

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

THE DUKE OF YORK AND THE QUEEN OF THE WHITE LODGE.

All England to be Merry and the Royal Fair Will Show the Way—They Were Lovers Years Ago.

(Copyright, 1933, for The Times.) LONDON, June 9.—Princess May, of Teck, is called "Queen of the White Lodge."

She has resided almost from infancy in the breezy upland of Richmond Park. The White Lodge, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, commands two at least of the loveliest prospects in Surrey, on one side the broad dip of the Thames Valley and the purple blue hills beyond; on another a swelling panorama of field and woodland.

The Princess has always led a healthy outdoor life. She delights particularly in long rambles, and with her keen, observant eye, is thoroughly familiar with the phenomena of nature's manifold changes. This life, for some portion of almost every day, in the open air, has made her what in all hygienic constitutions she indisputably is—the perfect flower of womanhood. At all times her cheek has the same peachlike hue, and her eyes are perennially bright. They are dancing, merry eyes, having a slightly upward-arched curve at the outer corners, and half-closing under outbursts of laughter, giving an expression of keen emotional enjoyment.

Next to a voice naturally sweet and low, it is a pleasure to hear her laugh, so unaffectedly it, so full of gaiety, rippling away in the most delightful musical cadence.

Of her innate kindness there are numerous instances; perhaps the best is the anecdote of her acting the part of the



THE DUKE OF YORK. Fairly princess to an old servant of the family reduced for a time to monetary straits.

She is a zealous coworker with her mother in a considerable number of philanthropic undertakings. Perhaps not the smallest practical token of her good nature is the fact that she will pleasantly sit through an amateur theatrical performance, which is a degree or two more trying than a trial matinee, in the sacred cause of charity. In all the many functions in which such a popular personage as the Duchess of Teck engages the Princess May is her mother's almost invariably companion. Not even the semi-state which is more or less exacted from near relatives of the Queen prevents her sound common sense from asserting itself, or limits to a degree her remarkable administrative ability, or petrifies in her deeper womanly sympathies. She is essentially a woman of affairs, prompt, decisive, unwearied of detail, and bringing a calm, unclouded judgment to bear upon every business matter. Such experienced guidance by the mother could hardly fail to develop facility in the daughter, and the Princess May, intellectually endowed above the average of Princesses, has profited by her teachings in an eminent degree. She is shrewd beyond her years, and even, so to speak, beyond her opportunities. Yet, for her rank, the bride-elect of the King is not a girl who has had the greater part of the year has been spent in the domesticities and mental culture of the White Lodge.

Of course, what are called "accomplishments" in the Princess have not been neglected. With her supple, lithe figure, it scarcely needed a pupil of Tagliani to



AN URBAIN PRINCESS. She is likewise a skilled musician on two or three instruments. But the more solid parts of knowledge have found in her an apt student. She is an expert linguist, and, it is said, has not dissipated the severest ordeal of logic and mathematics. At any rate, it is apparent in her concise, direct speech, in the readiness with which she probes the root of a difficulty and the scarcely less readiness with which she oftentimes conquers it.

There is something of democratic frankness in her address, and at least an appreciation of something like a Socialistic principle in her practice. At a somewhat promiscuous reception given by her parents one of the female attendants showed a too great eagerness to make a way for the Princess through the crowd. This she abruptly terminated by hastening up to the domestic and requesting her to desist. In other ways she has shown strong aversion to be treated exceptionally when the conventional or the comfort of others has been affected. To this well-known principle of conduct is no doubt due a material part of the popularity which the Princess enjoys among all, not omitting the humbler classes of the district in which she resides. She did not take to slumming at the time slumming sprang into fashionable pastime, but she assisted a poor woman's guild, and is still one of its chief supporters. There is in her a tenacity of character which is only adequately recognized by those who know of the work in which she has been engaged. Added to this is a great deal of mother wit, which enables her to make the best of a situation, inherent in it. In cases where the more reasonable charitable or humanitarian duties have devolved upon her she has discharged them with singular efficiency. The supreme note in her character, which vibrates to every intellectual and social chord, is her amiability. This is now, at least, second nature to her habit.

Princess May inherits conspicuously the quality which impresses people of diverse opinions and aims that she enters sympathetically into their views. Her tact is a security rather than an art. It is exhibited in all, even the most temporary, relations. Then, what pleases men and delights also women is her perfect taste in dress. A lady of social position once remarked in the writer's hearing that, though she had seen the Princess frequently for years past, she had never observed her in an ill-fitting or ill-matched garment. Princess May has always shown a marked penchant for bonnets, and it cannot be denied that the close-fitting little ornamental style suits her type of beauty more than any other would be likely to do. It gives her a statelyness—perhaps the better word would be a queenliness—of aspect which a less severity of outline would fail to impart. The charge has been laid against her of being a plagiarist in style of another highly-placed and beautiful woman, but with striking ignorance. The Princess May is emphatically no copyist. If she has not departed widely from the lines of personal adornment pursued by the Princesses of Wales, it is because she recognizes more fully than her critics the limitations which in her must govern good taste. This young woman—she was twenty-six in May—somehow has the art that statesmen have tried during many generations to gain, that of pleasing without seeming to try. Her prospective mother-in-law, the Princess of Wales, has always had the same taste, but the latter woman has been sorely broken since the death of her eldest son, and has other reasons besides for melancholy. She is the one



FAVORITES FOR THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY JUNE 20.

any great event by smashing shop windows and other things of that sort that come their way, and yet shopkeepers are looking forward to the coming event with a feeling akin to joy, for they expect to make enough profit out of it to console them for any breaking of glass that may occur.

Just now it is all Prince's May. Her face looks out at you from every shop window, and the penny and half-penny prints are full of the most astonishing information concerning her. Beside her great popularity that of the Duke of York is shown in a very reduced light. But none the less the Duke is a very popular young man, and is deserving of the favor shown him.

It has been the habit here to call the Duke, or Prince George, as he is still best known, the "Sailor Prince," just as other Princes before him have been named. In his case, however, the title is not an empty one, for the Duke is a sailor and a good one, too. It has been with him a matter of sincere grief that since the untimely death of the Duke of Clarence, and since after his father, the Prince of Wales, he is the heir to the English throne, he has not been allowed to risk his valuable life on the sea.

The Prince of Wales has more than one superlatively that he hugs to himself, and among these is one that he will never be King of England. At one time he was of the opinion that a republic was at hand, and later he is said to believe that his mother will outlive him. He has lived a wearing life, while she has always been the most careful woman in all Europe so far as was possible in preserving health and strength, and so the King of Wales is said to believe that while he will not be King, that radicalism has not yet grown so strong as to keep the title from going to his son, in which Prince George would succeed William IV., the last King of England, who was also a "Sailor Prince."

One thing is settled! The wedding ring is in evidence, and so the match is assured, for without some untoward accident neither the bride nor bridegroom that is to be seems likely to die before the time indefinitely set for the first week in July. The ring was made from pure gold, mined in Wales, and will adorn the hands of the bride to the same extent that such trinkets always do. Still, the Princess would be handsome without it.

London merchants do not much like the matter of the Welsh wedding ring any more than some eminent men would tolerate a couple of Irish ladies, and as the London men will have all the best of it any way from a financial standpoint this is not a matter of any especial consequence. Not since the Queen's jubilee has there been the same willingness to spend money displayed as on the occasion of the coming wedding, which proves its popularity.

Even on the occasion of a royal wedding here the public must have a share in the proceedings. They even insist on seeing almost as much of the affair as do the American people on the occasion of the inauguration of the President. They have a holiday and break off their work, for he cheer or his Gladstone or some other great man whom they assume to own to make things howl generally in their own sweet, but not too sweet way, as has been their habit for all these many years.

Bonds of matrimony, in cases such as that of the Duke of York and his prospective bride, will yield upon the first investment in them returns so rich that there is no need for a further investment. These figures as to the gifts that will be showered on the Duke and his bride may seem extravagant to some, but they are not. The records of the Queen's jubilee and of the golden jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. will show this.

Taking it all in all, the coming ceremony will be more interesting than royal functions of the sort usually are. Aside from the personalities of the Duke and the Princess, it will have about it other suggestive features. It is now a subject of talk as to whether the Princess of Wales can be brought to be present at the marriage of her son and Princess May, and view calmly the scene, when Prince George will, as it seems to her, stretch his hand across his brother's grave to take as wife the fair woman who was to have been the bride of the Prince, who is dead, and who was his mother's favorite.

But there will be other scenes about the royal chapel in which the marriage ceremony will take place in the presence of a select few. They will be interesting, too, and some of them we may hear of, while others will be passed over. But these things aside, the coming wedding seems a most popular one with all classes, and such being the case, outsiders have no right to complain. To use the English phrase of an American politician, whose name I have forgotten, "it is the thing the people want, it's the very thing the people ought to have."

On the same principle, if the Queen of England and her people want the Duke of York and Princess May to wed, who is to forbid the bans?

Hon. W. V. Lucas, ex-State Auditor of Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and have no hesitation in saying it is an excellent remedy. I believe all that is claimed for it. Persons afflicted by a cough or cold will find it a friend. There is no danger from whooping cough when this remedy is freely given. 50 cent bottles for sale by Owens & Minor Drug Company, 107 east Main street."

A RACE TO THE FAIR.

A RIDE OF A THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT CHANGE OF HORSES.

Twenty-Five Tough Westerners—Among the Contestants is a Woman Known as the Lightning Squaw.

(Copyright, 1933, for The Times.) RACE OF A THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT A CHANGE OF HORSES!

That is the size of the task which a band of cowboys in the great West will on June 13th set out to accomplish in a wild race from Western Nebraska to the World's Fair. Old frontiersmen and Indian scouts can relate races of a hundred miles or so when their scalps were looked upon in a spirit of covetousness by the arch enemy of the crown, but it remained for the Western jampas to undertake the ride on record—a race of a thousand miles.

The riders will start on the morning of Tuesday, June 13th, from Chadron, Neb., at the signal of a pistol shot given by Governor Crouse, the starter. The route to Chicago is designated, and passes through Sioux City, Ia., where the Missouri river will be crossed, Fort Dodge and then Dubuque, the Mississippi crossing. The course across Illinois to Chicago is the most direct possible, including Freeport, Rockford and other cities, and finally ending in greater or less triumph on the part of the West with an entrance into the Wild West grounds occupied by Buffalo Bill at the World's Fair.

About twenty-five persons have entered for the race, and they are all experienced plains people, and in starting on the long ride, know by previous and often sad experience, what it means to go hundreds of miles without a rest and with no change of animals.

Among those who are entered for the race are "Doc" Middleton and John Flag, of Northern Nebraska; "Snake Creek Tom," of Snake Creek, Wyo.; "Rattlesnake Pete," of Crude, Col.; "Cook-Eyed Bill," of Manville, Wyo.; Sam Bell, of Deadwood; Jim Murray, of Eagle Pass, Tex.; Nick Jones, a half-breed, of Pine Ridge agency, Dakota; He Dog and Spotted Wolf, Sioux, from the Rosebud agency, and Miss Emma

Miss Emma Hutchinson. Among the Sioux Indians she has a great reputation, and many is the brave who has found himself badly beaten and his boasted pony badly blown, after he had tried a race after the "lightning squaw." Miss Hutchinson is pronounced to be one of the best off-hand judges of horseteak in the West, and given a bunch of horses, can usually pick the winner for a race. On challenge she has beaten the finest racers of the Crow Indians, and on one occasion drew down the praise of "Curly," Custer's scout, by distancing his boasted flyer.

She has frequently ridden ten-mile races, in which horses were changed every half mile, and has come under the wire in the great majority of cases.

In the cowboys' tournaments held occasionally in the West, Miss Hutchinson often appears, and will mount the worst "outlaw" buck in the corral. She is never thrown, and during the wildest plunges and pitchings of the bronco keeps her seat in easy grace. Dr. Carver, in whose tournaments she sometimes rides, says he can do no better himself.

Miss Hutchinson, when in town, rides on an ordinary side-saddle, but when out rounding up stock, or driving them on the trail, uses a regulation man's stock saddle, and rides astride. For this she uses the divided skirt.

It is not only as a rider that Miss Hutchinson excels, but in handling the lasso and using the rifle and pistol, she is altogether at home.

The horse which Miss Hutchinson will ride on the thousand-mile race is itself a noted "outlaw," or man-killer, of vicious spirit, and of yet unconquered nature. But as it is a fine animal, weighing 1,200 pounds, and well muscled, she has selected it as her mount, and is gradually bringing it under subjection, she being the only woman whom the outlaw has ever allowed to touch him.

"I shall leave the race starts from Chadron," said Miss Hutchinson to your correspondent. "The distance to Chadron is nearly 300 miles, and I will put the horse through this at the rate of about twenty-five miles a day, just to toughen him up a little, and put him in good shape for the thousand-mile race which is to follow."

"Do I expect to win the race? I most certainly do. My weight is only ninety pounds, and with my saddle and blanket my weighing in will not exceed 120. I have a good horse, and what I expect to win the first prize of \$1,000 on is the fact that I will ride from fifty to one hundred pounds lighter than any other rider in

Hutchinson, a well-known rider of Denver, who, at the solicitation of those who have seen her wenders a riding, has been prevailed upon to enter the race. The number of the riders have "records" which they will hardly take with them to the Fair. "Doc" Middleton, for instance, is one of the oldest cattle thieves and all around bad men in the Black Hills district, and for years was the terror of Northwestern Nebraska. Of late years he has settled down somewhat, however, and excepting an occasional little debate with six-shooters, in which he invariably comes off a winner—lives a life of ease and contentment so long as the sheriff does not come too close to him. He is an ideal rider, is forty-five years old, weighs 180 pounds, and is nearly six feet in height.

Middleton has made a number of fine long distance rides, his most famous one being quite a number of years ago, when he cut the dirt in lightning style on the trail from Crow Buttes to Long Pine bars, pursued by several hundred Sioux.

John Flag, of Big Horn Basin, Wyoming, is another of the riders, and a gentleman who bore quite an active part in the Wyoming cattle war of last year. In fact if Mr. Flag had not been in extra fine shape and with the same kind of horse about that time, it is questionable if his banner would wave on the present occasion. He is the man, who, by his nerve and hard riding, saved his life by a scratch, by escaping from the invading cattlemen after the fight in which two cowboys, Ray and Champion, were killed.

A review of the other contestants in the race would show one of the most daring and famous bands which ever threw the leather on a bronco for a jaunt



EQUIPPED FOR THE RACE.

together, and nearly every one on the list has a reputation all through the West in the line of riding, fighting and general bravery. But the one figure in the race on which all eyes will be centered is the last one on the list—Miss Hutchinson, of Denver. There is hardly a State of territory west of the Mississippi where she is not known, while by her feats in horsemanship, in exhibitions in the East, she has gained a national reputation as one of the best lady riders in America. Born in La Crosse, Wis., she went to Montana when a mere girl, and for thirteen years has ridden the western range—

a complete female vaquero. Since coming to the West she has been regularly in the stock business and has practically lived, ate and slept in the saddle as it is necessary for those to do who go into the business of rounding up the troublesome Texas steer as a means of livelihood. For weeks and months she has ridden the range alone, far from any human companionship, and endured all the privations and hardships of the frontier, exposed to death or captivity at the hands of the bloodthirsty Sioux, or that worse death and hopeless captivity which comes to the one far from help taken down by fever or laid low by disabling accident. Through all these Miss Hutchinson has passed without serious mishaps, and even after an eye which never knew fear, she would pass as a quiet and withal cultured young woman of the West who has been reared beneath the parental roof tree.

Miss Hutchinson has made many long rides, but the longest as yet was one in Montana, several years ago, when, with a single string of horses, she covered 60 miles in seven days. During much of this ride the range was heavy, and the streams swollen by rain, and for four of the nights and days she rode and slept shelterless, in a constant storm.



MISS EMMA HUTCHINSON.

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THE START.

the race. In the care of myself and my horse, I will follow out my usual plan. I will aim to eat only the staples, but I will instead eat only stimulants, will drink only milk. Oats will be the bulk of my pony's feed, with a very little hay.

"The horse will be thoroughly rubbed down every night, and if he has reason to fear that he will be 'sailed' or in any other way disabled by my contestants or any one else, I shall sleep in the stall or any one else, I shall get out and with him. In riding morning as early as I can see and ride until 10 or 11 o'clock, when I will rest and refresh the horse for three or four hours, taking the road again and riding until dusk. I do not like night riding, for it makes a horse nervous.

"I am counting on seeing Colonel Cody in Chicago in twenty days after leaving Chadron. This is fifty miles a day, but for the first few days I will not go so fast as that. In long rides I start off very easily, and I suppose I will be far behind by the other riders when we start. But look out for my little bay to cover the ground after I get into the State of Illinois. That is where I will do my hard riding and there is where I will begin to give the horse whiskey horse about that time, if I do not think he is badly fagged, which I do not think he will be with my riding weight and the care I give him.

"I expect to win by endurance and the good work I get out of the horse by right treatment, and have written Colonel Cody to look out for me about the Fourth of July."

That there may be no jockeying en route, and that everything may be conducted "on the square," each horse will be branded with the Racing Association's mark the night before the riders start, and each night the riders will be required to register at stations placed along the way. A rider also cannot have his horse drop dead at the goal and gain a prize, for each must see to it that his horse is in fairly good condition on arrival at the grounds, if he would gain a premium.

Aside from the laurels of glory which the riders who win there are other prizes, offered by the managers of the race; one of the finest Colt revolvers ever made, inlaid in silver, gold and pearl; 500 divided into three prizes, offered by Colonel Cody, and a fine cowboy saddle given by the Omaha firm. Colonel Cody will distribute the prizes on a designated time when the riders are all in.

FARMER P. GASTON.