

Doubles of Famous Personages

Written for The Western Home Monthly by E. L. Chicanot, Chigwell, Alberta, Canada.

"DOUBLES" in fiction are common, but even in real life we often mistake one person for another, so alike are they in features and build. "Doubles," however, seem to be more common among the greater celebrities, so that often, taken together, two well-known men might pass for twin brothers. Why this should be there is no knowing unless, having topped the tree in their professions, they have all fully developed the same faculties, which have had an effect in moulding the features, for it is a curious fact that generally it is one scientist that is mistaken for another, one author for a brother of the pen, or a politician for a parliamentary colleague.

The late King Edward had a "double" in Mr. Edward Tollemahe, the editor of the "Court Review," and a man well known in press circles. Times without number he was mistaken for the king, often with embarrassing results. Once when Mr. Tollemahe was dining at a restaurant at Boulogne, a posse of gendarmes had to be sent for, to keep in order the huge crowd which came to do honor to the King of England whom they thought was paying them a sort of surprise visit.

The likeness of King George to the Czar of Russia is easily accounted for by their close relationship, and their resemblance to each other is hardly great enough to warrant the term of "double." Each has often been mistaken for the other. The features, and even the manner of wearing the beard, are exactly similar, so that a young Russian girl meeting the English king riding in Rotten Row curtsied profoundly to him, so sure was she that it was her own monarch she was bowing to. She was rewarded by a gracious smile and bow from the rider, and it was some time after before she discovered her mistake.

The King of Spain has a "double" in Paris in the person of a journalist of that city. On a visit of his majesty to the French capital, the young man, accompanied by a photographer was sent to interview him. He met the king on the steps of the Place Vendôme, and the photographer snapped the camera as they stood talking. The result was curious, as on the finished picture it was almost impossible to tell the "interviewed" from the "interviewer." His majesty was greatly amused, and on a subsequent visit to Paris sent for the young man who was

then serving his time as a conscript in a cuirassier regiment. Both the king and queen were very interested in the strange resemblance, and the king had himself photographed in the cuirassier helmet, to see, as he said, if he was "so absurdly like the soldier as the queen said he was."

A good story has been recounted of the striking resemblance which Mr. Leslie, the well-known painter bore to the late King Leopold of the Belgians. His majesty was expected to attend a Royal Academy banquet, but at the last moment was unable to do so. Along with his brother Academicians Mr. Leslie was watching the reception of guests when the late Lord Dufferin came his way, and, taking him for the king, bowed low. The "king," not knowing what to do, "graciously" extended his hand, and during the evening explanations were made.

Mr. Oscar Parker, the editor of the "English Illustrated Magazine," is in both features and figure strikingly like Lord Knollys who recently retired from the position of private secretary to the king, and it was often said that each understanding the other's work, they could have exchanged places with only a few intimate friends being any the wiser.

There are no two men in public life more alike than Lord Justice Moreton, and the well-known barrister, Mr. Robertson, who might at any time pass for twins. By an extraordinary coincidence these two men opposed each

other in South Hackney constituency in the General Election of 1895. Lord Justice Moulton — then Mr. Fletcher Moulton — is a liberal, and Mr. T. H. Robertson, a conservative, so that, needless to say, they did not appear upon the same platform. Had they done so it would have been impossible to tell one from the other, and when they appeared on election day in their respective carriages, people looked, not at the candidate but at the ribbon on the horses' heads and driver's whip before they could make up their minds as to whether it was their duty to cheer or the reverse.

In face, figure, and general build, even to the detail of side-whiskers, Mr. Pritchard, one of the best-known of parliamentary agents, bears out the resemblance to Sir Edward Clarke, the famous advocate and politician, whose features are so familiar to general newspaper readers. Times without number, Mr. Pritchard has been stopped on the streets or in the lobby by members of parliament and reporters, who wished to discuss some political matter and were under the impression that they were addressing Sir Edward Clarke.

The two members of the House who are the most frequently confused are Sir James Yoxall, a famous art connoisseur, and Mr. Rea. Continually they are confused and could be only distinguished by certain peculiarities of dress, etc.

Edmund Yates often related with glee how he himself was so exactly like the Shah of Persia that when that monarch visited England, a crowd gathered round a restaurant in the Strand where he, Yates, had entered, under the impression that it was the Shah who was dining. Indeed, when this sovereign visited Brussels the street-hawkers there sold an enormous number of photos of Edmund Yates as resemblances of the Shah, which somebody in the know had obtained from England. The Belgians, who actually saw the Shah, did not perceive any difference, and it was long after the sovereign's departure before they knew the trick that had been played on them.

Many and many a mistake was made between George du Maurier, who wrote "Trilby" and for so many years delighted readers of "Punch," and Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, the famous sculptor, both now dead. So closely did these men resemble each other that one night at a dinner Du Maurier was sent into a fit of uncontrollable laughter by a lady who addressed him as "Sir Lawrence," and went on to assure him that she "could not understand people saying that he and Du Maurier were so alike, for," she went on, "it's simply ridiculous; you're not a bit so."

One of the most striking instances of "doubles" was that of Professor Shrader who was so extremely like Professor Huxley that scientists who knew them both, could not tell them apart. Grant Allen has recorded how he shook hands with Shrader under the impression that it was Huxley, when he was corrected and Shrader mentioned that the same thing had happened to him twice previously that evening.

For a case of doubles in extremely divergent classes, it is related how the Marchioness of Salisbury visited the Hospital for Incurables at Putney Heath, to see an inmate there who was often mistaken for the Marquis.

Mixed Emotions

To illustrate the feeling of Ireland toward the predominant partner, an actor who has lately been touring tells the story of an old waiter in a Dublin hotel. "When are you going to get Home Rule in Ireland, John?" was the question. "Se ye here, sorr," said the old man, "the only way we'll get Home Rule for ould Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blaygiards of English a rare good hiding. That's the only way we'll get Home Rule, anyway." Then, as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. "And the whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it, he said." "Oh—it's the grand Navy we've got!"



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