

ENGLAND'S QUEEN IN MANY MOODS.

Monday King Edward and His Wife Celebrated Their Thirty-Ninth Anniversary, and the British People Paid Tribute to a Model Wife, an Indulgent Grandmother, an Accomplished Queen and a Gracious Woman.

Monday, March 10, was Queen Alexandra's wedding anniversary. On that day she had been married 39 years. She is sixty years old, and nearly 61, yet she does not look a day over 45, and in certain lights and in certain shades she would pass for 35.

There are very few women who can cheat Father Time out of his due by as much as five years, let alone 25.

Her daughter Louise, who is under 40, looks older than she. Her unmarried daughter Victoria, who is 34, looks no younger. Her "baby," the Princess Carl of Denmark, aged 12, is about the same age in looks.

The Princess Carl is the beauty of the family.

England's queen, selected for her good looks as well as for her virtues, gives none of her loveliness to her children. They were good, honest looking girls and boys, but no beauties.

When Alexandra, the daughter of the Sea King, an old King Christian is called, was born, she came into the world the first daughter of a family that was destined to have many daughters and sons.

AS A GIRL.

Christian, then an insignificant prince, reared a large family, and his wife, Louise looked after their virtues and education. They grew up beautiful, every one of them, from Frederick, the crown prince, to the three daughters and the younger sons, George and Waldemar.

And they were accomplished, wonderfully accomplished. Have you ever known a Dane? If you have, you have known one who could work and who was willing to do so; one who could be industrious, accomplished and pretty all at once.

The three daughters of the Sea King sewed and painted, sang and worked in the garden. They lived not so much a rural life, though they spent their spare time off at a little Danish castle where city ways never creep. Their mother taught them all the pretty arts of the world; and at eighteen they were ready to make a debut into the courts of Europe.

The story of how Prince Christian became King Christian is no usual one. There was no direct successor for the throne of Denmark and the line passed to Christian. He was of the best birth, and the most closely entitled to the honor of any of the cousins, and he got it. And so, he took his family, the three daughters and the three sons, and went to Copenhagen to live in the great white castle which belongs to the king of Denmark.

Alexandra, the eldest girl, became famous for her beauty. There were not many pretty princesses to be found; and Albert Edward, heir to the throne of England, declared that he would not marry an ugly faced girl, no not though she had all the virtues and accomplishments of all the goddesses rolled into one.

Alexandra was lovely and good, and she was well educated, elegantly bred and willing to please. She filled the bill and the courting was a brief one.

AS A BRIDE.

The bride came to England 39 years ago and England went wild over her.

She rode through London in the royal carriage and Englishmen wept at sight of her. So much loveliness brought to their shores! Alfred, Tennyson, then poet laureate, wrote an ode to her and she found herself welcome in an English home.

The following year the Duke of Clarence was born. Then came Prince George. Then three girls all in rapid succession. Then a boy Alexander, who died in infancy.

Meanwhile, the other two pretty Danish sisters had married. Dagmar, the second girl, was captured by the heir to the throne of Russia, the future czar; and Thyra, the youngest, married the duke of Cumberland, the richest man in the world, as he is said to have been then.

The life of Thyra has been shrouded in mystery. By some she is said to have gone into poor health and to have been mentally deranged these past many years.

Others, and they are those who stoutly maintain their story to be a true one, declare that the trouble between France and Germany—the Franco-Prussian war, and the forming of the present German empire, was responsible for the present estrangement between Thyra and her family.

The Duke of Cumberland, as is well known, did not take kindly to being absorbed by the German empire. The son of the king of Hanover, he desired to maintain his title and his domain. He did not want to be brought up and given a duchy in lieu of his kingdom.

Whether his defeat, if defeat it was, caused him to be embittered against the whole English and German families, or whether he preferred to return to the Cumberland lands, and rest there in quietude, is not known. But it is certain that Thyra does not mingle with her royal sisters and certain that her three lovely children are not included in the lists of eligibles to the thrones of Europe.

AS A WIFE.

Alexandra in England lived the life of an Englishwoman. She forsook her Danish ways and forbore to indulge in the winter sports which had been her fad.

She forsook all that was not strictly conventional according to English ideas.

She also made herself popular and went among the titled women of England, as though they were her life-long friends. English card parties, English dances, English house gatherings, and English bazaar all engaged her attention. She was Alexandra of England, not Denmark.

If during those years, or during the years that have intervened, Alexandra thought of home or home ways she did not make her thoughts known.

She asked for no Danish physicians, she brought no Danish dishes into the kitchen of Sandringham. She founded no Danish sports, and it is declared that from the time she stepped foot on English soil until she visited her own home many months after, she spoke not one word of Danish.

The English people, very appreciative, noticed these little marks of good breeding and were enchanted by them. They grew to love her dearly; and, though no Englishman would admit it

OUR BUSIEST MEN.



COUNTY CLERK JOHN JAMES.

Mr. John James, clerk of the county and district courts of Salt Lake, is well known in the musical and social circles of the city and enjoys a reputation for activity in political campaigns, particularly those of his own party—the Republican, which elected him to the position he now holds, in November a year ago, and which, according to present indications, will tender him the same honor once again. Mr. James is a native of Wales, and thirty-eight years of age. For some years he followed newspaper work and left the employment of the "News" to fill the office he now holds.

above his breath. It is very doubtful if today there is a daughter of the late Queen Victoria who can compare in point of affection with the regard in which Alexandra is held. Beatrice not excepted.

The cheers that go up as she rides through the streets are cheers, not for the queen, but cheers for Princess Alexandra, long known as the Princess of Wales.

AS A MOTHER.

As a devoted mother England loves her. Alexandra loved her children not wisely, but in a tender fashion. She would have spoiled them if Queen Victoria had allowed her to do so. Their will was law in Sandringham, and visitors to the palace will tell you tales of seeing the girls romp like kittens on the lawn, when they should have been in school, and the boys playing donkey riding when they ought to have been with the tutors. But royalty stepped in and took the children away, the boys upon a cruise and the girls to the schoolroom, before their mother had time to spoil them.

There came a sad day in 1892, when the Duke of Clarence at the age of 35 died. He was engaged to marry his cousin, the Princess May, and the wedding presents were in. But pneumonia claimed him and he died, with his mother by his side, and his brother George and the Princess May looking on.

Then came the crucial time in Alexandra's life. She had not only to see her beloved son, her first born, laid away and a great life-sized sarcophagus laid over him but she was compelled to give her consent to the marriage of his left hand fiancée to his brother George.

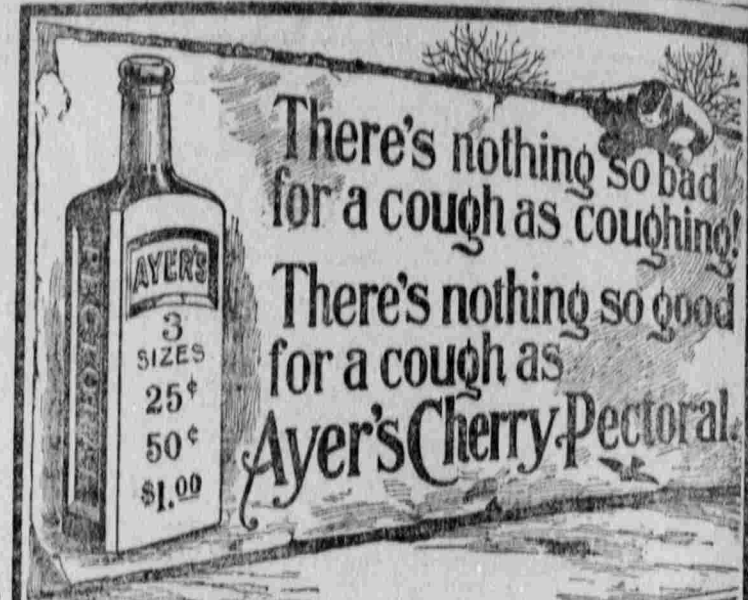
It was not that she loved May less but the sight of her was too painful, and, while the wedding preparations were merely going on, the royal mother slipped away to Italy, there to suffer from nervous prostration, so severe that her life was despaired of.

AS A GRANDMOTHER.

But that is past. As a grandmother, Alexandra is now a happy woman again and, to tell a royal secret, she is again spoiling four babies, the children of the present Prince of Wales, as she once tried to spoil her own.

It is another secret, scarcely whispered, that though cunning and accomplished considering their youth, these children are the most utterly ruined from a standpoint of discipline of any in the United Kingdom; and not all of this can be laid at the door of the queen.

King Edward, always easy going has assisted in the spoiling and four small terrors rule the country around. Recently, Prince Edward, aged eight, desired to ride his grandfather's horse, a great black charger.



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There's nothing so good for a cough as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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She plays the piano exquisitely and has been made a Doctor of Music by the foremost musical university in England. She also plays the violin well and does something upon the guitar. She is the sort of musician known as a "born" one and takes to all kinds of music.

As a housekeeper Alexandra has never been much. Her mother, old Queen Louise, was such an excellent one that she allowed the education of her own daughters to lapse a little in this respect, and Alexandra has left nearly all the ordering of the royal household to her housekeeper and chamberlain. She has even declined to give an opinion as to the menu upon great family occasions, and has not cared to supervise the details.

Upon the frescoes, the appointments and the furnishing she is a pronounced crank, and a certain firm of London decorators will tell you with tears how her rooms were done four times before they reached the shade of robin's-egg blue which she likes.

As the faddiest Alexandra has never been remarkable. She has never taken to the lens. She does not sympathize with the new theories of the occult, she is not a clubwoman, she is no politician, she cares for few charities except those of her church, she has never advanced any theory for woman's improvement and it is doubtful if she knows what woman's sphere is.

She leaves all for abler minds; as for herself, she is simply the lady, enjoying life and family in her own home going in society all she can.

As a fine dresser Alexandra is remarkable. Her gowns are miracles of beauty, and may it be hinted, of extravagance. She loves silks and velvets and adores necklaces, of which she has a dozen. She loves to twine her shapely neck with strings of pearls and diamonds and to deck her slender waist with handsomely jeweled belts.

She might be accused of vanity did she live in a land where women did not

all dress so well.—Augusta Prescott in Pioneer Press.

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