

Prince Edward Changed From Coddled Boy To Man of Energy By War

How the war transformed England's mollycoddle prince into a real man of energy is related in an article written for the New York World by Capt. Ferdinand Tuohy, who served with distinction with the British forces in the war.

By CAPT. FERDINAND TUOHY.

Albert Edward, aged twenty-five and looking like a pretty boy of eighteen, fair haired, blue eyed, and with a complexion jour epater la femme, has quite as much man in him as he can conveniently hold down and reconcile with his situation as prospective sovereign of half a million millions of people. It's a case of "Man sanus in corpore puellae."

He's a comeback—this sounds fearfully impertinent—not from dad, but from granddad, that excellent old sportsman who managed to be entirely English and fatally fascinating, despite his guttural, Guelphic grunt.

"All Will Like Him."

Anybody who comes near Albert Edward this next day or so—even De Valera—will like him—won't be able to help it. And I, a future subject of the said Albert Edward, do raise my hat the higher to him because, like most people in England, I appreciate

the tremendous disadvantage this young man has been at in developing his own individuality and self against the crushing system of a royal court.

A royal prince is mollycoddled and brought up in cotton wool—no, not brought up, incubated. He mustn't be bruised near the world—horrid, contaminating thing. Goggles, admitting only the roséate of life, are glued to his face by nurse as he lies in the cradle, and kept firmly in position ever after. At least, that's the idea, and was the idea of the present Queen of England in relation to her first born. And—heaven help us!—let no woman, not even the vamping daughter of a duke, cross the prince's path. He must be reserved for his first cousin, the Princess Agatha of Sax-huny. . . . So please don't be too hard on royalty. They're more handicapped in life than most of us.

Well, he who is now here, was smiled on by Jupiter & Co. or was it, more particularly, by Mars? At all events, the war, coming when it did, transformed him from a prince into a man, gay and debonair, human, very human, dignified, yet natural, intelligent and choc-a-bloc with that priceless asset, savoir faire. In England you hear him most often referred to as "a good lad." And you hear people, and many quite wise people, say he has saved the royal idea in England for another generation at least.

Usually Get a "Dud." For kingship is a disconcerting gamble. Usually you get a "dud," but when you get a good one, when you turn up trumps—why, his majesty is worth his weight in negroid pearls in the general scheme of things.

The Prince of Wales is "trump"—at least we think so in England. He went to the war, to the front, in November, 1914, and remained there till the Rhine. He repeatedly, to the writers' knowledge, tried to fight in the trenches, the Grenadier Guards, but, as repeatedly, such privilege was denied him by a parent in Buckingham Palace. However, he did the next best thing. He virtually lived with the guards all the war, first when as a brigade and then went over the top at Loos, under Lord Cavan, and afterward, when, as a division under General Fielding, they bore the brunt of every famous battle in the British war in France and Flanders.

"Edward Pip"—he signs himself "Edward P." the "P" standing for prince, and this "P" was at once milit-

WALES FORCED TO USE LEFT HAND

Prince Edward is afflicted with the "greeters' ague." Handshaking Americans have just worn him out and his right hand has become so cramped and sore from repeated shaking that the prince has taken to presenting his left hand in greeting.

Even upon his arrival yesterday, when he was being introduced to the various officials that greeted him at the station, the prince invariably presented his left hand.

The action attracted notice, and when asked to explain it a member of the prince's suite said:

"His right hand is sore from being shaken so much."

tarized into the telephonic clarity pronunciation. "Pip"—Edward Pip had his car blown off the road by a shell, near Loos, but such is no criterion at all of his life as an officer. He was always in and out of the line, sometimes on intelligence work, for which he got his Military Cross, and spent no happier nights than in his own battalion mess.

Didn't Like Headquarters.

He loathed having to join Sir Douglas Haig's headquarters staff and took his first opportunity to quit it when his old commander, Lord Cavan, hastened off to Italy, after Caporetto, in command of the Fourteenth British Corps. I have several vivid memories of the prince in Italy. . . .

A lovely Lombardy evening at the hamlet of Lugo, out from Vicenza, and at the foot of the Asiago plateau. We are having a drink—a real wet drink—when in comes a dusty traveler—"leave-bird"—from England, home and beauty. The dusty one flops into a settee, puts his legs on the mantelpiece, and opines: "For the love of Mike, give me a Scotch and soda. I've had three weeks acting for the films, and I'm about fed up."

The dusty one had been officially visiting his principality of Wales. . . . The scene changes to a bright and brilliant restaurant, Cova's of Milan, my favorite in all Europe. Slim, elegant and olive-skinned signorinas coo gently over Perrier-Souet—it makes you thirsty to write it—while dark and dashing cavaliers in gray gesticulate and roll their eyes. Over there the first violinist, in red coat, is playing something "to the table." Enters a fair, boyish officer in khaki. People turn, see his two rows of ribbons, and wonder who he is.

"Ecco una tavola, il principe!" grovels the maitre d'hotel.

"Damn!" ejaculates the fair, boyish officer in khaki, and turning on his heel, quits the room.

Hates Kowtowing.

He had wanted to go unrecognized, and anyway hates kowtowing. . . .

And then, a little later, I see him step forward in a box at the Constantinian, Rome, and make an impromptu speech in Italian, though he'd only been a few weeks in the country. The Roman women followed him around in hundreds, as you can see, and he was not at all sure that one of this young man's chief worries in the future will not be the likelihood of his becoming, by force majeure, the first Woman's King in history. That would be terrible. . . . Think it over. . . .

Now the war has gone . . . and we see a young man hardened by contact with life, overfervent with good spirits, of an inexhaustible physical energy, and capable of adapting himself to Pope and tramp at a moment's notice. And only a seventh part Teutonic, and a mass of Englishmen must be as much, could they trace their pedigrees. A young man of great personal charm, of considerable self-possession and, above all, intelligent.

When he visits a sick person in hospital—where would royalty be in that hospital—he doesn't bleat inane: "Well, my good man, you must be ill." When he's sent out on a stunt, as he calls it, he has a habit of carrying every one with him—as he latterly carried Canadians, stern, cold critics of the English. He's just got that intangible something—personality.

Not A Bit "Stand-offish." Now he is in the stalls at a musical comedy, front row; now he is looping the loop over to London; now at a deadly dull municipal gathering, smiling amid aldermen, all chains and face fungus; now answering up Bond street at the wheel of his Crossley; now tripping the light fantastic with village girls; now the cynosure of all eyes at a funeral or a wedding—he kept right clear of London's victory march because he said he might have got some of the cheers due to Haig—now making an empire speech or addressing a whole division on parade. I saw him once in the last named

Prince of Wales and His Staff at the White House



This photograph was taken yesterday afternoon after the prince had called on Mrs. Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson to inquire after the health of the President. He will meet the President tomorrow.

of his lightning, quick-change turns. The Naval Division had just come home and were drawn up in the Horse Guards, London. The prince spoke to the men for twenty minutes, from horseback, and his voice, clear and ringing, and slightly Cockney, carried to every corner of the parade ground. And what he said—without a solitary note—was not the stereotyped royal balderdash, but jolly good human stuff, bringing the men all through their battles in France and causing whole bunches of them to look down.

And now I see him once again. . . . He is in my club in London and has been made a member by acclamation. Is he nervous, stand-offish, royal? Straight from the table he makes for the bar, about turns, and says: "I'm a member now, eh?" "Yes." "So, I can stand a drink, eh?" "Yes." "Drinks all round, please, barman!"

P. S.—I'm afraid this is rather an unfortunate ending. What he really asked for was "iced water all round."

BRIDE FOR PRINCE PUZZLES BRITAIN

Where, on the face of the earth is the Prince of Wales to find himself a wife?

This is a question which all Britain is wondering over and one that is causing a very great deal of speculation.

It is generally conceded that neither the King or Queen of England have been able to formulate any plans for the marriage of their heir, nor have they been able to form an opinion as to a suitable consort for the prince.

Matter of State. Of course it is largely a matter of state and the prince's hand will be bestowed, sad as it may seem, where it will accomplish the most good.

There is in existence a pretty story about a youthful love affair involving the prince and the Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the former Czar of Russia, but that, of course, is all past now.

Then, early in the war, it was rumored that the prince might marry Princess Victoria, daughter of the former German Kaiser, as a means of bringing about the reconciliation of England and Germany, but with the tottering and fall of the House of Hohenzollern this pretty little plan passed over.

Favor Five Princesses. Present rumors seem to favor one of the five princesses, daughters of the King George, but it is not a marriage that would be particularly pleasing to English politicians.

The prince is twenty-five years of age and his marriage within the next few years is a matter of much concern to English royalty. The prince himself, if reports be true, is not much worried over the matter and it would surprise few if an entirely democratic marriage were to be arranged for him.

It is said, in fact, that the prince may see fit to choose his wife from among the English nobility irrespective of political merits.

COURT APPOINTS RECEIVER FOR THE HUGHES MARKET

Chief Justice McCoy of the District Supreme Court today appointed William G. Carter as receiver of the Hughes Market, at 1245 Twentieth street northwest, following a suit filed by Golden & Co., who alleged the defendant company owed them \$5,101.71 and is indebted to other firms. The court is informed that William V. Hughes, president of the company, has relinquished the management of the firm. Insolvency was charged.

Don't let careless expenditure make a sieve of your purse. Buy wisely and increase your savings by investing in War Savings Stamps.

BRITISH VETERANS STRONG FOR PRINCE

LONDON, Nov. 12.—If the Kingship of England were vacant and elective there is little doubt that the Prince of Wales would receive the unanimous vote of the soldiers from the front.

During the war he won his way into the hearts of not only his fellow officers but of the ordinary soldiers by his democracy, humanness, and insistent desire to get into things himself.

It was a constant worry on the part of his fellow officers to keep him reasonably out of danger, and the persistence with which the "Little Prince," as he is affectionately called, would try to get into the front line trenches caused no small amount of anxiety to the headquarters staff.

His own feelings in this respect were expressed in a letter he sent to a chum of his in England when he was in Flanders.

"It is damned rotten being a prince," he wrote, and then pathetically added: "Every day I try to go to the trenches, but they send me back."

A fellow officer of the Grenadier Guards, the regiment to which the prince is gazetted, said:

"The prince is a corker. He showed up at the mess one afternoon and burst out: 'T've come for tea and I hope it's—' mentioning the name of a well known whiskey."

The prince's language is by no means royal, and he can and does express himself with a force and picturesqueness that would do no injustice to a Mississippi river pilot.

When he makes a mistake or an oversight he is quick to acknowledge and rectify it. A story illustrating this is told of his visit to Egypt.

Accompanied by an officer, the prince cantered by a group of Anzacs and failed to notice or acknowledge their salute.

Along their line there ran the signal: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, out."

The prince turned to the officer in

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For your protection, Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Sold by all druggists and your money back if you are not delighted with them.

PRINCE TO HONOR ARMY AND NAVY

Will Decorate 87 Officers, Enlisted Men, and Nurses While in City.

While in Washington Prince Edward will decorate eighty-seven officers, enlisted men and nurses of the American army and navy, including three officers who served with the British forces during the war.

Admiral William S. Benson, retired chief of naval operations during the war, will be made a grand commander St. Michael and St. George.

Lieut. Gen. Enoch H. Crowder and Rear Admiral A. P. Niblack will be made knight commanders of the same order, while Maj. Gen. Snow, Rear Admiral Ralph Earle, Brig. Gen. G. W. Burr, Marlborough Church and Col. E. L. Hunson will be made companions of the Order of the Bath. Serjts. J. F. Billitski, R. B. Cable, David Dusk, Robert E. Lewis and W. J. Percy, and Private J. F. Woems will receive the distinguished service medal, and Serjt. H. M. Keating the meritorious service medal. The following will receive the military medal: Color Sergt. L. Stanfield, Serjts. D. J. Deane, W. S. Fore, R. Gil, G. W. Davies, H. G. Hubbard, W. H. Nims, T. H. Powell, R. R. Rascoe, LeRoy W. Smith, Corporals G. W. Watson, L. E. Johnston, L. Power, G. Stephenson, Privates J. W. Berryhill, R. W. Diggs, E. S. W. Broughton, S. H. Garner, W. B. Lysterly, H. A. Strochel and S. Wilson.

SOUTH CAROLINA STATE SOCIETY WILL MEET

Discussion of business and social activities for the winter season will mark a meeting of the South Carolina State Society, to be held in the Wilson Normal Community Center, Eleventh and Harvard streets northwest, this evening at 8:30 o'clock. Following the business sessions there

will be refreshments and dancing in the ball room. All former residents of South Carolina, whether members of the society or not, have been invited to attend the meeting.

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YALE, VA., September 15, 1919.

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Now in my immediate section there were 63 cases of influenza at one time and in went into not one patient was lost. In two houses that did not use your remedy one patient was lost in each.

I must say, and with pleasure, that your Iron and Nux Tonic did the work perfectly, and I hope, if the "Flu" returns, people will get a bottle and take it according to directions. In which event I do not believe that one per cent will die.

With best wishes for your success in getting your Iron and Nux Tonic in every home for the real benefit of humanity, I am, Sincerely yours, W. J. ELLIS.

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