GEORGE V. CROWNED BRITAIN'S KING

Scene in Westminster Abbey One of Unparalleled Magnificence

London, June 22.—The fifth George of England was crowned to-day. Sacred and historical ceremonial was borne out in venerable Westminster with the symbolism and ritual language which carried the minds of the beholders back to the days of romance and chivalry, even to the time of those who lived before Alfred.

A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

George V. sat for his hallowing where English Kings before him had been consecrated for more than 800 years. No language can exaggerate the effect of the crowning in Westminster Abbey as a State spectacle and a scene of visible symbolism. From six o'clock, when the doors opened, until after nine, the moving pictures silently and gradually composed themselves into one harmonious setting, only needing the addition of the central figures to complete the scene. Great galleries stretched upwards on either side of the "Theatre" for the peers and peeresses and commoners of the realm. On the south side of the chancel stalls was a Royal box for members of the English Royal family, and on the north side of the chancel the judges' gallery. The central aisle and nave were lined with superimposed galleries, which were occupied by diplomats, Royal representatives and other distinguished persons. These were all carpeted. The bluish grey floor was covered with a wonderful garter blue carpet of nine hundred square yards. On the altar stood the abbey's glittering gold service. On a table beneath the Royal box was ranged the still more magnificent gold service of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, whose burnished richness made the most brilliant color note of all.

On the sides of the galleries hung priceless and ancient tapestries. Rare, centuries old, Persian rugs lay before the thrones. Above, behind and around everything stretched the ancient grey stonework of the abbey ,the mellowed stained glass of the painted windows blending softly with all.

A WONDERFUL PICTURE.

When nearly seven thousand spectators had taken their seats there was to be seen as wonderful a picture of sheer color as a painter could dream of. The abbey had lost some touch of its austerity save in the ceiling's misty heights, but there was no loss of beauty. It was light and fairy-like, the dark ruby velvet of the peers and peeresses, the scarlet tunics of the soldiers and the black velvet court suits giving just sufficient strength to the spotless ermine capes of the judges and peers. Pale mauves, yellows, light blues, pinks, and pearly greys were chiefly worn by the ladies, who, with the exception of the bare-headed peeresses, wore on their heads white feathers or white airy rosettes with white streamers hanging behind. The colors glittered in the front of these and jewels sparkled on bare necks and bosoms. It was a wonderful blended whole, in which without search the detail was practically lost.

From nine to ten o'clock not a minute passed without its picture. At nine o'clock the white-robed choir entered and stood in the chancel. Then from the altar the abbey canons, robed in their long, richly-colored capes, took the articles of Royal regalia and preceded by the choir, which was now singing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," bore them to the robing room at the west entrance.

At ten o'clock all stood again as a glittering company of foreign princes walked up the aisle and took their places in the chancel. Then followed the Diplomatic Corps, foreign envoys and minor royalties, and then, in truth, the choir stall became as it were a map of the world, stretching from Ethiopia to Japan.

ARRIVAL OF PRINCE OF WALES

Following these came another assemblage which touched the hearts of the people within and without the abbey as did none other to-day, not even the King and Queen themselves. It was the Prince of Wales with his sister and his brothers, followed by 19 princes and princesses of the British Royal family. But all eyes were for the boy prince and his sister and brothers. Grave and serious looked the young prince as he walked with a dignity beyond his years at the head of this Royal group dressed in the mediaeval costume of the Garter. He looked every inch a prince, but the modesty and diffidence of the human boy could plainly be seen, adding, not detracting, from the princeliness of his bearing. His company retained a place alone opposite the peers facing the north line of the throne on raised dais and facing east the serried ranks. The peers arose and bowed low as the Prince, before taking his seat, turned and bowed to them. The Princess Mary followed, walking along looking every inch a princess. She was well able to give effect to her long ermine-lined blue train, which was held up by a lady-in-attendance. The downcast eyes, slightly bent head and girlish coiffure alone spoke the child. Behind her came her young sailor brother, dressed as a naval cadet, and the two little princes in Scotch garb.

The Duke of Connaught made a separate arrival. He bowed low to his young grand-nephew, the Prince of Wales, who rose and returned the bow, as he did henceforth to all who passed him. The Duke of Connaught sat on a chair to the right of the Prince of Wales.

THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL.

At 10.45 the abbey music ceased. A clash of bells, a roll of drums and a fanfare of trumpets without were heard, and then an expectant hush fell on the great congregation. Romantic tension held its every hour. Then slowly, very slowly, the Queen's procession advanced up the aisle. Heralded by a psalm and preceded by the clergy and great officials of her household, the bearers of her regalia and many of the noblest of her husband's subjects, she passed along an obeisant avenue of princes, lords and ambassadors. The Bishops of London and Oxford supported her on either side, and six daughters of earls bore her train, on which were worked emblems of every portion of the British Empire.

"Viva the Maria Regina!" thrice repeated by the clamant voices of the Westminster School boys, broke the silence. It was followed by "Vivat, Vivat, Vivat!" louder still. To the strains of the anthem, "Oh, Pray for Peace," the Queen crossed from the north chencel to a seat in the south in front of the Royal box and knelt in prayer.

Then silence fell again, to be broken by a second roll of drums and a fanfare of trumpets. The King was coming.

KING PALE BUT CALM.

The King was pale but calm. He looked neither to the left nor to the right, as one in a dream. "Vivat Georgius Rex et Imperator, Vivat, Vivat, Vivat," came a full-throated chorus thrice from the Westminster boys. Entering the chancel on the south side, the King halted before the Queen, who stood behind the faldstool. Husband and wife looked for a moment into each other's eyes and then, after the exchange of a grave bow, the King passed to his own chair beyond the Queen's and both knelt in prayer.

KING TAKES THE OATH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury next advanced to the seated King and asked:

"Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the oath?"

"I am willing," replied the King in low but distinct tones.

After taking the oath and kissing the Bible his Majesty moved to the great Coronation chair of King Edward, and was there anointed on the crown of his head, his breast, palms and both hands as has been the usage of English kings for a thousand years. During the anointing four Knights of the Garter held the gold-colored silken canopy behind the chair, but not over the King.

After the anointing the King knelt for the blessing. Then he stood to be invested with the colobium sindonis, the supertunica and the girdle. Then, sitting in the great chair, the King looked as though he were clad in solid gold armor as the spurs and swords were presented. After rising the King ungirt the sword and offered it, scabbarded, at the altar, thus dedicating it to the service of God. He then handed it to one of the Knights of the Garter, who unsheathed it, and the naked sword of justice remained exposed till the close of the ceremony.

The Imperial mantle or cape of gold, flowing to the ground, was then taken from the altar and placed in his hands, and then replaced on the altar; and the Royal Sceptre, with the great Cullinan diamond flashing fire, was placed in his right hand, and the Sceptre with the Dove in the left hand.

Thus the King walked to the throne on a raised dais, where the Archbishop of Canterbury crowned him. It was the supreme moment.

"God Save the King" poured out from thousands of voices in the abbey, while outside at Hyde Park, the Tower of London, and Windsor forty-one guns thundered a salute which echoed around the world, for by arrangement the same salute was fired throughout the Kingdom and the dominions. How far-flung was the line of this regal salute can best be gathered by the various times coinciding with 12.32 p.m. in London. In New Zealand it was 1.11 a.m. to-morrow, at Vancouver, B. C., 4.10 a.m. to-day, at Calcutta 6.25 to-night, and at Jamaica 7.25 this morning.

As the crown was placed on the King's head the peers simultaneously donned their coronets.

His Majesty was crowned in St. Edward's chair. After wearing it for a minute the King removed the crown and replaced it with a lesser one. Then, carrying the sceptre, he walked east to the throne, on the dais, in which he was placed by the archbishops bishops and peers.

Next followed the picturesquely symbolical ceremony of homage. The Prince of Wales first advanced, doffed his coronet and knelt at the foot of the dais. Then ascending, he kissed the King on both cheeks, and then knelt and kissed his hand. The Prince of Wales alone kissed the King on both cheeks and on the hand.

The Duke of Connaught followed. He doffed his coronet and knelt on the bottom step. He arose, ascended and knelt on the top step. Then he stood and, bending forward, touched the crown with his right hand, kissed the King's left cheek, and then retired. So did the senior Duke, Marquis, Earl, Count and Baron.

CROWNING THE QUEEN.

Then at the altar followed the simpler ceremony of crowning the Queen. Four gentlemen bore a canopy behind her, and they were followed by four duchesses. As the Queen walked east from the altar to take her seat on the throne to the King's left, but two steps lower on the dais, the King arose, holding a sceptre in either hand. With the sceptre in her right hand, the Queen walked slowly and majestically. Six white-clad bearers held her train, and apparently took off all the weight from close up to the shoulders to the very end of its 18 feet of magnificence. But as the Queen ascended the three shallow steps to the throne the enormous weight with which the train and gown pressed upon her could be seen. She went up like a little child, slowly, and getting both feet on the same step before ascending the next one.

Their Majesties then descended from the dais and advanced, attended by a glittering throng as before, to the altar, where they handed over the sceptres and crowns, and made obligations according to the ritual in the service. They then partook of Holy Communion. The full ritual was completed. The choir sang the "Gloria," and the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the Benediction. The choir sang the "Te Deum."

Meanwhile their Majesties, who had reseated themselves on their thrones, descended and advanced again to the altar. They passed by different doors into St. Edward's Chapel, the regalia which had been lying on the altar being returned to their former bearers. Standing before the altar of the chapel, the King delivered the sceptre and dove to the Archbishop, who then laid it on the altar.

The King was then robed in purple velvet and with the crown on his head, the orb in his left hand, and the sceptre and cross in his right, the Queen carrying both sceptres, passed through the choir, attended as on the entrance, but with the order of procession reversed. The band played and the choir sang the National Anthem as their Majesties proceeded to the west entrance to go forth to the enthusiastic plaudits of their people.

So with prayer and benediction the time-honored ceremonial was performed of the crowning and sacring of a King who holds office "By God's ordinance" as the head of both Church and State.

BRITAIN'S GREAT ARMADA

Saluting Line of Twenty Miles Greets King and Queen

Portsmouth, June 25.—George V., the sailor King, passed through the sunlit waters of the Solent yesterday afternoon between steel lanes formed by the greatest armada ever assembled. Fighting craft representing practically every navy of the world participated in this splendid sea pageant. It was viewed by people from nearly every clime. Although essentially designed as a spectacle, it could not be otherwise than a parade of the fact that England cherishes her title of "Mistress of the seas."

As a picture and an object lesson the review was stupendous in beauty and singnificance.

One hundred and sixty-seven ships of all classes, with a total displacement of 1,022,000 tons, and costing about 100,000,000 pounds, was the showing made by England. The fleet included 32 battleships, 25 armoured cruisers, nine protected cruisers, 29 torpedo craft. The total number of the officers and men was 160,000.

The arrival of the King shortly before 1 o'clock was announced by cannon from Nelson's old flagship Victory. As the reverberation echoed over the Solent every ship of the armada blossomed out as if by magic with flags of every hue. The breeze flaunted millions of pinions contained in dressing ship, transforming the picture from neutral tints to gorgeous tones.

His Majesty was received by Admiral Sir Arthur Moore and staff and escorted aboard the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which broke out the Royal Standard. Promptly two torpedo boats nosed into the lane, showing the path to the four yachts participating in the review. As the King, standing on the bridge in the uniform of an admiral, came abreast of the first warship, the latter's guns boomed a royal salute. The first crash was the signal for all the ships to take up the salute.

PEALS OF OLYMPIAN THUNDER

Instantly the quiet prevailing the moment before was followed by peal on peal of Olympian thunder, which hurled against the shores of either side of the Solent and was hurled back again to the armada. The face of the waters was covered by a smoke pall, which, raising, revealed the Royal yacht advancing majestically, her black hull and gold-trimmed yellow stays and superstructure gleaming in the sun.

Around the decks of every leviathan was an unbroken chain of blue-jackets manning ship. Red lines above disclosed marines. With the silencing of the guns began volleys of cheers sent across the waters to the King from every ship. Also there was the melody of the National Anthem from all of the bands. There was a manifest ferfor, perhaps never before attained at a similar review in the Solent, because it was known by every man and officer that to-day was the last time that a British navy distinctly of the Motherland will ever be assembled, because Canada, Australia and other colonies are forming their own navies.

THEY BLAZED WITH LIGHT

Warships of Seventeen Nations at Spithead Illuminated

Portsmouth, England, June 23.—Notwithstanding a dismal drizzling rain, both the City of Portsmouth and the fleet at Spithead were brilliantly illuminated to-night. Vessels representing seventeen nations, which had come to greet the newly crowned king, vied with the gigantic gathering of British warships in making a beautiful spectacle. The long lines of vessels moored in Spithead blazed with light, hulls and masts outlined with electric lamps glowing brilliantly against the dull skies and reflecting their images in the water upon which they rode at anchor.

Despite the rain, every kind of craft, crowded with sightseers, made trips among the warships. The display continued until midnight, when upon signals flashed from the flagships the lights were suddenly extinguished.

Meanwhile, the town was full of animation. Bluejackets of all nations fraternized in the heartiest manner and visited together the various places of entertainment.

KING GEORGE
And his only daughter Princess Mary.

THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

MILLIONS WITNESS THE PROCESSION

Contingents From British Countries on Every Continent

London, June 23.—King George and Queen Mary to-day showed themselves to the masses as distinct from the more favored classes who were able to obtain access to the circumscribed area of yesterday's pageant.

To-day's procession was on an even grander scale than that of the coronation. The route was more extended, including a circuit of some of the most populous districts of the capital and the crowds that looked on were correspondingly greater. Then, too, their Majesties were accompanied by a larger escort.

The scenes along the route were to a great extent a repetition of those of yesterday with a much greater crowd of spectators.

The procession began to form in the yard of Buckingham Palace and the adjacent streets at nine o'clock, and two hours later it was under way.

Between lines of cheering thousands the Royal party made stately progress from Buckingham Palace by way of Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, Trafalgar Square, through the city over London Bridge, by Borough road and Westminster Bridge, thus making a complete circuit.

FOUR SQUADRONS OF CAVALRY.

The pageant included four full squadrons of cavalry representing all branches of that arm of the service, Life Guards, Dragoons, Hussars and Lancers, each accompanied by its own band and a section of Horse Artillery. These were followed by all the naval and military aides-de-camp on duty, the War Office staff, deputations of foreign officers, the Royal Suite, the members of the Royal family, and the foreign Princes and the colonial, including the Canadian and Indian escorts, who immediately preceded the State carriage.

In the Royal equipage with the King and Queen rode Field Marshal Kitchener and the bearer of the Royal Standard.

The Royal escort brought up the rear.

AN UPROARIOUS WELCOME.

Seats for many thousands had been erected along this long route and the progress of the King and Queen was indeed a royal one. Everywhere they received an uproarious welcome from the visitors in the hotels, from the stands of Piccadilly, Trafalgar Square and the Strand; from the business men of London proper who had brought their wives and children to the city for this day, and again from their Majesties' humbler subjects south of the river.

The decorations of yesterday remained in Piccadilly and those in the other streets traversed were not less spectacular. In the Strand there were rows of masts, each bearing a red lion and underneath a red velvet drapery with a lion rampant in the centre.

CANADIANS ESCORT PREMIER

A contingent of Canadians escorted the first carriage occupied by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, and Premier Fisher, of Australia. This was followed by other carriages carrying Premier Morris, of Newfoundland, Premier Botha of the Union of South Africa, Premier Ward of New Zealand, the Governors and Commissioners of smaller colonies, each escorted by troops from their respective countries.

They were followed by the ever-popular troopers, the Northwest Mounted Police, and an African force organized on similar lines.