The Biography of His Majesty—KING GEORGE V.—By Major C. F. L. Kipling

PRINCE OF WALES IS BORN
HE RECEIVES SEVEN NAMES

CHAPTER 7

An Event of world significance—The married life of the Duke and Duchess of York. Births of Prince Albert and Princess Mary. The Diamond Jubilee. Visit to Ireland. Command of the 'Crescent'. Outbreak of Boer War. Birth of Prince Henry Inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth and voyage of the 'Ophir' planned. Death of Queen Victoria.

(Last week Major Kipling narrated the strange circumstances that led King George to the throne, how after his elder brother's death, he married the latter's fiancee, Princess Mary of Teck, and together they fashioned the happy home to be made still happier with the coming of the little babe, who was to become "Edward P." —the Prince of Wales.)

(KING REMEMBERS FALLEN HEROES)

King George and Rudyard Kipling visiting the war-scarred battlefields of France to honor those who died at Ypres. Major C.F.L. Kipling author of the King's biography appearing exclusively in the Guardian is a cousin of the famous bard shown above.

By Major C. F. L. Kipling
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In June 23rd, 1894, in the future King's own birthday month, a baby was born at White Lodge, Richmond, the home of his wife's parents.

"I am glad,—I am glad," the Duke repeated joyously, again and again, when he heard that it was a son, and the birth of a direct heir to the throne was received with great satisfaction by the whole nation. Queen Victoria was delighted; the Court Circular recorded that "Her Majesty received shortly after dinner, the joyful news of the birth." The Duke and Duchess were overwhelmed with messages from all parts of the world Never before in history had the reigning Sovereign seen three male descendants in the direct line.

White Lodge had been connected by telephone with the Post Office in East Sheen, so that the Home Secretary, whose presence at the birth of an heir to the throne is obligatory, could be summoned at once. Mr. Asquith arrived just before the event occurred, and the Duke greeted him with:—"Well, Asquith, you got here in time, anyway."

Queen Victoria, who came by special train from Windsor, was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenburg, and that ill-fated pair who were afterwards to be Tsar and Tsarina of Russia.

The call at White Lodge lasted an hour, during which time the three-days-old baby regarded his great-grandmother with wide, tearless eyes. Directly afterwards the decision as to the little Prince's names had to be made,—no light matter where royalties are concerned. It was finally settled that he should be called Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David—the first having now become his public and the last his private names.

The christening took place on July 16th, in the drawing-room at White Lodge, a very quiet ceremony, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, Queen Victoria herself handing her great-grandson to him and acting as one of the sponsors. Jordan water was used, from a golden bowl which had served the same purpose at the christening of most of Queen Victoria's decendants. It was part of the regalia from the Tower and especially brought for the occasion The baby wore the robe in which all the Queen's own children had been baptized, and his cloak was made of the veil worn by the Queen at her wedding.

The little Prince's other sponsors were his father and mother, the Tsarevitch, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck and the King and Queen of Denmark,—a large allowance for one small boy. Everything went off well, although the Duke was terribly nervous lest his son should not behave properly. The Duchess, much calmer, observed placidly: "After all, it would not be so very dreadful if he cried; babies do."

His great-grandmother adored the boy. She gave him the carved cradle which had nursed her own children she insisted that his photograph should be taken in a group of 'Four Generations' at a very tender age. His two grandmothers, also, united in spoiling him to the best of their ability, especially the Duchess of Teck, during these last three years of her life. When she died in 1897, a cross of lilies of the valley was laid in her coffin, with the inscription: "Most dear Grandmamma, from little David, Bertie and Baby."

Between King Edward and his grandson, too, there was a bond of sympathy dating from these days, when as his mother once said "David never smiles like that at any one else except his grandfather."

As for the Duke, he took his eldest son very seriously in this early phase, as young fathers sometimes will. From the first he had longed to make him appreciate the sea, and one day at York Cottage, when the little Prince was about two years old, he was not to be found anywhere After a long search, the Duchess quietly opened her husband's study door. There sat the Duke, with the baby perched on his knee, while he explained happily and with interest various naval matters, scarcely to be understood by a child of nine or ten.

Takes New Life In Earnest

It was after the birth of his son, that the Duke began to take his state duties very seriously, and to study his new life as earnestly as he once had his Naval career. It was not easy for him to settle down to the desk routine which these new duties necessitated, but he was nothing if not conscientious, and in time he grew to love the very work which he hated at first—just through his almost superhuman forgetfulness of self.

His study at York Cottage was a cheeful room, with big windows, almost always wide open, and a large desk- on which stood a photograph of the Duchess and a small bowl of flowers. There were several comfortable armchairs and the walls were covered with naval prints, and photographs, with mementoes of foreign lands. The Duke's favorite picture of his son had a place of honor on the wall.

State funcions followed one another rapidly, those endless routine tasks of laying foundation-stones and opening Hospitals, whilst in March 1895, the Duke held his first levee at St. James' Palace on behalf of Queen Victoria.

On December 14th, 1895, the second son of the Duke and Duchess of York was born, and christened at Sandringham Church, Albert Frederick George At the ceremony, the Duke went to the church first, carrying little David; the Duchess followed with the nurse and baby Albert, or Bertie as he was generally called. Bertie was not so strong as his elder brother, but within a year he had outgrow his delicacy.

The birth of this second child made the Duke and Duchess decide that York Cottage must again be enlarged After Bertie's birth a new wing was added, containing day and night nurseries. And so the little family began to grow up, amongst the rich marsh medows and heather-covered hills, in the house which was more a home than ever before.

The farms attached to the cottage had fallen into some disuse, but now the Duke turned his attention to re-stocking them with animals of the best breeds. York Cottage, like Sandringham Manor, was a place of many pets, and little Prince David's love of animals was always encouraged by his parents. 'Caesar', his grandfather's dog, was a great favorite, and it was pretty to see the pair romping together. Once the Duke asked his small son what he would do if he were King and the answer the child gave was surprising. "When I am King, I shall make three laws," he said gravely. "No one shall out the tails off little dogs, or fish with hooks, or use bearing-reins to hurt horses.

The Duke always insisted that he erred rather on the side of hardness with his children, and he remarked one day, when he and the Duchess were entertaining friends at tea, that he was a strong believer in discipline for the young At that moment his eldest son entered, very cherubic in a white sailor suit.

"Who do you like best, darling, Father or Mother?" asked one misguided lady. "Both the same," the small boy answered, but added, "Dada spoils me most."

The Duke still continued to add to his wonderful stamp-collection, buying and exchanging stamps in the ordinary way, and refusing to take advantage of his position to obtain them in any easier manner. Once a young man in a City financial office advertised that his stamp-collection was for sale and could be seen at his lodgings. A stranger called, chose some stamps; not until he was leaving was he recognised as the Duke of York.

But these and all his other pleasures and hobbies were subordinate to State work, which began to encroach more and more on his time, as he gradually undertook more of the the tasks which fell to his father. At first, the necessary speech-making was somewhat of a trial, and he took infinite pains in preparing what he had to say at dinners and elsewhere, until he had become the effective and sincere speaker of to-day.

The present Prince of Wales, on the contrary, began his speech-making at a very early age. His first effort was made at a children's party, when he was presented with a sword by his hostess. Solemnly the small boy mounted a chair, and said in clear tones and with much dignity: "Thank you for giving me such a beautiful sword. I shall always keep it and remember this night." Where at, the Duke of York turned aside with the murmured remark:—"Little wretch! He speaks much better than I do."

The year 1897 was an eventful one for the inmates of York Cottage, as it was for the Empire—that year of the Diamond Jubilee. On April 25th a baby daughter was born to the Duke and Duchess, a lovely pink-and-white, golden-haired child, the image of what her mother had been before he. She was christened Victoria Alexandra Mary, and from the first Princess Mary was adored by both her father and brothers.

The following June 22nd was the official Day of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, to which the Premiers of all the Dominions had been invited, and which brought to London an unprecedented number of visitors from all parts of the world. In England it was felt that some outstanding good work should be inaugurated to commemorate the occasion, and the Prince of Wales, with the help of the Duke, suggested a scheme which received tremendous popular support, to free the great London Hospitals from debt.

Sunday, the 20th, was a day of general thanksgiving and on Monday, London, and all England, was putting out its flags and decorations, with the thronged streets an amazing sight, as though all nationalities had assembled to do homage to the old Queen. On the 22nd, the Duke and Duchess, with their eldest son, drove in the procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, where the service took place in the broad open space outside the great church, "in streaming London's central roar."

First SUIT OF BOY'S CLOTHES

The little Prince was thrilled by all the splendor, but still more by the fact that he was wearing his first suit of boy's clothes, a fact which he kept repeating to his father as they drove through the wildly-cheering crowds.

The Duke himself did not play so large a part in the celebrations as his father, but the ceremonies influenced him more than he perhaps realised. The mightiness of the Empire over which he would some day rule was brought home to him; his serious talks with several of the overseas premiers told him how strong the bond of Empire was. One day a notable from overseas told the Duke: "You should send your boy overseas when he is older: There is nothing which cements friendship between the Home country and the Colonies so much as a friendly visit from royalty." How prophetic those words were.

In August, the Duke and Duchess paid a visit to Ireland, and were given a tremendous reception at Kingstown after a terrible crossing. They opened Lady Cadogan's Irish Textile Exhibition, and when a pretty little girl shyly presented a bouquet, the Duchess took both her hands and kissed her saying —"I have a little girl very like you at home, but if she was given flowers to hold, I am afraid she would drop them."

Only one thing marred that visit,—the bad news received regarding the health of the Duchess of Teck. She had been ill for some time, and not well enough to attend the Jubilee celebrations. In October an operation was performed and two days later the Duchess died, to the grief of all, for she was universally beloved.

And so 1897, with its joys and sorrows passed away and with 1898 there came to the Duke the unbounded pleasure of going to sea once more, in command of the "Crescent" during the summer maneuvers.

It was now 1899, a year which was to be shadowed by the outbreak of the Boer War in October, the beginning of the storms which were to close upon the evening of the Victorian era. At first the old Queen, like all her subjects, believed that the Rebellion would end quickly, but with the defeats of 'Black Week' came depression and anxiety, wearing down even her fine constitution, and she was pathetically solicitous for 'her soldiers.' All the Royal Family were more or less occupied in 'War Work', the Duke in inspecting troops, his mother and wife in the planning of the 'Princess of Wales Hospital Ship", the first which ever sailed under the Red Cross, and with the formation of the convalescent home for officers at Baffmgly, near Sandringham.

In March 1900, the fourth child of the Duke and Duchess was born, at York Cottage, and christened Henry William Fredrick Albert. Queen Victoria herself attended the christening, and the baby's eldest brother, now six years old, was also present. It is said that the only remark made by the present Prince of Wales when he heard of his brother's birth was:—"What,—another!"

Even whilst the struggle still continued in Africa, where a new great Dominion was in its birth-throes, a tremendous thing was accomplished in the Austrilasian Colonies, with the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth. It was a great step towards the old Queen's dream of Imperial Federation, when this strong united nation came into existence. She saw this, and realised that the opening of the new Federal Parliament at Melbourne called for special recognition.

From this arose the plan of a great Colonial tour, to be undertaken by the Duke and Duchess of York, a tour which should culminate in the opening of the Federal Parliament, but which was to be extended to all the other chief Colonies of the Empire, to mark the appreciation of the Mother-country and the Throne of what "Colonials" were accomplishing in the South African War.

("THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN")

Natal, the Cape, Canada, — to visit all these the Duke and Duchess must be away from England for nearly eight months and the date for the beginning of the tour was provisionally fixed for the spring of the following year. An itinerary was drawn up, by which they would reach Gibraltar on March 20th, thence going to Australia via the Canal and Singapore, afterwards visiting New Zealand, Tasmania, Cape Town and Canada arriving home in October, — a sea voyage of some 35,000 miles.

Even the ship was decoded upon, the Orient liner "Oprir" at that time the most palatial of her kind, which was to become a cruiser of her Majesty's Navy for the occasion.

But at the end of the summer 1900 it began to be apparent that the Queen was failing, almost incredible as it still seemed to those about her, accustomed to that indomitable energy. On her return to Windsor, it was noticed that visitors tired her; slowly she lost her grip of affairs, for the first time, at Christmas she did not herself write the good wishes which she sent to each member of her family.

Yet her unfaltering courage remained. She refused to go to bed earlier, and continued to interview her Ministers. At Osborne, where she spent Christmas as usual, she gave audience to Lord Roberts on January 2nd, and again three days later, questionong him as keenly as ever concerning the War, although she was deeply affected by the interview.

Towards the end of the month she was unable to take her daily drive, and then, on the 19th, came the sudden collapse and the summoning of her children and grandchildren, to be recognised and spoken to, each by name.

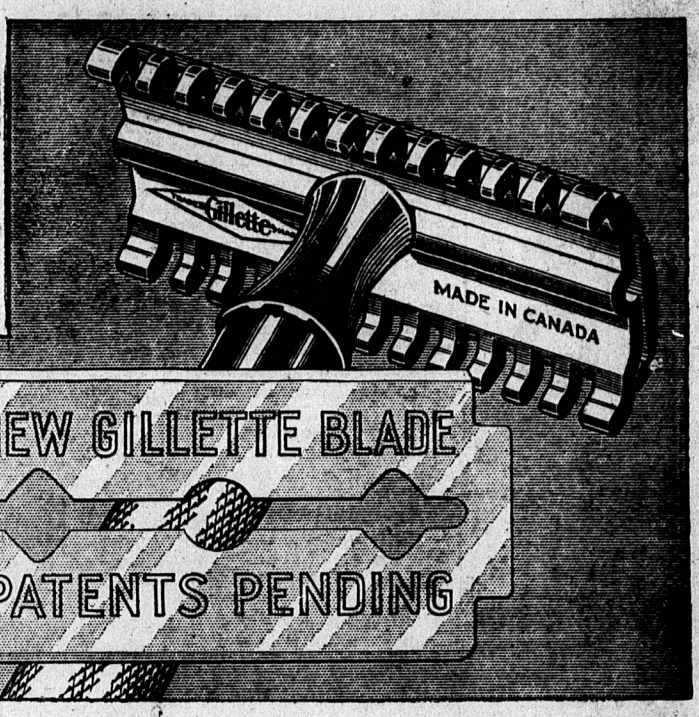
At six o'clock on the evening of the 21st of January, 1901, Queen Victoria died peacefully, with her eldest son's name on her lips, and a great life and a great reign had come to an end, with a great century.

Continued on Page twelve

A New and Better Shave by Gillette

A new Blade
A new Razor

THE GREATEST SHAVING IMPROVEMENT IN 28 YEARS



MILLIONS of well-worn Gillettes are now going to win an honorable discharge. Sure — they're good old razors! And if you have to wait for your dealer to get his supply of the New Gillette Razor, your old Gillette will operate with the new blades.

What have we done to the Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade? Not just one thing, or two things or three. We have made a dozen important changes.

Take "razor pull," for example. Our laboratories examined tens of thousands of used razors; our engineers talked to twenty-seven thousand hard-to-satisfy shavers.

What did they find? A razor "pulls" because its working parts have been dropped and dented on floor or wash basin.

Perhaps the dent is microscopic. Just the same it makes a difference. When you handle a Gillette, you are dealing with a fine precision tool. Even the smallest dent can throw it out of alignment. Hence "*pull.*" Now look at the corners of the new razor. See those heavy lugs? You can't dent those corners by any ordinary accident. But suppose, by some terrific abuse, you *should* dent them. Never mind. The ends of the blade have been cut out. The blade is no longer held at the corners. Therefore, a dented razor-corner can't possibly affect the smoothness of your shave.

Another thing. The new blades are processed to resist rust. Think what that means in convenience and time saving. No more do you have to take the razor apart to wipe the blade. No more cut towels. Just loosen. Turn guard at right angles. Then re-tighten. Hold under hot running water for rinsing. Shake well. Lay on the shelf.

The old posts are gone. How many a good edge was lost by bumping against those posts. Now the razor blade turns at right angles for rinsing. No taking apart for cleaning.

Notice the new guard teeth . . . longer . . . turned back farther. They glide over the skin like velvet. You hardly feel the razor slide over your face.

See the ends of the blade . . . square . . . not round. Much easier to handle with slippery fingers. And, being almost flush with the cap, the blade shaves much better around the difficult corners of the mouth, ears, and nose. The famous guard channel beneath the blade edge allows the blade to meet the beard full and clear, yet with perfect safety. This has hitherto been an exclusive feature of high priced Gillettes selling at $5.00 to $75.00. Now you have it in the $1.00 model.

See your dealer today. Tomorrow he may be sold out . . . an inconvenient delay for you. Give your face this good news *now!*

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

TRADE Gillette MARK

QUICK FACTS

1. *New Blade can be used in your old Gillette*
2. *New processed steel; new blade resists rust*
3. *Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"*
4. *To clean, turn guard at right angles . . . then re-tighten . . . rinse . . . shake dry*
5. *New shape guard channel gives full shaving clearance*
6. *New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally*
7. *No projecting posts to dull blade edges*
8. *Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped*
9. *Square blade ends safer to handle*
10. *Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears*
11. *New blades same price as old*
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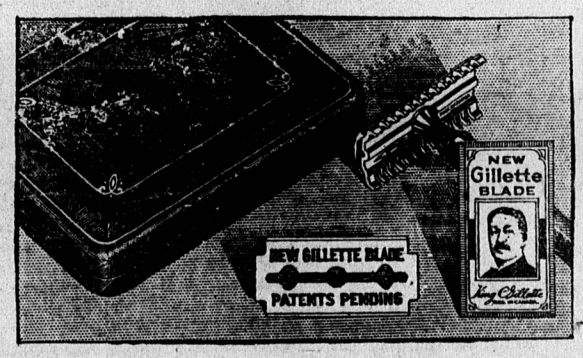

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$1.00 *for ten and 50c for five*

The New Gillette Blades in the new green packet.