WARLIKE CROWN PRINCE TAMED by LOVE

And It's His Own Wife He's in Love With

Germans' Future Ruler and Consort Take Second Honeymoon After Six Years of Unmarried Life—Unexampled Royal Felicity Turns Dreary Military Station Into Bower of Romance—Conduct Amazes Prussia's Royal Natives.

Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany

Crown Princess Cecilie, Who is Turning Service in Lonely Garrison Town into Second Honey-Moon

Unpretentious Villa at Langfuhr Where Crown Prince and Princess are Enjoying Second Honeymoon.

"Planning Great Deeds" The Anti-English Crown Prince of Germany as Uhlo Sees Him.

BY HERBERT BATEMAN.

DANZIG, July 8.—(Special Correspondence.)—Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown Prince of Germany, is in love. For a married man with four children this is serious, and Langfuhr's natives, near here, are amazed. Langfuhrians are not censorious and they tolerate ordinary peccadilloes, but Friedrich Wilhelm's case is unexampled. He is in love with his wife, Crown Princess Cecilie, and all Langfuhr, Danzig and East Prussia knows the news.

When Friedrich Wilhelm was sent to sandy Langfuhr to command the Death's Head Hussars, people punned tiresomely: "Not Langfuhr but Langwell." "Langwell" means tedium, and the punners meant that a Prince who needs theaters, races and cocktails would die of boredom. Friedrich Wilhelm merely returned his unvarying smile, while his pretty wife beamed. For the affectionate pair scented in rural Langfuhr raw material for a second honeymoon, far from heartless Berlin, where rigid police rules forbid you flaunting abroad your marital affection.

The heir, said the local "Nachrichten" soon after, has come here—forgive our vulgarity—to spoon. When Langfuhr's residents, it added, see in the twilight a slim youth walking down a lime-fringed alley with an arm round someone else's waist, they go home and report that they've seen the future Kaiser.

Naturally these revelations disillusion those who hold the heir's occupation should be war not love and that he should be scheming to outwit Pacificist Bethmann-Hollweg and raid Great Britain. Instead, the uxorious Prince does little at Langfuhr but plot means to rejoice his six years' bride. "Our Fatherlands' ideal lover-husband," says again the local "Nachrichten." With papa's ingenuity, it adds, the Crown Prince has devised the dish, "Lomard a la princesse Cecilie," built up of lobster, mayonnaise sauce, truffles, salted cucumber and parsley. When the Princess arrived at Langfuhr she found a surprise in the shape of a St. Cecilia music-room, adorned with pictures of the patron saint of harmony.

There were copies of Raphael's Bologna St. Cecilia, of Domenico's Louvre Cecilia, of his San Luigi de Francesi frescoes and others. And on last St. Cecilia's Day, which falls in November, there was a little Cecilia luncheon homard a la princesse Cecilia and other things.

It annoyed the Kaiserin, a rigid Lutheran, who distrusts saints equally with Socialists and is not quite sure wherein they differ. So that with her birthday celebrations and her name-day celebrations and her "saint and martyr's day," slim Princess Cecilie has a very bearable time.

The scene of the imperial second honeymoon is Villa Dippe, Langfuhr—a comfortable, smallish house, in style resembling the undistinguished suburban palaces of any big city. As it originally had no park for love-sick couples to get love-sick in, two adjoining gardens have been tacked on to the small grounds. For receptions, Villa Dippe has only two small rooms and one is full of the Prince's Indian trophies. But when Summer comes, receptions can be held in the Oliva Palace, close by, which is too damp for permanent abode.

For a honeymoon couple Villa Dippe has merits. It has darkling woods, sandy desolations where pine-trees overhang a tideless sea, desirable sequestered spots where lovers may flee the vulgar eye and still more desirable spots where they can keep in the eye of the vulgar.

Friedrich Wilhelm for the most part scorns to love secretly. Few days pass that he does not loiter, arm in arm with his wife, along the lime-tree road from Langfuhr to Oliva. The lovers make for the palace orchard and vanish among the budding apple trees. Danzig's professors of the etiquette are scandalized. Their Imperial Highness, they groan, break the irrefragable rule that royalties shall appear with aides-de-camp and Hof Fraulein. The Imperial Highness, hint the professors, violate etiquette because they want to whisper graceful nothings which would sound absurd to frigid ladies-in-waiting and disillusioned aides-de-camp. And sometimes Prince anud Princess arrive in an automobile and march off fondly on foot, leaving a yawning chauffeur to flap his arms and wish that he too had a princess for a wife.

Wheresoever Friedrich Wilhelm goes, thither also goes Crown Princess Cecilie. Even when he "works." But the Prince appears so seldom in the regimental commander's office that his coming causes surprise. Instead, he pays the barracks so many "surprise visits," that the soldiers are surprised when he does not pay one. Along with him comes faithful "Frau Regimentskommandeur," tastes the warriors' leathery bread and asks if they like it. The flattered warriors swear that they do like it and secretly pray that "Frau Regimentskommandeur" may send them a plate of "Homard a la princesse Cecilie."

When this loving pair are parted, they wither and pine and lose their charm. Friedrich Wilhelm looks like a soldier, somewhat puffed up like Imperial papa, not a little ancestor Frederick the Great. And Crown Princess Cecilie dons a tired, petulant, mother-of-four-children air. But their smiles irradiate the landscape the moment they meet. They are infantile, expansive smiles, in no way related to the scientific, gracious grins of Europ's other royalties. They have been born, not made; and they beam forth constantly, ever the same, whether all Danzig is watching or whether the only sight-seerer is some rustic Paul Pry, who crouches in a ditch in the hope of seeing Germony's future War Lord snatching a modest kiss.

Altogether it is a Daphnis and Chloe idyll and disillusioned Langfuhr is pleased to see romance restored to the wizened earth. It is so pleased that it condones the blot on the romance—that the two are respectably married. So when they appeared at a local production of "Rosenkavalier," all East Prussia turned up to greet them. As usual Prince and Princess beamed their ineffaceable smile and when Crown Princess Cecilie dropped her glove, two bald heads so collided in picking it up that aches resigned in Danzig a week thereafter.

So pleasant has it all proved that the pair have planned more delights of the same sort after the Prince is released from Langfuhr. The Crown Prince has long sighed for a more modern dwelling than the marble palace at Potsdam, which was built over a century ago. Architects reported that to modernise it satisfactorily would cost an enormous sum. So a new home is to be built overlooking the Jugfern Lake. It will be an imposing place with ample accommodation for the royal couple, there secretaries and employees. But above all the Crown Princess is bent on making it homelike and snug inside and convenient for lovers' strolls outside. To this end she goes personally from time to time, to superintend the architect and landscape gardeners, fortified by the experience of her pleasand Langfuhr days.

THE HUSKS of HUMILITY — A HOMELY WESTERN TALE.

by Elmer D. Ewers.

BUD THOMPSON, foreman of the Lazy H ranch, acknowledged my request for a bed by a nod in the general direction of the bunk room, and resumed his reading beside the soot-streaked lamp. Across the table the title of the pamphlet he held stood out distinctly. I could not refrain from a derisive whistle. Bud laid the pamphlet on the table and slipped a little lower in his chair.

"I suppose you are wondering why I am reading that sort of literature, eh? If you're not in a hurry about turning in, I'll tell you about it.

"It all started with a cow hand we had named William—not Bill, nor Billy—just William. I remember the day he blew in on the Overland from the East. I was loafing around the superintendent's office in Cave Creek, when he came in looking for a job. The sup. gave him one look and shook his head. 'I don't need any office help now,' he says.

"'How about the ranch?' asks the stranger.

"The boss looks him over sharp, from his black derby and fat, peachy cheeks down his 40-inch waist to his straight legs and soft kid shoes. For a moment he hesitated, and I knew what was in his mind—he was trying to get a mental picture of that figure doubled up in six inches of 'dobe dust helping to wrangle a range yearling.

"'How about it, Bud,' he asks, turning to me, 'have we any place this gentleman could fill?'

"I didn't miss the sarcasm in his words, and I knew my cue was to let the stranger down easy, but just then an idea popped into my head.

"'That Juan Mexican we've got driving the chuck wagon ought to be fired again—he's getting slack, as usual,' I volunteers.

"The boss nodded. 'That's the only thing we have—mule skinning on the chuck wagon—he's getting slack, as usual,' I volunteers.

"'I'll take it,' says the stranger.

"The superintendent pulled a book out of his desk. 'What name?' he asks.

"For a moment the stranger hesitated, then he loks the boss straight in the eye. 'Smith—William Smith—will do,' he says solemn-like.

"The boss nodded. 'All right, William,' he says. And William it was from that day. That's as near as I ever knew anybody come to getting familiar with him. It wasn't that he was stuck up—was about the humblest mortal I ever saw—but he had a sort of dignity about him that a man just naturally respects.

"Of course, it was a plain case of having seen better days, but that didn't arouse any special comment. That's the way many a good man has made his start in Arizona. Naturally we speculated some as to whether it was a grand jury indictment, a family row, or just a plain case of embezzlement, but we never got any satisfaction out of him. That is, he didn't volunteer any details, and I reckon a man would come about as near questioning him as he would to asking the Sphinx for the time o' day.

"Some of the boys got kind of prejudiced against him because he carried a little testament and would get it out and read it nights and mornings. Naturally you don't expect a man to be strong on religion who has to leave his right name back East for safe keeping and borrow a nom de plume to write on the fly-leaf of his Bible. Of course, in this country it's bad taste to be too critical, but that sort of thing gives a man a bad start.

"However, the boys soon began to see William's religion wasn't just a bluff. First off, we laid a trap for him, and every morning when he went out to hook up his four-mule team one of the boys hung around within hearing. I reckon if there is anything on earth that can rasp a man's temper it's lining up four of those warty little bob-tailed jinnies before breakfast. But our scheme didn't bring results. Whatever William may have thought about mules, he didn't say it—in the usual way, at least. One morning I watched him hitch the whole four and start off without breaking the tune of "Lead, Kindly Light," he was whistling. After that we gave it up.

"When he got his first month's pay William sent a letter off to Phoenix, and in a few days we got notice of a box of express at Cave Creek. For a man to send for a box by express on payday is usually an interesting coincidence, and we were a little uncertain about it. William was away for a week on the north range, and hadn't left any orders about the box. Finally one of the boys drove down after it. He came back disappointed. The box didn't have any glass neck sticking out of the top as usual. It was square all around, and marked 'books.'

"William put his books up on the shelf in the cook shack and invited us all to help ourselves. There wasn't any great rush after we had read over the titles. Most of them had names that a man would have to get explained to him so he would know what he was reading about. One or two was in some dago language. There was one book, by that man Emerson, that I did read a good bit of. The only trouble with him is you have to keep thinking hard all the time to keep up with him. I never could read him more than a half hour without having to take a nap to rest my think apparatus. But William would pore over that book by the hour. On Sundays he could take a hammock and a few of those books and have more fun than most folks could with a twenty-dollar bill at Coney Island.

"It wasn't long till William got his waist line down so his Sunday clothes fit him like a bean bag. He began taking long rides horseback, and once in a while he would tackle one of the outlaws out in the corral. He learned the cowman's trick of how to fall when he's throwed, and took his punishment like a man. After a few months of that his shoulders began to come up square and his legs to sag like the rest of us. One day he roped a fresh 3-year-old buckskin and rode him down to Cave Creek and asked the boss for a job on the roundup. He got it, and the Mexican went back on the chuck wagon.

"I rode range with William for two years. I sort of took a shine to him, and I guess the reason was because he never had much to say. Somehow there's no place a quiet man fits in better than out on the open range. Gossipin' and talk is for towns. When a cowman feels himself bustin' with talk he sings a few hundred verses of some fool song to his horse and don't bother other people.

"Once in a While He Would Tackle One of the Outlaws in the Corral."

"All the time you could see William was studying everybody he met up with. He got to be the best 'mixer' on the ranch in spite of his quiet ways. He would ride 20 miles to a schoolhouse 'literary' or preaching, and he had a way of getting acquainted and never making himself conspicuous.

"Sometimes when we would be riding together he would talk. 'Bud,' he says to me solemn-like one day, 'why is it all you men constantly indulge in profanity when you have no more intention of blasphemy than I have?'

"'Well,' I says, after thinking it over, 'I reckon it is the way we was raised, most of us, not casting any aspersions on the old folks either. It seems to be sort of a custom we've got into. When a man ain't strong on rhetoric he just punctuates with cuss words.'

"'And it never hurts your conscience?' he asks.

"That was sort of a stunner. I had never thought about it that way. 'I reckon some of us would be better off if we had been brought up like you was,' I answers. He looks at me hard. 'And I might have been better off if I had got some of your bringing up,' he says. 'Bud,' he goes on humble-like, 'I've lived all my life and never knew the difference between profanity and blasphemy. I've studied since I was old enough to read—I suppose I know a thousand books—and I never knew one man. When I left school I had the rule for everything. I guess. I thought I had, anyhow. But nobody ever told me how to deal with the exception that proves the rule.' He went on as if he had forgot I was listening. 'I thought I was somebody in those days. Some one who heard my senior thesis at college called it brilliant. Somehow, of late I have come to hate that word. It's always the brilliant bauble that leads the unwary astray; it's good-for-nothing iron pyrites that is the bane of every prospector. My folks banked on me to win. I was to be the big man in the family. Understand?'

"He broke off there, and somehow he didn't seem to get started again. We rode along for miles without speaking, but I guess neither of us changed the subject. We were doing a little quiet thinking of our own—the kind that don't just fit into talk.

"One Spring, February it was, we were camping on the North Fork, away up. The weather hadn't begun to break yet, and there was still little skiffs of snow occasionally, and the nights were stinging cold. One day we met up with a nester—one of those boys with a prairie schooner and a half-starved team that's always on the trail looking for some Garden of Eden he has heard of where he can 'take up a little land.'

"Of course there was a woman along, and we soon saw they were in trouble. The woman was sick, and they didn't even have bacon, let alone any appetizing grub. We helped them what we could and told the nester he had better head for town, but he said his wife was too sick to move just then.

"One morning he came hurrying into camp just as we were rolling out. He was a thin, bent little man, his clothes and beard all faded out in the sun, and now he was crying like a child. He seemed to pick out William as the one to go to in his trouble. 'Could I get one of you to go to the nearest town,' he asks, 'she wants—she wanted me to get a—a preacher.'

"'Is your wife worse?' I puts in.

"'It ain't her,' he says, 'she died last night—after the little one came. She was afraid it might go too—I promised her I would have it baptized today. She was funny about religion, that way.' He sort of choked up. 'I don't know as you can make it. I'm afraid the little feller is going too.'

"I hadn't been noticing William, but I happened to glance at him as the stranger finished. He was standing over the little man with his fists clenched and sweat pouring down his face. I never before nor since saw such a look on a human countenance. All at once his expression changed. He laid his hand on the bent, trembling shoulder before him.

"'I am a minister of the gospel,' he says, solemn.

"I have often wondered about that speech of William's. To us who had known him all along and never suspected him of being a parson, somehow it seemed the most natural thing in the world. Even as he stood there in his old, battered sombrero and flannel shirt, and chaps it wasn't hard to understand why he had always been sort of one apart, and no one had ever crossed the line, in spite of his gentle ways.

"I am a Minister of the Gospel,' He says, Solemn.

"I suppose that was one of the strangest baptisms ever performed. William took the water from his big canteen, and the cook scoured up one of his dough pans for a baptismal font. They laid the little red-faced chap on a blanket under the pinons, and then we took off our hats and stood around awkward while William went through the little ceremony. Somehow I had never heard William's voice sound just like it did when he finished that about 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.'

"The nester was right—the little chap didn't live. William had stayed with them, and along about midnight he came into camp and rolled up beside me. 'Bud,' he says, 'we've got to lay off tomorrow. We've got two buryings up on the Fork—and—and I've got to preach the funeral.'

"There was something in his tone that I couldn't get away from. It seemed to sort of haunt me so I couldn't sleep, and I must have laid for hours looking up at the stars. William was pounding around beside me, and I knew there was no sleep ahead for him. Finally, I couldn't hold in any longer.

"'William,' I says, 'I ain't curious about what's your private business, but I think you better tell me about this thing, whatever it is.'

"He was quiet for a long time. 'No—not now,' he says finally, 'I want you to help me judge.'

"The next day we held the funeral, out under the blazing sun in the sand, and left a little monument of stones to mark the spot.

"I am not much of a judge of sermons, but somehow that talk of William's seemed to get to my vitals. Maybe it was partly the picture of that poor, bent, faded-out little man going on toward the promised land leaving his own that way. But, somehow, it seemed to me William was preaching a little more than a funeral sermon. Now and then a note crept in that seemed to have a meaning of its own—a sort of plea like the cry of a lost soul. There was more than one cow puncher that shed some good honest tears that day — and wasn't ashamed of it neither. I don't know whether the rest of them understood, but when William finished, I knew I had looked into a man's soul and had seen things laid bare that no power in earth nor hell could drag from most men.

"After the service William beckoned to me, and we rode away by ourselves. 'Bud,' he says, 'I am not going to bother you with theology, the theory of atonement, and all that—but—do you suppose the Lord would take me back?' I looked at him close for a minute, a sudden feeling coming over me that, after all, William's case might be just plain insanity.

"'Take you back?' I queries.

"'Bud,' he says, looking me square in the eye, '10 years ago I started to redeem the world or to do my share of it—and I failed—failed miserably, utterly. I was sent from one church to another—always a poorer one.' He paused as if trying to comprehend the bitterness of the memory. 'Do you suppose the Lord wants a man back who was too proud to fail, and hadn't the spunk to fight; who ran away like a miserable craven—and—who swore before his God he would never preach again.'

"I knew it wasn't advice he wanted so much as sympathetic listening. We rode along for two hours, him doing most of the talking, his ideas milling around like a herd on a stampede. When we came back in the evening he got out his testament and read that parable about the prodigal son. 'Bud,' he says, 'if words can brand a man, I reckon I've got that story seared into my soul.' I tried to head him off, knowing it wasn't good for his peace of mind to run on that way, but he kept it up. 'Bud,' he goes on, 'when that little, miserable nester came to me with his trouble yesterday, something seemed to go out of me—since then I've known it didn't matter about me. I don't want the fatted calf. I've lived on the husks of humility these three years—they are good enough for me—but do you suppose he wants me back—?' And then he would thresh it out all over again.

"When we turned in for the night he was still thoughtful and troubled. Along toward morning I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard William's voice in my ear.

"'Bud,' he says, his voice low and tense, 'I have my answer.'

"I am not naturally religious nor emotional myself, and I guess I don't understand those things, but I will always remember those word of William's. Somehow, I have always felt like I'd had a peep into the gardens and promised lands he talked about, and had shared the great triumph in the life of a man who had come through tribulations to a place close up to the throne.

"That's why this annual report of the Rock River Methodist Conference of Ohio is popular literature around here. I know what you want to ask—what all us worldly minded people are always thinking about. It's funny how things work out. It's been five years since he went back, and now, when it wouldn't matter a bit to William where he was put, they have gone and loaded on to him the biggest church in the district."

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Proof of an Old Adage.

The "First Cornet Band of Plainville" was giving its regular Saturday night concert on the four corners, just previous to calling on the merchants for their weekly payments on the subscriptions for the new instruments.

The bass drummer, who was the local cooper, in an absent-minded moment busted a hole in one side of his instrument, but kept on the job.

Hi Higley, who was among the assembled populace, listened on for a while after the accident, and said the music was proof to him of the truth of the old saying that two heads are better than one.—Judge.