

# LADY CURZON LEADS INDIA.

This Daughter of the States Creates Styles and Makes or Breaks Colonial Social Customs.



LADY MARY, WIFE OF SIR GEORGE CURZON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

When good Queen Victoria appointed the Honorable Nathaniel Curzon, whose title is Baron Curzon of Kedleston, to the exalted post of Viceroy of India, she little thought, or knew, or predicted, or ventured to imagine the position which she would occupy in the life of that man.

The Viceroy is the Vice King, the man who acts for the ruler and in the place of the ruler. Etiquette demands that he be treated precisely as though he were the reigning ruler of Great Britain.

His wife becomes the Vice Queen, the woman who represents her sovereign in India.

When Lord and Lady Curzon went to say farewell to their aged sovereign before departing for the Government House, Calcutta, her late Majesty grasped Lady Curzon by the hand and whispered a few words to her.

What they were no one to this day knows, but from Lady Curzon's mysterious manner it was supposed that the Queen had requested her to maintain the state and re-establish the elegance which had once characterized the Viceregal Lodge—and which should do so again.

At all events, Lady Curzon has done this. She has insisted that she be treated as though she were Queen of England, and that other people rise at her coming and stand when she departs.

She has maintained a rigid decorum in dress and has not only clothed herself elegantly, but has established a supervision over the dress of her guests, resembling in

a great way that exercised by the Court Chamberlain in London.

Never Relaxes the Ceremony She Deems Necessary.

Lady Curzon was born Mary Virginia Lettice Curzon of Kedleston, in the county of Derby, England, and she was always on duty, just as though she were living at Windsor. Not once has she relaxed in the ceremony which she considered fit, and through criticism and admiration she has gone right on just the same.

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She discovered George Curzon, an ambitious, hard-working young fellow, off in London. A man with a titled father and with a fine generation of grandfathers back of him; a man who could talk or who could keep still, a clean, manly fellow. He had no money to speak of, and, as for position, well, he was an Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs. A position that may mean a great deal or nothing at all.

George Curzon Clean, Manly Fellow.

After a honeymoon they went to London to live, and the pretty American girl made a discovery.

She had married a man of brains, a man who could make money, a man who could be a duke in the evening and a worker in the daytime. She had found a man who seemed able to combine all the good qualities, without being a bore, and who was liked by everybody from his sovereign down to the pages and the little messengers of the Foreign Office.

Then came a title. George Curzon was created Baron Curzon of Kedleston. Then came advancement, and, finally, all in a brief space, after one honor had been piled upon another, there came the appointment to the magnificent post in India.

When George Curzon took down and summed it up he found that he was the youngest Viceroy that had ever been appointed to India; that he was the most youthful of England's high statesmen; that

he had a big work before him, and that he must stir himself vigorously to fulfill it.

Equal to the Demands of Her Position.

Lady Curzon, with all the aplomb of the American girl, learned the duties of her new position and gathered together her forces, which consisted of an army of English servants and a shipload of trunks.

She decided to rule in state, and let all the world know it.

As for the new Viceroy, he determined that all the wars in India should cease, the families be checked, the ignorance be lightened, and the state of the country improved.

How he succeeded, his King knows, and that he will be rewarded there is not much doubt.

Lady Curzon has kept her beauty. She has kept her figure. And the story is that she has kept her fortune. Though dowered with a gold spoon and a bank account, she has never had occasion to wear out the one or overtax the latter. Her private income has remained her private income, and bankruptcies, court cases and kindred disturbances have not touched her new life.

So, with a good figure, with a pretty face, with a fortune and with education, not forgetting a lot of good Western sense, this daughter of Illinois did it all.

She married the man she loved and found herself living in a modest home, and found life the life of an honest British matron and found herself placed upon a pedestal of words to express it.

"And yet," pleaded Harris, "you invited me to your home, introduced me to your daughter, seated me at your table, and I

paid, and the National Campaign Committee, of which he was a member, ordered a million copies of it printed for distribution among the negroes.

When Lowell and Harris reached Boston and as they parted at the depot, Harris said:

"Will you be at home to-morrow, Mr. Lowell?"

"Yes, why?"

"I would like to talk with you in the morning on a matter of grave importance. May I call at 9 o'clock?"

"Certainly. Come right into the library. You'll find me there, George."

Seated in the library next morning Harris was nervous and embarrassed. His made two or three attempts to begin the subject, but turned aside with some unimportant remark.

"Well, George, what is the problem that makes you so grave this morning?" asked Lowell, with kindly patronage.

Harris felt that his hour had come, and he must face it. He leaned forward in his chair and looked steadily down at the rug, while he clasped both his hands firmly across his lap and spoke with great rapidity:

"Mr. Lowell, I wish to say to you that you have taught me the greatest faith of life in my fellow-man without which there can be no faith in God. What I have suffered as a man as I have come in contact with the brutality with which my race is almost universally treated, God only can ever know.

"The culture I have received has simply multiplied a thousandfold my capacity to suffer. But for the inspiration of your manhood I would have ended my life in the river. In you I saw a great light. I saw a man really made in the image of God, with mind and soul trained, with head erect, and with a will that would conquer, which dare to call the image of God clean or unclean in passion or pride.

"I lifted up my head and said, 'One such man redeems a world from hopeless infamy. It's worth while to ask for some honor for one such man, for he is the prophesy of more to come.'

"He paused a moment, fidgeted with a piece of paper he had picked up from the table and seemed at a loss for a word.

"It never dawned on Lowell what he was driving at. He supposed, as a matter of course, he was referring to his great speeches and was going to ask for some promotion in a governmental department at Washington.

"I'm proud to have been such an inspiration to you, George. You know how much I think of you. What is on your mind?" he asked at length.

"I have hidden it from every human eye, but I am afraid to breathe it aloud. I have only tried to sing it in song in an impersonal way. Your wonderful words of late have emboldened me to speak. It is this: I am madly, desperately in love with your daughter."

Lowell sprang to his feet as though a bolt of lightning had suddenly shot down his back. He glared at the negro with dilated eyes and heaving breath, as though he had been transformed into a leopard or tiger and was about to spring at his throat.

Before answering, and with a gesture of disdainful silence, he walked rapidly to the library door and closed it.

"And I have come to ask you," continued Harris, ignoring his gesture, "if I may say my respects to her with your consent."

"Harris, this is crazy nonsense. Such an idea is preposterous. I am amazed that it should ever have entered your head. Let this be the last of it here and now. If you have any desire to retain my friendship, Lowell said this with a smile, and an emphasis of indignant rising inflection. The his very teeth that seemed to place him outside the pale of a human being.

"Why is such a hope unreasonable, sir, to a man of your scientific mind?" snapped Lowell.

"Is a question of taste," snapped Lowell.

"Am I not a graduate of the same university with you? Did I not stand as high, and age for age, am I not your equal in culture?"

"Granted. Nevertheless, you are a negro, and I do not desire the infusion of your blood in my family."

"I have more of white than negro blood where skin and hair were tanned and curled to suit the sun's fierce rays?"

"All tropic races are not negroes, and your race has characteristics apart from accidents of climate that make it unique in the annals of man," rejoined Lowell.

"And yet you demand perfect equality of man with man, absolutely in form and substance, without reservation or subtlety?"

"Yes, political equality."

"Politics is but a secondary phenomenon of society. You said absolute equality," protested Harris.

"The question you broach is a question of taste, and the deeper social instincts of racial purity and self-preservation. I care not what your culture, or your genius, or your station, I do not desire, and will not permit, a mixture of negro blood in my family. The idea is nauseating, and to my daughter it would be repulsive beyond the power of words to express it."

"And yet," pleaded Harris, "you invited me to your home, introduced me to your daughter, seated me at your table, and I

used me in your appeal to your constituents, and now when I dare ask the privilege of seeking her hand in honorable marriage, you, the scholar, patriot, statesman and philosopher of equality and Democracy, slam the door in my face and tell me that I am a negro! Is this fair or manly?"

"I fail to see its unfairness."

"Politics is but a manifestation of society. Society rests on the family. The family is the unit of civilization. The right to love and wed where one loves is the badge of fellowship in the order of humanity. The man who denies the right in any society is not a member of it. He is outside any manifestation of its essential life. You had as well talk about the importance of clothes for a deaf man as political right for such a parish. You have clasped him with the beasts of the field. As a human unit he does not exist for you."

"Harris, it is utterly useless to argue a point like this," Lowell interrupted, coldly. "This must be the end of our acquaintance. You must not enter my house again."

"My God, sir, you can't kick me out of your home like this when you've treated me to it, and made it an issue of life or death!"

"I tell you again you are crazy. I have brought you here against her wishes. She left the house with her friend, and I would avoid seeing you. Your presence has always been repulsive to her, and with me it has been a political study, not a social pleasure."

"I beg for only a desperate chance to overcome this feeling. Surely a man of your profound learning and genius cannot sympathize with such prejudices?"

"I decline to discuss the question any further."

"I can't give up without a struggle!" the negro cried, with desperation.

Lowell arose with a gesture of impatience. "Now you are getting to be simply a nuisance. To be perfectly plain with you, I haven't the slightest desire that my family be associated with a man of your color, of history and achievement, shall end in this stately old house in a brood of mulatto brats!"

Harris winced and sprang to his feet, trembling with passion. "I see," he muttered. "The soul of Simon Legree has at last become the soul of the nation! The South expresses the same luminous truth with a little more clumsy brutality. But their way is, after all, more merciful. The human body becomes unconscious at the touch of an off-lead flame in sixty seconds. You must teach and heart to feel that you might as well be tortured with the denials of every cry of body and soul and roam me in the flames of impossible desires for time and eternity."

"That will do now. There's the door!" thrust Lowell, with a gesture of stern emphasis.

"If you were able to win her consent, a thing unthinkable, I would do what old Virginia did in the Roman Forum, kill her with my own hand, rather than see her sink in your arms into the black waters of a negro life! Now go!"

sonal indorsement, gave a brief sketch of his culture and accomplishments and asked that he be allowed to learn the bricklayers' trade.

When his name came up before the Bricklayers' Union, and it was announced that he was a negro, it precipitated a debate of such fury that it threatened to develop into a riot.

Halliday took him on a round of visits to big mills in a populous manufacturing city across in New Jersey.

"These mills are all owned by Simon Legree," he informed Harris, "and the unions have been crushed out of them by methods of which he is past master. I don't know, but it may be possible to get you in there."

"They tried a half-dozen mills in vain, and at last they met a foreman who knew Halliday who consented to bear his piece."

"You are fooling away your time and this man's time, Halliday," he told him in a friendly way. "Cut out my right arm off sooner than take a negro in these mills and precipitate a strike."

"But would a strike occur with no union organization?"

"Yes, in a minute. You know Simon Legree, who owns these mills. If a disturbance occurred here now the old devil wouldn't hesitate to close every mill next day and leave 5000 people homeless."

"Why would he do such a stupid thing?"

"Just to show the brute power of his two millions of dollars over the human body. The awful power in that brute's hands represented in that money, is something appalling. Before the war he cracked a backside whip over the backs of a handful of negroes. Now look at him, in his black silk hat and faultless dress. With his millions he can commit any and every crime in the catalogue from theft to murder with impunity. His power is greater than a monarch. He controls fleets of ships, mines and mills, and has under his employ a hundred thousand men. Their families and associates make a population of a million. He buys judges, juries, legislators and Governors, and with one stroke of his pen today he can beggar a million people. He can equip an army of hirelings, make peace or war on his own account, or force the Government to do it for him. He has neither faith in God nor fear of the devil. He regards all men as his enemies and all women his slaves."

"They would be used to hunt the New Orleans slave market when he was young and owned his Red River farm, occasionally spending his last dollar to buy a handsome negro girl who took his fancy."

"Look at him now with his bloated face, beady jaw and coarse lips. He walks the streets with his lecherous eyes twinkling like a snake's and saliva trickling from the corners of his mouth, practically morose at all he surveys. He selects his victims as if his own sweet will, and with his army of hirelings to do his bidding, backed by his millions, he lives a charmed life in a round of daily crime."

"How many lives he has blasted among the population of over a million souls dependent on him for bread, God only knows. It is said he has murdered the souls of 300 innocent girls in these mills."

"Surely that is an exaggeration," broke in Halliday.

"On the other hand, I believe 500 nearer the mark. I tell you, no human mind can conceive the terrible power over the human body his millions hold under our present conditions of life."

There was a trace of deep personal bitterness in his words that held Halliday in a spell while he continued:

"Under our present conditions men and women must fight one another like beasts for food and shelter. The wildest dreams of hell and cruelty under the old system of Southern slavery would be laughed at by this modern master."

He paused a moment in painful reverie.

"Here lies his big yacht in the harbor near his place in from a cruise in the Orient. She cost a million dollars and carries a crew of 500. Over 500 of them are beautiful girls hired at fancy wages connected with the stewards' department. She ships a new crew every trip. Not one of those young faces is ever lifted again among their friends."

He paused again, and a tear coursed down his face.

"I confess I am bitter. I loved one of those girls once when I was younger. She was a mere child of 17. His voice broke. "Yes, she came back shattered in health and ruined. I am supporting her now at a quiet country place. She is dying."

"Think of the force of it!" he continued passionately.

"The picture of that brute with a whip in his hand beating a negro caused the most terrible war in the history of the world. Three millions of men flew at each other's throats, and for four years fought like demons. A million men and six billions of dollars' worth of property were destroyed."

"He was a poor harmless fool then, beating his own faithful slave to death. Compare that with the one of today, and you compare a mere stupid man with a prince of hell. But does this fiend exhibit the wrath of the righteous? Far from it. His very name is whispered in adoring awe by millions. He boasts that a hundred proud mothers strip their daughters to the limit of police law at every social function he honors with his presence, and to see sell him their own flesh and blood for the paltry consideration of a life interest in one-third of his estate! And he laughs at them all. His name is magic!

# "THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS" A Story of Reconstruction Days in the South.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

He struck the match and Dick uttered a scream. As Hose leaned forward with his match, Gaston knocked him down, and a dozen stalwart men were upon him in a moment.

"Knock the fool in the head!" one shouted.

"Pin his arms behind him!" said another.

Some one quickly plucked his arms with a cord. He stood in helpless rage and pity, and as he saw the match applied bowed his head and burst into tears.

He looked up at the silent crowd standing there like voiceless ghosts with renewed wonder at the meaning of it.

Under the glare of the light and the tears the crowd seemed to melt into a great crawling, swaying creature, half reptile, half beast, half dragon, half man, with a thousand heads and a thousand eyes, and ten thousand gleaming teeth, and with no ear to hear and no heart to pity!

All they would grant him was the privilege of gathering Dick's ashes and charred bones for burial.

The morning following the lynching, the preacher hurried to Tom Clump's to see how he was bearing the strain.

His door was wide open, the bureau drawers pulled out, ransacked, and some of their contents were lying on the floor.

"Poor old fellow, I'm afraid he's gone crazy!" exclaimed the preacher. He hurried to the cemetery. There he found Tom at the newly made grave. He had worked through the night and dug the grave open with his bare hands and pulled the coffin up out of the ground. He had broken his finger nails all off trying to open it and his fingers were bleeding. At last he had given up the effort to open the coffin, sat down beside it, and was arranging her toys he had made for her beside the box. He had brought a lot of her clothing, a pair of little shoes and stockings and a bonnet, and he had placed these out carefully on top of the lid. He was talking to her.

The preacher lifted him gently and led him away, a hopeless madman.

CHAPTER IV.

Equality With a Reservation.

The longer Gaston pondered over the tragic events of that lynching the more sinister and terrible became its meaning, and the deeper he was plunged in melancholy.

Beyond all doubt, within his own memory, since the negro under Legree's lead had drawn the color line, the races had been drifting steadily apart. The gulf was now impassable.

His depression and brooding over the fearful events in which he had so recently taken part had tinged his whole life and all his hopes with sadness. He had reflected in his letters to Sallie Worth without even mentioning the events. His heart was full of sickening foreboding. How could one love and be happy in a world haunted by such horrors! He had begged her to hasten her hour of final decision. He told her of his sense of loneliness and isolation, and of his inexorable need of her love and presence in his daily life.

Her answer had only intensified his moody feelings. She had written that her love grew stronger every day and his love more and more became necessary to her life, and yet she could not cloud its future with the anger of her father and the broken heart of her mother by an elopement. She feared such a shock would be fatal, and all her life would be embittered by it. They must wait. She was using all her skill to win her father, but as yet without success. His will seemed to harden. But she determined to win him, and it would be so.

All this seemed so far away and shadowy to Gaston's eager restless soul.

The letter had closed by saying she was preparing for another trip to Boston to visit Helen Lowell, and that she should be absent at least a month. She asked that his next letter be addressed to Boston.

Somewhat Boston seemed just then out of the world on another planet, it was so far away and his people and their life so un-der to his imagination.

But he sighed and turned resolutely to his work of preparation for an event in his life which he meant to make great in the history of the State. It was the meeting of the Democratic Convention, as yet nearly two years in the future. He held a subordinate position in his party's councils, but defeat and ruin had taken the conceit out of the old-line leaders, and he knew that his day was drawing near.

"I'll take my place among the leaders and masters of men," he told himself with quiet determination, "and if I cannot win his consent, I will take her without it."

The lynching at Hambright had stirred the whole nation into unusual indignation. It happened to be the climax of a series of such crimes committed in the South in rapid succession, and the death of this negro was reported with more than the usual vividness by a young newspaper man of genius.

A grand mass meeting was called in Cooper Union, New York, at which were gathered delegates from different cities and States to give emphasis and unity to the movement, and issue an appeal to the national Government.

When Sallie Worth reached Boston, she found Helen Lowell at home alone. The Honorable Everett Lowell had made one of the speeches of his career at the mass meeting held in Faneuil Hall, and he was in New York, where he had gone to make the principal address in the Cooper Union Convention of negro sympathizers and protestants.

George Harris had accompanied him, supremely fascinated by the eloquent and masterful appeal for human brotherhood he had heard him make in Boston.

Harris had published a volume of poems, most inspiring verse was simply the outpouring of his soul in worship of this ideal man, and the National Campaign Committee, of which he was a member, ordered a million copies of it printed for distribution among the negroes.

## MARY MANNERING AND KYRLE BELLEW IN "THE LADY OF LYONS."



The special spring tour which has been arranged for Miss Manning and Mr. Bellew began Monday in New York. They will be seen here in the Bulwer-Lytton classic June 5. Kyrle Bellew will impersonate Claude Melnotte and Mary Manning, Pauline. The supporting company will include Maury Arbuckle, W. H. Thompson, Edward Ables, Edwin Arden, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Kate Patison-Selton and May Davenport Seymour.