

ENGLAND'S NEW KING.

Edward VII is Crowned Amid  
the Greatest Pomp and Most  
Brilliant Pageantry.

London, August 9.—Edward VII., R.I., by the grace of God of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas, king defender of the faith, emperor of India, was today crowned without a hitch or harm, and to-night London is noisily celebrating the event, for which the world has waited as perhaps it never awaited any other coronation.

In all respects the celebration was impressive, and it was carried out with a perfection of detail and lack of accidents that has rarely characterized similar displays.

That pride of empire which marked Victoria's jubilee was lacking, and in its stead there pervaded all classes a keen recollection that only six weeks ago their king lay in danger of death and this to-day produced thankfulness and genuine sympathy for the man rather than adulation of the king. This feeling was voiced by the archbishop of Canterbury when he inserted in one of the coronation prayers, the words, "For whose recovery we now give These thanks.

Yet this did not prevent the public from voicing appreciation of such military display as the short procession gave them a chance to see.

But it was for the king and the queen themselves that the people really felt themselves lose. Throughout the day wherever and whenever their majesties were seen the cheers were long and loud, especially, was this so on the return journey of the king and queen to Buckingham palace.

Until the booming of guns announced that the crowning of King Edward and Queen Alexandra had been achieved there lingered in thousands of minds a nervous apprehension that even at the last moment some untoward event might once more plunge the nation into consternation. When this was passed, the unrestrained jubilation was as much a tribute to the king's personal popularity as it was an evidence of relief from the tension of the last few weeks. So while the scenes on the streets were robbed of many of those elements that usually accompany a great pageant, they will long be remembered, perhaps somewhat tenderly by those who stood on the stands, at windows and on the sidewalks to see King Edward after he had won almost from the jaws of death to wear his crown.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra were crowned in Westminster Abbey shortly after noon. Though the ceremony was bereft of some of the elaboration and pageantry originally contemplated, it lacked little in the way of spectacular perfection. The whole ceremonial was of a magnificently decorative character and presented a constantly changing panorama.

Around the two central figures enthroned in their velvet robes, ermine and cloth of gold amidst the distinguished assemblage of actors, the fulfilment of whose various roles necessitated constant movement, each stage of the ceremony with its old world usages, furnished its quota of interests, while the interior of the noble church, filled as it was with officiating prelates in varicolored capes, with princes and diplomats, officers in gold colored uniforms, with herald, pur-suivants and other officers of state in medieval costumes with peers and peeresses in rich robes with oriental potentates in many hued raiment with men of all types and all shades of complexion from distant points of the new crowned monarch's empire, with its dazzling display of jewels and wealth of color, presented a picture which in its combined brilliancy and distinction has seldom been excelled.

Most of the positions along the route of the procession were thickly crowded by 8 o'clock and the spectators were furnished with plenty of diversion by the marching and counter marching of the troops, headed by their bands, and quickly passing state coaches, private carriages and automobiles. Buckingham palace, naturally was one of the principal centres of interest as it was the starting point of the

great pageant. Crowds assembled there in immense numbers and the first heavy cheer of the day went up when the news was cried that King Edward was in the best of health and spirit and well equipped to undergo the fatigues of the day.

By 9:30 the scene in the vicinity of the palace and the Mall was extremely animated. The roof of these and those of all the surrounding buildings were crowded with spectators and the constantly arriving members of the royal family with their suite and the appearance of the other participants in the procession elicited cheers varying in degree of enthusiasm according to the popularity of the personages recognized by the people. The Duke of Connaught, who rode down the Mall in the auto, for the purpose of seeing that the military arrangements along the route were complete, was heartily cheered. Almost as animated was the scene in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey where bands of music stationed along the building relieved the tedium of the early waiting, and soon after the doors were opened state coaches, carriages and automobiles rattled up in ceaseless line, the rich apparel of their occupants eliciting hearty approval, which however, was surpassed by the reception accorded to the men of the naval brigade as they marched past at a swinging pace to take up a favored position guarding the route near the abbey. The colonial premiers and the privy councillors were warmly welcomed, the Figians, in petticoats were the centre of much interest, and a red Indian chief, in his native costume, feathers and a blanket, decorated with the customary mirrors, caused the most lively amusement. As the hour for the departure of the royal procession approached the excitement about Buckingham palace was most marked. Punctual to time, the advance guard of the royal cavalcade issued from the archway, the horses of the troopers curvetting nervously as they faced the wall of humanity that cheered the coming. Shortly afterwards came the prince and princess of Wales' procession, and finally, within a few minutes their majesties, state coach appeared at the gateway and the king and queen smiled and bowed in response to the mighty roar of cheers that dwarfed all previous welcomes.

A scene in the vicinity was remarkable. On the roof of the palace were perched a number of fashionably dressed ladies, members of the household and their handkerchiefs as the king and queen entered the royal coach, gave the signal for the deafening plaudits of the populace which greeted their majesties as they emerged from the gates. The ovation was taken up by the crowds which thronged the Mall and was repeatedly acknowledged by the occupants of the state coach.

The king looked pale and rather fine drawn and was by no means as brown and robust as previous reports had led one to expect, and while punctiliously bowing from side to side, he did so with a gravity very unusual to him. He seemed to sit rather far back in the carriage and moved his body very little. His curious crimson robes and cap gave him an unusual appearance. The queen beside him was radiant. She never looked better. The cheers which greeted the pair were loud and unmistakably genuine, and very different from the perfunctory applause which usually greets the appearance of members of the royal family.

The three processions to the Abbey were carried out according to programme and the only striking features of the first two were the gorgeous state carriages and the beautiful trappings and horses.

The crowd paid but little attention to the occupants of the vehicles. In the last carriage of the first procession sat Prince Henry, of Prussia, on the back seat, but he was so occupied with talking to the duke of Sparta that he seemed not to notice the crowd. The prince of Wales also seemed very indifferent and stolid, but the

princess of Wales bowed and smiled constantly. It was not until the king's procession came that there was any show of enthusiasm.

Lord Kitchener, Admiral Seynour and General Gaselee, as they rode together, of course, came in for much attention, but they all seemed to look straight ahead and pay little attention to the people along the route. Lord Kitchener, in the resplendent full dress uniform of a general, also looked unfamiliar, and many persons did not recognize him. The Indians were undoubtedly the most picturesque feature of the procession, while the state coach of the king, drawn by the fat Hanoverian horses which figured in all of the late Queen Victoria's processions seemed much more like fairyland than usual.

The progress of the royal cortege was marked and no special incident with the exception of an accident to Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, one of the grooms in waiting. It was a continued triumph and reached its climax on the arrival at the Abbey, where there was a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm which did not cease until their majesties disappeared in the annex. The accident to Lord Pelham Clinton created considerable excitement in the Mall. The groom in waiting, in a closed carriage, was passing York Steps when his conveyance collided with another royal carriage going at high speed in an opposite direction. The horses fell and there appeared to be a bad mix up.

The police extricated the teams with some difficulty and Lord Pelham Clinton who was only slightly hurt, proceeded. In Westminster Abbey the doors of that edifice were scarcely opened and the gold sticks and ushers had barely found their stations before the seats began to fill. Peers and peeresses swept up the nave, their scarlet and ermine making vivid contrasts with the deep blue of the carpet. As they arrived before the thrones they separated, the peers going to the right and the peeresses to the left.

Even when practically empty, the abbey presented an interesting, picturesque effect, the oddest feature of which consisted in every seat being practically covered by a large, white official programme in the centre of which was placed a small, deep, red book of service. Without the tapestries or light furnishings of the tiers upon feet of seats which rose 50 feet high, the combination of white and red programmes by itself produced a gala effect. The preliminary eulogies of the decorative arrangements were not over stated. The entire scheme had been carried out harmoniously, and even the stands did not seem out of place. A peculiarly beautiful effect was presented by the King's and Queen's boxes, comprising half dozen rows of chairs in white satin, relieved only by the crimson of the seats. Beyond the structural decorations, there was little attempt at any display, and the old gray arches lent their stately perspective to the scene, untouched by flags or any gleam of color.

The various chairs to be used by the King and Queen in the service, attracted special attention, but what inevitably caught the eye was the glittering array of gold plate, brought from various royal depositories ranged along the chancel and behind the altar. Amidst these surroundings, the Earl-Marshall, the duke of Norfolk, resplendent in white knee breeches and heavily embroidered coat, hurried to and fro directing the final touches.

By 10 o'clock the interior of the Abbey presented a blaze of color. Along the nave, which was lined by grenadiers every chair was taken up by high officers of the army and navy and others in equally handsome equipment. On top of the arch separating the nave from the chancel sat the surplised orchestra. In stalls within with the other ambassadors was the United States ambassador, Jos. H. Choate and Mrs. Choate, and many officials.

During the long wait, Edwin A. Abbey, the American artist who was commanded to paint the coronation scene in the Abbey, and who wore court uniform, took careful note of the surroundings for the historic picture ordered by the king. The peeresses took advantage of the long interval to stroll up and down, but the peers sat awaiting the arrival of the sovereign, their ermine caps

presenting a solid mass of white. After 10 o'clock the organ and band played, while the spectators, many of whom showed signs of sleepiness, chatted or swept with their glasses what portions of the Abbey they could see from their seats.

The service commenced with the reconsecration of the regalia. The procession of the clergy with the regalia then proceeded from the altar to the annex, all present standing up and the choir singing: "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

Preceding the regalia came the boys of Westminster Abbey, followed by the children of the chapel and the choir in royal uniforms.

The duke of Connaught took his place beside the prince of Wales in the Abbey as the procession entered, bowing as he passed the prince.

The archbishop of Canterbury took his seat in front of the coronation chair and the Earl of Halsbury, the lord high chancellor, seated himself by his side. Several minutes elapsed, however, before the king and queen came in sight of those gathered about the throne. Suddenly "Vivat Alexandria" was shouted by the boys of Westminster and the queen, walking slowly to the left of the throne gained her chair and knelt at a silken prie dieu, her magnificent train of cloth of gold being lifted out of her way by six scarlet coated pages.

Two or three minutes later the hoarse cry from the boys of Westminster of "Vivat Rex Edward" with blasts from the trumpets. Yet there was another wait, "What has become of the king?" was asked by people who were shut off from sight of the nave. The queen waited patiently, and then resumed there was another chorus of "Vivat" and King Edward appeared and walked to his chair in front of the throne, bowing to the queen as he passed and then knelt down in prayer. After removing his somewhat unbecoming cap his majesty stood up and the archbishop of Canterbury in a trembling voice read the "reconsecration" beginning: "Sirs, I here present you King Edward, the undoubted king of this realm etc."

Then there was a hoarse shout and the blending of the choir and the women and men in the cry, "God Save King Edward." Several times this was repeated and the Abbey rang with the loud fanfares. Again the King and Queen knelt and the archbishop of Canterbury walked to the altar and commenced the communion.

While the gospel was being read the king stood erect, supported on each side by the bishops in their heavily embroidered capes. In the singing of the creed all the members of the royal family turned eastward. Both King Edward and Queen Alexandra following the service carefully, frequently looking at the cops of the service which they held in their hands.

The administration of the oath followed. Standing before the king's chair, the archbishop asked: "Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the oath?"

The king answered in firm, strong tones: "I am willing, etc., his replies being easily heard high up in the triforium near the roof. Then the inkstand was brought and the king signed the oath. He did not advance to the altar, but sat in the chair he had occupied since the service began. While the choir sang: "Come Holy Ghost, Our Souls Inspire," the king remained seated and the queen stood up.

After the archbishop's anointing prayer a gold canopy was brought over the king's chair and his majesty divested himself of his outer robe and then walked to the ancient chair, while the choir sang Zadok's anthem. The anointing ceremony was scarcely seen owing to the canopy. The spectators were just able to discern the archbishop of Canterbury's motions.

After the prayer the king donned the colobium sindonis, then resumed his seat, and from a scarlet, silken roll on which the prayers were printed in large type and which was held by the dean of Westminster the archbishop of Canterbury read the prayers and delivered the sword to the king, who did not go to the altar, the sword being taken to him by the dean of Westminster while his majesty remained standing.

The armilla and orb were then delivered to the king, according to the programme. When the king held out his hand for the ring the Archbishop of Canter-

bury had difficulty in finding it, but finally with trembling hands, he placed it on the tip of his majesty's finger, reading the prayer simultaneously, the king himself completing the process of putting on the ring as he withdrew his hand. Later the archbishop had similar difficulty, owing to near sightedness in placing the crown on the king's head. In fact, the choir started "God Save the King," while the Archbishop of Canterbury was still striving to place the crown on the ruler's head and a great about went up and the electric lights were turned on.

As the acclamation died away the clanging of the joy bells, the noise of guns and the shouting of the people outside penetrated into the Abbey, where the king still sat, motionless, his dazzling crown on his head and his sceptre held firmly in his hand.

After singing "Be Strong and Play the Man," the Bible having been presented, the king advanced and knelt while he received the benediction. He then walked to the great throne where he stood on the dias for the first time surrounded by nobles. The Archbishop of Canterbury followed, the king being obliged to stand while awaiting the arrival of the archbishop. Having placed the king into his new throne, the archbishop knelt and paid homage, the aged prelate scarcely being able to rise until the king assisted him and himself raised the archbishop's hand from the steps of the throne. The archbishop, who seemed to be in a faint, had to practically be carried to the altar. The incident created considerable excitement and several prelates rushed forward to help the prelate.

The next person to pay homage to his majesty was the Prince of Wales, who knelt until King Edward held his hand, which he kissed, after touching the crown as a sign of fealty. The Prince of Wales then started to return to his seat, when the king drew him back and put his arms around him and kissed him. After this the king once more gave the prince his hand, this time to shake, and the hearty vigor of King Edward's grasp showed that his hand at any rate had not lost its strength.

The duke of Norfolk (as earl marshal) accompanied by representatives of each grade of the nobility, read the oath beginning: "I — Duke or Earl, etc. — do become your liege man of life or limb," etc.

The respective representatives next touched the crown and kissed the king's cheek, the Duke of Norfolk being the only peer to read the oath. This portion of the service was considerably shortened. The queen then rose, and, accompanied by her entourage, proceeded to the altar steps, where, under a pall of cloth of gold, she was quickly crowned by the archbishop of York, supported by the bishops. She was then led to the throne beside that in which the king sat and her enthronization was accomplished. The queen bowed to King Edward and both walked to the altar and received the communion, after delivering their crowns to the Lord Great Chamberlain and another officer appeared to hold them. The pages, while their majesties knelt, still held the queen's long train with the rest of the nobles present kneeling. The whole spectacle was most impressive and was made more brilliant owing to the electric light.

By a great effort the archbishop of Canterbury was enabled to conclude the service and the king and queen repaired to St. Edward's chapel. Neither of their majesties returned to their thrones after the communion, but remained at the altar. The service, which was completed with the singing of the Te Deum was brought to a close without a hitch. The king exhibited no outward traces of fatigue.

Tonight the Associated Press learns that King Edward was greatly unnerved by the condition of the archbishop of Canterbury and that his majesty sat in constant dread of a contretemps though outwardly calm, as would be judged from the steadiness with which he held his sceptre rod erect during the ordeal. This brave show, however, could not deceive the queen. Throughout the service and especially as the archbishop of Canterbury became more and more nervous, her majesty palpably dreaded that the king would break down. With keen anxiety she constantly turned toward her husband watching him intently throughout the ceremony. Her graceful dignity and solicitude for King Edward

was one of the most charming features of the proceedings in the Abbey. Her majesty's appearance won extravagant eulogiums, especially from the women, many of whom declared that Queen Alexandra did not look a day over thirty-five.

The queen's own crowning was brief and simple. When the four duchesses went to hold a canopy over her majesty's head the duchess of Marlborough and the duchess of Portland led the way. They performed their duties excellently. As the critical period for which the peeresses had long practiced, namely, the putting on of their coronets at the moment the queen was crowned approached, a flutter of nervousness ran through their ranks and coronets were pulled out and patted and pinched into shape, their faces hardened with anxiety and then all their arms suddenly went up, and coronets, large and small, were put in place, some crooked and some straight.

Earl Roberts, commander-in-chief of the forces, was once more the hero of the hour and next to the king himself, received the heartiest welcome of the assembled crowds. "Here comes Good Old Bob" was invariably the signal for all the reserve power of British lungs to be brought into play. Lord Roberts rode alone and constantly bowed and smiled acknowledgments of his greeting. Lord Kitchener was not so easily recognized, but he was seen as he rode with General Sir Alfred Gaselee and Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seynour and was the crowd's next favorite. At various points along the route of the procession Lord Kitchener received thunderous ovations, which he acknowledged neither by look or bow but as English crowds are used to this treatment from Lord Kitchener, it quite failed to suppress the enthusiasm.—Wilmington Messenger.

Andrew Carnegie, the twelve-year-old nephew of the gentleman who is trying not to die rich, was one of the special delivery boys in the Pittsburgh postoffice until the other day, when he inaugurated and led a strike by the boys. The strike failed, and now Andrew is hunting another job.—Wilmington Star.

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