CROWNED KING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Imposing Religious Service in Presence of Brilliant Gathering of Notables.

Rite Performed by Archbishop of Canterbury--Queen Also Crowned.

London cable says: King George V., eighth of the House of Hanover, was to-day consecrated to the service of the British Empire, and in turn received the public homage of his world-wide subjects.

With his consort, Queen Mary, His Maejsty was crowned in the Abbey of Westminster, with all the wealth of religious rites and royal ceremonial prescribed by historic custom.

The picture within the gray-walled fabric was one of mediaeval splendor. The Coronation services, solemn and imposing, were those handed down from the earlier centuries, and the actors in the principal secondary roles of to-day's great function were garbed in robes of the multi-colored gold embroidered trappings worn by their ancestors in bygone generations. The latter made up a wonderfully effective setting around the central figures.

Outside, the usually dull streets had been transformed into a mass of color. The King's and Queen's progress to the Abbey and the return to Buckingham Palace was one unbroken ovation. The route was hedged with a vast polyglot host, with a background of bravely decorated viewing stands and windows and roofs all of which were crammed to their capacity.

Hundreds of thousands of spectators shouted themselves hoarse at central points like the Mall and the entrance to the Admiralty archway, where the Government stands held a score of thousands. There the square was so packed with humanity that it would not have been difficult to traverse the square walking on the heads of the people. Parliament Square, Club and Constitution Hill held their countless hordes.

The tumult of thunderous welcome was almost deafening as the King and Queen passed on the outward and homeward journeys, preceded in the first instance and followed on the return by a stately, superb cavalcade of eminent princes, many themselves heirs to thrones; statesmen, diplomats, courtiers, soldiers, sailors and men of all hues, races and creeds, from the four quarters of the globe.

The great ceremonial passed off unmarred by an untoward incident. When dawn broke the skies were heavy and showers fell during the progress of the processions of the royal guests and the junior members of the royal family to the Abbey, but as the King and Queen left Buckingham Palace to be crowned, the heavens smiled, and a cloud of sunshine brightened the splendid pageant.

It was a proud day for the British Empire, but of all its millions the one who perhaps had the most reason to be proud was denied by court etiquette the joy of witnessing the triumphal event. At Sandringham Palace Queen-Mother Alexandra, who forty-six years ago this month gave Britain a King, awaited the news that her son had taken his place in the long line of British monarchs.

IN THE ABBEY.

London cable says: Westminster Abbey, the lodestar of all of to-day's ceremonial, was ready and waiting the arrival of their Majesties by the time that the imperial procession left Buckingham Palace. Nothing could be more impressive than the customary aspect of the interior of the Abbey, but this was all transformed to-day. Where usually is a gray and somewhat gloomy atmosphere was a mass of blazing color.

All the tombs and the floor of the great building were concealed under immense carpets and hangings of deep blue and amber. The background was rich and impressive, while it afforded a subdued background to the marvellous mass of theatrically colored robes of state and variegated uniforms with flashing decorations.

The floor spaces in the transept were wholly occupied by the white upholstered chairs of the peers and peeresses, those of the peers on the south side and the peeresses on the north. Back of these were immense stands in ascending tiers filled by the members of the House of Commons and their ladies. Many Commoners were uniformed and wore decorations, while the dresses of the ladies were rich and striking.

At each angle of the transept were smaller stands for the accommodation of the foreign and colonial representatives and other high personages. There were the heirs to the most of the thrones of Europe, the Crown Prince and Princess of the German Empire, Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother and his princess, the Duke of Aosta, Prince Henry of the Netherlands, Yusuf Izzed Din, the heir to the Turkish throne, with a red fez on his head; Prince Fushimi, of Japan, with the heroes of the Russian war; Admiral Togo and Gen. Nogi, in full uniforms, with much gold lace and rows of decorations on their breasts; the American official contingent, Special Ambassador John Hays Hammond with his aides, Ambassador Reid with his staff, almost the only officials wearing plain clothes, and the Chinese Prince Tsai Chen, robed in gorgeous embroidered silks. There, too, was Manuel, the deposed King of Portugal.

Above the choir stalls were arranged tier after tier of seats, many of the boxes displaying the embroidered arms of the three kingdoms. Above the choir stalls were other tiers of seats, and altogether nearly seven thousand people were congregated as closely together as they could be packed.

Above the choir screen was an orchestral platform where was an orchestra of eighty musicians and several hundred male singers selected from the principal choirs of the kingdom.

The centre of all interest was the area between the choir and transepts, which is called the theatre. Five broad steps led up to it. It was covered with a carpet of rich blue on which was embroidered the emblems of the Order of the Garter and other designs. There were two thrones for the King and Queen, covered with crimson velvet and silk, and before them marvellous Oriental rugs 500 years old. On the south side before the Peers were chairs for the young Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught.

In front of the thrones and facing the altar was the historic King Edward's chair, with the Stone of Destiny set in its frame, on which British Sovereigns have sat for nearly a thousand years.

Peers in their purple velvet robes and ermine mantles, carrying their coronets had hours previously escorted in peeresses in evening dress and superb trains borne by pages, wearing diamonds and with feathers in their hair. There were Ambassadors, Judges in scarlet and members of the House of Commons, all in court dress or uniforms.

The wait for the arrival of the processions was made less tedious by the music of the orchestra.

ENTRY OF PROCESSION.

At 9.30 o'clock the entry of the impressive procession of clergy composing the Chapter of Westminster Abbey put a sudden stop to the enormous hum of conversation, and inaugurated the services of the day. The crowns and regalia were taken from the altar and conveyed on cushions and in great state down the aisle to the robing room, the choir meantime chanting, "Oh Lord! Our Help in Ages Past."

The chimes in the tower pealed a loud accompaniment. Upon arrival at the robing room the regalia was handed over to the hereditary bearers, who awaited Their Majesties.

All eyes were turned to the west door in anticipation of the arrival of the procession.

Scattered through the vast audience were many nurses, in simple costumes, prepared to lend aid if their services were required.

The whole complicated arrangement for seating from 7,000 to 8,000 persons was carried out smoothly and with the best of order.

The Royal guests making up the first procession had been seated when at 10.20 o'clock the second procession entered.

The Prince of Wales, a boyish figure, was the cynosure of all eyes and the cheering of the crowds outside as he entered the Abbey could be heard within its walls. Merrily ringing bells sent an echo to the roof.

PRINCES IN HIGHLAND KILTS.

There was a pretty incident as the junior members of the British Royal family entered. They were saluted with a blast of trumpets, and every one rose as they were conducted to their seats. The Prince of Wales, in garter robes, took his seat beside the throne. Princess Mary wore her hair down her back, in girlish style, but had a long train, which attendants carried. The three younger princes were in Highland costumes, with jackets and plaid kilts.

Nothing remained to complete the picture but the arrival of their Majesties, with the great state officials. Every one was on the tip-toe of expectancy, and excitement and a solemn hush reigned over all within the ancient fane, as a few minutes after 11 o'clock a fanfare of trumpets announced the entrance of the King and Queen.

Again every one rose to their feet. The sceen was marvellously impressive as the figures emerged from the riging room. Many who looked on scarcely restrained themselves from cheering, but the joyful notes of the initial anthem, "I Was Glad," entered by the choir suppressed the impulse.

Along the avenue of the approach to the throne were the picturesque Yeomen of the Guard, in their scarlet uniforms and carrying their pikes, accompanied without whom no British ceremony of state would be complete.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

First entered a little group of the clergy.

Then came the chaplains of the chapels royal, the Dean of Westminster, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London and other bishops.

Next, moving with great deliberation, were five pursuivants, followed by heralds in quaint mediaeval costumes, then the officers of the Orders of Knighthood; first, those of St. Michael and George, after them the Star of India, the Order of St. Patrick and the Order of the Thistle, then the Gentlemen Usher of the Green Rod, the Scarlet Rod and other functionaries of the Royal household, altogether an impressive and picturesque band.

Then came the Standards of the Kingdoms and the great colonies borne by some of the most prominent men of the empire, the Royal Standard by the Marquis of Lansdowne, the union standard by the Duke of Wellington, that of India by Lord Curzon, of Canada, by the Earl of Aberdeen, and the newly-constituted Union of South Africa, by Lord Selborne. After them were the four Knights of the Garter, selected to bear the canopy at the King's anointing, Lords Cadogan, Rosebery, Crewe and the Earl of Minto. Then the Queen's regalia, borne by various nobles and finally the Queen herself, in her wonderful Coronation gown, with the jewels of the garter presented to her by the Marys of the Empire.

THE KING—GOD BLESS HIM!

THE QUEEN'S BOUQUET.

Her long purple train embroidered in gold was borne by six young women, daughters of Earls. The Queen carried a charming bouquet of pink carnations, presented to her by the Gardeners' Company, one of the ancient guilds of the City of London. The flowers were of the variety known as Lady Hermione, a purely English species, and some hundreds of blooms were specially cultivated by gardeners all over the British Isles, those forming the bouquet being selected from among these by a committee of experts. The bouquet was offered to Her Majesty in a beautiful silver basket of Jacobean design, copied from the basket represented in the crest of the Gardeners' Company.

The Queen was followed by the Mistress of the Robes, the ladies of the bedchamber, and the maids of honor.

After the cortege of the Queen, came the regalia, which was carried by the highest nobles of the Kingdom, attended by their pages.

CORONATION CEREMONY.

The Bible was borne by the Bishop of Ripon, the chalice by the Bishop of Winchester, the paten by the Bishop of London, St. Edward's crown by the Bishop of Northumberland, the orb by the Duke of Somerset, the sceptre by Duke of Richmond, the sword of state, by Earl Beauchamp, the second sword by Earl Roberts, the third sword by Viscount Kitchener, the golden spurs by the Earl of Loudon and Lord Grey de Ruthyn, the sceptre with cross by the Duke of Argyll and St. Edward's staff by the Duke of Roxburghe. Attended by their pages and by a considerable retinue of high court officials, all in the most striking costumes the group as it moved slowly up the aisle made an imposing spectacle.

After them walked the King in his crimson robe of state, the train borne by eight noblemen of high rank, the collar of the garter around his neck and on his head the cap of state. Following him more court dignitaries and gentlemen in waiting completed the procession.

Their majesties passed their thrones and proceeded to their chairs of state on the south side of the altar where they knelt at the foot of the steps. On the King's right stood the Lord Chancellor the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, the Earl Marshal and the Garter-at-Arms, the noblemen bearing the swords of state, and on either side his episcopal supporters.

The Dean of Westminster wearing a cope of crimson velvet took his place in the south side of the altar. The Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London with twenty-one other bishops all in convocation robes. Rising the King replaced the cap of state which he had removed while kneeling.

Then the service proper began. The ancient ceremonial familiar for 1,200 years was performed with the same symbols and the recital but little changed. It was the ancient scene with some new actors.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presented the King. Facing the four sides of the Abbey in succession he announced:

"Sir: I here present unto you King George, the undoubted King of this realm. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?"

As the voice of the Archbishop, sounding strangely loud in the impressive silence that had fallen on the august assemolage, died away, the spell was broken by the blast of the trumpeters and a mighty chorus of "God Save the King" shook the great edifice. Cheers followed and escaping the walls of the Abbey, were echoed and re-echoed by the throng outside.

Then followed the various rites. Two bishops sang the litany and the communion was recited.

After a brief sermon the King kissed the Bible and signed the oath swearing to govern according to the laws of the land and to maintain the Protestant form of religion, the recently modified form of this latter declaration being the single departure from the traditional recital.

The King was anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury: the Lord Great Chamberlain touched His Majesty's heels with the spurs; he was girded with the sword of state, invested with the Imperial robe and orb and received the ring and sceptre.

THE KING CROWNED.

Now reverendly the Archbishop placed the crown upon the King's head. Again the trumpets sounded, and once more the Abbey resounded with cheers and the cry, "God Save the King."

In coming through the throng the King received the homage of the Archbishop and then of the Prince of Wales, the Princes of the royal blood and peers, who touched the crown and kissed the monarch's cheek.

CROWNING THE QUEEN.

The more simple ceremony of crowning the Queen Consort followed. Her Majesty was anointed, the crown placed upon her head and she received the ring, the scentre and the ivory rod. Then the Queen ascended the throne and was seated by the King.

The oblations at the altar and the sacrament concluded the chief functions of the ceremony.

The procession was then reformed for the return to Buckingham Palace.

When the actual crowning of the King was signalled to the public by the pealing of bells in the tower of the Abbey the host in Parliament Square broke out in a cheer of "God Save the King."

The strains were taken up at each succeeding section of stands along the route until perhaps the largest choir ever known to history was simultaneously singing the national anthem.

THE RETURN PROCESSION.

Leaving the Abbey to return the order of the procession was reversed, that of the King and Queen coming first.

The appearance of their Majesties with their crowns on was the signal for renewed cheering, the waving of handkerchiefs and the clanging of bells. It was a thrilling show, to which the King and Queen willingly bowed their acknowledgments.

It was the same all along Whitehall, where the cheering was louder and where the sailors, soldiers and police had difficulty in preventing the crowds from overflowing into the roadway.

Those who still waited after the gold coach had passed into the yard of Buckingham Palace were rewarded, as the King and Queen appeared on the balcony, just as they had left the Abbey, with their crowns on, and bowed to right and left. The cheer that went up at this moment surpassed anything that had preceded it.

THE QUEEN—GOD BLESS HER!

CHEERED THE KING

His Majesty Stood on Balcony and Acknowledged Crowd's Tribute.

Asquith's Son Fired Rocket Giving Signal for Lighting Bonfires.

London Cable — The citizens of London this evening, by common consent converged in front of Buckingham palace until the throng reached such dimensions that it was impossible to move. A group of boys struck up the National Anthem. Instantly the strains were taken up by thousands surrounding them. As the singing ceased, cheering again broke forth, and the sound reaching the interior of the palace, his Majesty came out on the balcony to acknowledge the spontaneous tribute.

The King stood for several minutes while the people redoubled their cheers. The Prince of Wales also appeared at a window and waved his hand at those assembled below. They responded by singing "Rule Britannia" to England's sailor prince.

Official announcement was made from Buckingham palace that their Majesties stood well the physically trying ordeal, and were but little fatigued. After luncheon, for which all the members of their suites remained, their Majesties spent the hours quietly. In the evening they dined en famille, the only guests being the royal representatives residing in the palace.

The younger son of Prime Minister Asquith, by telephone from Downing street, gave the signal for Crystal Palace to fire the gigantic rocket at ten o'clock last night, whereupon the ring of bonfires around London burst into flames. It had been intended that one of the King's sons should give the signal, but at the last moment it was decided that he had already had too fatiguing a day.

The Queen-Mother Alexandra, the Princess Victoria and the Dowager Empress of Russia spent the day at Sandringham. They attended Coronation services at the parish church and an entertainment given to the workers on the Sandringham estate.

All the illuminations were extinguished by order of the police about midnight, and the tired crowds retired early to their homes. In comparison with the previous night the street were quiet.

CANADIAN INJURED

Commander of the Dominion Mounted Contingent Thrown From Horse.

Man Blown to Pieces by Cannon, and Women Killed by Collapsing Archway.

London Cable — A serious accident occurred during the course of the day to Captain Leslie MacCowan, commanding the Canadian Mounted Contingent escorting the King to the Abbey. He was thrown from his horse and badly injured. He was taken to a hospital.

Two fatal Coronation accidents were reported this evening. At Lyme-Regis a cannon with which a salute was being fired, burst, and a prominent citizen was blown to pieces.

At Barnstable an archway in the street collapsed. A woman was killed and a number of men and women were seriously injured. During the progress of the Royal procession an Indian officer was thrown from his horse in the Mall and trampled upon, but not dangerously injured.

A cavalry horse, frightened by the drums, scattered a crowd, but was caught by a policeman before it had done any serious damage.

All over the country the people made a holiday with picnics, sports, patriotic parades and fireworks.

At the special request of the Queen the children of every district of the city were provided with some sort of festivity and aged people were lavishly entertained.

"Has it ever been proven that any woman ever tried?"

QUEEN WEPT AT KING'S CROWNING

Westminster School Boys Shouted "Viva Regina Maria."

She Appeared Every Bit a Queen, Making Splendid Picture.

London cable: Long after the coronation of King George and Queen Mary has passed into history interesting incidents that escaped the great throng of spectators will be recalled by those privileged to observe more closely the imposing ceremonial. The Queen was a magnificent figure and most attractive in her gorgeous apparel. She wore quantities of diamonds about her neck and body, but none on her head.

Her Majesty was noticeably nervous as she entered the Abbey and the boys from Westminster school, high in the west triforum filled the Abbey with shouts of "Viva Regina Maria." During the anointing and crowning of the King the Queen wept and afterwards she frequently placed her handkerchief to her eyes. Nevertheless she appeared every bit the queen and made a splendid picture as after her own coronation with the crown on her head and the sceptre in her hand and her dress of cloth of gold, its train of red velvet stretching twenty feet behind, she knelt before the King's throne and then rising, took her seat beside, but below that of her husband. Meanwhile the choir chanted the litany.

The King in red velvet the cap of state and other head gear recalled the old pictures of Tudor scenes. When he passed the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught he exchanged bows with them, but when he passed the Queen, husband and wife, made deep obeisance, one to each other.

After the crowning of His Majesty by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prince of Wales paid homage, kneeling and kissing his father on the left cheek. Following the example of the late King Edward, the King leaned forward, drew his son toward him, and, grasping his hand, kissed the boy affectionately.

Thousands anxious for the sight of the processions kept an all-night vigil. At dawn they presented a tired and bedraggled appearance, surrounded by paper bags, in which they had brought their late suppers and early breakfasts. Some, worn out, had retired to the parks to sleep, and a few required the attendance of the ambulance corps.

Those remaining on the line kept up their good nature and no incident was too trivial to start them waving flags, cheering and singing music hall songs, the most popular of which was "Every Girl Loves a Soldier," sung with much gusto when a body of troops marched past and varied to suit the occasion if the marchers happened to be sailors.

The constant procession of carriages to the Abbey preceding the coronation lost some of its attractiveness because of the threatening weather, which caused most of the equipages to be closed.

The Australian contingent was out in force at Whitehall, and gave the Australian cry "cooey" whenever an Australian passed.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and others of the Canadian party were recognized by the crowds and greeted with familiar calls as they drove from their hotel to the Abbey.

A company of naval cadets crossing Parliament Square, smart in their natty uniforms, called forth hearty cheers, which were immediately followed by a roar of laughter when the Westminster School boys lounged by with their affected slouch, one hand in the pocket and the other entwined in the arm of a companion.

The Duke of Norfolk, as Grand Master of Ceremonies, was here and there and everywhere, and so eager to see that ever detail was carried out according to precedent that he gave orders personally to everyone concerned.

Lord Morley, with his robe dragging in the dust, made a hurried dash from one door of the Abbey to another, much to the amusement of the onlookers, and the aged Lord Strathcona was an object of admiration as, becoming impatient waiting in the long line of carriages, he alighted and walked briskly to the Abbey entrance, still a tall and stately figure, despite his ninety years.

The musical part of the service in the Abbey was enchanting and in the whole ceremony there was nothing tawdry, nothing common. It was intensely dramatic, but not theatrical. The actors filled their roles with dignity. Altogether it was a noble picture in a superb setting.

It had been expected that the actual crowning of the King would take place not before two o'clock, but the preliminaries were carried out with such precision as to permit the rapid progress of the programme. The crown was placed on the King's head at 12.33 o'clock.

Two thousand ambulance men were on duty, but comparatively few calls were made for their services.

CORONATION AT AMOY.

Amoy, China, cable: Ceremonies commemorating the coronation of King George and Queen Mary were held today at Amoy. In the morning a memorial inscribed: "A memorial of their majesties, King George V. and Queen Mary, erected by the British subjects of Chinese descent in Amoy, and presented to his majesty's government," was unveiled.

Commemoration services in the afternoon were conducted at the Presbyterian Church. An official luncheon was given in honor of Ambrose J. Sundlus, the British consul at Amoy following which general sports, including tennis games, etc., were held.

ROBBED F. E. CLARK.

Cleveland, June 23.—A pickpocket relieved Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., "father of the Christian Endeavor movement, of $30 and a railroad ticket yesterday, and he was forced to borrow money from his friends among the officers of the society which is holding its state convention.

Sweet

"I devoutly hope so!" exc
Croshie. "May I ask, Marg
your basket contains?"
"Cakes and apples." s
promptly.
"Hum!" observed Stuart
"That sounds solid, Margery
"Don't you like cakes and
"Do you?" he asked.
"Very much."
"Then I do too. Now let
the woods. By the bye is Re
"No, I believe he has gon
Sir Hubert's farms. He star
ly this morning; but he wi
dinner. Did you want him,
"No, not particularly. But
if they take us up for tres
Margery!"
Margery laughed heartily
"What would they do
asked.
"Transport us for life per
eplied, with a laugh, as he
narrow wall. "How would
Margery?" he added.
"Would that mean going
here?"
Stuart nodded.
"I should not like it at
declared.
"Then you intend to liv
all your life? Give me you
—that is right. The dogs
Margery jumped lightly
to the soft turf, and then
easy way in which the c
triever scaled the wall.
"How clever they are!"
stooping to pat them.
"But you have not ans
you intend to live here al
said Stuart, as they stroll
shade of the trees.
Margery looked at him
"I have never thought a
Stuart," she replied. "
wrong to wish it?"
"Wrong?" he repeated.
of course not."
"I love Hurstley," the
thoughtfully. "Mother liv
Reuben, and Lady Coning
can not remember her we
her; then there are Miss
the village."
"No one else?" queried
fixing his eyes on her fa
"Yes—you, Mr. Stuart,
swered, softly. "You are
"But suppose that all
were to go away—suppose
alone—would you care
then?"
Margery's face paled.
"I never thought of th
mured. "Oh, I could not
would be terrible!"
Stuart opened his lips a
then closed them firmly a
while there was silence be
they walked. At last th
spoke. They had reache
trees, a cooler, shadier sp
stopped.
"Let us unpack that
here, Margery," he said,
is the very nook for a p
Margery tossed off h
the young man, stretche
on the soft grass, feasted
radiant beauty, feeling t
look his determination
this girl was slipping fro
for him happiness was fo
in her presence.

CHAPTER

Vane Charteris found
very slowly, with no on
to amuse her. She sat
Mrs. Crosbie during the
ing bored and wearied
through the afternoon in
ing no pleasure in her n
and less in her own. T
had come to her sudden
ing grew stronger as th
As Stuart Crosbie's wife,
once more the sweetne
power.
She was leaning by he
thinking this, heedless o
the picture that stretc
When her eyes fell on
strolling leisurely o
strange, odd-looking ma
not quite at home in h
Miss Charteris, roused fr
watched him intently, an
mined that the intruder
perhaps one of a gang o
rose quickly, and made
her room, picking up her
went. Her aunt was o
party, which she had va
duce Miss Charteris to
ther was enjoying a she
was absorbed in his boo
no one about, and th
quite deserted as Vane
the hall to the back gro
was standing as she ha
his hands in his pocket
low over his brows.
him at once.
"What are you doing
ed, sharply. "Do you
trespassing?"
The man turned at he
looked at her keenly fr
nest gray eyes, then s
unmistakable courtesy
touched felt hat.
"Trespassing?" he rep
tone. "Do they prose
Castle if a man is found
"You are insolent," V
sponded, frigidly; "and
leave at once, I shall s
servant's to you."
The man replaced his
ious expression on his
"Pray save yourself
said dryly. "I am goin
if I have the honor of
Crosbie?"
Vane's face flushed.
"No," she said, coldl
"Ah! Miss Crosbie,
"No," she repeated, a
"Indeed! Then, m
right do you eject me?"
"I am Mrs. Crosbie's
absence, do what I kn
sire."
"Mrs. Crosbie's nie
man. "So Mrs. Crosbie
Where is the squire?"