

Dorrien received a telegram signed "Esher" which read something like this: 'Come up to town at once and see me.' Gen. Smith-Dorrien replied: 'Sorry, I don't know you.' The next day the general received a peremptory order from the war office to report to Secretary Haldane, and when he arrived in Whitehall Mr. Haldane presented him with a smile to Lord Esher and told him that he was to give to his lordship any information which his lordship desired. This incident became known in some mysterious way throughout the army, and since then the officers of either service have been chary of getting at loggerheads with Lord Esher.

"Another case of a man who tried to snub Lord Esher and lived to be sorry for it was Sir Charles Hardinge, permanent secretary at the foreign office. Things were rather strained at the time between England and Russia, and one day Sir Charles received a note from Lord Esher asking for some papers bearing on the situation and saying that the king wanted to see them. Sir Charles replied that if his majesty wanted the papers and would ask for them they would be furnished without delay. The same day he received a personal order from the king for the papers, and a few days later they were returned in person by Lord Esher. This incident made the officials of the various branches of the civil service think that Lord Esher was a man whose commands had better be obeyed. With the exception of the ka'iser story these incidents never have appeared in print before. There are many reasons why they could not be printed in England.

"Just now Lord Esher is engaged in the fight of his life with the duke of Connaught, King Edward's brother, and for the first time the fight seems to be a fairly even one. He succeeded in getting the duke out of the post of inspector-general of the forces to make a place for his friend Gen. Sir John French. He sent the duke to Malta against his will to occupy a useless appointment, and when the duke rebelled and came home he ousted him from the selection board of the army as a punishment and now he is moving heaven and earth to get him sent abroad again. The gossips say that Lord Esher does not want the duke in England because the duke alone of all the officers in the army is strong enough to resist his influence, and if necessary to fight him to a standstill. Be that as it may, Lord Esher is trying to persuade the king to send the duke to another foreign post.

In Private Life.

"Lord Esher has a nice place in Windsor forest called Orchard Lea, but by no stretch of the imagination could it be called a great house. His town residence is a modest little place in Tilney street, Mayfair, just around the corner from Dorchester house, the residence of Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador. In fact, it might be said to be

in the back yard of Dorchester house. He seldom goes into society, and his own entertainments are small and infrequent, but there is no house in London where a large number of really important people can be met. He has written a couple of rather charming books, one, "The Footprints of Statesmen," consisting chiefly of personal anecdotes of Queen Victoria and her prime ministers. The other, "The Yoke of the Empire," is a consideration of a number of imperial problems, but no one pretends that either is a serious contribution to either history or literature. His chief title to literary fame lies in his work as editor of the letters of Queen Victoria, and I am told that his work here was a triumph of suppression rather than selection. At any rate, King Edward was delighted with the sagacity and judgment he displayed in editing the letters, and since then he has stood higher in the royal favor than ever.

Solution of the Mystery.

"I venture to suggest a solution of at least part of the mystery of Lord Esher's power. His particular crony is a certain young man of 44, who used to draw \$6 a week on a two-cent weekly paper called Tit-Bits, made up of paragraphs cut from other publications, and who concluded at the age of 21 to start a rival paper of his own, which he called Answers. That young man now controls some 30 periodicals, one of which happens to be the most powerful influence among the masses of any newspaper in England — the Daily Mail — and another of which is the most powerful influence among the "classes" — the London Times. That young man of course is Lord Northcliffe, formerly Alfred Harmsworth. Northcliffe and Esher think exactly alike apparently on every possible subject. If you can guess which it is that thinks first it may be that you can guess which is the tail that wags the British bulldog."

Some misguided bard has sung the praises of the friend whose heart is warm, and the grip of his hand like steel. We all know that friend, and next time we are going to use a pair of tongs or nut-crackers, or ask him to insert two fingers in the crack of a door. A Long Island hotel clerk went to the hospital the other day because he fell in with such a warm-hearted, steel-fingered friend. The agony abated after the pressure was relaxed, and the victim thought no more of it till the joints began to swell. It is thought that with care and rest the strained tendons and ligaments can be cured. Of course a true friend should be good at a pinch, but there are limits. An old Florentine ring with a hidden needle loaded with non-fatal venom would be the proper defense against friends of this boorish sort.

—Springfield Republican.