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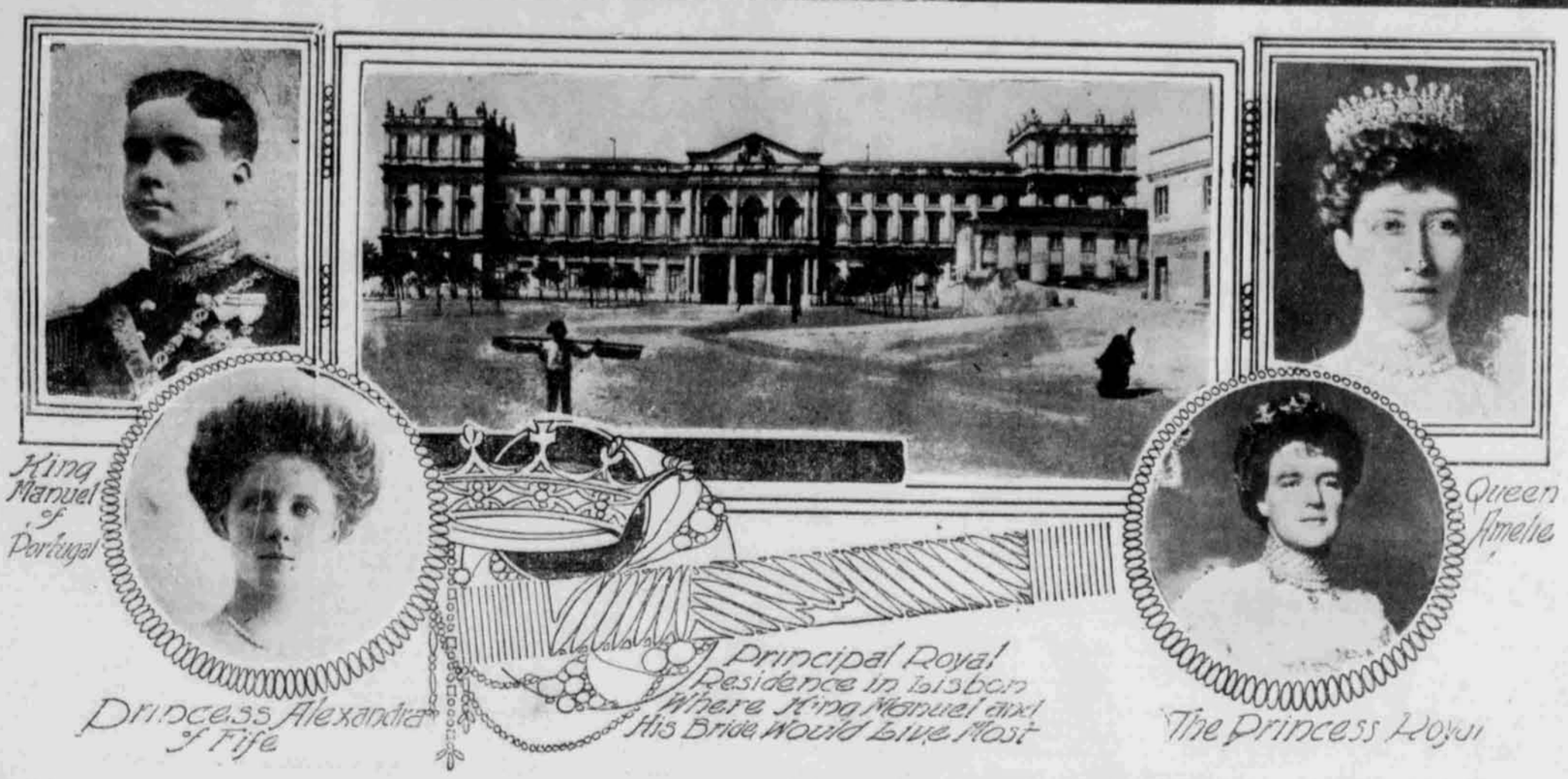
Schoolgirls' Pact May Terminate in Royal Marriage

Princess Royal of England And Queen Mother of Portugal Vowed as Children That Their Offspring Should Marry.

Though King Manuel and Princess Alexandra Have Never Seen Each Other, the Wedding May Occur if Obstacles Disappear.



(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Aug. 26.—When a Portuguese newspaper announced a few weeks ago that an engagement had been arranged between King Manuel of Portugal and Princess Alexandra of Fife, King Edward's granddaughter, and a few days later the story was officially denied in England it was thought that the wish in Portugal was father to the thought, and that there was nothing in the story. The fact is that while the announcement may be premature two women are moving heaven and earth to bring this marriage about, and it is on the cards that they may overcome the objections to the marriage of a princess of such Protestant traditions as King Edward's granddaughter and the king of a country so intensely devoted to the Roman Catholic faith as Portugal.

The women are the mothers of the two young people, the queen mother, Amelie of Portugal, and the Duchess of Fife, daughter of the king, the princess royal of England. These two ladies have been bosom friends since girlhood. Although separated from each other by the duties of the high positions they occupy, and seldom able to meet, they have maintained a weekly correspondence which has been unbroken for years. They have confided to each other their joys and sorrows, and it is safe to assume that the princess royal knows all about the infantile ailments and smart baby sayings of the present king of Portugal while his mother is equally familiar with the early colics and other adventures of the Princess Alexandra.

I am told by a personage in close touch with both courts that years ago a compact was made that if it were possible the two houses should be allied by marriage, and that neither mother has ever lost sight of that agreement. First it was the ill-fated crown prince of Portugal—who was murdered with his father on Feb. 1, 1908—who was to marry Princess Alexandra, but when his younger brother became king the desire of his mother that her son should marry the daughter of her old friend was transferred to Manuel, and it was with this fixed idea that she acted so sternly to break off the poor boy's love affair with the daughter of a noble Portuguese house. In this she was assisted by the Portuguese statesmen, who see that the position of the throne would be greatly strengthened by an alliance with a powerful European nation like England.

Curiously enough the young people have never even seen each other. Manuel is only 20 years old, and until he succeeded to the throne he was occupied with his studies, and in addition to this, as the younger son, he was kept a great deal in the background. Since he became king, he has been too much occupied in gathering together the reins of his troubled kingdom to think of trips abroad or even of marriage.

Alexandra is 18 years old and has just come out. She made her bow to society at a ball at Buckingham palace a few weeks ago. She is a quiet, retiring girl with little will of her own, who much prefers the quiet uneventful life on her father's Scottish estates to the whirl of a court.

Now, however, things have settled down in Portugal and Manuel's advisers think that it is time he was taking a wife. There is no doubt that negotiations regarding the English alliance have been begun, but the great obstacle to be overcome is the princess' religion. Public opinion in England would receive a severe shock if a granddaughter of the king changed her faith in order to marry the occupant of a foreign throne. Moreover, Princess Alexandra comes within the terms of the royal marriage act, and cannot marry without the king's express consent and that of parliament.

In the case of the marriage of Princess Ena of Battenberg to the King of Spain, there was a great outcry about her conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. In this case, however, Princess Ena, although a niece of the king, was in such a position that formal consent was not necessary. I am told that she could be placed within the terms of the marriage act or not as proved most convenient. The whole question turned on the nationality of her father and it was decided, for convenience sake, to call him a German, and allow her to follow her own inclination. It would never do for the king, who on his accession had to take an oath that is most offensive to his Roman Catholic subjects, to allow his granddaughter to become a member of that church.

On other grounds Edward is not averse to the match. The late king Carlos, Manuel's father, was the one European monarch for whom the English king had a sincere personal friendship, and the Marquis de Soveral, Manuel's ambassador to the court of St. James, is one of his most intimate "pals." Besides that, he thinks that Manuel is a fine young fellow, who, even if he has a shaky throne, can be trusted to make the best of any situation in which he may be placed, and to make the Portuguese monarchy secure and popular if anyone can. The influence of His Majesty's daughter, the Duchess of Fife, of whom he is very fond, must also be reckoned with, and it is quite on the cards that the most astute royal diplomat in Europe may find a way out of the difficulty and manage matters so that the marriage may come off without any offense being given to his own subjects.

At any rate Edward has invited Manuel to come over and have a chat about it, and Manuel has accepted the invitation and will be coming before many weeks—the exact date isn't set yet. The young people will then see each other, and it is hoped that they may add personal inclination to the other forces which are at work to unite them. It is significant also that Manuel is bringing with him Senhor du Bocage, his minister for foreign affairs, and his prime minister, Senhor Wenceslau de Lima. Statesmen of this rank do not as a rule accompany kings on visits that are merely private in character. The social gossips in England are predicting that there will be some very serious conferences at Windsor castle about the proposed marriage. It may be stated that there was no questions at issue between England and Portugal which would call for the presence in England of two such functionaries.

It has been suggested that the Portuguese statesmen might be prevailed on to adopt the view that the advantages of an alliance with the English royal family would outweigh any imagined disadvantage which might accompany the introduction of a Protestant queen to Portugal, and that the pope might be prevailed on in return perhaps for a modification of the English coronation oath and certain other concessions for which public opinion in England is ripe, to grant a dispensation allowing Manuel, who bears the title of "The Most Faithful," to marry a Protestant princess. If this could be obtained there is no doubt that the marriage would be popular enough in England, where the sad circumstances of the young king's accession have created a chivalrous regard for him. Much depends, of course, on the impression which he makes on the English public in November next.

Another influence—a trifle it is true, but trifles sometimes change the history of nations—has helped along the kindly plotting of the two royal mothers. King Edward has an almost eccentric desire to do the same thing at the same time every year. Ever since he came to the throne he has entertained a European monarch at Windsor Castle every summer or autumn. This year he intended to have the czar at Windsor, but at the last moment it was decided that the czar's safety could not be guaranteed, so he was only allowed to land from his yacht at Cowes for an hour or two. Edward has entertained nearly everyone else at Windsor, and he was in despair, when his daughter suggested that he should invite Manuel over. The king jumped at the chance of killing two birds with one stone and Manuel is coming.

From a material, as well as a political point of view, the alliance would be an excellent one for Manuel. The house of Fife is a very rich man and no doubt would make a generous provision to enable his daughter to maintain the position she would be called to. Manuel is poor and a few months ago he decided to forego a part of the income from the state to which he is entitled until all the money illegally overdrawn by his father is repaid. In addition to the provision made for his daughter by the Duke of Fife the English people could be relied on to do something handsome for the granddaughter of their king.

Of course, there are some other questions to be decided before the marriage could take place. One of these is the health of the princess. Apparently she is a buxom, hearty sort of girl, but the maintenance of the royal succession depends on a queen, and kings take no chances in selecting their wives. As a rule royal engagements are not announced until the prospective bridegroom is satisfied from a report by his own court physicians that his prospective bride is fitted to become the mother of princes. The announcement of the king of Spain's engagement was delayed for months because there was some doubt on this score. This fact never found its way into print before, but it is none the less a fact.

If all the difficulties are overcome, however, Alexandra may expect to have as good a husband as a royal bride can well expect. Manuel is a quiet, studious young fellow. He is a hard worker, is inspired by a high sense of duty and no breath of scandal has ever been connected with his name. He is an accomplished artist, something of a poet, and he has an excellent literary style. His attitude towards his mother during the terrible times succeeding his father's assassination has endeared him to his people, with whom Queen Amelie was never very popular. Her extravagance was blamed for much of her husband's financial entanglement, and Manuel, while he stood by her loyally, insisted on all round retrenchment, and it is a fact that today the queen mother is far more popular than she ever was before, and she owes most of this popularity to her son.

It was feared, too, that when young Manuel became king he would be dominated entirely by Queen Amelie, who possesses all the imperious temper of the Bourbons. It was soon evident, however, that he intended to be king in fact as well as in name. A little incident a few days after he became king showed this. The court physician was missing when he was wanted, and Manuel, making inquiries, found that he was attending to his private practise as he had been in the habit of doing during King Carlos's time. Manuel sent for him and informed him that he must devote his whole time to his duties at court if he wished to continue in the appointment.

"Does the queen know of this?" the astonished medical man asked.

"It is quite enough that I know of it," was Manuel's reply.

Another incident illustrates the serious view which he takes of his duty. It is his custom to get every paper published in Lisbon every day and to spend hours in his study poring over them. It was noticed recently that he looked pale and tired, and his ministers asked him to delegate to one of them the task of reading the papers and reporting to him on their contents.

"No," he replied, "as long as I am king I want to know what my people are saying and thinking, and I can only learn that by reading the papers myself."

If the marriage with Princess Alexandra comes off it will probably put an end forever to any hope that an American girl might have entertained of queening it in Portugal. Anita Stewart of Chicago is engaged to marry Prince Miguel of Braganza, who is a pretender to the Portuguese throne. Prince Miguel, it is true, renounced his claim to the throne, but pretenders' promises, like pie-crust, are made to be broken if the opportunity arises. With an English princess sitting beside Manuel on the throne it is not likely to arise.

JOHN SCOTT.

PEASANTS IN TABLEUAX OF TYROLESE CONTEST

Brave Fight for Liberty Waged by Their Ancestors Shown in Replica at Centenary Celebrations in Little Mountain Towns and Villages.

Dramatic Story of a Revolt Led by an Innkeeper, a Woodcutter and a Militant Monk.

(Special Correspondence.)

BRIXLEGG, Tyrol, Austria, Aug. 21.—All over the picturesque Tyrol this summer and fall the peasants are celebrating the centenary of their ancestors' great struggle for liberty, against the victorious armies of Napoleon. To 1909 belongs unquestionably the "honor" of being the record year for wars and internecine strife. All Europe was under arms and fighting; from the Bosphorus to the Atlantic seaboard blood was being freely shed either in battling against the aggressions of the "Scourge of Europe," or in bloody uprisings against tyrannical over-lords.

Over Turkey, Italy, the papal states, Austria, Prussia, the Netherlands, over France, Spain and Portugal as well as Scandinavia hung heavy the pall of gunpowder smoke. And if sea-girt Britain escaped the actual horrors of invasion, its sons were nevertheless strenuously fighting in various parts of the old and of the new world. But of all the martial achievements of that fearful year the guerre a outrance waged by a poor little mountain people numbering scarce more than a tenth of London's present population was unquestionably the most daring and gallant, and the one that best deserves the honorable distinction of a centenary commemoration.

TYROLEANS CAST OFF YOKE.

Abandoned by the empire to which they had clung with rare fidelity for nigh on five centuries, the peasants of Tyrol, wholly untrained in military science, unassisted by a single professional soldier or skilled strategist, without artillery or cavalry, nay without military small arms, for what they had possessed had been confiscated by the Bavarians during the four years of the latter's occupation of Tyrol, the Tyrolese with an audaciousness that stands unrivalled in history, rose against overwhelming odds and cast off the oppressive yoke of Napoleon's henchmen.

The superiority in numbers, in equipment and in generalship which they faced was truly appalling: the armies of three kings and of Napoleon himself, led by the latter's ever victorious generals! The first task they had to face, that of ejecting from the country the army of occupation consisting of some 27,000 men, seemed at the outset an apparently hopeless one. But the unexpected happened; by a cleverly and secretly organized simultaneous rising with night surprises, a few hundred Tyrolese yokels led by an innkeeper, a monk and a wood-cutter, drove out of their capital and then out of their valleys this well equipped army. Astonishing as was this feat, the achievement of successfully defending their country against vast forces poured into Tyrol by every available pass and opening by the incensed conqueror of Europe, was an infinitely more glorious one. For six months these indomitable heroes either vanquished or kept at bay victory-flushed armies commanded by such world famous leaders as Lefebvre, Deroy, Rusca, Wrede, Feron and Marmont.

A SUCCESS OF COUP.

The success of their first coup by which a large army of trained soldiers was ignominiously chased out of the country by some stray bands of peasants, instilled confidence into the rest of the population; where there had been but hundreds at first, there were now thousands eager to join Andreas Hofer, the monk Haspinger and the stalwart Speckbacher. At first and then again later on when the captured supplies gave out, the lack of weapons and particularly of gunpowder and lead sadly handicapped their efforts. Swords and pikes had to be forged out of scythe-blades, cannon-like appliances were manufactured out of hollowed-out boles of oak bound together by iron hoops, and sulphur and saltpeter were smuggled at night-time over the glaciers of the Swiss border mountains and turned into home-made gunpowder for their deadly "Stutzen." These latter, of which the skilled use really gave the Tyrolese the victory, were of equally primitive construction and in many cases had served in the preceding wars of 1703, 1796 and 1799. To obtain bullets for their rifles they melted down their pewter spoons and platters, while clock-weights and window-pane leads helped to eke out a scanty supply. That in no other war known to the military historian the percentage of hits was as great as in the Tyrolese fights is a well known fact, and so great was the fear instilled by the good marksmanship of the Tyrolese that the proudest marshals of France habitually dressed themselves in the uniforms of the common soldiery so as not to attract specially the fire of their keen eyed foes ambushed in impossible looking places.

HEROIC WOMEN.

That such a lengthy resistance furnished innumerable opportunities for the display of personal gallantry and of strategical perspicacity arising out of an intimate knowledge of their mountainous home, goes without saying. Women and even young girls, such as the famous Maid of Spinges, who with her own hands pitch-forked several Frenchmen into eternity, joined the fighters, they acted as loaders to their husbands, fathers and brothers; they helped in the construction of those deadly stone avalanches by which literally thousands of the enemy were crushed to death in the narrow defiles through which they had perforce to march, or guarded the countless prisoners captured by the Tyrolese. Contemporary accounts of the events of 1809 evince such modesty and lack of self-laudation that none but those who knew the country intimately and who, as the writer has, had the opportunity in years gone by of talking with old men who took part in the struggle, can realize the lion hearted courage displayed by the peasants.

CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

And now it is high time to come to the centenary celebrations that are occurring throughout Tyrol during the present summer. Many of the towns are having fetes of their own to commemorate events more immediately connected with their own history. Thus beautiful Meran will have shows in memory of Andreas Hofer and his home at the Sand Hof in its near vicinity, Bozen and Bregenz will have other pageants, while Innsbruck, the mountain girt capital of the country, will appear at its best on or about the beginning of September, when the venerable emperor of Austria has promised to visit his "true Tiroler," an event which will be celebrated by a great shooting match and a march past of some 40,000 peasants dressed in their national costumes of which no country in the world has an equal variety, some being among the quaintest and most picturesque dress we children of the twentieth century can see in any part of the world.

EVENTS STAGED.

Quite as interesting and from a spectacular point of view well worth seeing will be the patriotic plays in which some of the most stirring events of 1809 will be staged and this exclusively by peasants and villagers without the aid of the usual theatrical attributes and make-ups. The "setting" of these plays will be as realistic as possible. The peasant actors wear costumes worn by their forefathers in 1809; the arms and the rifles in their hands are the genuine article that carried death many a time and the patois speech, except in the case of those impersonating French officers or high government officials when the effect certainly is rather funny, is the same that their forbears used a hundred years ago, and finally in more than one case the plays are being enacted on the very spot where fighting took place, while the actors are frequently descendants of men who fought in the memorable year.

The photographs published herewith represent some of the actors and scenes at such a patriotic play—Pairottsches Volks Schauspiel as it is called—which is being enacted every Sunday and fete day afternoon—on other days these amateur actors have not the leisure—at a picturesquely situated village called Brixlegg, in the Unter-Inathal about 24 miles from Innsbruck on the Munich railway. They give three plays in rotation named Andreas Hofer, Peter Mayr, and Joseph Speckbacher, three of the principal heroes of 1809. The plays represent only perfectly authentic incidents, and the two first named end dramatically, as did the men themselves in real life, by the executions. Hofer having been shot at Mantua by the special orders of Napoleon who insisted on taking this ignoble revenge upon the Tyrolese innkeeper who had so often defeated his hitherto invincible troops, while Mayr met his death in the same way at Bozen.

REFUSED TO TELL LIE.

The latter who had also been an innkeeper, on being captured by means of a treacherous ruse, could have saved his life by denying that he knew of the recently published government edict that instant death would be the lot of anybody taken with arms in his hands. Indeed the French commander, General Baraguey d'Hilliers, who desired to save the brave fellow's life, offered to spare it if he would say this, but Peter Mayr was made of sound stuff and he refused to purchase his life by a lie, though his wife, about to become a mother, threw herself at her husband's feet. With placid mien he went forth on that morning of the 20th of February, 1810, on which also his leader, Andreas Hofer in distant Mantua died the death of a patriot, to face the rifles of the firing party. Joseph Speckbacker's story, though lacking this melodramatic finale, is one even more replete with deeds of personal daring and audacious defiance of deadly perils.

NO CUSHIONED STALLS.

Each of the plays lasts some four hours and is enacted in a big shed used in other years for the performance of the Passion Play, but the visitor must not expect comfortably upholstered stalls. He will have to put up with hard benches. Striking "living pictures" fill up intervals in the plays, and thus the eye if not the ear is enabled to take in the main events of the action. Considering the extraordinarily simple life led by the Tyrolese but a few of whom have ever been inside a real theater, the performances are truly remarkable and show the unusual histrionic talent that lies latent in this peasant folk.

WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

BRIDE IN A PEARL GOWN IS PLANNED IN LONDON

Mrs. James Henry Smith Has Secured Wonderful Robe Which Once Was A Treasure in Household of the Former Shah of Persia.

Another Startler for the Smart Set Will be the "Swimming Parties" of Lady Granard.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Aug. 21.—Some say there is more than fun in the announcement that Mrs. James Henry Smith has purchased the missing pearl robe of the ex-shah for her daughter, Anita. This is a marvellous garment composed of thousands of pearls and no trace of it can be discovered in Persia since the late shah ceased to rule. The story goes that Mrs. James Henry Smith heard that the late monarch was anxious to dispose of much of his personal property in jewels rather than that they should go to his successor and that she promptly sent an agent to interview his majesty on the subject as she desired Anita to have some wedding present the like of which no bride of this century was ever in a position to display.

The story also says that the celebrated gem, the "World of Light," is also in the possession of the mother of the future princess. This she proposes to have set in the center of the amazing tiara which is to be one of the scores of gifts this adoring mother will give to her daughter.

At Tulloch Castle where the bride-elect and Mrs. Smith are now entertaining Dom Miguel, there is a host of French artists in frocks and millinery designing the trousseau. They have brought with them from Paris numbers of pieces of exquisite silks, satins and brocades, not to speak of specimens of priceless laces and embroideries, hats, cloaks, and etceteras. Mrs. James Henry Smith and her daughter decided that they would not break up their house parties by rushing to and from Paris for the trousseau so they arranged to bring Paris to Scotland instead.

MANY ROOMS FOR SHOW.

One whole wing of Tulloch Castle has been set aside as show rooms. Mother, daughter and fiance run through every morning to inspect the fresh "creations" which have arrived or to give an order. Several hours each day have to be given up to fitting by the prospective bride. She says she is weary of it and will be thankful when the wedding is over if only to escape the tyranny of the dressmakers whom she considers veritable martinets.

Mrs. Smith is now more reconciled to the marriage than she was at first and she is throwing herself heart and soul into the preparations. According to present arrangements the wedding is to take place in London and will be royal in every sense of the word. Although the reigning house of Portugal has been at daggers drawn for years with the family of Dom Miguel or Braganza, young King Manuel and the future bridegroom are the best of friends and it is expected that his majesty will be present at the wedding.

The bridal dress is being made after the style of those worn by royal brides with a semi-low cut neck and short sleeves. Lace which belonged to Marie Antoinette and was purchased by the late James Henry Smith for his wife when they were on their honeymoon will compose it.

Several fashionable Americans are here still. Quite a crowd remained up to the end of last week. It is said, much to the joy of the tradespeople, that in future the all conquering Americans will lengthen out the season for us to the end of August. The Countess of Granard had the greatest difficulty to tear herself away and stayed here till the second week of August. Still later were those two good-looking sisters, Lady Willoughby d'Eresby and Lady Alastair Innes Ker. The Duchess of Marlborough had a party at Sunderland house during the first week of the month, and Mrs. John Ford was with her husband the other night in a box at the Palace.

GRAVE SOCIAL OFFENSE.

In past years, no one could be guilty of a more criminally social offense than to be seen in London in August. People who were forced to remain on used to draw down the blinds in the front of their houses, lived in the back, and were heavy veils when they sneaked stealthily out—not infrequently via the area gate. But Americans have been changing all this for some time. They say that they like London in August, one reason being that many of their friends cross over at that time on their way to German "Bads" for "cures," and it is nice to be here to welcome them.

Mortimer House, the future town residence of the Earl and Countess of Granard, will be the very first private house in London to possess a swimming bath. Like many other Americans, the countess finds we have many shortcomings. She told a well known firm of decorators, whom she interviewed about Mortimer House, that our ways were not the ways of Fifth avenue and that we were far, far behind in up-to-dateness. This is why she is having over some Americans to look after the new installation of electric light and other things at her town house.

The swimming bath she is having built is to be a marvel of luxury. According to report, Mr. Mortimer Memes, the well known artist, is designing it and the marble and statuary to be employed in its embellishment are to cost something within measurable distance of $50,000. The bath will be supplied with hot and cold water so that Lady Granard and her friends can enjoy a swim in December as well as in June.

SWIMMING PARTIES.

It is said that this gorgeous swimming bath will result in a new form of entertainment—the swimming party—which Lady Granard means to introduce. American women before all others revel in the idea of being able to initiate something which cannot become common. The countess certainly can claim that this new pastime will remain exclusively her own, the cost of it precluding the remotest possibility of its being imitated outside the millionaire set.

To add to the numerous worries of the London season this year, the ladies of high society have been very much perturbed by the fact that nothing was settled about the destination of the king's annual holiday until quite recently. Although, at the first blush, it is not quite apparent why this should disturb their gentle souls so much, it arises from the fact that to be "in the swim" it is necessary that you should be ordered to the same place as the first gentlemen of Europe for your annual "cure," and until they know what place he had finally decided upon it was quite impossible to decide what disease they should suffer from, so that his "cure" should also be theirs. However, they all practised "intelligent anticipation" to the best of their ability, and their doctors ordered them to Baden-Baden, Homburg and so on. And now the whole thing has been upset by the sudden announcement that Edward is going to Marienbad as before. Hastily they summoned their doctors to their sides, and by dint of a little gentle persuasion, altered all their diseases, and now they are off to Marienbad, "the only place my doctor will allow me to go to, my dear," they all tell their friends.

LADY MARY.