

American Beauties Humble an Emperor's Daughters

They Capture Berlin and a Handsome Count for
Their Very Own, Whereat Kaiser Smiles
and His Daughter Weeps

BY HENRY W. FISCHER.

THE American Beauty League at the Berlin Court has humbled an Emperor's daughter!

The American Girl has again scored a victory in the perils of royalty! And she has done it, as always, purely by reason of her personal wit and charm.

Princess Victoria Luise, the Kaiser's only daughter and leader in the tug-of-war between the young ladies of the German blood-royal and our fair countrywomen in Berlin—the Misses Leishman, Devereaux, Waterbury, Collier, Senorita de Quesada and others—has retired from the fray, heart-sick and broken in spirit, leaving the game of battle, Count George Constantine Fugger-Babenhausen, to her rivals to do as they see fit.

The spoils of combat, a prisoner of war, the question now puzzling the court gossipers is, what will the Leishman-Devereaux-Collier faction do with George?

The wireless from Corfu, where Victoria Luise at present abides, echoes, "The worst, of course. One of them will marry my pretty boy."

There was a distinct suggestion of a job in the electric wave when it started, but the ending sounded more like right royal pique and indignation, even bitter resentment. But it will not go any further. George has been weighed in the scales of Hohenzollern matrimonial possibilities and has been found wanting.

Not in eligibility, for the Vienna Congress, that settled these matters once and for all time, declared the Fuggers eligible to intermarry with royalty. Kaiser Wilhelm's sister, Victoria, couldn't marry a Battenberg, for the Battenbergs are commoners, but the Herald's office admits that Count George is as royal as any King or Emperor now ruling.

As a matter of fact, the Fuggers, too, are still rulers, their principality being a statelet in the state of Bavaria. It comprises about 20 square miles, with 15,000 or more "subjects." Babenhause is the capital—a capital of nearly 2300 inhabitants. And the prince lords it over a dozen villages besides—Biberbach, Walden, Wollenburg, Grott and others. As for Count George Constantine, he is heir to it all, as well as to some fine estates in Hungary. As far as titles go, the Hohenzollerns then have no one to upbraid him.

That's what Victoria Luise said and repeated a hundred times to her proud papa when the Kaiser remonstrated with her that a union of an Emperor's daughter with a Fugger was quite impossible.

"My mother was the daughter of a mediocrity duke," said the Kaiser.

"My Aunt Anna (the late Landgräfin of Hesse) turned a laughing head."

the Empress Augusta. And my Aunt Sophie (Crown Princess of Greece) is a Greek Catholic and all her children are of that denomination," insisted Victoria Luise, who had studied her lesson well.

Then the Kaiser had to eat humble pie before his own daughter. He had to confess that George isn't rich enough to wed a Princess of Prussia.

At that point, it is claimed, Victoria Luise had the audacity to laugh into her august father's face. "The Fuggers!" she cried. "Who financed the wars of the Emperors Max, Charles V., of Pope Leo X. and ever so many more Kings and Princes? Look at this!" she said. And she produced a copy of the famous painting commemorating the notes of hand of Emperor Charles V. in a fire of fine spines.

"At that time," continued Luise, "the Fuggers were reputed to own a hundred millions."

"But that's a long while since," returned the Kaiser. The Fuggers today are only mark-millionaires, despite their high-sounding titles, and if you married George your joint income would be scarcely more than \$50,000 marks (\$11,500 a year).

That settled George's matrimonial candidacy, as far as the Princess is concerned, and Victoria Luise consented to leave Berlin forthwith. After cruising with her father in the Mediterranean she retired to Corfu, trying to forget George.

But letters to her chum and cousin, Princess Victoria Marguerite, the daughter of Prince Frederick Leopold, of Prussia, say she can't. George Constantine is always in her mind, and the fear that one of her rivals may capture him, renders her completely disconsolate.

"I's only with us princesses of the blood-royal that money counts," she wrote. "The dollar-princesses needn't care a rap for money and can marry whom they like. If either of those American girls marries George I will never be happy again if I live to be a hundred years old."

The object of royal resentment and alleged American intrigue, Count George Constantine, is a Lieutenant in the grand white uniform, black cuirass and silver, eagle-crowned helmet; a uniform the Kaiser himself likes to affect. Count George will be 23 in July. In September Victoria Luise will celebrate her 20th birthday. George Constantine is a handsome fellow, even handsomer than his comrade in the imperial bodyguards, Charles, Duke of Croix. The Croix are descended from the ancient Hungarian Kings, and they sported the title of Duke when the Kaiser's ancestors were mere Counts. Unlike the Fuggers, they remained immensely wealthy through all the centuries.

No wonder, then, that young Croix and young Fugger became the objects of many young women's fancy and—in some cases—envy. Yet the rivalry between the Royal Princesses on the one hand, and the American girls already named, on the other, would scarcely have centered about either young man if the Kaiser had not played Paris to the American Helens at one of the court balls.

He was feeling in high spirits that night, and it may be he wanted to tease the two young Victorias—Luise and Marguerite—a bit. But whatever his reasons were it happened that whenever one of the American girls paid her respects to the Imperial family he threw conversational bouquets at her, so to speak.

Of Nancy Leishman, daughter of the Ambassador, he said: "That's the slightly exotic type I love." And letting his eyes rest, perhaps longer than absolutely necessary, on Miss Devereaux, he remarked: "If extremely narrow skirts weren't the fashion they should be invented for a girl like that. She has a figure as graceful as a gazelle."

"There is the Gibson girl!" he cried, even within the hearing of Miss Waterbury. Miss Collier, who danced in the minut before their Majesties, he characterized as Terpsichore herself, at the same time commenting on her art of conversation.

"I am extremely sorry that mourning kept you away from court last season," he said to Senorita de Quesada, daughter of the Cuban Envoy. "For I love to see pretty faces at my house."

And the Kaiser talked so incessantly of the pretty faces and pretty figures and of the art of conversation and dancing of his American girl-guests, that the two royal Victorias and their cousins and friends were utterly disgruntled. Up to that time they had been on the best of terms with the Misses Leishman, Waterbury, Collier and the rest, but since the Kaiser had but eyes and compliments for the "foreign contingent" the latter, automatically, became most repugnant to the neglected German girls, for nature is the same in all walks of life.

A Princess, be her father ever so powerful, wants to be considered beautiful in her own right, and the girl that outshines her or attracts more attention than she she dislikes most heartily, the more so as every word uttered by a Majesty is law to those who surround him.

THE two cotillion favorites—Fugger and Croix—no sooner learned what the Kaiser had said about Miss Leishman and her American friends than they had eyes for the "Yankee girls" only. At court balls the royal princesses "command" their dancers. When the two Victorias saw that Croix and Fugger were paying attention to the "foreign contingent" only they ordered

these gentlemen to dance with them again and again.

Once or twice, however, both had the audacity to send excuses, saying they had already engaged one of the American girls for the dance. Victoria Luise, who is rather timid, was inclined to tolerate this sort of thing, but her cousin, Marguerite, bold and buxom, wouldn't let her.

"These boys dance as we whistle or they don't dance at all," said Marguerite, and ordered the chief court marshal, Count Eulenburg, to explain this to Croix and Fugger. Eulenburg did explain, and the two Princesses kept the two Lieutenants busy dancing all evening.

"First blood" for the two Victorias, but the American girls were not to be outdone. After the court ball was over they and their cavaliers, with many others, drove to the Hotel Adlon and danced until 4 o'clock in the morning. Of course, the two Victorias heard of it, and the German Princesses' League

to Counteract Foreign Influences at the German Court was the result.

"If we don't stand together English will be the official language at court in 1913," is the slogan of the society.

Charter members are, of course, the two Victorias, but Marguerite is the president and moving spirit. She received only a scant share of good looks, this niece of the German Emperor, but what she lacks in comeliness she makes up for in energy. Marguerite wields the whip-in of the society and keeps it moving.

THERE is to be no preponderance of American girls at the court's summer festivities and outings, at the country dances and regattas, and German princes and counts that show any preference for the Americans are to be boycotted by the German girls and disciplined by their papers, which is an easy matter, since all the gentlemen in the royal set are army officers.



most to help the league and prevent the further ascendancy of their American rivals.

BETWEEN the allurement of the blatter and the hard diplomacy of their own country women, Count Fugger and the Duke of Croix have had a hard time of it so far, they confess. They had pledged their allegiances to the American girls, but it's no easy matter to resist a royal princess.

Yet they tried, particularly Fugger, while, on their part, the royal girls put the Count's loyalty to Miss Nancy Leishman to the severest tests. Then happened what has happened 100 times before. Princess Victoria Luise fell in love with "the enemy."

At the beginning her only thought was to detach a desirable young man from the train of her rivals. Alas! she carried off his scalp and his heart as well, while losing her own.

But the sad finish of Princess Luise's love affair means no cessation of hostilities between the warring parties. The merry war goes merrily on, and as long as the Kaiser backs American beauty against German loveliness the Leishman-Devereaux-Waterbury-Quensada coterie need not fret about having all the dances they desire on their cards.

Like the princesses, the American girls, too, are now marshaled by distinguished patronesses, chief among them the Viscountess de Faramonde, the pretty sister of Baroness Speck von Sternburg; Baroness Schlottheim, who was Miss Paine, and Countess Sternstorff, near Kassel. Since the Kaiser paid a visit to the Countess at her villa at Nice, she wields much influence in court society.

So the poor German princesses are left to continue in the background for some time to come. And what may happen to Count George Constantine and Duke Croix in the future is in the lap of the gods. In this instance, will doubtless receive their instructions from the American Beauty League.



BY A. E. SWOYER.

(With apologies to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.)

Herlock Shomes, the great detective, sat pipe in mouth, idly strumming a banjo. Times were dull in the sleuthing business, and our hero had not the price of his regular shot and bag, no mysterious murders nor clueless robberies sought his mighty brain for a solution. The truth must be told—the peerless Shomes, on his uppers!

"Great days, these, Fatson!" he said, carefully emptying the ashes from his pipe into a bit of paper, and dexterously rolling it into a cigarette. "Great days! No work for me; no annals for you to chronicle (at so much per chronic) for posterity! It seems as if the pleasures of a neat murder no longer appeal to the strong-arm man; we are becoming a race of mollycoddlers!"

A tear for a moment dimmed the eagle eye of Shomes, trickled gently down his classic nose and lost itself in the stubble of his two weeks' beard.

"Education has done it," replied his friend. "The real brainy criminal has learned that it is easier and more genteel to start a bank than to break into one; while the monetary results are the same. But cheer up, Shomes, nothing can keep a good man down but a tombstone or a cash register!"

"You are right, Fatson! And even now I feel that in exactly five minutes, by yonder clock, a client, the victim of a dark and awful crime, will come!"

A ponderous knocking at the door interrupted him. Rising hastily he set the clock ahead five minutes. "Thus is the power of deduction vindicated! Right to the minute! Fatson, open the door. It is our client! Or, perhaps, the landlord for last January's rent," he muttered, aside. "Tis well I was not seen!"

You wonder how I know? These things are easy to the trained mind! Fatson, you remember the interesting little problem of the Emerald Frankfurter, in which this power enabled me to trace a clue the dull wits of the police had not even seen?"

The stranger, who, framed amid the wreckage of the broken chair, had been listening, open mouthed, now rose. "Mr. Shomes," said he, "you are the man I need! Something mysterious and dreadful threatens me! I am a marked man! Last evening, the trembling tones of this strong man made even the callous Fatson shiver—last evening, as an evidence of this power, the very shirt was stolen from my back. You, alone, can save me!"

"This is, indeed, a mystery, a case after my own heart. I can see in it the hand of that master criminal, Despondent, who has thwarted me for years! Our lives are all in danger! But come, tell me the details."

"They are few enough. In the first place, my name is Dalrymple. I run a doughnut foundry, and am fairly well to do. Last evening I dressed carefully to go to the club; I remember my undershirt particularly; it was of the knitted kind I always wear, but new. I spent an hour at the club, and on retiring found the shirt was gone! My outer shirt, vest and coat were intact."

"Hm!" said Shomes. "You must have been robbed of this—er—undergarment then, either in your home, at the club or between the two places?"

"Marvelous ejaculated Fatson. Shomes, with the remarkable agility he always showed when on a clue, whipped out a pocket rule and measured the distance between Dalrymple's eyes. Swiftly he entered the results in a large ledger. "Tis, indeed, Despondent's work!" he muttered. "We must be quick! Mr. Dalrymple, may I have a sample of your whiskers? It is important! Thanks!" Snipping off a generous portion of the guest's lace curtains, he turned his back, stuffy them into his pipe and began smoking vigorously.

Again turning to his guest, he shot

the question, "Have you dined? No? Good! Then we will accompany you—you must not be alone!"

Dashing to the table, he seized a

celluloid paper cutter and placed it in his pocket. "This is a desperate case—we must go armed!" he muttered, with a sinister scowl. "Fatson, call a taxi."



A Ponderous Knocking
At The Door
Interrupted Him

And," he hissed, in a tone so low that Dalrymple could not catch the words, "don't get that gink on the corner, you lunkhead! Remember, we hung him up last week!"

Quickly disguising himself by turning up his coat collar, the great detective led Fatson and Dalrymple to the door.

In three-quarters of an hour the speeding taxi landed the party at a famous restaurant, two blocks away. "Fatson and I will enter first, Mr. Dalrymple," muttered Shomes. "We must not be seen together!"

"Why did you leave him, Shomes?" asked Fatson, timidly, as they hurried into the restaurant.

"Fatson! Fatson! You will never be a great detective. Don't you know that the last man out always the taxi? You would do well to read my monograph upon the subject."

The meal passed in silence save for the voice of Dalrymple ordering fresh supplies. Like all great men, Shomes sometimes went for days without a meal, particularly when broke; then he ate ravenously. So it was on this occasion. Fatson, being an opportunist, did likewise. Dalrymple watched them with ever increasing respect. "I am glad the other fellow got my shirt," he muttered, as he paid the check.

At the scenes of the crime, as Shomes called them until he could determine which was the scene, the famous sleuth was at his best. Magnifying glass in hand, he poked and measured everywhere, entering notes in the big ledger which Fatson carried. From time to time he put choice bits of evidence, such as a bottle of Wilson's, a few cigars and about a quire of the club paper into his pockets; clues like these could not escape the eagle eye of Shomes.

Finally he rose. "Mr. Dalrymple," he said, proudly, "I know the criminal! No further attempt will be made upon your life tonight! Go home, and tomorrow night I will have news for you! Fatson and I will now retire."

The next day was a busy one for both Fatson and Shomes. The former went about his medical labors in the

veterinary department of the S. P. C. A.; the noted sleuth, elected to expert in his laboratory, as cool and collected as if Dalrymple were not compelled by a fiendish crime to wear his extra shirt. His refusal to satisfy Fatson's curiosity by any statement other than "Tonight we shall know all!"

The day passed slowly for Fatson. Twice his boss called him down for an abstraction which caused him to inject strychnine into the veins of horses used by members of the Society. Instead of those of less fortunate equines placed in his hands for a painless quietus.

Annoyed by these trifles, Fatson returned, to find Shomes deep in one of those profound chemical researches which would have made him famous in the world of science had he cared to follow such a life. In the present instance he was trying to make a rye highball out of wood alcohol and litchi water.

"How's the case?" asked Fatson, cheerfully.

"We haven't had a case for a month, you rummy!" retorted Shomes. "The last one we had you finished up when I wasn't around. Got soused on two bottles, too! Thank you for reminding me of it!"

"I meant the case of the stolen shirt," replied Fatson, hurriedly.

"Oh—that! The crime was committed by a tall, dark, red-headed man, with a scar on his left cheek—a tool of Despondent! I have decoyed him here to-night. He thinks to find money and jewels; instead, he will find me! No one but Shomes could have been so deadly menacing."

The telephone jangled. Shomes tore down the receiver. "That you, Shomes? This is Dalrymple. Remember that shirt business! Well, we were scared for nothing. It seems that at the club, Smith (he's a trifle near-sighted) thought he saw a raveling on my coat. It happened to be a thread of my shirt, and when he kept on pulling—well, you know what happens when you pull a thread of one of those knitted things. I guess we can call the mystery unraveled."

"Just what I was about to inform

you, Mr. Dalrymple. Herlock Shomes cannot be deceived!"

Hanging up the receiver, the greatest of all detectives turned to meet the admiring gaze of Fatson.

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World's Largest Index.

On Beacon Hill, in Boston, under the golden dome of the State House, is one of the largest indexes in the world. In fact, the Russian public index is the only one known to be larger. More than 9,000,000 names, giving births, marriages and deaths in Massachusetts from 1843, make a complete record, showing not only where people were born and where they died, but also statistics which are vital in making up calculations. Before this time the records were kept in the different towns, but now they are all concentrated in the State House in Boston. In a relatively small space all these records are preserved, and as births, marriages and deaths come in, different forms of cards are used, and a great variety of names, Greek, Assyrian, Italian, and others now mingle with good old New England names that have been on the records since the landing of the Mayflower. National Magazine.

Over the Telephone.

He was just about exasperated with the telephone, was Mr. Busman.

Ten times that morning he had tried to get on to a number, and each time something had prevented him from speaking. Either it was "number engaged," or the person he wanted to speak to was out, or else he had been suddenly cut off. At last he got through.

"Hello!" said he. "Is Mr. X there?"

"Yes," replied a voice. "Do you want to speak to him?"

That was the last straw. Back came the reply in icy tones.

"Oh, no. Nothing of that sort. I merely rung up to hand him a cigar!" London Answers.