The BOHEMIANISM that ANGERS KING EDWARD

King Edward, Who Is Pained by Social Doings.

Lina Cavalieri, the Noted Prima Donna. (COPYRIGHT BY DUPONT)

Maud Allan, the Sensational Dancer.

"Our manners are becoming the laughing stock of the continent." In these angry words King Edward of Great Britain has condemned with his most emphatic disapproval the attention English society has so suddenly lavished upon beautiful Lina Cavalieri, the wondrous singer, and upon Maude Allan, the wondrous Salome dancer.

Previously, society limited its admiration for bohemians to hiring them in their professional capacity, at fabulous prices per night, for the entertainment of its well-born guests.

Because many bohemians nowadays are prone to be millionaires, or near-millionaires, themselves, and are beginning to be as exclusive on the strength of its birth, society has now condescended to treat its favored bohemians as ladies and gentlemen, and no longer suggests that they eat with the servants.

When, therefore, such daring spirits as Mrs. Asquith, wife of the premier, the duchess of Rutland, the duchess of Sutherland and other leaders of England's social life chose to entertain La Cavalieri or Miss Allan simply as friends—to have them to dinner without paying them as common wage-earners, to let them associate with all guests plainly as equals—and when the guests came to the conclusion they liked it, his majesty perceived it was time to call a halt.

He has called it. And he is quite indignant that things have come to such a point as necessitated calling it.

The distinguished women sinners, whose hospitable appreciation of the bohemians has brought down upon their heads the vials of his wrath, are far from professing contrition. Instead, they are going right on, doing precisely as they please.

So the prospects are strong for a grave breach between the king and the foremost leaders of London society.

The quarr[illegible] is a very pretty quarrel as it st[illegible]ds.—Sheridan.

When one of the gay English countesses heard how wroth the king was, not long since, she laughed and remarked:

"Poor Edward! Our former prince of Wales isn't as young as he used to be."

Gay English society, repeating her impertinence is going right on with its enjoyment of these novel human playthings—a performance which, if it isn't quite treason, comes venturesomely near to being rank rebellion.

Grave King Edward, resenting its defiance, is austerely announcing the permanence of his wrath. The bohemians, who have barely—very barely in the case of Miss Allan—arrived, must instantly go. The only order of nobility to which he will admit them is that famous Irish one, whose apocryphal device reads: "Off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan."

To-day there is a deadlock between certain great ones in English high society and its king, the once bohemian prince of Wales.

The first fair offender to feel the weight of his anger is the dashing duchess of Rutland, although the more than presumptuous Lady Constance Richardson came within a hair of being exiled from the royal favor. Society, even that branch of it represented by Mrs. Asquith, wife of the prime minister, is all for proving that it is at liberty to regulate its own morals and manners.

Society in England has from time immemorial been made and unmade by the sovereign, because the sovereign from time immemorial has made and unmade the court. And King Edward has already shown that with all his reputation for diplomacy and tact he can be firm as a rock when he has made up his mind on a question he deems of moment.

That it is of some moment, those who best understand the tendencies of modern European politics are ready to concede. England especially has been thrilling for years with the ferment of approaching changes.

Despite the ardor with which the average Englishman loves a lord, he loves his own pocket more. Every parliamentary election has had as an issue, leading or secondary, the freeing of the nation from the useless and rapacious incubus of its nobility. And every incident that proves the folk made of common clay can be as well-bred as the nobility who receive them emphasizes the claims of pure democracy.

So the twinkling toe of a dancer, while it many not quite kick out a king, and the siren voice of a singer, really it may not quite inspire a "Marseillaise," can really go far toward horrifying Herod on the throne of his power and toward blowing down the walls of Jericho, when the walls are nothing more than sham.

Lady Constance Richardson, niece of the duke of Sutherland, one of the latest of England's titled beauties, who conceive it as part of their responsibilities to prove that a noblewoman can do anything as well as the professional experts, from fancy swimming to fancy dancing, was invited by the duke and duchess of Westminster to Eaton Hall to meet the king on a week-end visit.

She vanished after dinner Saturday night. Everybody wondered when some time elapsed but at length the lovely Constance reappeared in a costume reproducing point for point the Salome dress of Maude Allan.

Critics, enthusiasts, respectabilities and criticasters have written a great deal about Maude Allan's Salome costume, and their efforts have constituted one of the standing miracles of the English language; from the days of the polysyllabic Johnson to the nights of the tergiversatious Shaw, no one has ever said more about less. For sheer simplicity of attire Eve had little on Salome—unless it might have been the freshness of the fig leaf.

As for the faithfully artistic Lady Constance, she wore everything that Maude Allan wears, but she was conscientiously careful not to wear a single stitch that Maude doesn't.

The royal and other attention that glued itself there in dignified Eaton Hall upon the reproduction of the Maude Allan Salome dance can be better imagined than described.

It was a surprise, planned all by Lady Constance's naive, ingenuous little self, for her dear sovereign; and, notwithstanding her dear sovereign's new reputation for primness, it may be intimated confidentially that so long as Lady Constance's admirable figure was undulating a la Salome, the sovereign never batted an eye.

But, as a climax, she whirled right up to him, knelt, laid that bewitching head of hers on his august knee and cried:

"Sir, I crave the head of Sir Ernest Cassel on a charger."

It was the grandest joke, with every one laughing and smiling and whispering what a gorgeous figure she had, and how clever she was, and how she made the Maude look like one and fippence, and how bully it must be to be king and have nice, young Constances lay their heads on your knee, and they ought to cut off Sir Ernest's head—yes, and his feet, too, if she needed them for an encore—until some one noticed that his majesty was distinctly annoyed. Then everybody instantly looked properly horrified, disgusted, shocked and paralyzed.

The duchess of Westminster, in anguish over the contretemps, was at a loss nearly long enough to give the king time to say something ferociously frosty; but she recovered just in time to announce that the company would adjourn for bridge. The desperate situation was saved.

A little later, when Edward had recovered his temper, he reprimanded Lady Constance temperately, and mercifully forgave her. But never again, Lady Constance—never again.

It is Mrs. Asquith, brilliant rebel against all conventions in her unmarried days and founder of that oftentimes startling cult called "The Souls," against whom, it is said, King Edward feels most rancorous. The social leader of the Liberal government was the one who, in her unprecedented social liberality, started Maude Allan off on her career as a sort of social miracle.

Scarcely a month went by before Miss Allan was the social rage, and England's duchesses, countesses and smart set generally are raging over her yet.

Insomuch as the newspapers have printed all they could possibly learn about her career, including the humble first ten years of her life in San Francisco, the king is fairly justified in believing that the British public is liable to become impressed with the fact that ordinary humanity, as personified in Maude Allan, is as good as its profound, revered nobility—maybe better.

La Cavalieri—the most commonplace of little girl newspaper folders in Rome, singer of the streets and the cafes chantants in the days before Russian nobles spread Russian sables over the gutter to save her adored little feet from being sullied by St. Petersburg's beautiful snow—is the one who seems most the firebrand of social revolution in the eyes of England's monarch.

The duchess of Sutherland had her as a guest at Stafford House one evening this summer, simply as the equal of the distinguished friends she was entertaining.

Irrepressible Lady Constance, with no more excuse than she had when she made the king involuntarily impersonate Herod, suddenly seized the pretty singer, and, to the horror of noble dignity, whirled La Cavalieri about for ten minutes in a dance that was the maddest since Terpsichore quit the business.

So everybody in society, including the king, blamed La Cavalieri.

Things were getting pretty warm over the unprecedented interpolation of bohemians into the exclusive functions of the old nobility, when the duchess of Rutland took a turn at chasing the new social lionesses. She, too, rounded up Cavalieri.

Now, the duchess of Rutland, who was the novelty-hunting marchioness of Granby in the days when she and Mrs. Asquith were co-operators in establishing "The Souls," had long been the object of King Edward's choicest animosity.

Why, even the omniscient gossip of London society has never yet been able to expound. But that his majesty reserved for her a choice brand of dislike, in the repertoire of his rather slender number of varieties in antipathy, was notorious.

Her daughter, Lady Marjorie Manners, as handsome a girl as could be found anywhere in Europe, was scarcely old enough to be married before she had as suitor the biggest catch in Great Britain—Prince Arthur of Connaught—royalty itself, for he is a nephew of the king.

Lady Marjorie had no trouble at all in falling in love with the prince, and her mother had no trouble at all in finding him distinctly eligible. She could almost hear the wedding bells, when King Edward came down on the match flat-footed with the word with the bark on it, and like a thousand of bricks, together with every other plebeian, plain English phrase that could express his disapproval.

That settled it. Lady Marjorie remains unmarried.

Perhaps it was that signal exhibition of power which led the self-willed duchess, her mother, to find ways and means of making peace with her king; certain it is that of late Edward has abated his rancor and has treated her with distinguished consideration which implies the return of his royal favor.

But when Lina Cavalieri was made the guest at a ball in honor of the duchess' daughters, and was actually permitted to dance and play and romp with the girls as though she were to the manner born, the king openly, almost publicly, announced his disapproval.

He has made that disapproval of the whole rising tribe of bohemians now his watchword. Good enough to be paid a couple of hundred pounds a night and to be supplied ices within sight of the regular guests—that station he is willing to concede to them; but to be received at the infinitely higher price of acceptance as social equals—not if the king of England and emperor of India can stop it!

Society, on the other hand, is bored, desperately bored, with itself, and it is willing, nay, eager, to pay any price to those who will furnish the novelty of brains, unusual beauty, sensational art or even mere, unspoiled humanity.

Thus far society, in the exercise of its individual prerogative as to choice of guests stands pat.

But then, so does the erstwhile Albert Edward, prince of Wales. As the author of "The Rivals" remarked very appropriately: "A very pretty quarrel as it stands."

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