

ALEXANDRA---QUEEN, WIFE AND MOTHER BELOVED

THE DANISH BRIDE WHO GAVE BRITAIN HER GREAT HEART

"Sea King's Daughter from Over Sea" Beloved of Nation

A GRACIOUS QUEEN

Her Life Crowded With Momentous Events—An Example to Womanhood

The gracious lady whom we have all known as Queen Alexandra, the consort of His late Majesty King Edward VII., has been called "the most exquisite figure that has ever graced the story of the British Royal House." Quietly and without noise or show this "Sea King's daughter from over the Sea" fulfilled the high tests of her exalted station, and was none the less tender-hearted because she was also a Queen.

What Queen Alexandra has actually done for the British people can scarcely be computed; a thousand needs must sink into oblivion, but she has consistently befriended women and children, the unemployed, soldiers and sailors, hospitals for the sick, and home industries. Neither must it be forgotten that Her Majesty has ever set an example of sweet and lofty womanhood, coupled with the sincerity in word and deed, and that she has set a lofty standard by her perfect domesticity and true motherhood.

It is somewhat difficult to believe that two generations have elapsed since Alexandra made her triumphant and never-to-be-forgotten entrance into the heart of the British Empire and the affections of its people. During all this time the royal lady had worked assiduously for the welfare of the people, identified herself with their interests and sympathized with them in their afflictions. This long period of Her Majesty's life has been full of memorable and historical events, and full of the joys and sorrows common to all humanity. Always, however, the Empire's love and reverence has been with her, and her love and loyalty was as surely hers in her last years as it was when she sheathed the throne of Great Britain.

When Alexandra went from Denmark to England in 1863 as a girl of nineteen and the bride of the heir-apparent to the British throne, she quickly won the hearts of the British people by her beauty, grace and charm. During the rest of her long life she showed so strong a sympathy for the people of her adopted country that the weight of her years and sorrows only more firmly endeared her to the British public and to the people of Greater Britain beyond the seas. The interest taken in her was a personal one, increased with every new story of her life.

Lord Tennyson never spoke more surely and prophetically than when he addressed the bride of 1863 in his stately "Welcome to Alexandra":

"O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us and make us your own."
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

The contrast between Great Britain as it was when Alexandra entered the country as a bride, and as it was on her death, is a striking one. In 1863 there were no telephones, no automobiles, no electric lights, only the quietness and calm routine of the Victorian Age. The flying-machines, the phonographs and the wireless telegraph of our whirling days would have seemed in 1863 only such fragments of a fairy-tale as a flying-horse, a magic carpet, or a magician's feats of bringing gent out of space to do his will.

Mr. Gladstone, speaking on some special royal occasion in the House of Commons, referred to the wife of the then Her Majesty in this courtly phrase: "The Princess of Wales has permitted the nation to love her." The great statesman touched the right note, and it was echoed throughout the British Empire, when Queen Alexandra celebrated on March 7, 1923, the Diamond Jubilee of her arrival in the United Kingdom for her marriage. On March 7, 1863, the Sea King's daughter landed on British shores a simply-bred, unaccompanied girl of nineteen, whose striking beauty had been so loudly trumpeted abroad that some disappointment might have been anticipated.

This was felt by Mr. Justin McCarthy, but he has related that his first glimpse of the lovely face of the Princess Alexandra, as sitting beside her princely lover, she made that never-to-be-forgotten progress through the cheering crowds of London, dispelled all doubts. He was, however, most deeply struck by the sweet and beautiful spirit which illumined the Princess's perfect features.

Charles Dickens had the same impression when, three days later, on March 10, he witnessed the Royal marriage in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The trained eye of the great novelist saw in this rare vision of bridal beauty moving along the nave to the altar, one destined, as he wrote, "to play her part nobly."

PLAYED HER PART NOBLY.

And right nobly did she play the part allotted to her by destiny. Picture upon picture rises from the past. We see her holding her first drawing room at St. James's Palace, immediately after her marriage, with perfect dignity and ease, doing the right thing with wonderful intuition in that courtly throng of to her, strangers in a strange land. It took three hours for the company to pass the throne, and the Princess was fresh and smiling to the end. Again we see her arriving at the old hall at Sandringham as the "squire's" bride, and in the little village church she partook of her first English Communion on the Easter Day following her marriage.

In the London season which suc-



The English Crown never graced a more beautiful head than that of Queen Alexandra, as the above picture shows. The photograph of her late Majesties King Edward the Seventh and his Queen was taken at the time of their coronation.



Children were one of the greatest loves of Queen Alexandra's life. On "tag" and flower days she never missed an opportunity of giving joy to some youngster, and of benefiting the cause, whatever it might be.

ceded she began her wonderful reign at Marlborough House, as Princess of Wales, leading society in place of the sorrowing Queen, and performing innumerable public duties with tact and charm, and always ready to respond to the call of the suffering and needy.

She lived before the world, too, as a devoted wife and loving mother, creating a beautiful home life around

surface the womanly heart throbbled in sympathy with life's incidents and not less herself when bent on some half-stealthy errand of mercy, and then, scarcely more richly dressed than the little one's nurse, she comforted a child in a hospital bed, than when, in all the splendor of her royal position, a blaze of cataracting diamonds and pearls, she stood beside the late King on the date of the Throne itself. Through all her life's work ran the same golden thread of duty, often silent, intervention. Many and many a lame dog has gone rejoicing on his way again, all ignorant that the hand that helped him over the stile was that of the gracious lady whom the world has known since 1910 as the Queen Mother.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia was the eldest daughter and second child of Prince Christian of Denmark and Princess Louise of Hesse. At the age of sixteen Prince Christian, as received as the adopted son of Frederick VII. of Denmark, often visited in the courtly throne of that country as Christian IX. His home before his accession was the Gule Palace, Copenhagen, and here his eldest daughter was born on December 1, 1844. She was named Alexandra, after the sister of Alexander II. of Russia. The life of the Princess and her sisters was very quiet and domestic, her father's income being so small that many economies had to be practised; thus the children were in the habit, when coming in from a walk of changing their pretty frocks for less spallable overalls, they were taught to be tidy in their own rooms and learned how to make their own clothing. They had a resident Swiss lady as governess, and various professors taught them different subjects. Alexandra received her first English lesson on January 5, 1858. During their childhood Hans Anderson, the Danish fairy tale teller, was writing his charming stories, which the children read eagerly—a sure incentive to good behavior beyond the promise of "The Ugly Duckling" or "The Marsh King's Daughter."

"I SHOULD LIKE TO BE LOVED." When Prince Christian became Crown Prince his summer palace was Bernstorff, a white chateau in the woods with miles of deer forest beyond, a beautiful place both for children and their elders. It was here that one day, when the Princesses were entertaining their friends, they began talking of the future and the things they would best like. One wished to be clever and renowned, one to have great wealth and power, one to travel far and see the world; but Princess Alexandra said: "I should like above all things to be loved."

When the Princess was but ten years old she was taken to London on a visit to the Duchess of Cambridge, and went to a party given by Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. Though the Duchess's daughter, Mary was some years older than the little Dane, a great affection sprang up between them, and many were the visits paid by Alexandra to Rumpelshelm-on-the-Main, a long, large palace which belonged to Mary's grand-

father, the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse, and where several Royal courtships were helped forward. Many stories show how careful the young Princesses were in the matter of dress, a matter concerning which Alexandra felt a healthy interest. One Danish lady is said to have overheard her saying: "Mamma, I have worn that pink dress so often, may I not have it dyed blue?" Another is to the effect that she asked her mother why she and her sister Dagmar did not have muslin dresses such as a girl they knew wore, and was told that that kind of muslin cost so much to get up. The Princess wisely said no more, but later pointed out to her father the beauty of a particular muslin dress which, alas! she could not obtain. The father, more sympathetic with the childish desire than with the economic barrier to its

fulfillment, persuaded Princess Louise for once to give the girls the frocks they wished for.

A FATEFUL MEETING.

When Prince Albert Edward, son and heir of Queen Victoria, was but nineteen, a friend drew from his pocket a photograph, intending to show the face of his betrothed. Instead he drew out a portrait of Princess Alexandra of Denmark, one which greatly interested the young Prince. The



One of the latest photographs of the Queen Mother, taken as she was driving through the streets of London.

HER PREFERENCES.

- * Soon after her marriage, Queen Alexandra wrote in a scrap-book at Belvoir Castle the following list of her preferences:—
- * Her favorite King and Queen: Queen Dagmar and Richard Cœur de Lion.
- * Her favorite hero: Wellington.
- * Her favorite poet: Byron.
- * Her favorite artist: Sir Joshua Reynolds.
- * Her favorite author, Charles Dickens.
- * Her favorite virtue: Charity.
- * Her favorite color: Blue.
- * Her favorite dish: A French tart.
- * Her favorite flower: The rose.
- * Her favorite name: Mary.
- * Her favorite occupation: Reading aloud.
- * Her favorite amusement: "Driving my ponies."
- * Her favorite motto: "Dieu et mon Droit."
- * Her favorite locality: Home.

next day, calling upon the Duchess of Cambridge, he saw the same face in miniature on her table, and thus began his first interest in his Princess. In the autumn of 1861 the Prince went to Germany, and there, in the cathedral at Speyer, he saw a party approaching him, in the midst of which was the fair face he so much admired. The young people were introduced to each other and went round the cathedral together. That this meeting and a subsequent one at Hestfelberg were altogether accidental is shown by the fact that the Prince Consort entered in his diary: "We hear nothing but excellent accounts of the Princess Alexandra. The young people seem to have taken a warm liking for each other."

The death of the Prince Consort, in 1891, put aside all thought of marriage, and it was not until nearly a year had passed that the Prince and Princess again met, and then at Rumpelshelm. A little later an arranged meeting was made at the Belgian Court, by which time rumor had so spread that at a picnic to Villars' Abbey a number of country girls dressed in white presented a bouquet to the young Princess. The Prince was most lover-like, and when Alexandra made a sketch of the ruins he promptly took possession of it. Queen Victoria visited Brussels in September, 1892, and the betrothal took place at the Palace of Laken.

The betrothal was announced in London on the eve of the Prince's birthday, and directly after this the young Princess went on her visit to the Queen, and, with the help of Princess Mary, bought the greater part of her trousseau, Copenhagen left, and the Danish people subscribed 100,000 kroner as a dowry. Alexandra, in her happiness, gave 3,000 thalers to be divided as dowries among six poor Danish families.

JOURNEY TO ENGLAND.

All Copenhagen, in full dress, was in the streets to bid the Princess adieu when she started on the morning of February 28, 1863. At Antwerp the Victoria and Albert met her, and at Brussels the little yacht was saluted and surrounded by British men-of-war. They lay that night in the Channel, every vessel glowing with colored illuminations. At Margate, at Elberness, and Southend the welcomes were warm, and when early in

the morning of March 7, the yacht lay off Gravesend the great battleship Warrior still guarded it. By nine o'clock the Thames in all its width was crowded with small boats and steamers.

W. M. Thackeray, who saw both the entry and the wedding, wrote: "Since woman-kind existed has any woman ever had such a greeting? Imagine beacons flaming, rockets blazing, yards manned, ships and forts saluting with their thunder, every steamer and vessel, every town and village from Ramsgate to Gravesend swarming with happy congratulations; young girls with flowers scattered long before her; staid citizens and aldermen pushing and squeezing and panting to make the speech and bow the knee, and bid her welcome! That morning she dressed to receive her Prince in 'mauve Irish poplin, a long purple violet cloak bordered with sable, and a white bonnet trimmed with rosebuds. Albert Edward allowed no ceremony to mar their meeting. At the saloon door upon the deck, to the huge delight of the multitude of watching people, he took his betrothed's hands, and kissed her on the lips. When she landed at Gravesend six Scottish girls strewed her path with flowers, and the whole railway line to the Bricklayers' Arms—that old Royal entry into London—was gay with bunting. Crowding the stations, peeping over the hedges, the people watched for a glance at their new Princess, and cheered everyone and every-



Queen Alexandra, with Queen Mary. This photograph was taken on the occasion of the wedding of Lord Louis Mountbatten at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

was most imposing; everything was capably managed, and not a single hitch occurred. Queen Victoria was conspicuous in deep mourning in the Royal Closet. Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene when, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets, the procession, with all the gorgeous hues of uniforms and beautiful toilettes, moved up the nave. Each Princess, on reaching the dais, made a profound obeisance to the Queen, and both Prince and Princess spoke their vows, very distinctly. As soon as it was over the Queen hurried back to the Chamber, and, receiving them, kissed them both, "and then," as it was said, "followed them upstairs like a little suitor."

Queen Victoria, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, took no part whatever in the brilliant ceremonial. The bridesmaids—eight unmarried daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls—were Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Diana Beauclerk, Lady Victoria Howard, Lady Elma Bruce, Lady Emily Villiers, Lady Agnetta York, Lady Edorowna Wellesey, and Lady Eleanor Hare.

After the ceremony the great company went to breakfast at the Castle, but, curiously, though the elite of society and many members of the Diplomatic Corps were present, none of the Royalities appeared. In fact, a matter which caused great wonder among the foreigners, who could not understand the extreme desire of the Queen for seclusion and privacy.

WON PEOPLE'S HEARTS.

From the day of her marriage no word other than good was said of Alexandra. Of her, many stories are told, and all alike tend to show the kindness of her heart, the strength of her goodness, and her appreciation of humor. Even the sad Queen melted under her influence. It is well known that Queen Victoria clung to all outward show of her woe, and Princess Alexandra tried often to get her to dispense with the heavy, warm draperies. Once she persuaded Her Majesty to let her alter a bonnet, removing a quantity of crepe and doing the necessary re-trimming. The Queen took it back with a sigh, kissed her daughter-in-law—and to the surprise of those who knew—wore the bonnet.

Early in January, 1864, the Princess, who was then living at Claremont, joined a skating party on Virginia Water, and that evening, to the consternation of all, a little Prince was born. As he had not been expected, neither doctors, nurses, nor babies' clothes, but Lady Maclellan and Dr. Brown, of Windsor, who had been absent for hurriedly, were invaluable. For want of clothes the Prince's first suit was a layer of cotton wool kept in place by a flannel petticoat.

The Danish-German war was a very painful event for the Princess. During its progress an enquiry read out one morning at breakfast a telegram announcing the success of the Austro-Prussian forces. Her Royal Highness burst into tears, and it is said that the Prince, roused the enquiry soundly. We are told that at that time a visitor at Windsor asked the little Princess Beatrice what she would like as a present. After whispering with Princess Alexandra she replied, "Please, I would like to have Bismarck's head on a charger."

including the Earl of Caithness who drove the train.

A procession, headed by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, was afterwards formed, the route traversed being via London Bridge, Mansion House, St. Paul's Churchyard, Fleet Street, Strand, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and Hyde Park to Paddington. It was observed that the Prince of Wales pointed out to his fiancée her future home—Marlborough House—and also the residence of the Prime Minister—Lord Palmerston—in Piccadilly. Over 17,000 Volunteers lined the route through Hyde Park. From Paddington the Royal party travelled to Windsor, where Queen Victoria was waiting to welcome her future daughter-in-law.

Two days later the Lord Mayor and other members of the Corporation, on behalf of the citizens of London, presented to Princess Alexandra a diamond necklace and earrings valued at £10,000. On the following day (March 30, 1863), the wedding took place in the presence of a very numerous assembly. This was the first marriage celebrated at Windsor since that of Henry I. in 1122. The ceremony

was most imposing; everything was capably managed, and not a single hitch occurred. Queen Victoria was conspicuous in deep mourning in the Royal Closet. Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene when, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets, the procession, with all the gorgeous hues of uniforms and beautiful toilettes, moved up the nave. Each Princess, on reaching the dais, made a profound obeisance to the Queen, and both Prince and Princess spoke their vows, very distinctly. As soon as it was over the Queen hurried back to the Chamber, and, receiving them, kissed them both, "and then," as it was said, "followed them upstairs like a little suitor."

DEMAND

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