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THE PASSING OF THE GREAT

They come to pay last tribute to George Bernard Shaw. There's a cousin among them; and the man who worked with him daily, Mr. Leewenstein. A hush falls on the unknown who stand in silence as the coffin nears the Chapel. On it is a sprig from Ellen Terry's garden. Simple is his last journey as he wanted it to be.

He wished no flowers but for some, memory spoke louder than a dying wish. But for two, his friend Lady Astor and his secretary, Miss Patch, to obey was the last service they could render.

In Stockholm, too, they mourn as candles light their prayers for a good King on his last journey, to lie in state in the Royal Palace where lately he ruled. To mourn comes his son whose wife is sister to Lord Mountbatten. Gustav the Fifth is dead and the Royal Guard keeps its last vigil as Gustav the Sixth bows.

Forty-two years he reigned. And now the little with the great come in tribute. Of all the Kings of his time he was the most democratic. He was King but he mingled with them as one of them and in his time they knew peace.