

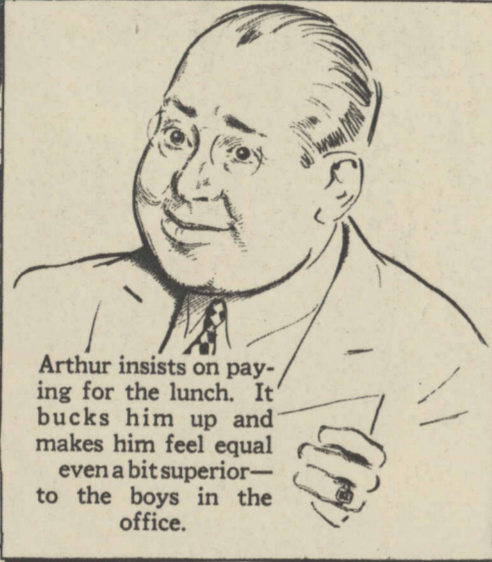
IT'S THEIR INFERIORITY

By W. E. Hill

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Sidney is one of those inferior feeling men, humble and harmless, at most times. But with too many drinks inside, he is a changed person, insults people, tells them where to get off. And if they don't like it, well, they know what they can do about it.



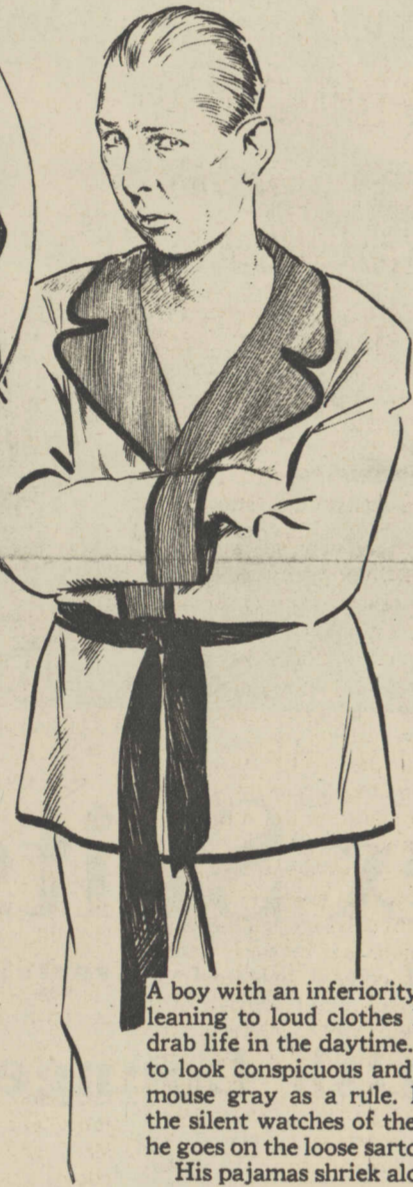
Arthur insists on paying for the lunch. It bucks him up and makes him feel equal even a bit superior—to the boys in the office.



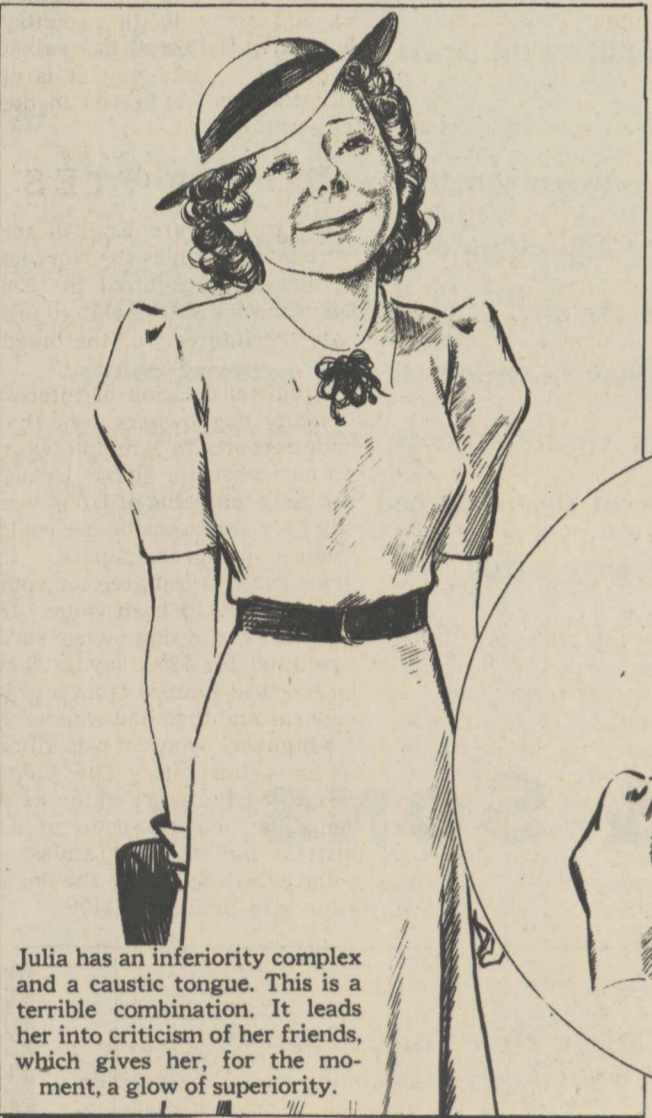
These little girls have terrible inferiorities, although they are not aware of the fact. The one on the left is the chronic apologist. Asks people to pardon the way she looks this morning because she knows she looks just awful, etc. The one in the center is given to heavy flattery, hoping thereby to get some in return. The one on the right forestalls criticism by making fun of herself. Usually ends up a long account of how stupid she was with the words, "Wouldn't I be just dumb enough to do that?"



Harold's inferiority (which is just a teeny one) makes him rely on big names to gain standing. Always manages to discover a celebrity in a public place so that later on he can say, "I and Noel Coward had dinner only seven tables apart at a restaurant the other night!"



A boy with an inferiority and a leaning to loud clothes lives a drab life in the daytime. Hates to look conspicuous and wears mouse gray as a rule. But in the silent watches of the night he goes on the loose sartorially. His pajamas shriek aloud.



Julia has an inferiority complex and a caustic tongue. This is a terrible combination. It leads her into criticism of her friends, which gives her, for the moment, a glow of superiority.



Two factors that lead to inferiority feelings in women: (1) The slip that shows and which some dear, kind person tells her is showing, and (2) the uneven tempered bridge partner who asks witheringly if she never played bridge before.

Victoria's Lost Love

Hidden Story of an Actress Who Got Her Man



H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE

By JAMES CLIFF

London.

THE ALLIANCE of Mrs. Wallis Simpson with ex-King Edward was heralded with world-wide publicity. Yet it is not the only sensational morganatic marriage that has been made by a member of the royal house of England in the last century. There was "the great unmentioned case."

One of the most amazing conspiracies of silence ever devised, instituted 100 years ago and still effective today, hangs over the marriage of his royal highness Prince George, duke of Cambridge, to Louisa Fairbrother, an actress from the Lyceum theater, London.

The great sin was not that a prince so near the throne of England wished to marry a commoner. It lay in the fact that that prince was the man whom Queen Victoria had chosen for herself and who jilted her in favor of a common actress—in a day when actresses were not even recognized by polite society.

Prince George was the winner of the "royal marriage stakes," famous in England. In 1817 Princess Charlotte, daughter to the prince regent (George IV.), died, and England was left without an heir to the throne in the second generation. The position was critical. The old king, George III., had not long to live. The regent was ailing and it was unlikely that his brothers would achieve longevity.

So in 1818 there was a riot of royal weddings, the king's sons changing mistresses for legal wives. The results were seen in 1819.

Prince George, son of Adolphus, duke of Cambridge, won the race. He was born in March, and was for a short time heir to the throne. Then in May, 1819, Victoria was born, and she took precedence. From that moment the lives of the two were linked, bound together until the twentieth century cut them apart—by death.

From infancy Prince George was trained, groomed with one object—that he should share the English throne. He and Princess Victoria were constantly together. When George IV. died it became certain that Victoria would become queen.

But the George-Victoria alliance went on. At Eton, at Ascot, at Windsor the names of George and Victoria were coupled together. They danced, went on picnics, visited each other. They exchanged personal birthday presents, and in Victoria's diary these were mentioned with special tenderness.

The affair came to a head with the death of William IV. and the accession of Queen Victoria. Prince George was with his parents in Hanover at the time, but immediately the news arrived his mother sent him to England.

In London the ministers were worried by the idea of so young a girl sitting on the throne alone. All were agreed that she should marry as soon as possible.

Prince George was the obvious consort. He was a grandson of George III.; he had been brought up in England; he was good looking, regal. There was no other choice for the young queen—and she liked him.

England wanted an English consort for Victoria. The people clamored for Prince George.

They had had enough of unknown and poverty-stricken royalty from Germany—unknowns who could not speak English and could not even understand England's customs.

As soon as George arrived in England the queen sent for him. The stage was set for the epoch-making interview. The prince seemed a trifle nervous, as well he might!

The interview was stiff, formidable, uncomfortable. If the queen had declared her love it is hardly likely that that sensitive and chivalrous prince could have refused to marry her—and so the whole history of her reign and her country's future would have been altered.

But for some reason she did not mention the subject which was in the forefront of both their minds. The words that might have altered the whole destiny of a great empire were never uttered.

They talked of the death of the late king, the health of the queen dowager, and a little of Prince George's own future career. And that was all.

In November of that year the prince was made a colonel in the British army. He thanked Victoria very charmingly for this.

He attended the coronation in all its pomp and ceremony. Outwardly his relationship with the queen had not altered.

And then, like a bolt from the blue came the news that Prince George was about to leave the country! He had been posted to the Mediterranean garrison of Gibraltar. The prince had been less than two years in the army, and obviously the usual procedure would have been for him to see some service at home before proceeding abroad. Why, then, should he leave so hurriedly?

There can only be one answer. George had made up his mind not to marry the queen, and so he did the only thing possible—he removed himself from the danger zone.

Queen Victoria, left alone, allowed her thoughts of marriage to wane. It was not until it was forced upon her as a duty and national necessity that she consented to receiving the Saxe-Coburg brothers, Albert and Ernest, with a view to making one or the other of them her consort.

It was not until he heard the definite news of the marriage that Prince George returned to England.

So Victoria was married to Albert and Prince George expressed his entire approval.

The light of the London stage at that time was a beautiful young actress called Louisa Fairbrother, starring at the Lyceum theater.

To the Lyceum one night went

that he would like to see her personally so that he might congratulate her on the perfection of her dancing.

In this he was rebuffed. The doorkeeper came back with the message that "Miss Fairbrother thanked Mr. Cambridge for the lovely flowers, and was very glad that he enjoyed her dancing, but regretted she could not receive any gentleman to whom she had not been properly introduced."

"Mr. Cambridge" received this cool message with equanimity. He was, if anything pleased, for Louisa had shown that she was not prepared to be bought with flowers or be the plaything of any rake who came along. And as for an introduction—that was easy. A word to the manager, a knock at her dressing room door; "Miss Fairbrother, I would like you to meet Mr. Cambridge."

It was a genuine case of love at first sight between H. R. H. and actress. The courtship was short. The prince proposed, and was accepted. But it was not until she accepted him that he revealed that he was H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge.

Louisa, instead of being excited by her alliance with a member of the royal family, was worried. Would the queen sanction such a marriage, she asked. The prince pooh-poohed her fears. He was confident that Victoria, now so happily married to Albert, would not put any obstacles in the way of his

happiness. Blinded by his own good fortune, he had reckoned without the fury of a woman scorned.

He asked for an interview with the queen. It was granted and gaily he went to the palace. The prince broached the subject tactfully, merely stating that he had a bride in view. Victoria was delighted; she had always been fond of her "dear cousin" (how true) and had his interests at heart. Who could it be? A German princess, perhaps, or some society beauty?

George then admitted that he wished her official sanction to his marriage with an actress.

The storm broke! Her majesty stamped and screamed as she used to when a child. A trifle nonplused, but unafraid, the prince waited until she regained some control of herself, and then said, quietly:

"I am very sorry you do not approve, ma'am! But my mind is made up, and I must still ask for your official sanction!"

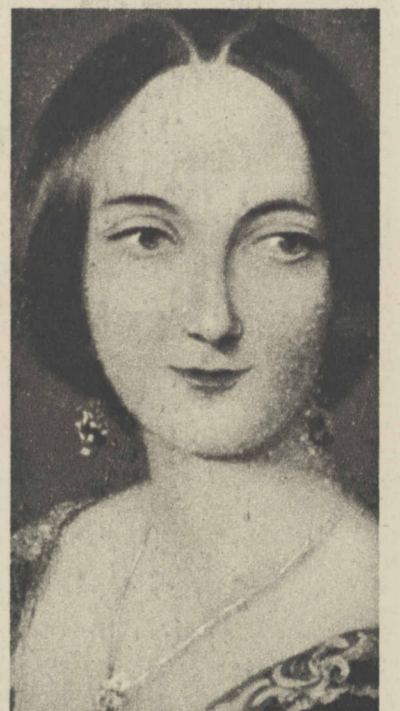
The queen, however, refused point blank.

"Then the matter is at an end!" said the prince. "Except, of course that I shall marry the lady! I will crave your majesty's leave to retire!"

He did so, and, soon afterwards, he married his Louisa, very quietly, in defiance of the queen's wishes. Probably he still hoped and believed that, the marriage once accomplished, Victoria would recognize it, as she had done that of the duke of Sussex and Lady Cecilia Buggin.

But here again he was optimistic. She never did so—at any rate publicly.

Louisa Fairbrother became known as Mrs. FitzGeorge, and prince and actress set up a house in Queen street, Mayfair, London.



MRS. FITZGEORGE

don. Although they were sublimely happy, Mrs. FitzGeorge's position was very invidious. The scandal was hushed up as much as possible, but she was at first shunned by society. She was looked upon as a designing girl who had ensnared a prince.

But Louisa soon altered all that! Her charms and flair for entertaining became renowned and in a short time she had established her own "court" at Queen street. She had a wide circle of friends, leaders in the realms of art, literature, and politics, who braved the queen's displeasure to bask in Mrs. FitzGeorge's glory. Mr. Gladstone, great prime minister, was one of these friends.

From Buckingham palace Victoria jealously watched her "rival's" success. What was so galling was the fact that George was ideally happy.

The years rolled by and Mrs. FitzGeorge's Queen street "court" became increasingly popular. In regard to this a wit of the time remarked: "Queen street has the cream of court and society—Queen Victoria has to put up with the skimmed milk as well!"

At last Victoria could stand it no longer. Out of sheer curiosity she determined to see her rival, the woman whom ostracism had failed to crush.

And so a meeting was arranged between the queen and actress. Quite and unostentatious—almost, indeed, secret—as that meeting was, it constitutes one of the most dramatic incidents of its kind in the whole history of British royalty.

The two women met as ordinary women do. They were both mothers—and were both devoted to their children. They had just that much in common!

But it was enough! It had been intended that the meeting should last a quarter of an hour, but it was over two hours before a lady in waiting was summoned and the meeting was at an end.

It was noticed that both her majesty and Mrs. FitzGeorge had been crying. What passed between them in that momentous interview will never be known. Yet one thing is certain. The duke had said that if the queen were to meet Louisa she could not fail to be favorably impressed. It was so, and the queen had the grace to admit it. She announced privately that Mrs. FitzGeorge was "a very sweet, good lady," and that she had been too severe in the past.

The years passed. For Victoria the sun set with the passing of Albert in 1861. For George, duke of Cambridge, the light stayed longer, Louisa living until 1890. For nearly fifty years he had been blissfully happy with his "Lyceum star" and he felt her passing very deeply.

Yet in his sadness he received one message that brought him happiness. It was from Queen Victoria. The duke described it as "a most affectionate message... which would have been such a joy to my beloved one had she known the fact."

Yet the conspiracy of silence lives on today. Biographers of the Victorian period hardly mention the man who was destined to be king—his marriage is taboo—genealogical tables show him as a bachelor—details of his private life have been "tactfully" forgotten.



THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR



QUEEN VICTORIA