

Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

THE GREEN HUSSAR

By HENRY VON RHAN

CHAPTER XXX

Anne gave the King one last kiss and, drawing herself away, brushed a handkerchief across her eyes as a knock on the door was repeated.

The King looked at her. She made a brave attempt at a smile, then nodded quickly.

Come in, called the King. Hohenlohe entered, followed by von der Lanz.

Anne turned to them. Thank you, Count Hohenlohe, she said, for bringing me here. I am leaving at once. She held out her hand to the King. It felt very cold and very small.

Alex, she whispered, if I have been strong enough not to try to hold you I am weak enough to hope—

To hope, murmured the King bitterly for what?

That thrones, said Anne, are not quite as stable as they used to be. The King smiled ironically.

So I am going back, he mused, to work even against our hopes? She looked up with brave eyes—dry eyes that were full of courage. She tried to speak. The words choked her. She tried again and the words came.

Auf Wiedersehen, darling, she whispered.

The King's bow cloaked the agonized expression of his face as Hohenlohe escorted Anne out of the room and down the corridor.

When the King turned to von der Lanz his face was grave. He seemed to be suddenly older.

Captain von der Lanz, he asked crisply as he slipped out of his evening clothes, how soon can we leave?

As soon as your Majesty is ready, bowed von der Lanz, the perfect military salute again, Hohenlohe has arranged with the Baron von Um for the use of a plane.

Good work, von der Lanz, cried the King as Hohenlohe reentered the room.

He turned to the Count. Are we ready, Joachim?

Completely, your Majesty, answered the Count, bowing. The bags are packed and Jonas is waiting.

Good, said the King. My hat and coat, Ulrich.

There was a knock at the door. Hohenlohe opened the door and a moment later handed an envelope to the King. With a gesture of impatience the King ripped it open and drew out a folded piece of paper. The message was brief:

Eighty-one and one-fourth of the sixteenth. The key is in every hotel bedroom.

ZUPPKE

What nonsense is this? cried the King angrily, reading the message aloud. He glanced from the bewildered Count. Wait, wait, he went on; the key obviously means the key to the message, not the key to the door. In every hotel bedroom. Why, of course! I have it. It must be a Bible. Quick, Joachim, he went on eagerly, look in the Bible—eight—eight must mean eighth book.

Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, muttered the Count, turning the pages with unfamiliar fingers. Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua—that's six—Judges, seven, Ruth,

eight. Right, cried the King, eight—and one-fourth of the sixteenth. Try the eight book, the first chapter, and one-fourth of the sixteenth verse.

That's it, your Majesty, interrupted Hohenlohe eagerly. Here it is, the first one-fourth of the sixteenth verse:

Whither thou goest I will go—Zuppke.

A car rocketed down deserted streets, over cobblestones and down broad avenues, across the town of Gorlitz where Ulm Allee runs into the Friedrichsplatz, along Prince Heinrich Strasse to the garrison of the Grenadiers presented arms, a line of men who gave a sense of steel and fur and snow. The motor raced across the wide cavalry parade ground of the Black Dragons, at the far end of which waited a huge tri-motored plane.

Propellers whirred, motors roared, the plane took off. It sped over Saxe-Radig, then hummed over the beautiful countryside of Zagau, with its neat farms and buzzing little towns, to land on wide lawns behind the ancient grey stone walls of the Palace of Zagau in Konigsberg. Four men strode across an emerald lawn.

A voice cried from the guard house door: His Majesty the King! The sentry's pace came to a precise halt. Heavy boot-heel, cracked together. A rifle snapped to smart present. The voice again, compelling, sharp, commanding: Turn out the Guard, The King!

A confusion of sounds, of rifles being snatched, of hurried, stumbling feet. Light footsteps fell on an ancient flagstone courtyard. A clear command rang out through the air. Never mind the Guard!

The great iron gates of the east wing of the Palace swung back silently. Two footmen bowed. The King entered. The doors closed, smoothly and quickly. The King was home.

Slender curtains were drawn in a gracious, pleasant room. The King rose from a deep easy chair of Prussian-blue damask that faced the fireplace as Jonas entered, presenting a velvet cushion covered with jeweled orders. Slowly the King pinned on the house-hold decorations, and Jonas fastened a golden sash with the Order of the Black Eagle over his green velvet tunic, then deftly snapped a catch behind the King's back, and the Pour le Merite glittered at his throat.

Slowly the King worked the fingers of his left hand into the white kid glove. At a nod from the Duke, von der Lanz waved a signal from the window. An instant later came the distant cannonading of the royal salute—boom, boom, boom, boom.

The room within was silent as Jonas offered him a tiny white envelope upon a silver tray.

Boom, Boom. Breathlessly he ripped the envelope:

I love you, I love you immeasurably; I think I only live through you; I love you blindly, madly, because you have such gentle hands and—

Boom, boom.

Quickly he slipped the letter into his pocket and put out his hand for the black-visored cap of the Green Hussars. Hohenlohe's hand was on the door leading to the balcony. Through the night and through the cannonading floated the Te Deum of cathedral bells. Silver-throated came the song:

God preserve our good King Alex. The King heard the words. He felt humbled; the people's faith expressed in song and saddened at the portent of its meaning. Hohenlohe, glancing swiftly at the King, noted the drooping shoulders. Smiling, the Count hummed a frivolous obligato to the anthem the King's own favorite composition. A smile flittered across the King's face. He squared his shoulders. He glanced at the Duke of Brandenburg.

Will you come with me, your Grace? he asked softly.

Brandenburg shook his head. You should appear as my Premier and—the Lion of Zagau.

The Duke smiled. They don't want moth-eaten lions—they want young eagles with peacock's plumes.

Then come with me, he said, as a friend of the people. He replied, touching the King's shoulder with a huge, fatherly hand, I brought you back.

The King snapped a glove on his right wrist. Silently he nodded von der Lanz signaled again from the window. Instantly the white flares burning through the dark and lighting up the balcony.

Ready, nodded the King. He crossed the room, past the grim statue-like figure of Captain von der Lanz, Ulrich. Thanks, Joachim, he whispered. Hohenlohe bowed. The door opened.

The King stepped upon the balcony in the blinding glare of light and looked down upon a sea of upturned faces and eager eyes. The crowd saw the glamorous, graceful figure. A roar went up that seemed to shake the castle walls. A shout came from ten thousand throats, a cry that rang in wild acclaim, then drifted off into a benediction and a prayer:

Long live the King!

The King waved gallantly again and again. His smiling lips framed words that no one heard:

Damn this business of being a King!

THE COOK'S CORNER

SPARKLING ORANGE COCKTAIL. Combine 1 cup of fresh orange juice with one 12-ounce bottle of sparkling lime beverage. Chill thoroughly and serve.

KENTUCKY CUP. 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 6 cups water, 1 cup grated pineapple, 3 tablespoons mint jelly, 3-4 cup sugar.

Boil the water and sugar till dissolved. Cool, add the other ingredients, and chill. Serve with a twist of lemon peel and sprig of mint in each glass.

CHOCOLATE SYRUP FOR BEVERAGES. 1 cup sugar, 1-2 cup good quality cocoa, 1-2 cup hot water, 1 inch of stick cinnamon, 2 tablespoons strong coffee, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1-8 teaspoon salt.

Blend the sugar and cocoa together. Add the hot water and cinnamon and simmer for 10 minutes. Cool, remove the cinnamon.

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(THE END)

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

MONDAY, AUGUST 23. MOSCOW. 4 p.m.—A Visit to a Collective Farm. RNS, 25 meters.

TOKYO. 4:45 p.m.—Entertainment by Japanese Jugglers; Folk Songs and Orchestra. JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.; JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.

ROME. 6 p.m.—News in English; Opera, one act; Interview with Italo-American Boys Visiting Italian Summer Camps.

LONDON. 6:30 p.m.—Summer in Wales. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSO, 19.7 m., 15.18 meg.; GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.

HUIZEN, NETHERLANDS. 7 p.m.—Netherlands World Broadcast for Central and South America. PCJ, 31.2 m., 9.59 meg.

PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA. 7:05 p.m.—Military Band. OLR-4A, 25.34 m., 11.80 meg.

BERLIN. 7:30 p.m.—Swabian People, a talk. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

PARIS. 8 p.m.—Talk by Mme. Tolstol (in English). TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

CARACAS. 8:30 p.m.—Orquesta Capitulo VVRC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

BERLIN. 8:45 p.m.—German Pilgrimage. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

BERLIN. 9:15 p.m.—Jolly Broadcast for Old and Young. JD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

TOKYO. 12:45 a.m.—A Nagauta Ballad Recitation. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.

GRANDMA KNOWS HER "SMOKES"

"Grandma Joe" LeBlue still can "roll her own" with the best, but lately she has decided that it's easier to smoke ready-made cigarettes.

This 97-year-old pioneer Acadian woman of southeast Louisiana, who once declined to accept money from Jesse James in payment for a meal she prepared or the notorious outlaw, refuses to accept the passage of the years.

No one but "Grandma Joe," whose real name is Lanoise, can handle her business affairs, and she is pretty good at that, too.

Only one thing can take her away from the worries and cares which she finds in running her plantation, five miles east of here. That is when she receives a letter from one of her 28 children and foster-children, who are scattered all over the world.

YOUNG BRIDE

"Grandma Joe" came to this section as a bride of 25. She started housekeeping in the LeBlue home which not many years before often provided a night's rest for Jean Lafitte, when the famous New Orleans pirate would make one of his many trips to Texas.

It was at this house that she had her experience with the James brothers.

"I was alone at the time," she recalled, "when a couple of men came up on horseback, something like veils was tied around each one's head. One of them said, 'I want you to fix us something to eat.'"

REFUSED \$50

"Grandma Joe" prepared them a meal and when they had finished, the one she later identified

Dorothy Dix

Husbands and Wives Have the Number of Each Other and Only Too Often Play it to the Detriment of Their Happiness

A cynical wit once said that we missed the best joke in the world because we can't see how funny we are ourselves, and how amusing our inconsistencies are. The same thing is true of marriage, which would be crammed chockful of laughs instead of tears if we could only get a slant on what ridiculous cut-ups we are in the holy estate.



Could anything, for instance, be more sidesplitting than a spat in which husbands and wives call each other by the pet names they used in courtship while hurling every insult they can think of at each other? Haven't you heard a woman scream at her husband: "Darling, I know you are the meanest, stingiest, most pig-headed double-crosser in the world and you would pinch pennies off of a blind man. You needn't tell me you didn't take that blonde stenographer of yours out to dinner while I was sitting up at home waiting all alone. And sweetheart, why I married you instead of that rich old Mr. Jones, who would have given me a fine house and pearls and everything, and not treated me like a worm of the dust, I don't know. I must have been crazy."

Haven't you heard husband retort: "Angel Face, you are the dumbest thing that ever happened. You haven't the brains Nature promised an angle worm, and I'm sick and tired of being massed, of your laziness and extravagance, and of having to eat food that would poison an ostrich. And, Lovie Dove, you've got to change your ways, or else you will find yourself divorced, with no alimony, either."

Isn't it queer that married couples never seem able to discuss any subject (except their differ on its own merits, without dragging in extraneous matters which have nothing to do with it all? They may start off on an innocuous topic as whether or not little Janey shall take music lessons, and before you can say scat the wife has dragged in the time the husband went to a lodge banquet and came home all lit up like a Christmas tree. The husband is thrown the \$30 hat the wife bought ten years ago in her teeth. Each is telling just exactly what he or she thinks of the other's family and they have forgotten all about Janey and the music lessons.

Isn't it amusing that people who are homely and dull and have bad dispositions want their children to be rubber stamps of themselves? Haven't you felt it was a cruel and tactless thing to tell some woman: who was ugly enough to stop a clock that her baby was just like her or to say to some father that his hoodlum son was certainly a chip off the old block? But instead of the parents slaying you on the spot for your rudeness they beamed and gurgled with delight and felt that you had complimented them and their unfortunate offspring.

Isn't it unaccountable that husbands and wives are always complaining that they have nothing in common when they have more in common than any other two people in the world can possibly have? Isn't it to laugh when a middle-aged man thinks he has more in common with some little flapper who will go out on wild parties with him than he has with the wife who worked and pinched pennies helping him make his fortune; who has borne him children; with whom he has watched by sick beds and sorrows of thirty or forty years? And isn't it queerer still that a woman can think that she has more in common with a gigolo or a long-haired poet than she has with the husband whose name she bears, whose every taste and thought she knows and to whose kindness and generosity she owes all the softness of her life?

Isn't it funny that each thinks that he or she gets the hot end of it in marriage. The husband knows that it would bore him to tears to have to stay shut up in a house all day working by himself, with nobody to talk to but the baby, and he finds that taking care of the children for a single Sunday afternoon reduces him to a state of nervous prostration. But he can't see for the life of him why his wife finds housework dull and monotonous and wants to step out of an evening, nor why she should want any livelier amusement than just staying home with the kiddies. He is always telling her how easy she has it and how he envies her.

The wife grows equally green-eyed when she thinks of her husband getting downtown every morning and spending his time at leisurely lunches and listening to and swapping stories at conferences, which is her idea of business.

And queerest of all the vagaries of marriage is that all husbands and wives have each other's numbers and know how to work them and they don't do it, and that all know what terrible and messy things divorcees are and don't try to keep out of them. Funny racket, marriage, isn't it?

HANDY SUGAR SYRUP

For a simple syrup, boil together 1 cup of sugar and 2 cups of water. Cook for 10 minutes.

For a medium syrup, use equal quantities of sugar and water, and for a heavy syrup, use 1 1-2 to 2 cups of sugar to 1 cup of water. This latter mixture is used when it is not desirable to dilute the beverage to any extent. Only a very small amount is required.

Following are suggestions for beverages that will keep you cool in spite of mounting mercuries and tempers.

STOP FACIAL BLEMISHES

WHILE THEY ARE STILL MINOR LOCAL IRRITATIONS CUTICURA SOAP AND GINTMENT

China's Most Powerful Women



Behind China's drive to withstand Japanese oppression, the collective hand of three of the most powerful women in the world was seen by observers. Madame H. H. Kung (1), wife of China's minister of finance, is one. Her sisters (2) married the late famous Dr. Sun Yat Sen, credited with being China's greatest leader of modern times. His widow has remained active in helping build the new China which he visualized in organizing the republic. Most powerful of all is Madame Chiang Kai-Shek (3), wife of the Chinese dictator. She is in her own right commander-in-chief of the air forces, an honor which came to her after she had organized the air corps of 550 aeroplanes and 15 bases scattered over the country. The three are members of the powerful Soong family which gave republican China its first finance minister as well. All are said to possess rare charm, as well as unusual ability.

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER ACTIVITIES

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

I heard a wise man say, "Give crowns and pounds and guineas, But not your heart away; Give pearls away and rubies, But keep your fancy free." But I was one-and-twenty, No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty I heard him say again, "The heart out of the bosom Was never given in vain; 'Tis paid with sighs a plenty And sold for endless tears." And I am two-and-twenty, And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true—

—A. E. HOUSSEMAN.

"DOG DAYS" ERRONEOUSLY GIVE PETS A BAD NAME

Dog days worry so many parents that it is perhaps wise to do a little explaining. The way the days of July got their reputation in olden times was not on account of dogs, but from the Dog Star, the largest in the constellation known as Canis Major, or Greater Dog, writes Olive Roberts Barton.

Many constellations are named after animals. We have the Lion (Leo) and the two Bears, Ursus Major and Ursus Minor. Then there is the Goat, the Fish, the Crab, and so on. I am no astronomer but I have always been interested in the charm of the stars, and their various stories.

Now Sirius, the Dog Star, pokes its head over the night horizon in our north temperate zone, each year in July. And as July was always a month of heat and low water, when both people and animals were suffering from the effects of illness and disaster became associated with the Dog Star, and the July days were known as "Dog Days," or "Canicular Days."

The poor doggies have paid a price through all the centuries, as being extra dangerous at this time. What a pity! They are in the same fix as ourselves because they get sick from many of the same causes.

Just as we take extra precautions about our children's health in hot weather we should pay more attention to our pets. They suffer from heat and get sick on contaminated food, dirty water and turned milk.

Rabies is the dread word, yet there is comparatively little hydrophobia among dogs. Frothing at the mouth goes with worms, approaching distemper, or, as with one dog we had, an infection following an operation.

There are two kinds of fits, the frothing kind and "running fits," the latter usually caused by over-exercise and excitement. Frothing fits are caused by illness.

Rabies is a rather matter. All dogs with rabies do not froth at the mouth. Usually they are strangely quiet, may roll their eyes and lol their tongues. An owner will recognize that something is radically wrong and take precautions. There is no cure for rabies in a dog but Pasteur treatment may be given a bitten dog, as to a bitten child, to obviate danger.

GIVE LOTS OF WATER

Long haired dogs suffer from heat and get sick. Give them cool places to sleep and live. Give all dogs clean food, and plenty of fresh water. Change water often and wash out all dishes each day.

So-called dog poisoning is less common than thought. Bad meat and offal kills dogs, and the one left to scavenge for his food will probably die sooner or later from poison.

Nurse your pet if he is sick. Get a veterinarian to identify his malady. If the least suspicious confine him carefully until you hear the verdict.

"Dog days" merely means hot days. Heat is hard on dogs, cats and canaries. Help them and don't worry too much. All bites or scratches should have quick attention—just in case. "Worm" dogs. Many a fine animal has been shot for rabies, when a good dose of germifuge was all he needed. They get the eggs from the ground, from other infected dogs.

DYEING STRAW HATS

Old straw hats take on new life when they are dyed, says Mrs. Gladys Butt of the New York state college of home economics. A dyed hat may retain its original shape and have its color renewed, or it may be given an entirely different appearance.

Mrs. Butt gives the following directions for dyeing and blocking straw hats: First, rip off the trimmings, usually a strip of the brim, and remove with soap and hot water. Make a hot dye bath of enough liquid to cover the hat completely; one package of color dress dye is usually sufficient for one hat. Leave the hat in the dye bath until the desired color is obtained, usually a rip of 30 minutes. The mixture should be stirred frequently. Rinse the hat in clear water and stretch it, while dripping wet, over a hat block. When the straw is almost dry, press the crown with a hot iron, and without removing the hat from the block, press the brim on a pad or on the edge of the ironing board. For a glossy new finish, the surface of the straw may be brushed lightly with a hat lacquer, or with a mixture of one-half white shellac and one-half denatured alcohol.

A Morning Smile

SOME IMAGINATION

"Bambo, you are very late this morning. Any reason?"

"Well, sah, it was like dis. When ah looked into de glass dis morning I couldn't see meself there, so ah thought ah must hab gone to work. It was two hours after dat ah discovered de glass had dropped out of de frame."

AT LEAST WELL MEANT

The minister was contemplating the new baby.

"Well, now that you have seen him," said the fond mother, "how do you think he is like?"

The guest looked at the child for a moment, and said: "Well, of course, intelligence had not yet dawned in his face, but he is wonderfully like both of you!"

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Wearing a cunning draw string neck smock like this over a swim suit will be lots of fun for 4 to 14. Best of all... this gay little cotton print smock is just the thing for school days to breakfast in, and to slip on over school frocks to help mummy dry dishes. Small diagram shows the minimum parts even a child could make it.

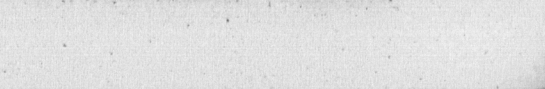
Style No. 3322 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material with 1-4 yard of 18-inch contrasting.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—

Style No. 3322 Size.....

Name.....

Street Address.....



Advertisement for Mayfair Needle-art featuring a beautiful knit afghan and cushion. Text includes 'BEAUTIFUL KNIT AFGHAN & CUSHION by Mayfair' and 'Mayfair Needle-art'. Includes a small image of the afghan and cushion.

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Gintment. Text includes 'STOP FACIAL BLEMISHES' and 'WHILE THEY ARE STILL MINOR LOCAL IRRITATIONS CUTICURA SOAP AND GINTMENT'.

Advertisement for Minard's Liniment. Text includes 'China's Most Powerful Women' and 'MINARD'S LINIMENT "KING OF PAIN"'. Includes three portraits of powerful Chinese women.

Advertisement for Sciatica relief. Text includes 'for SCIATICA' and 'Wash the painful part well with warm water; then rub in plenty of Minard's and you'll feel better!'.