millions weds one of his court this year or at least becomes engaged their standing may suffer.

It was the same way with Mrs. William B. Leeds, the widow of the tinplate king, when Edward launched her into society last season under the auspices of Lady Paget. The king produced a most desirable lot of impoverished titles for her delectation, but Mrs. Leeds would have none of them. "This was a 'petticoat perfidy' indeed," said England's ruler.

These are only a few of the troubles of the royal "grandfather of Europe." Even Mrs. Keppel has been guilty of one perfidy—only a small one, it is true. Mrs. Keppel is paying special attention to the kitchen in the great new house she is building on Grosvenor street. So she lost no time in engaging the late Duchess of Manchester's famous chef, to whom the duchess left an annuity of \$750. He is a thorough artist and is advising in regard to the cuisine arrangements.

King Edward always gave the palm to the Dowager Duchess of Manchester's chef. He wanted to secure him for Buckingham palace, and when he found that Mrs. Keppel had engaged him he was at first very angry. But he soon became calm. "After all," he is said to have remarked, "that's the next best thing to having him myself."



Lady Warwick, an Old Friend of the King, Who Has Annoyed Him by Becoming a Socialist. She is Seen Here Perhaps Reading One of "those Dreadful Socialistic Books" To Her Son and Daughter.

Wear Whiskers and Catch Cold

A DEEPLY observing person who claims to have discovered that men who wear whiskers or mustache are much more liable to catch cold than are the clean shaven has inspired the scientifically located London Lancet to look into the matter.

It is suggested that the habit of daily shaving may prove an effective process which regularly removes pathogenic organisms which otherwise lurk and grow in the beard or mustache. It is of course conceivable that the mustache affords a nursery for organisms, especially as it must be moist and occupies a position close to the breathing intake.

Further, it is reasonable enough to assume that the daily shave does, as a matter of fact, amount to a regular antiseptic routine. The mustache is obviously difficult to clean thoroughly, and it is open to doubt whether mere washing completely sterilizes it.

Even if that should be the case, the organism would soon be full of organisms again, as it is constantly exposed to a stream of air which is rarely sterile.

However, there should be a similar immunity enjoyed by women unless we lay stress on the fact that no method in their toilet amounts to the drastic cleansing process of the razor and soap. Moreover, the fine downy hair is natural to the lip of women and children.

The observation is an interesting one, and its author sends some confirmation of his view in the shape of details of cases in which the subjects, while regular sufferers from common cold when they wore a mustache, seem to have enjoyed a comparative immunity since they have shaved clean.

At any rate here seems to be one more argument in favor of the very modern practice among men of wearing their faces without trimmings.