

# A DRAMA OF RIVAL BRITISH AND AMERICAN TITLED BEAUTIES.

## LADY COVENTRY, OF ENGLAND, MARRIED THE SWARTHY DHULEEP SINGH IN ORDER TO REIGN AS THE FIRST LADY OF INDIA, BUT NOW MARY LEITER CURZON HAS COMPLETELY ECLIPSED HER.

PHOTO BY RUSSELL & SONS



PRINCESS VICTOR DHULEEP SINGH

WHEN Mary Leiter goes to India as Vicereine, she will put an end to the great ambition of the Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh. This Princess, who is a daughter of the Earl of Coventry, and a beautiful girl, married the Prince for his wealth and rank. He is a Hindu of ancient royal family, fabulous wealth, but unpleasant habits.

The Vicereine of India's wife takes precedence of the wife of a native prince, but the Princess Dhuleep Singh counted on the fact that the Vicereines are usually old and unattractive to make herself a queen in India. The appointment of Mr. Curzon, with his beautiful, ambitious, clever and popular American wife, frustrated this ambition.

THIS is the romance of a beautiful English girl, a still more beautiful American girl, a dusky Hindu Prince and a great ambition frustrated. The most jealous woman in all the British Empire is the Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh and the woman who has aroused all this tornado of feeling is Lady Curzon, until recently known as Mrs. George N. Curzon, whom fate has marked out for a great and powerful career.

The story of Princess Dhuleep Singh is one of limitless ambition, of sacrifice of all personal feeling and of a constant thwarting of her daring ambitions. She had planned out for herself the most dazzling triumphs in a semi-barbaric court in India, and one beautiful American woman has upset it all.

Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh is one of the greatest Princes in India. His family ruled the Punjab with its reeking millions and splendid cities centuries before Queen Victoria's ancestors ceased to be robber chiefs. The British Government stole the Kohinoor diamond, the greatest jewel in Queen Victoria's crown, from Prince Victor's father, but he has levels enough left to make him one of the richest men in the world. The Prince himself does not know the extent of his vast wealth.

This prince still clings to his barbaric instincts, although he has had every advantage of European civilization, and is a monster of selfishness, conceit and self-indulgence. He looks upon women as mere chattels, and loves nothing but luxury and adulation. He is suspicious of all Europeans and cares for them only as far as they may cater to his pleasure. He is waited upon by hundreds of menials as no king in Europe is served. He feasts from gold dishes set with precious stones, and his Indian palace at Calcutta is magnificent with all the barbaric splendor of a thousand years of riches. He dresses in robes of finest satin, velvet and brocade, encrusted with gold and jewels. He wears gorgeous turbans and is loaded down with necklaces and priceless baubles.

To marry such a man was to sacrifice every fine womanly feeling to that of ambition; to give up all the grace and sweetness of Christian life; to make a cold, calculating alliance with a man utterly devoid of respect for her sex, and to live only for the glitter and the pageantry that barbaric wealth would give her. But the glory promised seemed so great that a beautiful English girl of the highest nobility determined to sell herself to gain it.

The marriage of Lady Anne Blanche Coventry took place with great pomp and circumstance about a year ago, and Beauty was united to the Beast by her own consent.

The Princess is the third daughter of the Earl of Coventry, and sister to Viscount Deerhurst, who married Miss Bonyngue, of California, several years ago. She is also a first cousin to the Earl of Craven, who married Miss Bradley Martin, as her mother was the daughter of the former Earl of Craven, father of the present nobleman.

The Princess seemed about to obtain all she had hoped for in the way of worldly pomp immediately after her wedding. The Queen's record reign was to be celebrated, and all the rulers and nobles of the earth gathered together to do honor to the aged sovereign.

The arranging of the order of precedence of those taking part in the ceremonies was of course of the greatest importance. To the Princess Dhuleep Singh and her husband was assigned a place immediately after the European royalties, before all the dignitaries and nobles of England. The Princess was thus placed far ahead of her own family, high as they stand among the ancient nobility of England. There were many suppressed mutterings at this dazzling display of royal favor to an Indian Prince and his wife, but the beautiful Princess went on her way serenely and majestically.

All went well, and she was the leader of English society while making her preparations to be almost an Empress in India. The Princess planned to earn the gratitude of the British Government by helping to pacify the discontent of the Indian millions which now gives so much anxiety. As a daughter of the English nobility, she would be

### What the Rapid Fire Guns at Omdurman Have Taught.

THE battle of Omdurman and its wholesale slaughter of the onrushing Dervishes by the rapid-fire guns and repeating rifles have given military strategists a pause. They are now trying to figure out how far such a terrific fire as modern invention has made possible in these latest instruments of warfare will interfere with previous accepted theories and plans as to how a campaign shall be planned and how a battle shall be fought. It is safe to say that hereafter no military commander who knows his business will expose his troops in any large body within the range of an enemy's rapid-fire attack. To do so would result in a carnage beyond description. Ten minutes' exposure to a modern battery of Maxims would literally wipe them out, and there would be left none to tell what had happened. The mowing down of the Dervishes in such multitudes in such short order has proved that at close range there is no resisting the destructiveness of the modern guns, tried as they were for the first time at Omdurman upon a large body of the enemy. The Dervishes fought with a blind devotion to their flag that was born of fan-

atism. They poured, a wild, shouting, infuriated horde, into a murderous fire and cross-fire which it was death to face. The blood-red plain of Omdurman and the twelve thousand dead and dying followers of the Khalifa who fell in that short conflict, the bloodiest hour in the history of the world, taught the lesson that to engage troops at close range means utter annihilation. There never will be a Charge of the Light Brigade in the face of a Maxim battery supplemented by modern repeating rifles. It is more than probable that war in the future will be a game of chess. An elaborate series of manoeuvres will lead up to a possibly bloodless victory. The most skillful strategist will win the day by sheer military science. No general will dare to place a battalion within range of the enemy's guns. A hideous mistake on the part of a commanding officer would result in a carnage that might instantly annihilate a regiment, and by a blunder of the staff the entire force of a nation might be wiped out of existence in ten minutes. That is the appalling prospect which stares civilization in the face to-day.



PRINCESS SINGH IN HER JUBILEE GOWN WHEN SHE WAS GIVEN PRECEDENCE OVER ALL OTHER GUESTS.



MRS CURZON THE VICERINE OF INDIA



PRINCE VICTOR DHULEEP SINGH

PHOTO BY BASSANO

in a position which no one has hitherto occupied.

She would be the queen of all the vast land in everything but name. Her entertainments would be the most magnificent, her equipages the grandest and her dress and her beauty the most perfect. She laid plans and dreamed dreams and tolerated her swartthy husband, who made a noise in his sleep when he ate and displayed all the instincts of his race, because she felt that the reward of her life's sacrifice was close at hand.

For a time it looked as if all the Princess's plans would be worked out with the most perfect success and that she would be the leader in India. Then suddenly came the appointment of George N. Curzon as Vicereine. All Great Britain and the United States have been talking about it ever since.

The appointment meant many things, and among them it meant ruin to the Princess Dhuleep Singh, for the beautiful intelligent, executive American woman is well known in England. She is known to possess everything that a woman should who is chosen to reign. Mary Leiter will be as much of a queen as Victoria herself, and the Princess Dhuleep Singh knows that never has there been such a Vicereine, never a woman who could hold the attention and admiration of an adoring semi-barbaric people as this radiant beauty from the victorious country across the sea.

The position of the Vicereine's wife has never been greater than that of the wife of a native prince, but the Princess Dhuleep Singh counted on her youth, beauty, tact and wealth to carry her over the head of the Queen's representative. The Vicereines usually sent to India are middle aged, without beauty and with the usual dowdiness of the elderly English matron. It was easy to see how simple would be the task of outstripping such a woman by a brilliant young beauty like the Princess Dhuleep Singh.

Then, too, her position before her marriage counted for much. The Earl of Coventry has as proud an ancestry as any in the land, and for this white, beautiful English girl to reign beside her swartthy husband meant an attraction sure to draw. But Mary Leiter, a queen among women, was a person to be dreaded, indeed. Her intelligence, her great beauty, her millions, her taste in dress all outshone the English girl, who realized at once that the American was not a woman to allow any particle of her rank and power to be diminished or overshadowed. The Princess now feels that her plans are never to be realized and that she is doomed to a secondary position under an American girl of the people, whose father was once in trade; she, the daughter of a hundred earls, with the proud Coventry and Craven blood in her veins. She sipped all and she has lost. India is ringing with the expectancy of the coming of the American Queen, and the Princess is forgotten and must live her life out with her Hindu husband or leave him and go back to her father in disgrace.



HON GEORGE N. CURZON VICEROY OF INDIA

PHOTO BY DE BERGIS

### How to Make a Savage Your Friend.

M. DE ROUGEMONT, the modern Robinson Crusoe, whose story of adventures in the wilds of Australia and elsewhere is just now the talk of London, has been telling, among other things, how a white man may become persona grata to a savage. M. De Rougemont, who has lived so long among the aborigines that he learned to understand them thoroughly, pleads against the ignorant habit which white men have of shooting at black men as soon as they see them. All that is necessary to do, if you wish to make a savage your friend, is to clap the hands smartly on the back of one's trousers, at the same time putting out one's tongue. This is a universal sign, in the sign language which all the blacks understand, that the stranger wishes to sit with them, to eat with them and to look upon them generally. If to these signs the stranger will only add a few steps of a lively jig, accompanying himself, if possible, upon a whistle, the severest savage will be instantly placated and will abandon his hostile attitude.

### Queen Victoria's Havana Cigars.

Queen Victoria has a great dislike of smoking, and will not tolerate the use of tobacco in her immediate neighborhood. And yet the cigar bill for her guests is a very heavy one. The principal item is the brand of the finest Havana cigars, which are specially made for her, and sent to Windsor in glass tubes hermetically sealed. Queen Victoria could not be had even in Cuba at wholesale prices under a dollar a piece. The men who make them receive thirty cents for each cigar, and none but the oldest and most skillful workmen are entrusted with their manufacture. At this rate they can earn quite a small fortune, for 300 cigars a day can be turned out by the most expert.