

# King Edward's Club Life

King Edward's face no longer glows upon the Marlborough Club, the most exclusive club in London, and there is trouble in the air. The club is across the street from the king's home, and there is a habit of running across before dinner to the joys of informality, and a quiet little dinner for a quiet little private room, with a few old cronies, and with the king's presence. They say he is one of the best whist players in the world, and it doesn't matter how the stakes are.

When he became king he ceased to be the most persistent club member in London, but he still kept in with the Marlborough, for it is almost in the family.

It is changed, for the reason that his majesty wasn't looking to speak, a few millionaires were not among the king's intimates who wanted to be—man—man—man—to get elected into the circle. When the royal club opened over one day not long ago, the king's presence was a great find for the intruders bowing before him, he was away and has stayed ever since.

**WRECK THE CLUB.**  
The king's action may wreck the club, it is said that the old club is full of them particular members of the king, have threatened to leave a body unless the newly elected members are crowded out, so that a new club will be organized. The trouble, but at the same time, the king's presence is decided pending a decision of the executive committee, which meets once a quarter. Some of the members think the best way to get out of the difficulty would be to pay the entrance fees of the men who are the king's objects, but it is a legal difficulty as in the case of the black sheep do not have a sweet disposition to resign a portion of their rights as members.

The king's rate the Marlborough purchase hang on to the king literally.

The club is in some distress, although for not quite the same reason. No mere low millionaires get into White's so far as any-ones. It has plenty of members who are short enough in this world, but every father's son is sufficiently long in pedigree to make up more than the difference. Yet the king has practically deserted White's too, although the Marlborough, it was his old haunt. It is an older club than the Marlborough, and some of the members look down a little on the new-made royalties that hang over at the Marlborough.

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**THEATERS IN PLACE OF CLUBS**  
What has been the loss of the clubs has been the gain of the theaters. Ever since the court came out of mourning until he had seen about everything worth seeing, the king went to the theater from two to three times a week, and paid for his tickets, too, although any manager would have been glad enough to have him come for nothing for the sake of the advertisement. Woe betide the manager, however, who lets it leak out that the king is to see his show, for as a result the king's box would be empty. The free advertisement must be extracted after the event and not before.

Word that the king has called for the royal box makes a terrific commotion in the business manager's office. Everything has to be swept and dusted and furnished and polished and, more important still, the house has to be "papered," if necessary, for it would never do for the king to see the theatre half empty. A programme has to be printed on white satin and the king's private sitting room, which every up-to-date London theatre has to have, must be supplied with cigarettes and whisky and soda. The king usually retires to this room between the acts and receives there any friend whom the audience whom he may wish to see.

When he was Prince of Wales it was always wise to have his favorite champagne on ice, but nowadays it is said he is exceeding mindful of his physician's orders and rarely refreshes himself with anything more than a little whisky and soda.

In order that the king may have greater privacy and a more luxurious withdrawing room, several of the principal theaters are making structural alterations today. It is the unwritten law, too, that although the royal box may be sold for nights when the king doesn't want it, yet if he should change his mind and make a sudden demand for it, the holder of the box would have to get out whether he like it or not.

**MORE EXCLUSIVE AT RACES.**  
The king's new tendency to hold himself aloof is going to be more marked, noticeably at the race courses this season. His majesty isn't going to surrender his horses and his racing for anybody, but he is not going to be as accessible as hitherto. Alterations are being made at Epsom, Newmarket, Derby, Sandown and Ascot to the end that the royal box shall be more completely cut off and more difficult of approach to ambitious folk who have found it fairly easy hitherto to get themselves introduced into the royal surroundings and be seen by others in the king's party, even if the king had expressed no burning desire to meet them.

**CURTIS BROWN.**  
**The Irish Cheers.**  
London, March 10.—When it was announced that General Lord Methue and four guns had been captured by the Boers, commanded by General Delarey, the news came like a thunderbolt to London. The extra editions of the evening papers giving an account of the disaster were eagerly bought up and bitter remarks were passed on the subject of the government declaration that the war in South Africa was over.

The news came too late to affect the business on the stock exchange, but excited curb dealings quickly followed the closing, in which South Africans slumped heavily. The news caused excitement in the mine market. Shares were offered freely at first, but by 6 o'clock the excitement had abated and the curb tone hardened.

**ROSEBERY'S REBUKE.**  
Glasgow, March 10.—Lord Rosebery spoke before a crowded meeting in St. Andrew's hall tonight. He referred to the Irish demonstration in the house of commons today, when the reading of Lord Kitchener's telegram announcing the capture of General Methue was greeted by loud Irish cheers, as a fresh indication of the impossibility of Home Rule. Lord Rosebery said that Mr. Gladstone himself, if he returned from the dead, could not dare to entrust an independent parliament to men who openly rejoice at a British military disaster.

**Mining Case**  
Ottawa, March 10.—In the supreme court to-day the hearing in Briggs vs. News-Wanderer et al was taken up. The plaintiff, Briggs, claimed the specific performance of two agreements in relation to mineral claims on Kaslo creek in British Columbia, known as Ben Hur, Two Kids, Monarch, Corks and Dublin locations. A proposed company, in which plaintiff was to be allotted what might amicably be settled upon as a reasonable number of squares, was never organized by the promoter, News-Wanderer, Doras and Dargiac, and the plaintiff claimed relief for breach of agreement and alternately an interest in the Cork and Dublin locations or \$100,000 damages. The full court affirmed the judgment of the trial court dismissing the action.

**Indictment for Murder.**  
Cambridge, Mass., March 10.—The grand jury of Middlesex county this afternoon reported an indictment in four counts against Joseph Wilfrid Blondin, alias Jos. Barnard, charging him with the murder of Margaret Emma Blondin, his wife, at Chelmsford, during April of last year. Now that the indictment has been found, steps will be taken at once to secure the presence of the defendant in Middlesex county, where the trial on the charge of murder will be held. Blondin is now in New York city. The indictment alleges that the crime was committed in Chelmsford on April 27th, 1901.

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# ONE NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE

**Of C. P. R. Telegraph Lineman**  
**Who Almost Found Watery Grave in a Cave on Carmanah Island.**

Victoria, March 18.—Late last month it became nearly the fate of Lineman Rosander to be entombed alive in a cave close to the beach on the southwestern coast of Vancouver Island. His escape from death was one of the most miraculous incidents of the kind that has happened on the west coast.

Since the storms of December last the C.P.R. Company have been obliged to keep a force of men employed along the coast making repairs to the telegraph line running to Carmanah. Particularly that section of the line in the immediate vicinity of Carmanah has suffered from being swept in from the Pacific, and which frequently carry with them a "swath" of trees which in turn bring with them to the ground the telegraph wire.

Rosander was one of those employed in keeping this wire in repair. On the 27th of last month he was sleeping on Seven-Mile river and being alone picked out a cave that seemed to offer immunity from the dangers of the falling timbers and the rigors of the cold, piercing winds. The cave was a large one, and being quite roomy Rosander took with him into the lonely quarter all the provisions with which he had been supplied. Meandering into the place at night he retired, feeling in perfect security. A storm raged without and the Pacific was breaking with tremendous force close by at the mouth of the river. Huge mountains of water came rolling in, tumbling with a monotonous and loud roar upon the beach. Rosander listened to the music of the elements until he fell asleep. He knew no more until water came rushing in upon him. What had occurred was, once obvious. The sea had "banked" up the river and the rising waters were surrounding his little nook in a most alarming way. Going to the entrance of the cave and looking out into the darkness, he found that the river had so swollen that it was next to impossible to escape. Rosander's feelings at this time can be better imagined than described. All his provisions were already afloat and spoiled. The river continued to rise.

A door to the cave was made fast as best the unfortunate fellow could under the circumstances. For a time this kept out the water, but the river was raising constantly, and it was only a matter of a short time before it had reached the top of the lumber structure at the entrance to the cave and was flowing in upon its despairing victim from a height of eight feet over the door. This occurred at 2 a.m. and from then until the break of day, three hours later, Rosander was up to his waist in water, with no seeming prospect of ever getting out of the hole alive. Everything in the cave was afloat, the place was in pitch darkness and all avenues of escape appeared to be shut off during this period. When day came, however, the situation was not so dreadful, and Rosander managed to make his escape.

The tide had fallen and the river had subsided to such an extent that he was enabled to make his way out of the watery prison to a house not far distant. Here he received warmth and with plenty to eat soon revived.

In speaking of that night's storm the Indians say that the water rose to a greater depth than it has been known to have risen in twenty years previous. In front of the lighthouse logs piled to a height of six feet. The end of the tramway and platform at the lighthouse was carried away, and the whole entrance to the Straits was full of logs and drift-wood.

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Singleton—You ought to be proud of your six handsome daughters—each as handsome as the other.

Wederly (sadly)—Yes—and each as husbandless as the other.

She—I wonder why a man's hair turns gray before his beard?

He—Oh, that is easily explained. There is usually about twenty years' difference in their respective ages.

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