



The PASSING *of the*

Frances Hodgson Burnett Has Seen Much of Royal Persons and Here Tells

FOR days after the sudden crumbling of what we have for centuries tacitly accepted as being an integral part of the bulwarks of the world, these two lines of Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" echoed through my brain like a refrain:

"The tumult and the shouting dies
The captains and the kings depart."

And in tune with them echoed the other lines:

"Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

To have been in the midst of it—to have seen it pass in spectacular splendor, to have accepted it and vaguely wondered if the nations could exist without it—and then at a touch—an unseen touch, as it were—to stand still in the midst and see it crumble, break, crash in ruins, disintegrate, and fade away as mist—that is a mind-heaving thing.

It was, no doubt, as a result of the constant echoing of these refrains that I found myself gradually recalling things, beginning to remember kings, and queens, and emperors who are today awakening from a long, strange dream and feeling as if they can not believe they ever dreamed it.

It is not, of course, of any particular interest that I by mere chance saw so many of them. I have no vital anecdotes to relate of "Kind Words I Have Spoken to Kings," "Compliments Queens Have Paid Me," "Emperors I Have Entertained." The man in the street saw them as I did, but the royal personages were no more unconscious

of his presence than they were of mine. My memories are only those of a romantic person who found them beautifully spectacular and who liked the palaces they lived in, the sentries standing at their gates, and the fluttering of flags and gaiety of trumpets playing as they moved. I am afraid the emotion was never one of special loyalty, because I was equally delighted by the glitter of anybody's king or queen. My liking for them began when I was a child, because their ways and belongings were the only things that were like fairy stories, and I felt that fairy stories ought to be true.

If you can not live in a fairy story yourself, there is at least charm in knowing that there are other people who do. Fairies had wands, kings and queens had scepters, and when they were waved majestic things happened. Pearls and emeralds, rubies and diamonds, were every-day trifles to them; gold and silver and snow-white marble surrounded them on every side. At least such was the enchanting vision which exhilarated and gave color to my earlier years. As for the rest, I only looked on as the pageant went by, and grew up accepting it as an inevitable part of existence.

It has, however, struck me recently that a curious feature attached to my onlooking was the coincidence of my making in 1913 and 1914—just on the eve of the passing of emperors and kings from the face of the earth—a sauntering and delightfully aimless journey through various countries, and finding myself encountering in a fantastic, incidental fashion royal persons at so many points, those royal persons who today are fleeing and huddling emperors, abdicated and hidden kings, queens and princesses trembling in castles while their people



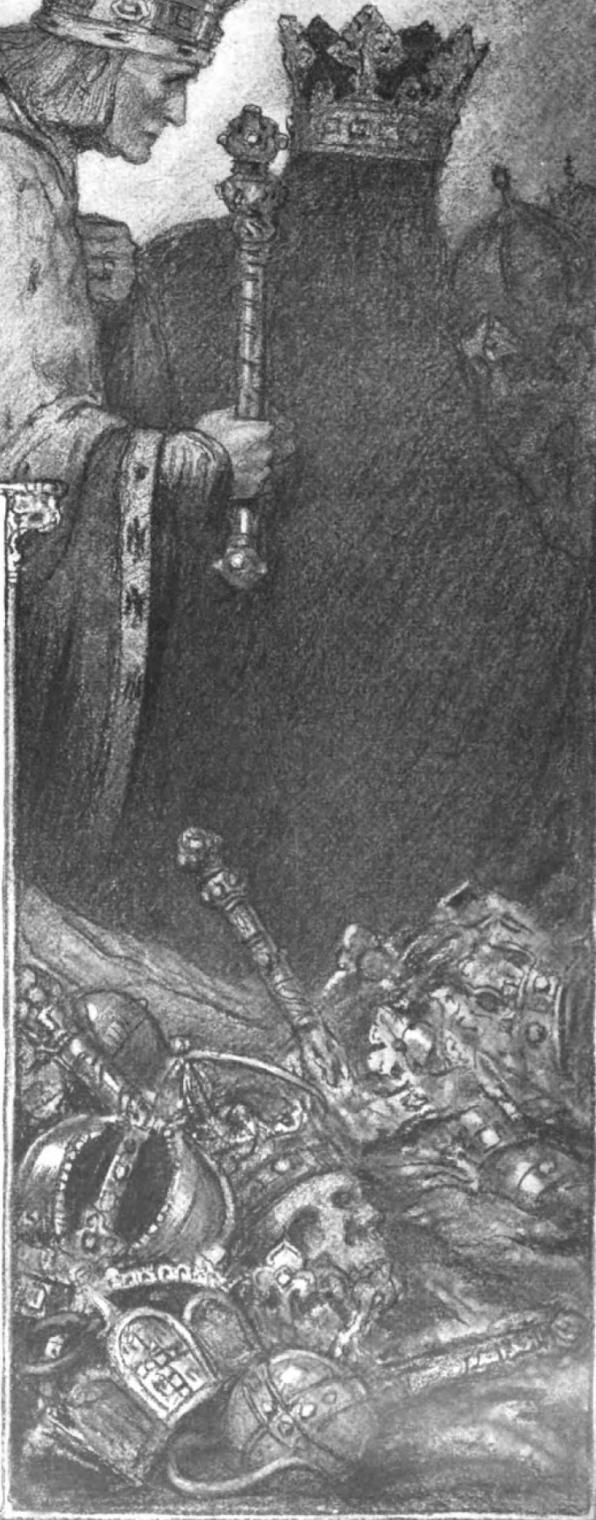
K I N G S

Delightfully of Their Passings - By

rave and howl in their capitals' streets. I had not gone in search of crowns and scepters, but just as crowns were tottering for their final fall and scepters were preparing to drop from shaking hands, I saw the wearers of them, nearly all.

To begin at the beginning, the first royalty I remember was not a king. He was the husband of the greatest queen in the world. He was Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, the Prince Consort of Queen Victoria. His widow mourned him to the end of her long days. He was a handsome and princely person, and the marriage had a rather fairy-story quality. A little queen of eighteen—a beautiful young prince coming to her court with a train of other princes just as they do in fairy books! And none of the other princes so beautiful as this one! In July of 1837, the then Duchess of Sutherland, who was First Mistress of the Robes (doesn't it sound like Grimm's Fairy Tales and Hans Andersen?) wrote to a friend: "There is a young Danish prince come over for a few days, rather genteel, only nineteen. I suppose he has been sent to see and be seen, but I should not think with any chance." There were also in addition a Prussian prince, the Duc de Nemours, the Czarowitz of Russia, and Prince William Henry of the Netherlands, "but the Queen showed no marked interest in any of them!"

But in October of 1830, King Leopold of Belgium sent over two prince cousins with an affectionate letter of recommendation. And this is what happened, as the little Queen tells it:



The Passing of the Kings

"At half past seven I went to the top of the staircase to receive my two dear cousins, Ernest and Albert, whom I found grown, changed and embellished." (An "embellished" young man is all that one could desire of Early Victorian.) "It was with some emotion I beheld Albert—who is beautiful. I took them both to Mamma."

That Mamma approved becomes apparent when one reads in the Queen's diary a little later a record of what happens when a young queen in her own right must herself propose marriage as ancient custom demands:

"On Tuesday, October 15th, the two Princes went out hunting early but came back about twelve. At half-past twelve I sent for Albert. He came to the closet where I was alone. After a few minutes I said to him I thought he must be aware why I had wished him to come, and that it would make me too happy if he would consent to what I wished—namely, to marry me.

"There was no hesitation on his part, but the offer was received with the greatest demonstration of kindness and affection. He is perfection in every way—in beauty, in everything. I told him I was quite unworthy of him. He said he would be very happy to spend his life with me. How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made. I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, which he would not allow."

Dear little deep-in-love Queen-thing! For eighteen years she has been lying safe asleep by his side, after eighty-two years of living and reigning. And today one of her grandsons is an outcast and her England just emerging and shaking herself free from what might have been the ruins of the world. And America—America has stood at her right hand as one of those who have led the world through the blackness of night into the light of day.

America was only a humorously regarded, half-civilized country cousin in 1839, when Albert was "perfection in every way—in beauty, in everything." There is a picture of him in a magnificent uniform covered with gold and cords and with a jeweled sword in his hand. He has a wide, boyish forehead, and beautiful eyes, and a sweet mouth. His hair is rather long and curls as a fairy prince's should. No wonder she "felt some emotion when she beheld Albert."

When I saw him, he was the happy father of a large and blooming family, and it was on the occasion of his having come to Manchester in Lancashire to unveil a statue in Peel Park. I think it was the statue of Sir Robert Peel. I do not know why so small a thing as I was should have been taken into so large a crowd. I think an adventurous nurse must have taken me. What I remember chiefly is the blackness in which a tiny creature is submerged when standing in a mob jostled among the knees and petticoats and coat-tails of a race of giants who seem so big that they reach to the skies and shut out

the light of heaven. I should have seen nothing, but that some kind, sturdy man crowded against me picked me up and set me on his shoulder. He was a good-natured working man.

"Na'a," he said, "theer's th' Prince Consort, an tha' con tak a look at him."

The look I took left me a memory of a handsome man with a white forehead and a fine, smiling face. He was talking to the crowd, and I could not hear what he was saying and should not have understood it if I could, but I thought it must be something friendly and nice. It was over soon, and that is all I ever saw of my first king, who was only the husband of a queen.

That was the beginning. I suppose it was a very few years after that all the little girls at the school I went to were excited by the news that "the Queen and all the Royal Family" were coming to Manchester, and that they could be seen in their domestic magnificence at a certain hour driving down a certain broad road.

The next thing I remember is standing somewhere in the sunshine and hearing bands playing and people crying out,

mother of Wilhelm Hohenzollern. It is an uncanny thing to think of, that this out-cast from the human race can claim the blood of those young lovers in a fairy-tale. It was said of Queen Victoria, "She was magnificently honest all her life," and she chose Albert because he was "perfect in every way." The English as a people are fond of scolding and finding fault with their rulers and statesmen, but they never found a blot on Albert's escutcheon.

I was a little girl given a holiday from school when the Princess Royal was married. I did not live in London but in Manchester and only saw the rejoicing fluttering of banners and the public festal gaieties dimmed by the smoke of thousands of the tall chimneys of cotton factories. There were passing bands playing and cheering in the streets all day long, and I was thrilled to the center of my infant being because I was almost in the very midst of the fairy story in which wands waved and kings and princes and queens were left happy forever after. The young Crown Prince was one of the handsomest and most amiable young men of his time.

But of these two was born the son whose hideous crime has swept the race of kings from the face of the earth.

The next great holiday was an immensely thrilling one. I think every human creature in smoky Manchester wore a white bridal favor on his breast. One quite reeled with excitement. It was the wedding of the Prince of Wales, and he was to marry the beautiful Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and Tennyson had written a poem to greet her, which every romantic little girl had read, and it began, "Sea King's daughter from over the Sea."

And here was the fairy story again in its most perfect guise, for the Princess had the loveliest face in the world, and golden hair waved and rolled back from its fairness, and her eyes were sapphire blue, and—better and better—she was a poor princess! Her father was the poor king of a small country (I really clutched my hands with joy when I heard of it), and she and her sisters, Dagmar and Thyra, were all beautiful be-

yond compare. Of course there could be no doubt, in my mind at least, of the popular story that our Prince of Wales (who was rich and grand and of course most magnificent) had quite by chance wandered into the gardens of the picturesque but poor castle and, catching one glimpse of the beautiful Alexandra, had fallen in love with her upon the spot. I believed it with a rapture unconfined.

Then passed years with neither kings, queens, nor emperors in them. I lived in America, chiefly in the country. I grew up from a little girl to a big one. I married. I made a visit of a year to Europe but was too busy to see kings. Then, again, I spent some years in America, only casting an occasional, interested glance at pictures of royal brides and bridegrooms as they marched through the pages of illustrated weeklies. (Continued on page 118)

THE LEARNERS

By Clement Wood

O little feet, unused to weight and burden,
O little legs, uncertain, timorous,
We smile as we behold your faint successes,
Your doubtful stumbling seems so vain to us.

Each three steps' journey is a wild adventure,
And perils lurk in floor and carpet spaces,
Far from the sheltering chair and couch, and farther
The passage here to havening arms and faces.

But still you dare—for life is spun of daring;
And step by step your earnest journeys lengthen,
As mastery grows out of careful seeking,
As little legs and little purpose strengthen.

We smile and hardly think of long days coming
When you will walk with firm and careless trust,
Watching, perhaps, more little feet that falter,
Long after we who smile are quiet dust.

"They're coming! They're coming!" and then the trotting of cavalry, and the jangling of chains and sabers, and the waving of white plumes from gold helmets, and between more bands and more trotting soldiers splendid carriages overflowing with small princesses in little flounced frocks and sashes and broad, flapping hats with ribbon streamers and ostrich feathers; and little boy princes in Highland costumes, with plaids and sporrans and dirks and Scotch bonnets with straight feathers sticking up in them. And men tossed their hats in the air and shouted, "Hooray! Hooray!" And motherly Manchester women cheered, and mopped their eyes, and said: "Bless 'em, the bonny little things! God bless 'em!"

The first child of the little deep-in-love Queen—the Princess Royal of England, afterward the Empress Frederick—was the



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Nervousness
Irritability
Constipation
Indigestion
Dizziness
Rheumatism
Colds
Torpid Liver
Malassimilation
Auto-Intoxication



The Passing of the Kings

(Continued from page 12)

Prince Henry of Battenburg, who married Queen Victoria's fifth daughter, the Princess Beatrice, was the handsomest one; the then Marquis of Lorne, now the Duke of Argyle, who married her fourth daughter, the Princess Louise, was a beauty also. I saw him once at a morning concert at the Henschels' house at Campden Hill. He was walking in the garden, and it struck me that he had the most exquisitely modeled nose human eye had ever beheld. But I may have been mistaken, and he only counts because he was married to a great queen's daughter. She was a great queen, Victoria, personally, in an unspectacular way, though spectacular splendors followed her through life. She was great in her sense of duty to her people, and in her high belief in the power of clean law and order and steadily decent behavior, of which last she had her own, occasionally somewhat obstinate, personal views. I have often asked myself questions as to what might have happened to England during the nineteenth century if she had been utterly without this element of unspectacular greatness.

THE element of the fairy-tale surrounded her from her birth. I wonder how many people remember or ever knew that she began life as a Cinderella of princesses? When her father, the Duke of Kent, wished to bring his duchess from Germany to England that her child might be born there, "to such pecuniary straits were the royal pair reduced that they had not sufficient money for the journey!" England is not far from Amorbach near Heidelberg, where they were living in seclusion because they were too poor to live in England. But they had not money enough even for such a journey, and none of their relatives would lend it to them because "the duke's brothers were afraid of giving offense to the Prince Regent." When at last "a devoted friend came to the aid of the distressed pair," they crept into England and, so to speak, hid in the old palace at Kensington. The Prince Regent was so furious on hearing of the reason for their coming that he declared he would "turn the Kents out of Kensington Palace," and was only restrained by the influence of wiser persons.

There was quarreling, too, at Cinderella's very christening, after good old fairy-story fashion. The list of names suggested for her roused the Prince Regent's jealousy, and there had been such unpleasant discussions that when the ceremony took place no list had been prepared for the Archbishop of Canterbury. Finally, after a painful scene in which the Regent had rejected every name presented, he asked rudely, although he knew it, "What is her mother's name?"

"Victoria," said the Duke of Kent.

So she became Victoria.

The whole world knows the story of the little girl to whose old palace door, eighteen years later, great lords came riding post-haste to knock at five o'clock in the morning and knocked long before they could rouse the porter, who actually would not let them in when he appeared. They were left waiting in an anteroom until their patience was exhausted, and they seem to have rambled about to find an attendant. Even then they were told that Cinderella was asleep and could not be disturbed.

"We are come on business of state to the Queen," said the Lord Chamberlain grandly, and then the attendant flew.

And she came down, Cinderella, rosy and sleepy in her dressing-gown, with her little bare feet in slippers, her hair hanging down her back. And the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord High Chamberlain knelt before her in the summer dawning and told her she was a queen.

It was because of the Cinderella days that I have asked myself questions as to what Eng-

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land might have been between the years of 1837 and 1900 if she had not been "Early Victorian." "Poor little Queen!" Thomas Carlyle said of her after her coronation. "She is at an age at which a girl can hardly be trusted to buy a bonnet for herself, and yet a task has been laid upon her from which an archangel might shrink."

She had known no luxuries and had been allowed few liberties. She had been strictly trained and knew what it was to be snubbed and scolded by royal relations. She always remembered her childhood as dull. But the strain of unspectacular greatness stood her and her people in good stead when at eighteen all the splendors of the fairy story burst upon her and she found herself the center of the adulation of hundreds of acclaiming thousands, a crown upon her head, a scepter in her hand, and great nobles and potentates kneeling to kiss her hand and walking backward before her. Charles II on the Restoration was called upon to drink from something the same order of brimming goblet, but his brain was weaker and his heart a lighter thing, and so England had her Merrie Monarch—and de Grammont's Memoirs and Mrs. Jamieson's "Beauties of the Court."

We have been persistently humorous in referring to Victorian days. One feels almost witty when one calls things Early Victorian or Mid-Victorian. The period contained the Crystal Palace, and flowered drawing-room carpets, and horsehair furniture, and crinolines, and mushroom hats, and chimney-pots, and "peg-top" trousers, and ringlets, and "waterfalls," and bustles. But it also held Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, and Meredith and Carlyle and Tennyson and Ruskin and Darwin and Tyndal and Spencer, and many others before whom the world paused to reflect.

The Prince Consort was principally responsible for the Crystal Palace, which was the first great exhibition the world knew, and it is supporting to learn that his chief object was to give a tactful hint to England that other countries had arts and crafts and commerce of their own, and that the sight of what they could do might actually be of value to English men and women. It was of value, and it did do them good. It was the beginning of opening up vistas into the fields of achievement in other lands. The middle-class Englishman traveled little in those days. Nobody traveled much. Even Americans stayed at home. One could not then shoot from one side of the globe to the other, and there were no thousands of vibrating lines of hourly connection with everywhere.

FOR long years the English adored their Queen and all her numerous family, and threw up hats and shouted themselves red and hot and hoarse when any of them appeared. They grumbled and scolded at intervals, of course, that being a well-known and highly respected national habit. But they liked them, and were proud of them, and always, in whatever country they wandered to, invariably and stoutly spoke of Victoria as "The Queen," as if there were no other queen on earth and never had been.

It may be rather witty to refer to days or morals or manners as Early Victorian. But when all is said and done, and now that almost all the thrones have fallen and one looks back past their ruins, Victorian days seem decently well-behaved ones, and untheatrical, and honest—and kind.

My mother once told me a gleeful little anecdote which was illustrative of the sturdy English habit of grumbling. Sometimes the working classes thought Her Majesty not showy enough.

On one of her visits to Manchester, my mother had been with a friend to see the procession. As they were walking home (people walked then), they met a rather grumpy-looking old countryman.

"Good afternoon," they said to him. "Have you been to see the Queen?"



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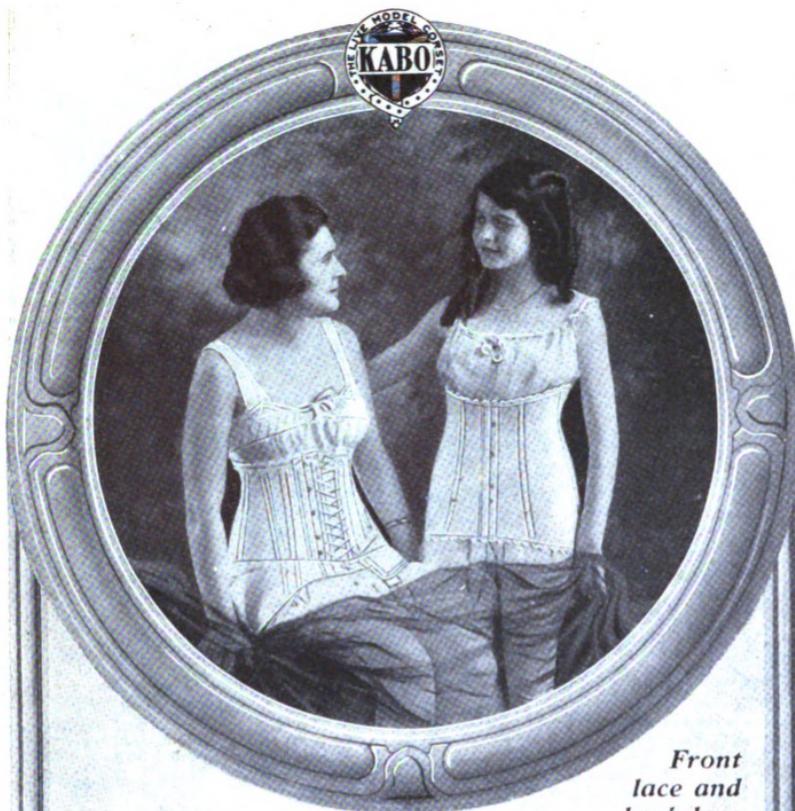
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The Passing of the Kings

"Aye. Aw've seed her," he answered disparagingly.

"Well, what did you think of her?"
"Aw didn't think mich, aw con tell thee!" he said. "Whoy!" looking at my mother, who was in mourning as the Queen was at the time. "Er 'ad on an owd black bonnet—not a bit better than thoine!"

But they loved her in their obstinate and sometimes rather grumpy way. The whole world realized this on her First Jubilee in 1887, when kings and potentates, Occidental and Oriental, rode in her train to Westminster Abbey and back to Buckingham Palace.

As an unconsidered unit I was there in an admirable place opposite the Horse Guards. It was worth while to sit where one could see the face of the man in the street and catch his words, and for hours I sat and watched the fairy story pass before me in almost incredible grandeur and state. There were golden state coaches, and princes and panopies; there were bursts of triumphant music, and dark-faced Indian kings and rajahs whose turbans and tall fezes were studded with rubies and diamonds and hung with chains of emeralds and pearls. The handsomest man and the most picturesque figure in the stately, slow-moving procession was the then Crown Prince of Germany, the father of the fugitive of today. He was a sort of Lohengrin in a white uniform rich with gold and glittering orders, and with a white plume streaming from his helmet and making him look of magnificent stature. Not many months later he was crowned Emperor and died. And over his dead body his son and successor was bullying his mother and ordering her under arrest in her castle because she had sent to safe-keeping in England a diary in which he suspected that his father had spoken of him disparagingly.

When a popular or specially beloved person drew near, a murmur began to rise, and grew and swelled until it became an outbursting roar of cheers. One carriage roused wild shouts as it drove by. It contained two little twelve- or thirteen-year-old princesses. The one who was most enthusiastically cheered was a pretty, fair one with long hair waving from beneath a big hat with white feathers and pink blossoms.

"She's the prettiest one, and she's the most popular," I heard said. "The people like her. They've always liked her mother. She was a beauty and always jolly and good-natured. Listen to the shouting."

She was the Princess May, the daughter of the Duchess of Teck, who was the Queen's cousin. Today she is the Queen of England. The kings and princes and rajahs slowly rode by, as it seemed, for hours. And then people began to be excited, and jostled each other, and pressed forward, and craned their necks, and were ordered back by mounted officials.

"She's coming!" they said. "That's the state coach. She's coming! She's coming!"

And then the little Queen passed by.

I say "the little Queen" because she always struck people as so little. One heard often of her majestic bearing and her imperial blue eye, but she was only a little lady—that great Queen—a little lady.

THE heavens were rent as her small greatness passed. Thirty-two princes—all her sons and grandsons—rode on superb horses before her carriage. People cheered themselves hoarse and speechless as the great golden coach, with eight cream horses in royal scarlet trappings, swung grandly on its way. Hands were beaten together in frenzy, handkerchiefs waved and mopped eyes as well as foreheads, and there were lumps in throats. I tell you they loved her. One saw and felt it.

She went to Westminster Abbey, where the Thanksgiving service was held, and once more we seemed to wait hours to see her return and the whole splendor slowly pass before us again. Then the fairy story was over.

It was repeated even more magnificently ten years later, on the sixtieth anniversary of her reign, and it was after he had seen the pageant that Rudyard Kipling wrote his "Recessional," which was as a voice from the gods.

I was not in England and did not see the Diamond Jubilee, but I knew and understood what he felt and meant—a man almost stunned and blinded, staggering before the unearthly magnificence and pomp and clamoring exultation—when he wrote,

"Oh! Lord of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

There was forgetting. And the whole world has rocked to and fro in agony, surrounded by seas of blood and tears.

JUST twice again I saw her pass. The first time was after her return from her amazing visit to Ireland in 1900. *Wasn't it amazing?* She was eighty-one years old, her sight dim and her tiny body feeble. Her grief over the Boer War had broken her strength and her heart. But she was determined to go to Ireland to see her people. I think she felt she wanted to make friends with them before the end. She had considered them unfair to her and had not visited them for forty years. The English people were very anxious when they knew what she intended to do. Some of her advisers thought the plan dangerous. There had been a good many Irish grievances, and landlords and agents and unpopular persons had been shot. Certain cautious people were greatly troubled, but there were others who said that the Irish were as gallant and chivalric as they were hot-headed, and that no harm would be allowed to come to her, because an Irish crowd would guard her even from madmen. That proved itself true. She went—the small, brave, old Chieftainess—in the face of all said against her daring to go, and her Irish people went wild with joy at sight of her and figuratively kissed the hem of her garments. They loved her courage and her belief in them, and in their warm hearts they knew she had come to say good-by.

To me it was one of the most thrilling things I had ever known, this little old Lioness rousing herself in her last hours to face whatsoever might threaten her, without a touch of fear. She was tired and worn with grief and battles, but she said she would go, and no one could stop her. She went. I adored the high courage of her. It belonged to what poem and story believed of the blood of kings. She was too brave to be hurt, because even cowardice could not strike at such courage. But we were all glad when we knew England held her again.

I was in London, that year, and one morning was driving in a hansom cab down St. James Street. There were not many people out, and the few walking about this afternoon were evidently not expecting to see anything unusual. I certainly was not, even when I noticed a man stop suddenly, take off his hat, and stand holding it in his hand. But when another hat was removed, and its owner also stopped on the pavement, and another and another, all looking eager and intent on something drawing near, I sat up, wondering what was happening. Then my own hansom slackened and stopped altogether, and the driver opened the small trap-door above my head called out to me excitedly:

"Lady, lady! She's coming! The Queen, lady, the Queen! There she is! The Queen!"

I wanted so much to see her that I half stood up in my place and hung over the apron of the cab. What I wanted to see was the little old Lioness, who had taken her life in her hands and gone forth unafraid after eighty-one years of life.

Her carriage was only a few yards from my hansom, and I saw her well. Such a tiny lady in a dark, plain dress! She leaned back upon her cushions, looking fatigued and worn. I felt as if she were so tired that she was sunk within herself. I was struck to the heart by a



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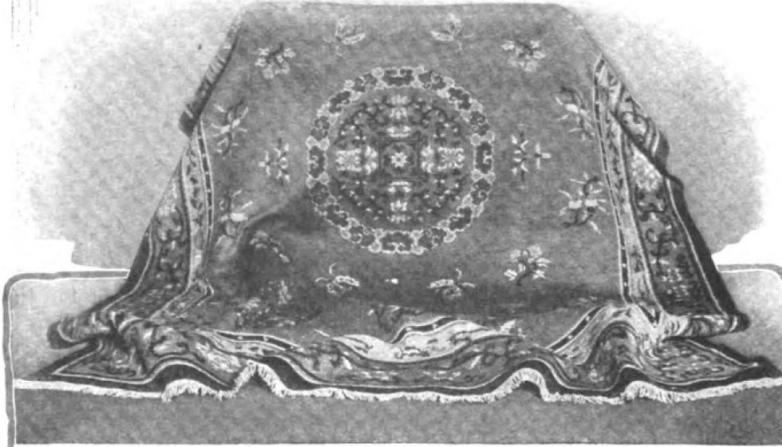
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In using advertisements see page 6 1:



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119 West Fortieth Street New York

The Passing of the Kings

strange remoteness in her expression, as if the world, and its St. James Streets, and all the people with bared heads were so far away from her that she could scarcely come back to them. She bowed and tried to smile, but she brought tears into my eyes when she did it. The men with the bared heads felt it, too. There was a note in their cheering which pulled at my heartstrings. They loved her then, enormously. Poor little lonely Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, widowed so long of Albert who was "beautiful," with her brood scattered and her daughters dead, and with her mad grandson already gibbering and mouthing on his new throne! She was too wise and far-seeing not to know something of the blackness of his weak mind. One often heard that she was the only person who could manage him when he was a boy. As she sat there in her remoteness, who knows what she foresaw?

When my hansom driver took me to my destination, I gave him an extra half-crown.

"That's because you stopped and showed me the Queen," I said. "I wanted very much to see her."

He was a friendly cabman, and he looked quite moved. "I knew you'd like to see her, ma'am," he answered. "We all do. She's been a great lady, and we mayn't have her long." He pulled off his hat. "God save the Queen!" he said, as he drove off.

"God save the Queen!" said I.

The next time I saw her pass, she did not see me or any of the waiting thousands. And nobody cheered. All heads were bared to the wintry sky, and there was utter silence.

I was in London in December and heard, as others did, that she was very much broken by the weight of her grief for her soldiers in South Africa and the deaths of her son and grandsons, and the knowledge of the fatal illness of her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick. The falling of one blow after another was more than even she could bear. There was a pathetic, whispered story of an interview she had with Lord Roberts, in which she broke down utterly and could not control herself. Then the people were told that she was suffering from physical collapse. But every one tried to believe that her vitality and endurance would somehow reestablish themselves. There was a personal note in one's talk of her unconquerable strength. She never seemed to have been ill since England had known her, and it had known her so long. But as the days went by, there crept into the mental atmosphere a restless sense of anxious waiting. I remember feeling it in the air of the streets, and that I thought the people had unconsciously anxious faces. Nobody would give up, but it was as if they were waiting for something they would not admit to themselves they were thinking of. It was curious how little we discussed the daily bulletins when we had read them.

I HAD taken a house for the winter in Mayfair. After some days of this silence about the bulletins, there came an evening when, as I was sitting at dinner, I heard a church bell begin to toll, and then others echoing it, and then the shrill call of newsboys at a distance. I could not hear the words they said, but I think I knew what they were. I left the table and ran myself to the front door to open it. It was a wide door, with a low, broad step before it and stone columns with iron rings in which the link boys used to set their torches a century before. Its opening threw a path of light on the pavement. It was a bleak, foggy night with thin snow scattered. As I went out on the broad step, a slowly-moving hansom cab in search of passing fares drew up opposite me in the middle of the street. The driver had stopped to listen, as I had. There was no other vehicle near, and the street was unusually quiet except for the slow toll of the bell and the distant cries. There was something weird and dramatic in the stillness.



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Fill a baking dish with cooked rice; sprinkle the top with paprika and a layer of Hormel's Dairy Brand Sliced Bacon. Bake slowly 30 min. Uncover, brown quickly and serve hot.

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
DEPARTMENT OF FOODS,
SCIENCE AND HEALTH
1190 K Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

from a balcony in Park Lane. I can not remember the number of royal persons who rode in the procession—the ex-Kaiser was among them of course. I have somewhere a funeral card of the plan of the ceremony. But I think every one remembers that the dead King's beloved dog Caesar walked behind his master to his tomb. Dog lovers wept at sight of him.

From that time until the summer of 1913 I was more in America than in Europe and on my visits saw no special royal spectacles. Then came the journey which has seemed to me almost as if it had been arranged by some stage manager of chance, who led me on the trail of emperors and kings and prepared their pomps for me as spectacles, that I might remember their passing even as they faded away. I had taken the southern route, and the first note of royal splendor we came upon when we stopped at Algiers.

WE had anchored very early in the morning, and when I came on deck, I found most of the passengers crowded against the rails looking on with deep interest at the coaling of a magnificent craft drawn up quite near us, while shouting Arabs, naked except for waist cloths, shoveled coal, and yelled to each other in Arabic.

The Arabs in themselves were picturesque enough, but each passenger who leaned upon the taffrail was asking questions of the man or woman next him or making guesses as to what the splendid craft was and whom it could belong to. The problem it presented was that it was far too large for a private yacht and far too highly polished and finished in decoration to be an ocean steamer. It was as perfect in every detail as if it had just been built. It was black, and polished as if it were enameled, its small cannon shone like burnished gold, and its gilded decorations had almost drawing-room freshness.

"It is too large for a mere private yacht, and it is too splendid for a mere ocean steamer. What can it be?" people asked each other.

When the captain, who had been on shore, returned, he was surrounded at once.

"What is it? Whose is it?" he was asked. "It is the private yacht of the Czar of Russia," he answered.

It remained where it was all day, and we watched it with a good deal of interest. We saw very smart officers appear on deck, and once some one believed that a small man who walked for a short time with one of them must be the Czar himself, but as it was not possible to obtain thoroughly well-grounded information, all that the eager could be sure of was that they had spent a day very near His Imperial Majesty, the Czar of all the Russias, and had fairly well-founded hopes that they had seen him. On my own part my ponderings, as I looked on, held a touch of sadness, because I had always thought of him as a gentle, timid, most unhappy little man, whose magnificence of fate had overwhelmed him and robbed him of the pathetically simple domestic life with his wife and children for which he was fitted and which he really longed for. That he was the one emperor torn from his palaces and quickly murdered in the dark has been indeed an irony of fate. Why will not the people choose the right ones!

I wandered to many places before I saw my first emperor during that journey. I had at last reached Vienna with my friends, when we were told that the centennial celebration of the Battle of Schwartzenberg was to take place. This was the battle won at Leipsic by Prince Schwartzenberg in 1813.

The old Imperial Hotel at which we stayed was quite near the Schwartzenberg monument. There the Emperor Franz Josef was to arrive in state, make an address, and lay a wreath at the hero's feet.

The difference in royal processions lies only in their varying degrees of length and pomp and splendor. Glittering cavalades, triumphant music bursting forth and dying out, the tramp of automatically regular, military

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Is of real assistance in the important duty of making use of every bit of food, and at the same time insuring dainty and palatable dishes.

The following recipe shows how Cox's Gelatine can be used with left over fruits.



AN INEXPENSIVE FRUIT SALAD

- 1 envelope COX'S Instant Powdered GELATINE.
 - 1 cup (1/2 pint) water,
 - 2 cups (1 pint) ginger ale,
 - 2 tablespoons sugar or honey,
 - 1 1/2 cups (3/4 pint) mixed fruits.
- Pour water in saucpan, add Gelatine, sugar or honey; dissolve. Take from fire, add ginger ale. Cut fruit in neat pieces, place in glass dish; strain over Gelatine mixture. Chill. Serve with or without dressing. For five or six persons.
- If liked, divide mixture in individual glasses.

A special Folder of Recipes for the use of left-over meats, poultry, fish, vegetables, etc., will be mailed free on request, together with copy of Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery.

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This is a new invention of Nestlé, for the purpose of putting the so-called "water-wave" in hair which has either a natural tendency to curl or wave, or has been permanently waved by the Nestlé-process. Hair which waves somewhat naturally should never be touched with curlers or hot irons, because such processes take out the inherent character, while the use of the Nestlé comb will gradually develop it. No electricity or other heat is used with the Nestlé Comb.

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The Passing of the Kings

feet, the clatter of hoofs and sabers and the gleam of helmets and waving of plumes, excited crowds pressing forward and pushed back by soldiers and police batons, state carriages the crowds cheer at the sight of, waving hats and handkerchiefs in applause, cries of "The Emperor! The King! The Queen! The Princesses," as certain splendid equipages draw near with prancing horses—these are the stage properties and wear always the same air of festal exaltation.

We watched them in all their spectacular picturesqueness from a window in our hotel and found this special procession superb, because the Ring-Strasse in Vienna is wide and magnificent with stately spaces. When the old Emperor Franz Josef went by with his emerald green plumes floating backward in his gold-laced cocked hat, we thought him a rather splendid old man with his sweeping white mustache and large frame. He descended from his carriage near our hotel, and made a speech, and laid a wreath at the foot of the Schwarzenberg monument. Then he went on foot to Mass at the Karlenkirche, and on his return we saw him drive past again in all his imperial magnificence. In 1914, less than a year later, he was being used as a pawn in the monstrous game being played for the dominion of the world.

A MONTH or so later we rambled toward Munich. As one of the features of our journey was that we did not read newspapers but strolled from place to place like gypsies in luck, we knew little of the happenings of the world. It therefore occurred that when we reached the lovable little old capital of Bavaria, we were wholly unprepared for finding it wreathed with garlands and decked with draping and fluttering flags.

I have occasionally wondered what our driver thought of his fares when on our way to the hotel one of the party addressed him with mild curiosity.

"What is the reason for all this decoration?" she said. "Is it the celebration of some national holiday?"

"The Prince Regent has finally decided to accept the crown," was his answer. "This is the coronation."

He did not express surprise at a casualness which was oblivious of coronations, or contempt for an ignorance which did not know when it met one face to face. He merely gave us the necessary information, probably prepared by training for any lack of intelligence in people who were not German.

After the suicide of the beautiful and tragic King Ludwig, whose brother and successor was a madman kept hidden in a little castle, his uncle became Regent. Public feeling was such that it would not have been safe to endeavor to make him King. On his death his eldest son succeeded to the regency and for years declined to accept the crown. With apparent consideration for my love for royal spectacles, he had accepted and prepared to mount the throne formally on the day on which I made my last visit to Munich, a few months before August 4, 1914.

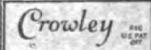
The festivities and celebrations were not at all splendid. Munich is a picturesque, home-like, and cozy capital. If one can speak of a cozy coronation, I should so speak of this one. The ceremony itself, we were told, was not the stately placing of a crown on a king's head, but merely a sort of religious rite performed in an ancient church, the Frauenkirche. We saw only the gaily in the streets, and the flags and decorations and military marchings.

The house we lived in was next the small palace of a prince who was a member of the royal family. We had a sentinel near our entrance gate, who almost seemed to be our private property. Our great delight was the changing of the guard, which took place every two hours. It was a keen joy, because none of us had ever before seen the goose step, and when we heard the tramp of marching feet

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Director, The School Department
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
119 West 40th Street, New York City

and the loud, sharp command which meant that the sentinel was to be relieved, we always flew to the window to see it done. Round the curve of the big circle swung a small body of soldiers, and as soon as they were in sight, they began the extraordinary performance known as the goose step. It always seemed incredible that it could be done seriously, that it was not intended as a farcical joke to rouse children to shouts of laughter. As he marched, each man's legs were thrown out on a line with his body in a sort of exaggerated comedy stride. It was impossible not to laugh outright at the sight of it. We saw it at intervals every day, and, in fact, there were nights when, awakened by the sound of the tramping feet and sharp sound of command, I got out of bed, fascinated, merely to see it again. I was several months in Munich, but I never was quite able to believe that the thing was true. When soldiers passed our palace they always did it, and when they met an officer on the streets, and on what other occasions I do not know.

The most picturesque feature of the whole coronation festivities was the torchlight procession of eight thousand students. They marched past our windows round the stately circle where we lived. It was a wonderful, joyous, glowing young procession. It warmed and moved one's heart as it tramped exultantly by under its waving, orange torchlights. It has come back to me and marched past again with its beat of strong, young feet many a day during the last four years, when I have read of battlefields piled high with young bodies and soaked deep with young blood, and of the Clown Prince (never let the apt title be forgotten) hurling his thousands upon thousands into the slaughter pen at Verdun to save his weak-chinned, boasting vanity.

"Good-by, boys, good-by!" one might have said to them that autumn night as they tramped laughingly past. But no one knew.

The next king was also one of the recently abdicated ones. The King of Saxony came quite quietly to visit the new King of Bavaria. There were rumors that the old fairy-story custom of visiting princesses to choose among them was being observed. Again there were no special balls or banquets, and we only saw him at the opera—or were told we did—and once in the evening driving through the streets on his way to the station.

THERE was a dramatic climax in our last royal spectacle. It seemed to be part of the theatrical arrangement of chance. If we had not seen this one man in his last hours, the circle would have been incomplete. Wilhelm Hohenzollern it was, who came in state and passed before us in as spectacular a manner as even he could wish. He was the "close-up" film. He brought his Empress with him, and he came to pay a visit of ceremonial congratulation to the new King of Bavaria. This was what we were told, and it was added that the people of Munich were rather out of temper at being saddled with the expense of the redecoration of the city only a few weeks after they had done their thrifty best for the coronation. But they did their thrifty best again, whether grumpily or not, and once more banners were hung, and flags fluttered and were draped with garlands over windows, and house fronts, and Rathaus.

I always remember the procession as one of the most picturesque and curiously spectacular I have ever seen. It was so not because it was gilded, and emblazoned, and made up of kings and princes dazzling with jewels; it was wonderful as a consequence of its background. I had taken a suite of rooms in a hotel, from whose windows I could look both up and down the chief street through which the pageant passed. It was really made into a pageant, perhaps, because I watched the usual royal, festal pomp and military gleam and glitter, as it all came toward me, through a wonderful, ancient entrance gate of three archways. It was like a scene set on a vast stage for some gigantic opera. Anything more pictorial

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- 17 Double sewn pockets—proof against holes.
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The Passing of the Kings

could not have been imagined. I think it must have been the last procession of the fairy story of kings, and emperors, and queens. I heard of no other after it. In a few brief months kings and emperors had sprung at each other's throat, and queens and empresses clung to their children, quailing in their palaces and watching their thrones rock to and fro.

But through the beautiful old archways wreathed and hung with banners drove these last of the kingly and imperial race past my window as if I, the believer in fairy stories, had waved a wand and called them forth from fairy-land to show themselves in all their grandeur for the last time, before they passed away forever and were no longer of the world.

Dazzling in the sunshine and amid bursts of triumphant music came beautiful young knights of fairy-land, with gold and silver helmets, and glittering lances, and white plumes floating behind. Their horses' hoofs clattered on the street; their swords and chains and panoplies glittered and shone and jingled. As they rode through the old, old archway, we clutched each other's hands, and laughed, and said: "They must be fairy knights and princes! Of course, it is an illustration in a fairy book—or a Wagnerian opera in full swing." And then, when the royal carriages drew near, and the people began to shout out their "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" we said:

"There is an Emperor with a Queen! There is a King with an Empress! There are princesses galore! Only in fairy books are there such pictures of ancient archways with knights in helmets and with shining lances, riding through to escort kings, and emperors, and princesses, and queens. Nobody need tell us it is quite real."

But it was real—then. It is real no more. The procession which has been passing by for century after century, since there were kings in Israel, since there were Caesars in Rome, has come to its strange end at last.

"Far called, the navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire.
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

I Have Found Out for You

(Continued from page 62)

towns. It is true, of course, that they are not shown in the same numbers as in New York, but when good dresses, hats, veils, and gloves, identical with those in New York specialty shops, are obtainable in your own city or town, we feel that you will want to know it. Finding these clothes for you and telling you the shop in your locality where you may purchase them constitute this service.

The articles illustrated on pages 62 and 63 I have seen personally, and I have chosen them because they are styles which I find on Fifth Avenue, styles in well-made suits, pretty, wearable dresses, and new hats which will be in good taste in all parts of the country—and which are so widely distributed that you can buy them yourself. Write to me for the name of the shop nearest you that carries these models. If there is one, you can see these models for yourself. If there is not, we will then write you the price of the garment here in New York and, if you wish, buy it for you in New York through our Shopping Service.

Another month I am hoping to write you more at length about the wonderful ready-made garment. Ten years ago it was often hard to find good ready-made garments; today they are everywhere.

I hope you are going to find this service convenient and helpful. Write me personally how you like it. Should you not find the clothes what you expected, write me that also. I want this service to be a real help to women who wish to dress nicely, at moderate cost, and unless you tell me *how you find it*, I can not know. So please write me.



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