

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

Photograph of the Marquis of Blandford

Before he got the horse.

W. K. Vanderbilt's grandchildren.

Castle of Kallenberg.

Where the Duke holds the fort.

Coburg's Legislative Chamber.

King's Sister Executes Bust Of William Waldorf Astor

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, July 22.—Princess Louise, a sister of King Edward, is making a bust of William Waldorf Astor for Haver castle. The princess and her husband, the Duke of Argyll, spent last week-end at the famous Haver mansion, when their host gave the royal artist sittings. This is the first time the princess has taken an order from a commoner, and it goes without saying Mr. Astor will pay a colossal figure for the honor. The princess is too sensible a woman to refuse a check for her work any more than her niece, Princess Victoria, of Schleswig-Holstein, did when she gave a bust of a blue Persian kitten from her well-known cattery. It is said by those in the know that the royal artist will be paid \$10,000 for the bust. His friends assure me it is not easy to turn Mr. Astor's head, but the signal honor of posing to a king's sister has elated him considerably.

Nothing understanding his great intimacy with various members of King Edward's family Mr. Astor is not very friendly with Edward himself. Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor were among those invited to Haver castle to meet the princess and her husband. The host's objection to publicity grows more intense. Without the castle walls not a soul is aware of what is going on within, while all dependents are told that if the master discovers that they speak outside it will mean instant dismissal. Everything is superbly done at this wonderful house, half castle, half monastery, and with a state and ceremony more dignified than at a royal mansion. There are a dozen footmen who wear powdered hair and the Astor liveries.

PET BEAR MAKES A HIT.
Every week fresh conquests are made in London society by Mr. Burgiere of whom I spoke in a recent letter. He made pots of money in the American section of the great fete at Olympia which was held in aid of the queen's pet charity, the Children's hospital in Great Ormond street. Mr. Burgiere collected with a little bear which he called "Yankee Doodle" around whose small body was draped a flag with stars and stripes. The queen, like most other people, fell a victim to the charms of "Yankee Doodle" and presented him with a sovereign (\$5) whereupon Mr. Burgiere told the bear to shake hands with her majesty, to salute and bow. The queen was delighted, but she thought the little thing looked tired and told its master that she hoped he would not let him stay too long. Before her majesty left she extracted a promise from Mr. Burgiere to come and visit her with "Yankee Doodle" one day at Buckingham palace in order that she might show his pet to the children of the Prince of Wales.

GORGEOUS HOUSE BOAT.
Notwithstanding our hopeless weather crowds of people are making excursions up the Thames with the sole object of seeing Alfred Vanderbilt's beautiful new house-boat. He may be said to have revived the interest in house-boats which for years has been slowly dwindling, until lately those who had such boats regarded them as beautiful vases. Several other rich Americans are giving parties in the gay city and insist on their friends joining them. Among others is Mrs. Ames Van Vart, who is a well known hostess. When these people issue invitations they usually send with them first class return tickets.

LADY MARY.
Numbers of smart American women who would have spent these weeks in London have flown to Paris because of the cold and wet. Mrs. Gould and her daughter, Marjorie, are there. They have the talk of London for weeks after they take place. Some people say that Mrs. Mackay would never come to London now were it not to give her annual concert and to hold her own with Mr. Astor! This does not mean that Mrs. Mackay is not on the best of terms with her neighbor and countryman. Far from it. But still there is the human inclination to crow, so to speak, over the other. Kubelik is one of those who will figure on Mrs. Mackay's program this week.

Mighty Political Struggle In a German Principality

It Began With the Hen of the Reigning Duke's Third Gardener, and Has Ended, at Least for the Present, With the Horse of His Serene Highness's Policeman, Though Feeling Still Runs High.

(Special Correspondence.)
BERLIN, July 20.—Sometimes in the doings of petty principalities and duchies, as in the affairs of great empires, there arise crises which rend the state in twain, set principle against principle, party against party, and brother against brother. Viewed from afar by citizens of populous states, these crises seem trivial and unworthy. The citizens of Berlin, for instance, smile condescendingly at the politics of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen and Waldeck-Pyrmont; and hint that a duchy five miles long and 15 broad can have no politics more exalted than the problem of paint or no paint for the arms above the Rathaus door. But even superior Berliners signed a sigh of relief on learning that the constitutional crisis which recently led Sax-Coburg and Gotha to the verge of civil war had ended without bloodshed.

On the precipitous pine-clad hill of Kallenberg, to the northwest of Coburg city, there rears its head a picturesque and handsomely furnished castle, the residence of the reigning duke. As a rule, it is left to the care of 50 liveried servants, who wait with impatience for their sovereign's rare arrivals, and the harvest of 10 princely pieces then reaped in the form of tips.

STOLE A HEN.
In 1906 occurred an event rare in Coburg's modern annals. An ill-posed person stole a hen kept in the courtyard by the duke's third gardener. The landtag or parliament of Coburg, which consists of 11 citizens elected on a democratic franchise, resolved thereupon that a gendarme be appointed to stand on a hillock near the castle, and guard against future robberies of both the garden's hens and the sovereign's ancestral portraits.

Although the cost was estimated at \$200, an excessive sum for a state which produces a few sturdy patriots, Coburg's army counts nearly 1,500 men. The bill was a second time rejected. Thereupon began that career of extravagance which ended in the constitutional crisis referred to. A second gendarme was provided to guard the ducal palace of Rosenau; and the unpatriotic landtag passed without dissent an estimate of \$11 for wholly unnecessary cockades.

Bankruptcy or a foreign loan would soon have been the only alternatives had not Coburg in its hour of peril produced a few sturdy patriots. A few months ago, the president of the ministry of state, encouraged by past immunity in extravagance, introduced a bill to provide the Kallenberg gendarme with a horse. He was faced at once by a solid phalanx of friends of peace, retrenchment and reform. "The ducal security and dignity," said the minister-president, "require guarding by a mounted satellite." This specious mixed metaphor did not impose on the friends of thrift. They resolved to wake Sax-Coburg and Gotha up to its threatened peril.

ECONOMY DEMANDED.
They began an agitation which soon embraced the whole land. The horse they thundered from a dozen platforms, is not only needless extravagance but a piece of incendiary militarism which will lead to competition with Sax-Meiningen, another ambitious state within the German confederation. The agitation succeeded. The aroused nation demanded economy and the landtag rejected the bill. The budget was successfully balanced without appealing to the Rothschilds; and the gendarme of Kallenberg resumed his solitary march around the castle on foot.

insults flew through the hall, and passions ran so high that one politician challenged another to duels. The party won. "The function of a gendarme," voted the commission by a large majority, "is to gain the respect of the public, and not to degrade himself into the position of a horse-cleaner."

While thus the landtag buzzed with eloquence, the press and public were mute. Industrious men, inspired by Dr. von Stauffeldt, sought for literary and historical precedents for mounted gendarmes. When a frivolous critic laughed at the whole controversy, he got from Dr. Bienne the dignified reply: "The horse is not unworthy of constitutional crisis. Horses have played a great role in history. Who has not heard of Bucephalus, horse of the great Alexander? Troy fell to a horse of wood; and it was the phantom white steed of their hero Skobelev which led the thrice-buffed Russians over the redoubts of Plevna. The Teutonic Incas regarded the horses of Pizarro as gods. In religion, mythology and literature, there are to mention only a few—the White Horse of Revelation, Pegasus, and the Rosinante of Don Quixote. 'The horse,' wrote a schoolmaster named Knuth, whose name suggests beer and duelling students, 'Phidias and Praxiteles reared graven images.' Both pro-horse and anti-horse used much such imagery, but the issue hung in doubt, and after a breathing-time it was resumed by the landtag with redoubled fury.

PRONOUNCED DEADLOCK.
At the next session the anti-horsemen quoted Prince Bismarck's encomium of the "Old-Prussian Thrift."

ECONOMY VS LOYALTY.
But the disloyal landtag refused. Economy it argued was an even loftier principle than loyalty to a ducal house. Dr. von Stauffeldt now discovered that only thirty years ago an attempt had been made to kidnap a German prince. "The nation," retorted a member of the anti-horse party, "will stand for its duke. A monarch guarded by trusty subjects' arms has no need for hoofs." The bill was a second time rejected.

Coburg's constitutional expedients are not easily exhausted. In crises threatening the existence of the duchy, there may be convoked an extraordinary landtag, a deliberative organ of exceptional powers, which is to the ordinary landtag what the French National Assembly was to the States-General of Versailles. This august body came together with the ceremony befitting so solemn an occasion. It declared at once that only specialists were worthy to treat the equine problem, and it appointed a special commission. In this commission for days raged a controversy big with destiny. The pro-horse faction with undiminished confidence resumed the attack.

REVELATION WAS A BOMB.
"If the horse were granted," argued their leader, Deputy Schlottmuller convincingly, "the young duke might live more often at Kallenberg, much to the advantage of the local storekeepers." The deputy for Kallenberg, who had been opposing the horse, was promptly gained over by this argument; and the pro-horseites triumphantly to celebrate their victory. Their hopes were dashed to the ground by an unexpected intervention. "The pro-horseites support this vote on the ground of public security," said Expert witness Muther. "That is unfounded. The gendarme really wants the horse to ride into town and curcomb the Wachmeister's horse."

This revelation was a bomb. There ensued a furious debate, reproaches and insults flew through the hall, and passions ran so high that one politician challenged another to duels. The party won. "The function of a gendarme," voted the commission by a large majority, "is to gain the respect of the public, and not to degrade himself into the position of a horse-cleaner."

Vanderbilt Determined to Reconcile Duke and Duchess

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, July 22.—From a source of information that can be accepted as absolutely authoritative, I have news that there is an interesting development in the situation between the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. W. K. Vanderbilt, who cares more today about his prospect of seeing his own flesh and blood succeed to the proudest dukedom in Great Britain than he does about all his millions, has become worried by the various untoward results of the disagreement between his daughter and the ducal son-in-law, and has set to work to bring them together again. He says this "separation nonsense," as he calls it, has gone far enough.

It is an up-hill job, for the duke and duchess have proved obdurate so far. The duke is angry at his wife's continued friendship for Lord Alexander Thynne, brother of Lord Bath, who is her faithful cavalier servant whenever she appears in public, while the duchess has even more cause for resentment in the way the duke has lavished Vanderbilt money on a lady who is well known in New York society. Each of the pair undoubtedly hates the sight of the other, and there is little likelihood that they can ever be forced to do much more than tolerate each other. But it is predicted here that by the time society focusses in London for the next season the duchess will have re-entered Blenheim palace, the nation's magnificent gift to the first duke of Marlborough; and the duke will have re-entered Sunderland house, W. K. Vanderbilt's magnificent gift to his daughter Consuelo.

FATHER MAKES THREATS.
In the first place, the duchess's father threatened to cut down her allowance unless she took back the duke and, at least outwardly, gave up the friendships to which the duke objects. That plan, however, hasn't made much impression, for the duchess's credit with the tradesmen is good, and she knows she would not be suffered to get heavily into debt.

So the next step was one that gives promise of much more effectiveness—namely, enlistment of royal aid. Partly as a result of their sympathy for Mr. Vanderbilt and partly because of the court traditions against separated couples the king and queen are bringing their great social influence to bear in the form of a boycott. They positively refuse to meet either the duke or duchess until they settle their matrimonial differences.

A few nights ago the queen was to be guest of honor at a dinner party given by William George Cavendish-Bentinck, a cousin of the Duke of Portland, whose American wife was Miss Elizabeth Livingston of Staatsburg, New York. Consuelo was to be one of the party, but when she heard of it the queen intimated to her host that she could not meet the duchess. "I don't want to be hard on the poor thing," her majesty is reported to have said, "but I really cannot countenance either her or her husband so long as they live apart."

PUTTING SCREWS ON DUKE.
But perhaps the most effective part of the scheme is that of putting the screws on the duke, who has received an allowance of \$50,000 a year hitherto from his father-in-law. That is only a pittance on which to keep up such a place as Blenheim. To do it in fitting style requires from \$125,000 to \$150,000 a year. So now when the \$50,000 is threatened the duke is thoroughly alarmed, especially as the new taxation proposed for England bears with special force on ground landlords, and is likely to leave some of the great ducal landowners as poor in dollars as they are rich in acres. The duke has even been telling his sorrowful tale at a political meeting. He says he positively doesn't know how he is going to live if things

as they are going and the wicked radicals—one of the wicks of whom is his cousin, Winston Churchill—are allowed to ruin the country and get money for Dreadsoughts and old-age pensions by taxing the dukes and the millions.

This may seem a somewhat exaggerated picture, but the fact is that the duke is far from prosperous. Apart from the budget altogether things have not been running smoothly at Blenheim. Like so many of his class the duke lacks business capacity. Though by no means extravagant, money slips through his fingers. His wife has more business in her little finger than he has in his entire body. While she was at Blenheim, everything went swimmingly simply because she ruled the roost. She is a splendid manager, a first rate organizer, and one of those women who can save out of any income.

LIVING ON HOPES.
Although recently the duchess has taken all the expenses of the children off the duke's shoulders—as both boys practically live with her, Lord Ivor Churchill doing an entirely fair father's share in the way the duke has lavished Vanderbilt money on a lady who is well known in New York society. Each of the pair undoubtedly hates the sight of the other, and there is little likelihood that they can ever be forced to do much more than tolerate each other. But it is predicted here that by the time society focusses in London for the next season the duchess will have re-entered Blenheim palace, the nation's magnificent gift to the first duke of Marlborough; and the duke will have re-entered Sunderland house, W. K. Vanderbilt's magnificent gift to his daughter Consuelo.

In spite of the royal boycott, the duchess's position has improved a little this season. People who turned up the whites of their eyes when she was mentioned last year are now glad to accept her invitations, and the recent ball she gave at Sunderland House was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant functions that has ever taken place in London. Royalty and the American ambassador and Mrs. Whitlaw Reid and their daughter were absent, of course, but there were a lot of people who are seen at smart functions.

MOTHER-IN-LAW'S HISTORY
No doubt Lady Blanford's own history her own to do with this. She is a daughter of the famous first Duchess of Abercorn—"the mother of the peerage"—and she was forced by his conduct to divorce the duke's father before he succeeded to the title. She never became Duchess of Marlborough and is still known by the title now borne by her little grandson. Consuelo is immensely appreciative of Lady Blanford's efforts on her behalf and she is the most remarkable thing in the annals of matrimonial quarrels.

(Continued on page fourteen.)