

KING ALFONSO TELLS WHY HE WAS SPANKED ONE DAY

In Midst of Solemn Occasion Spanish Monarch Once Performed Feats on Back of a Lion

STILL another picture of the King of Spain as a thoroughly human and likable gentleman is given by Francois Cogné, the celebrated French sculptor, in a diary of what happened during the sittings of the king for his bust, published in L'Illustration of Paris.

The wide range of the king's interests and his conversation, his remarkable energy and good nature are in evidence in every line of M. Cogné's story, from the minute when, as one business man to another, Alfonso shook hands with him in the ambassadorial hall of the royal palace at Madrid. Arm and arm, you see them strolling through the great rooms, the king always laughing as he talks.

"Is the light all right?" he asked me. "Would you like me to go somewhere else?"

He sat down on a red bench with a superb piece of tapestry behind him.

"Yesterday I recognized you at once in church," he said.

"But, your majesty, you placed me almost next you."

"True enough. I wanted to see you. Did you mark me well? These were his very words." He stayed for some time in the throne room, the ceiling of which is admirably painted by Tiepolo, and told me a few anecdotes.

"You see," he said, "those two chairs beside the throne? The one on the left I found in the cellar where I was looking for something entirely different. It was certainly used by one of my ancestors. I have had it remounted, cleaned, and re-covered with the same red tapestry that is on the walls. That chair is for the queen. I have had another one like it made for me, and on its arms two heads have been sculptured. Aren't they handsome?"

"Those four lions remind me of an amusing story about when I was five years old and was making my first appearance at court. Behind the chairs were all the ambassadors from all over the world; on the right and left stood the most important in Spain—princes and grandees. I was intensely bored. After discreetly yawning several times, I quietly slipped out of my chair and with a single leap I jumped on the back of one of the lions. Profound silence ensued. The reading of a decree was interrupted, and one of the functionaries took hold of me gently and tried to lift me back in my chair; but I huddled up and grabbed hold of my lion as if it were a rocking-horse."

He gave a burst of laughter and continued: "The solemn courtiers on either hand lost their dignity, smiles and smothered laughter followed; only the royal family remained serene. Still laughing, he added: 'You can imagine what I got that night!'"

He could even talk about his appearance, which he frankly said was considered ugly.

"People find me ugly, but that is my inheritance."

I protested—he is not ugly. He has character and great nobility in his features and his bearing. His forehead is handsome, his Bourbon nose is finely modeled at its base, his ears are small. The trouble is that his lower lip protrudes; but I cannot help repeating that he looks astonishingly like Philip II. and Philip IV.

When he goes in for sport, Alfonso is as daring as the Prince of Wales.

"How did you like the polo game?"

"Splendid, your majesty, but dangerous."

"Oh, no, you often get a crack with the mallet; I have been hit six times near my eye, but it doesn't amount to anything. I much prefer such trifles to the inflammation of the lungs that you get from dancing. Polo is excellent exercise. In order to work well you have got to play games, and you sleep better, too. Lately I have been going to bed early."

PRINCE VIGO AND WIFE USE SERVANTS' ROOMS

Accept Offer of Bath Hotel Staff, Who Did Not Know the Visitors

IN the course of a motor tour of England, Prince Vigo of Denmark and Princess Vigo, formerly Miss Eleanor M. Green of New York, reached Bath and sought rooms at the principal hotel.

Not giving their names, they were told there was nothing available except a couple of servants' bedrooms.

Entering into the democratic spirit of the adventure, the prince and princess asked to be shown the rooms, which they pronounced quite nice and remained for the night.

It was some time before the management of the hotel discovered the identity of the royal visitors.

DUCHESS OF YORK'S ROSE

THE DUCHESS OF YORK has an unusually remarkable memory for faces, a fact which was evident at a recent garden party given to one thousand wounded men from hospital. Among the guests was Sergeant O'Leary, late Dorset Regiment, and as she shook hands with him H. R. H. asked, smilingly, "Have you still the rose?"

She was referring to the occasion when at a Christmas party at Buckingham Palace she had given Sergeant O'Leary a flower from her bouquet.

Sergeant O'Leary, who was surprised at being remembered, replied: "Yes, and I'm going to keep it."

A RETORT made by Mr. Tom Shaw, minister of labor, shows that he has a reader with more than many of his colleagues realized. "Rabbits!" cried an M.P. recently when Mr. Shaw replied to a question on unemployment.

"There are other long-eared animals besides rabbits!" was the labor minister's prompt reply.



King Alfonso

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

Girl Genius When Discovered Turns Down Income of Princess

Miss Muriel Black Doesn't Care For Job With Prospect of \$50,000 a Year—Prefers Medical Career and Helping the Under-Privileged Children

NOTHING quite like it ever happened before—an organized search for a real genius, then the refusal of the genius of a \$50,000 job when she was found.

"What do I want with a \$50,000 job?" inquired Miss Muriel Black, whose recent standing in the "genius" tests conducted by the associated industries of Massachusetts among factory employees startled experts and brought her fame overnight, and the offer of many important positions. The head of one of the largest corporations predicted a salary of \$50,000 a year for her within five years if she cared to go into a business career.

Miss Black laughed when she was told of the prediction. "What do I want with power and money?" she said, simply and frankly. "I want to be a doctor and specialize in the diseases of little children. I have always wanted to be a doctor, ever since I was a small child."

The discovery of Muriel Black's extraordinary capacities came about as the result of investigations conducted by the associated industries to ascertain whether, as is often said, much genius is buried unsuspected in the factories. Experts were engaged, the first steps were taken in 1923 and the associated industries promised to assist any bona fide genius who might be discovered.

The investigations covered a number of manufacturing institutions and were conducted at first without the knowledge of the employee. The committee in charge consisted of Charles A. Andrews of Merrill, Oldham and Co., former president of the association; B. Preston Clark of the Plymouth Cordage Company, and Frank P. Cox of the General Electric Company. They submitted a report to the associated industries September 5.

The results of a very complete canvass showed that twenty-one persons, of whom twenty were boys, showed exceptional ability. Rigid tests reduced the number of boys to five, but left the girl still with them. The six were sent to the Harvard Graduate School of Education and given long and exhaustive tests in what is said to be the severest examination yet devised. The boys all passed with high marks, indicating that they were beyond the usual mental gauge of college graduates, but they did not qualify as geniuses.

Miss Black, however, did by a long lead. Her final score was 175, which was sixteen points higher than the most gifted boy. The other four averaged between 129 and 136. They would rank in the upper 5 per cent. of the 100,000 cases examined by the army in its psychological tests.

The experts agreed that Miss Black has tremendous brain power, remarkable personality and excellent practical judgment. In addition to these things she has a splendid physique, real beauty and one overmastering ambition—to be a doctor and specialize in children's diseases.

She was born twenty-four years ago in a small town in Michigan, where there were few opportunities. Later the family moved to La Peer, a place of about 5,000 inhabitants, where she was graduated from high school. When she was ten years old she had made up her mind she wanted to be a nurse, not knowing that women could ever be physicians. During her high school years she met a woman doctor, and from that time on she knew beyond doubt or swerving what her goal was.

Her endowment and the direction her ambition has taken are not, at least on the surface, accounted for by her ancestry. Her father is of Scotch-Irish descent, the mother of English. The grandparents of both emigrated to America many years ago. They were tradesmen, farmers, me-

One More Napoleon



Emperor Napoleon's Double

HENRY DUVAL, the eminent French actor, has created a remarkable impersonation of Napoleon Bonaparte, in a sketch of his own creation in which he acts the part of Napoleon. Henry Duval, after a tour of England, will bring his play and impersonation to America.



Girl Genius is Found

chanics, level-headed, practical people. None followed a professional career, and if any had genius it was not recognized. Mr. Black is proprietor of a modest taxicab business in the middle west. Mrs. Black "has a head for figures" and helps with the books of the concern.

After leaving high school Muriel worked for the Michigan Central Railroad Company for a year as special traveling relief agent. Then she went on with her studies in the college at Kalamazoo for a year, but had to leave to act as business manager for a taxicab company in which her people had an interest. She was successful at the unfamiliar job. Another year and she was back in college resuming her interrupted studies.

Then she went to Texas as instructor in physical culture in a girls' school and also as laboratory technician.

After this came a rest of several months and then she came to Plymouth and obtained a position as teacher in the Spooner School at North Plymouth at a salary of \$1,500 a year. This was considered a trying position, the pupils being mostly of foreign extraction, with languages and customs of many countries to be adjusted to their new environment. She was notably successful, and, as most of the parents of the pupils were employees of the Plymouth Cordage Com-

pany, she came into contact with the instructors employed by the corporation in the kindergarten and sloyd school which it maintains. Through this contact she obtained the position of assistant to the librarian of the Loring Library, another Plymouth Cordage institution. She was never a factory girl in the plant.

She is now teaching in a school for pupils with a tendency toward tuberculosis, under the direction of the public school physician.

She is 5 feet 6 inches tall, beautifully proportioned, slender without thinness, with blue, direct eyes and the color of perfect health. Her light brown hair frames her face and is drawn into a knot at the back that has a quaint suggestion of an old-time portrait, and her features are so regular as to have been called Grecian, but mobile, with the character and intelligence that are her most distinguishing characteristics.

"I'm not a genius," she said. "There's more to genius than simply trying to do things on which one's heart is set. That's all I've done."

Several offers of promising business positions have come to her as a result of the associated industries' investigation. She has not shown any intention of accepting them, and has made it plain that the only position which interests her is one which will give her a chance to study the mental and physical diseases of children.

Jackie Coogan Just 10 Years Old Is Now Almost a Millionaire

Rumor That Young Star's Life Is Slavery Is Denied—Works Only Four Hours a Day—Money Is Being Invested for Him Under Court's Direction—Discovered by Charlie Chaplin for the Movie World

ALL the world, or at least that part of it that fills the moving picture theatres, knows that Charlie Chaplin discovered Jackie Coogan for the films. But the exact manner of his doing so is not common knowledge, according to Frank Waynforth, who tells the story in Pearson's Magazine.

"For months Chaplin had been on the lookout for a suitable child to play the central figure in his film, 'The Kid.' At least a dozen juvenile players had been given a 'try-out,' and Chaplin began to despair of ever finding anyone to take the part, when he was persuaded to visit a theatre in Los Angeles where Jackie Coogan and his father were appearing. As soon as Charlie saw Jackie walk on to the stage he turned to his companion, a film producer, with the remark: 'There's the very kid I'm looking for.'"

"The following night Chaplin called at the hotel where the Coogans were staying. Of his son's introduction to the comedian Coogan told me an amusing anecdote.

"It was rather late in the evening when Chaplin called," Mr. Coogan said. "Jackie had curled himself up in a chair and was fast asleep. It was one of the very few occasions in his life that his mother had allowed him to be up after seven-thirty. When Chaplin came in I called, 'Hi, Jackie, here's Charlie Chaplin to see you—wake up!' Jackie slowly uncurred, yawned, and rubbed his eyes; then, getting to his feet, held out his hand, and said: 'How do you do, Mr. Chaplin?'—and coolly got back into his chair and dropped off to sleep again!"

"By the way, how old is he?" The question is interesting just now, because Jackie is on the point of celebrating his tenth birthday. The average film star would sigh with contentment to feel sure of making one-tenth the success of Jackie in a lifetime three times as long. For four films which he is to make for an American film company, the record sum of nearly half a million dollars was banked in advance to his credit. Mr. Coogan says that all the money Jackie earns is banked and invested against his coming of age. Recently the little star turned the first of his million dollar apartment house in Los Angeles. So that the public should be satisfied that he really is going to have all the money he is making some day, his mother not long ago managed to have herself appointed his legal trustee by order of the courts, to which she has to render a statement of his affairs from time to time. "Already, Jackie owns much busi-



ness property, some houses and some acres of land, besides having a big interest in some oil wells. Some of his capital is also sunk in the grape-growing industry. At the same time he receives considerable annual income as royalties for articles of commerce sold under his name, such, for example, as the Jackie Coogan scooter and Jackie Coogan hats and coats. There is even a Jackie Coogan brand of peanut.

Jackie doesn't know he is almost a millionaire. He gets five dollars a week for pocket money.

And he never puts in more than three hours' work a day. It is a mistaken rumor that he is overworked.

Voice of Wells Said He Was Not at Home

Hadn't Faintest Idea, Either, When He Would Be Home—Fairly Caught When Visitor Called

THE other day a journalist rang up Mr. H. G. Wells on the telephone.

"Mr. Wells is not at home," said the voice at the other end.

It was obviously the voice of Wells. "Do you know when he will be at home?" asked the journalist, thinking that Wells himself ought to know.

But he didn't. "Haven't the faintest idea," replied Wells.

The journalist took his chance and called. Wells opened the door himself.

"Are you at home yet?" inquired the journalist.

"Come in!" sighed Wells.

He was fairly caught.

Mr. Wells is perhaps the least snobbish of all the great English writers. He "rose from the ranks" himself, and he is ever ready to chat with those who have not yet risen, but who hope to rise. He himself, in his early days, sold ribbons and laces across the counter of a small provincial shop, and when he comes across any of his old comrades he does not forget that he knows them.

Once he was accosted by one of these old friends, who had heard that Wells was progressing in the world but was not clear as to the precise direction.

"They tell me you've got on fine, Mr. Wells, since you left us," said the man.

"Thank you, I'm not doing badly," answered Wells.

"Yes, they tell me you're at Harrods now," continued the other, with a note of respect in his voice.

This puzzled Wells for a moment, but his face cleared as he replied genially: "Yes—in the book department."

Pernikity Artists Write Own Epitaphs

Think There Ought to Be a Little Humor Even in Cemeteries Where They Rest

WHAT would you like to have on your tombstone?

A group of modern artists have contributed a pleasant mortuary symposium in this month's Vanity Fair. They esteemed it a coveted opportunity to say some fitting last words.

Here is what Irvin S. Cobb suggests for his grave:

Irvin S. Cobb
June 23, 1876, August 11, 1961
Anyhow he left here!

Franklin P. Adams, Columnist of the New York Morning Herald, has this characteristic slab:

R. I. P.
Beneath this Green and Tears-spent sod
The Bones of F. P. Adams lie.
He had a rotten bone, but G—d!
How he did hate to die!

Ring Lardner is among the contributors:

Here lies the body of
RING LARDNER
What of it?

Rube Goldberg, the comic strip artist, says:

The body of
RUBE GOLDBERG
Rests here
Died Aged 107
At last he got a day off

And Alexander Woolcott, the celebrated New York dramatic critic, thinks this would do:

Cigit
ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT
who died at the age of 92
He never had imitation fruit in his dining room

CHOSE PRINCESS MARY INSTEAD OF THE QUEEN

HAVE you heard the really delightful story concerning Queen Mary and a courageous small boy?

The King, the Queen, and Princess Mary were visiting a vineyard recently, and were conducted over the place by the proprietor and his young son. Noticing that the boy had a camera, the queen intimated, at the end of the tour of inspection, that he might take her photograph. The boy blushed and hesitated, and when the queen encouraged him, he blurted out that he had only one film left and he had meant that for Princess Mary. The queen promptly and gracefully stood aside, and the princess stepped smilingly into the breach!

THE QUALIFICATION

WHO is the most famous actor on the French stage? Name him, and you will name the man responsible for the following cruel story.

He was asked the other day why the Legion of Honor was conferred on another famous actor—but an American—Mr. James K. Hackett.

"You see," replied the Frenchman, "he is an American actor who played 'Macbeth' in English in a Paris theatre before a French audience, which included the Japanese crown prince. And he played it only once."

HOUSEBREAKING THRILL COSTLY FOR P. C. LARKIN

Bevel Glass Does Not Stop Canada's High Commissioner From Making an Entrance

HON. P. C. LARKIN, Canada's High Commissioner in England, in the role of a house-breaker is a new angle of approach to a popular figure.

The following incident at his Toronto home just before his appointment illustrates the fact that, besides being a man of ready wit and kindliness, he is also, on occasion, a man of prompt action.

Returning in the afternoon from his place of business to his home to find the rest of the family out, he put on an old suit of clothes and went out to work in his garden, which has always been his pet hobby.

An hour or so later, deciding to call it a day, he went back to the house. All the doors were locked, and he had left his keys in the pocket of his recently discarded business clothes. There was no window open, nor unfastened.

Mr. Larkin hesitated just long enough to find some weapon to force an entrance. Finally, his attention was drawn to the brass nozzle of a garden hose. With this he stepped to the door of the conservatory, smashed the pane of glass nearest the lock, put his hands through and turned the latch, only to find himself no nearer than before to an entrance, since the French doors leading to the library were also locked.

Another smash followed. This time it was a pane of beveled plate. But the commissioner had decided on his objective.

It was the only time he felt like a burglar.

In fact, showing him how easy it would be for a professional housebreaker to do the same thing, the incident resulted in the latest burglar traps and precautions.



Hon. P. C. Larkin

IRENE CASTLE'S MONKEY BURIED IN CEMETERY

Used to Perch Itself on the Famous Dancer's Wrist—Her Dogs Also Buried There

AMONG the plot owners in the Hartsdale canine cemetery at Hartsdale, New York, is Miss Ethel Barrymore.

Near the plot of Miss Barrymore's dogs is the pretentious lot of Irene Castle, and it contains four of her pets, including one whose marble headstone is inscribed:

"Rastus, the smartest, most lovable monkey that ever lived."
Side by side with the monkey that used to perch himself on the wrist of the dancer is one of her dogs, and his tomb is inscribed:
"My adored Zowie. Died Aug. 21, 1917."
"I do not cringe from death so much,
Since you are gone, my truest friend,
Thy dear dumb soul will wait for mine,
However long before the end."



Irene Castle

Sleeping beside Rastus and Zowie is Punchello, whose headstone shows he was "Killed by a fall, July 18, 1917; 2 years old. Beloved by all and ever mourned."

The number of owners represented by the 4,000 pets buried in the Hartsdale canine cemetery is approximately 3,000. The cemetery is not used exclusively for dogs, although they are in the majority and represent dogs of the poor as well as those of the rich. A lion, several monkeys, cats, parrots, pet hens, two horses and other animals, mostly of domestic breeds, are sleeping side by side in the cemetery.



A Chip Off the Old Block

LACKING just two days of being exactly 28 years after the nomination of his great father to the same position, which the elder Roosevelt won in the subsequent election, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., now assistant secretary of the United States navy, the same position, too, that his father held before becoming governor, was nominated as Republican candidate for Governor of New York State. The likeness of "Teddy" Junior to his father is striking.