

**THE KING OF SIAM VISITS
MADAM TUSSAUD'S.**

The London papers have had a great deal of fun out of the King of Siam. His Majesty is apparently a most jovial sort of a person, as this description of his visit to Mme. Tussaud's will show.

Richard L. was honoured with much royal attention. 'Ah,' incidentally observed the King, pointing to the token on Coeur-de-Lion's chest, 'there is the Crusader's cross.' When his majesty saw John he murmured, 'Magna Charta,' and softly chuckled. You could see he did not like him.

The sovereign of Siam cast an indulgent eye on Henry VIII., whose queens he passed in critical review.

'Who's that?' he exclaimed, with some asperity, pointing to a cheerful looking Chinese. At first I thought it was Li Hung Chang. But, no, it was not tall enough. Moreover, it was too good looking. 'Who's that?' again demanded the King, as though about to order the instant removal of the cheerful looking Chinese. 'It is Houqua,' Mr Tussaud hastened to explain. 'Houqua, the celebrated Chinese tea merchant.' King Chulalongkorn laughed a mocking laugh and walked on. Only a tradesman!

Julius Caesar and Mr Chamberlin were passed without a word. George Washington, Dr. Grace, Shakspeare and P. T. Barnum also had the cut direct.

But his majesty came to a sudden standstill before the Shahzada. Seeing that the royal visitor was interested, Mr Tussaud vouchsafed the information:

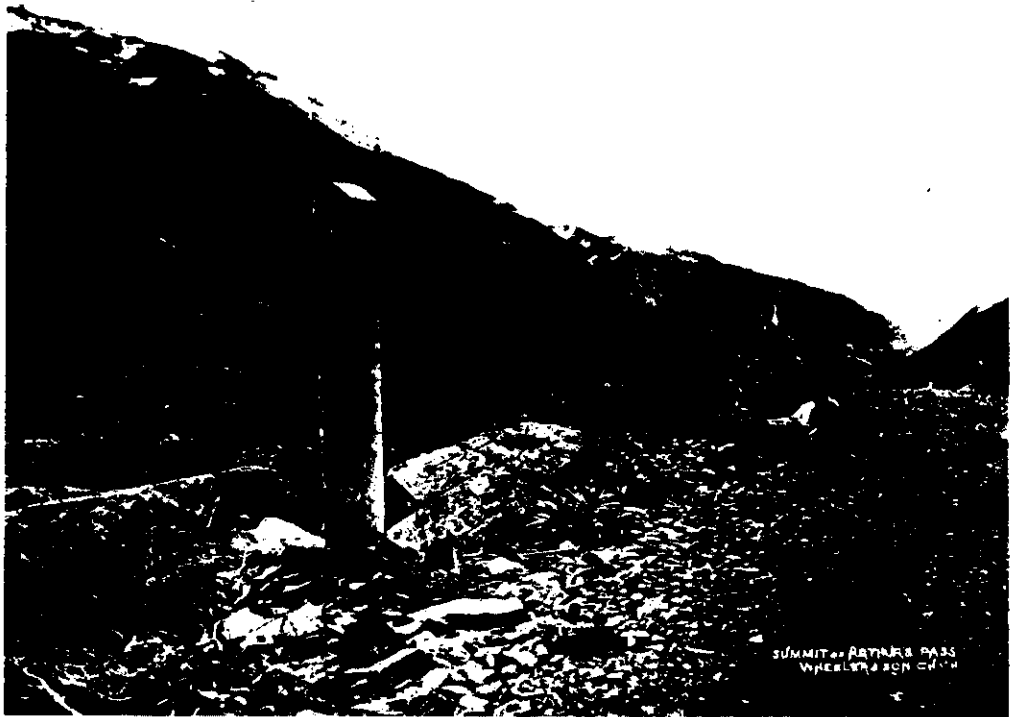
'They are the clothes he actually wore, your majesty.'

No king ever looked more astonished than did King Chulalongkorn at this intelligence.

'His actual clothes! His actual clothes!' he exclaimed, like a man who could not believe his ears.

Mr Tussaud ventured deferentially to confirm the information he had just imparted.

'But how did you get them?' inquired the monarch. Then, ere his question could be answered, a look of great sagacity came over his face and



SUMMIT OF ARTHUR'S PASS
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SUMMIT OF ARTHUR'S PASS.

he added, 'Ah, I know. You got them from one of his servants, eh?'

The great statesmen were nearly all passed by without a word, and the King did not even deign to notice J. R. Diggle or the late Fred Archer, whose dog, by the way, he saw the other day in the Duke of Portland's racing stud.

Coming alongside the Shah of

Persia, he favoured us with a royal joke.

'Are they the real clothes in this case, eh?' said he.

'No,' Mr Tussaud admitted, and we all laughed very heartily. But the jest was not up to the King's usual level.

Coming up to the late Dukes of York, Kent and Cambridge, his

majesty exclaimed, 'Ah, these are the sons of George III.' He must have been guided by the likeness. He certainly did not look in the catalogue.

The King paused in front of the case containing the orders of the Duke of Wellington, and for a few moments seemed lost in thought. Then he remarked, 'These are nearly



Morris, Photo.

CREVASSE ICE, HOOKER GLACIER.

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