

King of Siam, "The Sun's Half-Brother" To Visit England in State

The World's Most Picturesque Ruler—A Much-Married Man But a Linguist and Scholar—His Gorgeous Throne and Palace—The Queen's Jewelry.

Jaded Londoners are eagerly looking forward to the approaching visit of the King of Siam—Maha Chulalongkorn, the King of Siam—which is now timed for the middle of May. Eastern monarchs are always more interesting to the crown than European royalties. It is the misfortune of most of these latter to look just like plain, every-day folk, especially when dressed, as they generally are when they appear in public in the conventional somber frock coat and top hat of civilization. As a spectacle they are distinctly disappointing.

Eastern rulers are different. They look different. They wear gorgeous raiment. And when they stir abroad they don't smile and shimmer and jerk their heads like automata when people cheer them. No king can look dignified doing that. Dusky potentates accept homage as a matter of course, and treat it with lofty indifference, as becomes men who regard themselves as a higher order of creation—real kings and not figureheads.

There is no sovereign in the world who is accustomed to receive more absolute homage than his Majesty of Siam. He possesses a most imposing string of titles. Among other things he is supreme arbiter of the ebb and flow of the tides, brother of the moon, half-brother of the sun, and owner of four and twenty golden umbrellas. When ever he takes an airing in his own domain his faithful subjects prostrate themselves as he passes by, no matter how muddy the street may happen to be. Even the highest in the land when they approach his august presence must do so on all fours. His favorite wives have to kneel before him. His brothers do likewise. So King Chulalongkorn is not likely to be much impressed by a crowd that keeps on its legs before him and shouts and waves hats and handkerchiefs at him. He won't bob his head until his neck aches, as European kings are expected to do when they show themselves to the public.

THE SUBMERGED HAREM.

As King of Siam, Chulalongkorn has a much easier billet than the occupants of European thrones. He is invested with powers as those of the Czar of Russia, but his is a paternal despotism which is not tempered by assassination. Siamese folk don't throw bombs, and none of them has yet reached that stage of enlightenment in which the monarch is regarded as a costly superfluous. Chulalongkorn is not required to lead the strenuous life. He can take things as easy as he pleases. His income is something like \$10,000,000 a year.

His gorgeous royal palace at Bangkok is a walled and battlemented city within a city. Behind the line of not very warlike sentries who guard its massive gates is contained treasure far in excess of the loot obtained by the greatest feat of robbery committed in modern times—the sacking of the summer palace of Peking in 1860. It is really a double palace—an outer and an inner palace. Into the latter no European of the male sex has ever penetrated. It contains about 4,000 women and one man. And that man is the

king. The Siamese call the place Kang Nai ("The Inside"), and so sacred is it held that etiquette forbids any open admission to it.

The most extraordinary feature of the Kang Nai is the submerged harem, situated in an artificial lake. It is built entirely of glass of variegated colors, the plates being joined together by an insoluble cement. It is ornamented with quaint turrets and minarets. When not in use it floats on the surface of the lake. When the king desires to take his ease within it, accompanied by his harem favorites, he enters the single door which, when closed, is air and water tight. At a signal certain valves are opened and the house of glass descends to the bottom of the lake.

A MUCH-MARRIED MAN.

In accordance with eastern customs he is a much-married man. He has a score or two of official wives and no body knows just how and why hundreds of what might be termed courtesy wives. And that was his own fault. He is an educated man. He talks English fluently and is credited with knowing Sanskrit and some half-dozen other Asiatic languages, but probably his linguistic gifts have been greatly exaggerated. However that may be, it is a fact that in an evil hour he conceived the notion that some of his wives would make more agreeable, entertaining companions. If they were given a smattering of education in the European sense, so several governesses were imported from England to enlighten them. Among them was a lady who held advanced views on the subject of women's rights. The harem offered her a gorgeous field for proselytizing. And she made the most of it. Before she was found out and packed back home the mischief had been done. The seeds of discontent were sown. Several of the wives were sighing for a larger sphere than the Kang Nai afforded them. The harem offered her a gorgeous field for proselytizing. And she made the most of it. Before she was found out and packed back home the mischief had been done. The seeds of discontent were sown. Several of the wives were sighing for a larger sphere than the Kang Nai afforded them. The harem offered her a gorgeous field for proselytizing. And she made the most of it. Before she was found out and packed back home the mischief had been done. The seeds of discontent were sown. Several of the wives were sighing for a larger sphere than the Kang Nai afforded them.

One day one of them staggered the brother of the moon and half-brother of the sun by telling him to his face that he was a "mere man" and that she wasn't going to kneel to him any longer.

Chulalongkorn acted with decision. He started a vigorous investigation and weeded out the wives who had been inculcated with the domestic peace-deceiving notions. The discarded ones were by a special favor permitted to marry court officials. They were readily appropriated, for it is regarded in Siam as a great privilege to wed anyone who has been an inmate of the king's harem. Some of the officials subsequently had cause to repent of their eagerness, but that did not matter. The king had a bit, for he was the undisputed boss of his harem once more.

"Carried Away to Sea," Or "The Adventures of a Crusoe Boy"

CHAPTER X.

Hiding away in his cave for the night from the sailor, Joe was so worried and anxious that it was after midnight when he fell asleep. When he awoke it was a bit after daylight and he was in a shiver of fear. Some noise had aroused him, but he could not tell what. He rose to his feet quietly and seized the club he had carried into the cave, and as he did so, he felt that someone was near him. A moment later the curtain of leaves hiding the entrance parted, and Burk stuck his head into the cave and saw the boy and said:

"I thought you had a hiding-place somewhere, and I have been looking for it for a week past."

So he had. Unknown to the boy, he had been skulking about nights, and had closely examined the rocky cliff. He had passed the entrance several times, but he was so nervous that he never noticed it again. He noticed some fresh leaves scattered around. In entering the place the night before the boy had not observed much. Care as he should. For several seconds after the sailor spoke to him, Joe was too astonished to even open his mouth. Then he raised the heavy club and sprang forward and dealt the fellow a heavy blow on the head, and his victim staggered back and fell heavily to the ground and lay there unconscious.

Joe sprang out of the cave and started to rush away, and he had gone a hundred feet when he checked himself and turned to look. The sailor lay quiet. You may believe that the boy was frightened, as most any man would have been, but he did not entirely lose his head. He came slowly back and saw that the man was unconscious from the blow, and after a moment he started foot for the tent on the beach. There he grabbed up a rope and hastened back, and when the sailor finally opened his eyes, he found himself bound hand and foot. He first tried crying, and when that wouldn't work he indulged in threats, but his young sailor would not cast off the ropes. He knew his man too well for that.

It was an embarrassing situation. The boy had a prisoner whom he must feed and take care of, and who, if he did not leave the island in the boat by which the two sailors had arrived. He did not believe he could manage the craft alone, and he did not want to sail away and leave his treasure. It was a situation to bother him, but he was fortunately relieved from it in the course of a few hours. He had dragged the sailor to a tree and lashed him to it with a second rope, and was walking about and trying to get a plan, when he heard human voices, and a moment later three sailors came out of the woods and one of them called out:

"Well, well, there are people here after all! Well, boy, who are you, and what are you doing here?"

The man spoke in English, and Joe was so glad to see him that it was some time before he could tell his story. He did not say anything of the cave, but asked

to see the captain of the craft to which the man belonged. One of them was the second mate, and the trio had come ashore to see about getting a supply of fresh water. The vessel was then anchored not more than half a mile from the beach, and Joe was rowed off to her. She proved to be the whaler Paul Jones, of Nantucket, homeward bound, and Captain Ezra Davis was a bluff and honest man. He heard the story from first to last, and then said:

"Well, it reads like a novel. Help you? Of course I will. I'll go ashore with you this minute and see what is to be done first. Every bit of treasure shall be carried safely home for you, and I'll help you to make your Uncle Peter and Captain White do more quirming than a fish-worm."

The sailor Burk had been left under the care of one man, and he was found safe. When he saw that the boy and the treasure were safe, he was furious. Over and over again he said to himself that he had not murdered Joe when he had a chance, and he was so abusive that Captain Davis finally said:

"There is only one way to deal with such a man. Cast off the ropes and bring him along."

The man was taken down to his boat, some water provisions put aboard, and he was told to sail straight out to sea or the whaler would open fire on him with her guns. He was still abusive, but he went, and what eventually became of him no one knows. He may have reached the other islands, or he may have been lost at sea. When the man had sailed away at last, this was their plunder, but it is all yours to get along in this world. You won't have to go on another whaling voyage or play Crusoe again."

One day, a good many weeks later, the Paul Jones reached her home port, and Joe Carney started for Port Jefferson. He had written to a lawyer in that town, and the lawyer met him at the depot. In a day or two there was trouble for his miserly uncle and aunt. Uncle Peter was disgraced from his guardianship, and if Joe had not pleaded for him he would have been sent to prison. The telegraph was put to work, and Captain White was behind the bars for a week. Then the boy had a new guardian, and was sent away to school, and later on to a college, and when I visited the Port the other day they pointed him out to me as the richest and one of the most highly respected men in the place. May he live long and continue to prosper!

[The End.]

LORD CROMER AND EGYPT

THE GREAT TASK HE HAS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED.

The Maker of Modern Egypt—An American Appreciation of a Great Worker.

Egypt without Evelyn Baring, Lord Cromer! The reading world is trying today to adjust itself to the thought. It was in 1877 that Major Baring arrived in Cairo, after nearly twenty years in the Royal Artillery and four years of service as private secretary to the Earl of Northbrook, viceroy of India. Since that time, or at least since 1883, his name has stood for progress in Egypt, for the reform of the courts, the fiscal system, the practical abolition of forced labor, the development of irrigation, and a hundred other reforms. A nation humiliated and impoverished by its rulers has been set upon its feet and been helped far along the road towards prosperity and self-government. Profiting largely by the British mistakes in India, Lord Cromer has made of Egypt England's greatest success in colonization, or better, administration. Nowhere else the world over has the attempt of a superior race to guide a backward one been on the whole so praiseworthy.

How great the task which fell to Cromer only those who can realize who go back to the time when he became British consul, or pro-consul. The Arabi Pasha revolution of 1882 was the sincere effort of an abominably oppressed people to throw off the yoke of a disolute spendthrift. The foreign bondholders chose to regard it—as many writers do today—as merely the mutiny of an unpaid army. Acting for them, England suppressed the rebellion, expelled Arabi, and took hold in Cairo. The city seethed with intrigue and discontent. The Mahdi movement grew apace; one great southern province after another fell away, until, with the tragedy of Khartoum, the Egyptian frontier was forced back to the Second Cataract. Naturally the Mahdi had his followers in Cairo itself, who gathered courage from the disputes among the hated foreigners themselves, and particularly from the opposition of the French. For many months Cromer, with a most aggressive foe on his borders, lived in expectation of a fatal uprising in the capital, and neither in Upper nor in Lower Egypt were there trustworthy troops, save those of the small British garrison.

Still, Cromer's spirit remained undaunted. He left the Mahdi in peace for seven years, while a new Egyptian army—and an admirable one—was built up out of raw material. Finally, after eleven years of planning and waiting, he overthrew the Mahdi's successor, and won back for Egypt her vast Equatorial territory. Meanwhile, the internal reforms had gone on apace. The Barrage below Cairo, like the huge dam at Assuan, became the source of great wealth, while vast schemes for utilizing the waters of the Upper Nile for irrigation purposes are even now under consideration. The fellah became, in the eyes of the law, an equal with the once overbearing and despotic pasha. In an incredibly short time, from a bankrupt state, Egypt became one of the most flourishing countries in the world. This financial transformation was particularly Lord Cromer's work. His first relation with Egypt was as commissioner of the public debt. He found the country running behind each year in a way to make its escape from entanglements seem impossible, particularly in view of the varying opinions among the debtor nations. Just how the way to solvency and prosperity was found has recently been set forth at length by Sir Auckland Colvin, the British comptroller-general in Egypt and financial adviser to the Khedive.

This authority, like Lord Milner, and Lord Cromer's successor, Sir Eldon Gorst, is eager to give Lord Cromer full credit for all he has done. "The making of modern Egypt," says Sir Auckland, "is the work of Lord Cromer; without him it might scarcely have been accomplished, and with his name it will be identified." Beyond all doubt, Lord Cromer, who is now 66 years old, has won for himself imperishable renown as among the greatest of England's long line of distinguished administrators. And yet it is noteworthy that his retirement coincided with a period of great unrest along the Nile, with the demand for Egypt for the Egyptians more outspoken than ever before. Each month shows that the movement is, if anything, steadily growing stronger. Sir Eldon Gorst faces a new problem, different from the old one, yet "more delicate and difficult of settlement. True, Lord Cromer has gradually increased the share of the Egyptians in their government. Their constitution comprises a legislative council and a general assembly, and no law or decree calling for administrative changes can be promulgated without the council's consent. A greater share in local administration is being granted to the natives. Yet much remains to be done. The courts have still to learn to apply the law with judgment and discrimination; indeed, as the Edinburgh Review said recently, "until these questions have been settled, it cannot be said that the protection of life and property in Egypt is efficiently assured." That the native has small chance in the criminal courts when opposed by Englishmen, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and others have recently asserted.

Indeed, it may be asked whether Lord Cromer's wonderful success may not become the best object-lesson the world has had, that no government, however admirable, is so good as self-government. Lord Cromer himself has shown great nervousness—now explained, perhaps, by his physical condition—over the situation. His shockingly harsh and really illegal punishment of the natives who attacked British officers at Denshaw is proof that even this great administrator, at the end of his career, ruled by force rather than by affection, and felt it necessary to maintain the prestige of his nation by medieval cruel-

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