

Mainly About People.

NO war in British history has been marked by such an eagerness on the part of all classes in Great Britain to participate as has characterized the present struggle. The aristocracy, true to its best traditions, has given freely of its scions in the Empire's cause, and, until the cruel war is over, there will be as much bitter anxiety in the castles and palaces of the old land as in its humbler homes. For instance, the Marquis of Lansdowne (who has certainly served his country well in the past) has said farewell to his eldest son, the Earl of Kerry, an officer of the Grenadier Guards. His brother, Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, is a lieutenant in the First Dragoons, the "Royals." These are Lord Lansdowne's two heirs, and if they should perish the family title will become extinct.

IN view of the coming engagement of Sir Henry Irving, in Montreal, everything concerning the great actor is of interest. Like Moliere's "Medecin Malgre Lui," Sir Henry is a threefold doctor, without ever having studied for a degree. He has received the degree of Doctor from the Universities of Cambridge, Dublin, and Glasgow, and he was Rede lecturer for Cambridge in 1898. Dr. Irving, of the Lyceum Theatre, delivered his Rede lecture in the Senate House of Cambridge University in June, 1898, on "The Theatre in its Relation to the State." In the course of his lecture, he reminded his audience that the actors or players were retained in the "rogues" category of the Vagrant Act until well into the present century, when some Parliamentary draughtsman, less hidebound to precedent than his predecessors, drew his pen through the obsolete clause.

LORD TENNYSON, Governor of South Australia, has presented to the Public Library of Adelaide the MS. of the first poem written by his father in the capacity of laureate. It is that piece of verse written in March, 1851, and dedicated to the Queen, which concludes thus:

By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

The opening line of the second stanza:

Victoria, since your Royal Grace,

was originally written:

I thank you that your Royal Grace.

"Kindness," as now printed in the fifth stanza was in the first draft "sweetness." "Rulers of your blood" was originally "scions of your blood." "The bounds of freedom broader yet," was changed by the poet to "wider yet."

IN most families the birth of a great-grandchild is considered quite an event, and there is something venerable and awe-inspiring even about the title great-grandmother. It is an interesting task merely to conjure up in imagination the serried ranks of Her Majesty's descendants. At the present moment Queen Victoria has 32 great-grandchildren, of whom 13 are princesses.

A PRETTY story is told of Miss Ellen Terry. To assist a certain charity in the provinces, she offered a kiss to be put up to auction. The bidding was brisk, and had advanced in three leaps from two guineas to 30, when, without further parley, the round sum of £100 was offered. There being no higher bid, the kiss was knocked down by the auctioneer to a colonel in one of England's crack regiments, who came forward to meet the blushing actress. But, to the surprise of all present, the colonel introduced a dear little fair-haired boy, explained that it was his grandson's fifth birthday, and that he had

acquired the kiss as a birthday gift for him, whereupon Miss Terry took the child in her arms and discharged her debt with interest.

MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON, the clever Indian poetess and reciter, tells a good story which shows the tastlessness

some well-meaning women occasionally display. At the close of an entertainment, where Miss Johnson had given a number of her poems, a lady rushed up to the reciter, congratulated her effusively, and exclaimed in apparent astonishment, "You don't mean to say that your father was really an Indian?" "Certainly," answered the dusky elocutionist, who is not at all ashamed of her Mohawk blood.

"Well," remarked the lady in the tone of one who is going to say something very flattering: "really, to look at you I never would have thought it."

"Indeed," said Miss Johnson coolly, "and may I ask, madam, if your father was a white man?"

"To be sure he was," with a stare of mingled amazement and indignation.

"Oh!" said Miss Johnson, smilingly, "to look at you I never would have thought it."



MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

LONG before the Transvaal trouble, the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, present British Colonial Secretary, was famous the world over for two things: his orchids and his monocle. His costly collection of orchids is one of the finest in the world. It is said that once in Paris he saw a rare orchid, the duplicate of one he had recently added to his own collection. He asked the price. "20,000 francs," replied the dealer.

The Englishman paid the money, and then, throwing the flower on the floor, crushed it with his heel. However reliable this incident may be, the following is vouched for: Since boyhood Mr. Chamberlain has worn a monocle. When the young man first entered Parliament his fame as a municipal reformer had preceded him. Among the visitors who were present on that occasion were Lords Beaconsfield and Carnarvon. The commoner had won his election to the House by his vigorous opposition to the great Conservative's methods. As he came into the chamber Lord Carnarvon leaned forward and said:

"Here comes young Chamberlain."

"Ah!" replied Beaconsfield, as he took in the young man from tip to toe.

"What do you think of him?"

"He wears his monocle like a gentleman," replied the Premier.