

# MARRYING ROYALTY

## So Carl Said When He Wedded the Queen of Cooks.

Mrs. Bliss came into the day nursery, her large rosy face growing a deeper pink with the exertion of climbing the stairs to the third floor. "Good morning, Miss Newton," she smiled at the little nursery governess who was sitting with Bobby in the window seat. "I wonder if you and Bobby wouldn't like to play today? We are going to picnic at the pine grove and—"

"Oh, mother-honey!" Bobby flung his sturdy self at his parent. "Will there be lemonade and chicken sandwiches? And can I wear my new white Tommy Tucker suit?"

"Yes, to everything," laughed Mrs. Bliss, kissing him and moving toward the door. "Can you be ready in 15 minutes, Miss Newton?"

"Of course we can, Mrs. Bliss! We wouldn't miss a picnic for the world, would we, Bobby?" She jumped up at a put away books and toys. "Come, child!"

They danced down the corridor to Bobby's room where nurse quickly put him into the much-admired suit. In the meantime Beth Newton brushed her red-brown hair and slipped into a dainty pale blue ging-ham frock, then the girl and the little boy went sedately downstairs to the front veranda where three motor cars were waiting for the merry house party that had filled the Bliss country home for ten days.

Some of the girls and women came up and spoke to Bobby and nodded kindly to the little governess; one of them, Miss Nugent, tall, graceful, and carefully kind in her manner, introduced Beth right and left, until presently the girl found herself in timid conversation with Mr. Carl Bellew, so many times a millionaire that no one troubled to remember exactly how many dollars there were and only recalled that he was just as nice as if he didn't have a penny.

At last they were off, Beth and Bobby tucked away in the tonneau of the last car with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, the footman and the lunch baskets which overflowed on to the running boards and the luggage carriers.

"This is jolly!" cried Bobby enthusiastically as they swept out of the driveway and turned up the road that led to the Pine Mountain.

Beth smiled absently. Perhaps she was thinking that it might have been pleasanter if she had been in one of the other large cars among that merry crowd of girls and young men. But she chided herself sharply for the momentary discontent and was soon her own accustomed happy self, enjoying the unexpected holiday to the utmost.

At the pine grove the picnic hampers were unloaded; James, the footman, built a fire and was then allowed to return home with the machines. They were to come for the picnicers at sundown. "One can't have a jolly picnic with servants around," Mrs. Bliss had decided.

Leaving the fire to take care of itself the party trooped through the pines to the glade where a waterfall tumbled among the brown rocks. An acrid smell of burning brought them running to the campfire.

The fire had overrept the boundaries of its encircling stones and had licked its way among the pine needles until it reached the four large hampers.

There was nothing left of the food save blackened remnants, and of the hampers there remained only charred splinters. As the picnicers reached the scene the last soda water bottle exploded with a sickening report.

"Seven miles from anywhere!" groaned Mrs. Bliss.

"And not a thing to eat!" added Mitchell blankly.

"Or to drink," mourned Mr. Mitchell, as he grubbed among the ruins of the hampers.

There was a murmur of discontent among the young people. Some of the men volunteered to walk back to the house and bring something to eat but the question was quickly decided when a few heavy drops of rain fell.

"Where is the nearest salter?" asked Carl Bellew.

"It must be old Ned Blake's shanty," replied Mrs. Bliss. "At least it will keep us dry for awhile. Come, everybody!"

Someone laughed a spirit of adventure into the party and so they hastened down the slope until under the shoulder of the mountain they reached a long, weather-beaten shanty built against a great rock that formed its rear wall.

Ned Blake was a hermit who gained a living by gathering herbs and berries in season.

Repeated knocks upon the door brought no response. "The latch-string is out," suggested Beth Newton.

Carl Bellew pulled the latch-string and pushed open the weather-beaten door. The poor furnishings were spotlessly clean and neat but the hermit was absent.

"We must find something to eat and we can pay Ned when he returns," said Mrs. Bliss as she sank down in a cushioned Boston rocker, while the young people found seats on the rag-carpeted floor before the open fireplace.

Soon Carl Bellew had a fire of hickory logs blazing on the hearth while Lillian Nugent and Beth Newton explored the pantry. Miss Nugent returned to the living room.

"There isn't a bit of cooked food in the place—not even bread!" she announced. "There are flour and sugar and eggs and potatoes and some canned things—what can we do? Do any of you girls know how to cook eggs?"

Miss Taylor confessed that she had made creamed eggs in a chafing dish at home—but she shrugged her shoulders.

The other women were silent. Beth Newton stood in the kitchen doorway, her face pink with shyness; she

looked distractingly pretty at that moment.

"If you don't mind waiting a half hour I believe I could prepare some thing fit to eat," she announced timidly.

They applauded her enthusiastically and offered to help. She accepted Miss Taylor for an assistant in the kitchen, and Lillian Nugent opened the tiny cupboard and prepared to set the table for a dozen people from the hermit's scanty store of crockery.

Beth lighted a fire in the cracked old cookstove, Carl Bellew and Andy Smith carried firewood, and opened the cans of vegetables.

Bobby danced in and out reporting progress. "Baked potatoes! Hot biscuits—um! Bacon—mother, they're cooking bacon and eggs out there!"

While they were doing all those things, white outside of the frail shelter a summer rain drummed on the shingles and made the fire and the coziness more desirable.

At last they sat down at two tables. They gave Beth a seat of honor, and no one told her of the dab of flour on her hair or the smudge of soot that became a beauty spot near her lively eye. With her flushed cheeks her ruffled brown hair, her pale blue sleeves pushed up above her rounded elbows, Beth Newton was radiant.

They were all so good to her, too! She smiled happily, too tired to eat. Her eyes met Carl Bellew's and something in the man's gaze brought a hot flush to her cheek. After that her eyes did not wander far from her plate.

As a delightful surprise Beth produced a steaming apple pudding with maple syrup, and in token of their gratitude Andy Smith hastily plucked a bunch of herbs from the rafters and solemnly crowned her with a wreath of catnip, the queen of cooks.

By the time the dishes were washed and put away the sun was shining outside. The invaders had restored the house to order and Carl Bellew had pinned a note on the table cover.

Inside of that envelope were folded crumpled banknotes of such large denomination that old Ned Blake would never cease to marvel over the accession of riches that made his declining days more comfortable.

They returned to the scene of the campfire, and all too soon the three motor cars arrived. Somehow Mrs. Bliss managed to smuggle Beth and Bobby into the same car with herself and Carl Bellew, and that night when she went to bed the girl assured herself that she had rounded out her perfect day.

A few days later the party had broken up and the picnic was forgotten by all save Beth Newton and Bobby—and, perhaps, Carl Bellew. His place was not very far away and he found many excuses for calling on the Blisses. When kindly Mrs. Bliss realized that it was her little nursery governess whom Carl Bellew wanted to see, she remembered her own days of wooing, and entered wholeheartedly into matchmaking.

"Dear," said Carl Bellew one October day when he had received Beth's answer. "I've loved you from the beginning, but when I tasted your cooking—"

Beth's hand pressed his lips in silence. She looked up at her splendid, gallant lover.

"Ah, Carl," she murmured. "I am such a humble little thing—so unworthy of you! You might marry a princess—or a queen!"

Carl threw back his head and laughed. Then he gathered her closer in his arms.

"I am going to marry a queen," he protested, "the queen of cooks!"

**The Thing That Lasts.** It has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear at every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutation. There is not thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself; I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for a guide with regard to ourselves, and with regard to others, and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes—our advocate, our accuser before the great Judge, when he comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.—Edmund Burke

**Benefited by Infirmary.** Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter and scientist, suffered from a disease of the right knee, which necessitated the amputation of the limb. Referring to this infirmity, Mr. Gladstone once declared, "It sent his mind inward; it drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of his art. The result was that he arrived at a perception envied by an Athenian potter."

**Her Oversight.** "That last cook you sent me did not suit at all."

"What was the matter?"

"She couldn't cook."

"Oh, why didn't you say you wanted one that could cook?"

**And No Insurance.** Bookkeeper—"The old man's getting to be quite an incendiary."

Cashier—"What's the answer?"

Bookkeeper—"He's fired two more men today."

**After Marriage.** "Tell me, Vanessa, does your music help you make your home happy?"

"Not much. A sonata is of little interest to a man when he wants a boiled dinner."

**She Knew Father.** "All the world loves a lover, you know," said the young man.

"You'll find out your mistake when you speak to father," replied the sweet young thing.

**Paw Knew the Answer.** Little Lemuel—"Say, paw, what is an underwriter?"

Paw—"An underwriter, son, is a woman who always adds a postscript to her letters."

**Soon in the Soup.** "Dinner's ready," thought the lady. "I suppose I'll soon be in the soup."

# Australia's Federal Capital

AUSTRALIA is building for itself a wonderful capital city in a region hitherto uninhabited, and the designer of its future city and supervisor of its erection is an American. Jessie Ackermann, P. R. G. S., thus tells of the great project and her visit to the chosen site, in the Pittsburgh Dispatch:

When the colonies of Australia federated and the country established a commonwealth government, they naturally bethought themselves as to what they should do with it. From the day of federation, for almost ten years, the matter of the locality of the capital was a vexed question, which hinged entirely upon sectional jealousy and ambition. The bitter fight waxed fierce between the states of Victoria and New South Wales as to whether Sydney or Melbourne should have the honor and advantage.

In order to bring harmony out of chaos, it was determined to found a city in some new place where Australian building ideas and characteristics could be molded and fashioned into a monument of local coloring. The country in general aspect, fairly populated with possibilities of originality. The great soul of Australia breathes an atmosphere all its own. Still there is nothing whatever purely Australian in type or character which the people have produced—neither in art, literature, architecture or poetry. Of course, the country is young, but, even so, there are no evidences of originality, with the exception of the idea of building a great city in waste places.

**Yass-Canberra Valley Chosen.** The question of a national capital somewhere at sometime having been settled, the struggle of "where" became positively bitter. As New South Wales was the oldest colony, a sense of fitness led the government to agree that the Mother State was justly entitled to the city, provided the state donated the territory on which it was to stand, specifying that sovereign rights should be vested in the federal government.

At last a majority vote selected the valley of Yass-Canberra district, as the spot where the urban city should be built. By a strange irony which often weaves itself about the individual

of the members who most bitterly denounced the situation of the site by exclaiming, "The wastes are so bleak, the spot so barren and dry, that a crow never flies across the place without carrying a water bottle," became head of the department under which the city will be built.

The report of the commission appointed to visit various sites, says this of Yass-Canberra: "It forms a perfect amphitheater in which the city would be surrounded by glorious hills."

It was decided the world should have a chance to compete in a plan to lay out the city. Descriptions of the area were worked out to the most minute detail. They were drawn by the surveyor general to the commonwealth and sent to the British consuls of the world, with the result that hundreds of plans from many countries poured into the department before the time limit expired. These were studied and sorted out by a committee, which reduced the real competing number to about half a dozen. There were three prizes offered. The first was carried off by an enterprising young architect from Chicago, Walter Hurley Griffin, who is under three

strike a note of security. The district will be governed something after the methods of the District of Columbia. The people who dwell within the boundaries will, practically, be disfranchised. No land will be sold and the government will manufacture all material to be used in building the city at various places under the supervision of that body.

Two hundred miles of splendidly built roads are now completed, and work will progress probably slowly, for lack of funds, but the completion of the city is an assured fact. The present generation of builders will not live to see the city in any sense completed. It must be the labor of many years, but it is the hope of Australia that gradually there will appear upon those hills one master-stroke of architecture after another until a world-triumph will stand in the form of a modern city, suited to the climate, of which the oncoming generations will be proud.

Australia is a great land, a country of sunshine, fruit and flowers; an island so rich in natural resources as to astonish the world with its recent years of unprecedented prosperity.

**Rough on the Bishop.** The verger of the little old county church was showing a party of visitors round.

He pointed out the place where Cromwell's cannon balls would have hit the church, only it wasn't built then, and all the usual sights of the place.

Then they ascended the belfry. There the verger drew a long breath, and the visitors crowded round eagerly. Evidently they were to see the sight of sights.

"Now, this 'ere bell," said the verger proudly; "a bit remarkable this bell is. It is only rung on the occasion of a visit from the lord bishop, a fire, a flood, or any other such calamity!"—London Mail.

**Reciprocal.** "Woman," says Dr. Anna Shaw, "ever has been man's companion, sharing his exile, espousing his cause and buckling on his armor." And man ever has been woman's companion, sharing her happiness, espousing her when she would have him, and buttoning her up the back.

**Class Distinction.** "What do you think of the nerve of that fellow in the third row? Trying to flirt with me, he was, Mayme! As if I'd notice a fellow who came to a 15-cent vaudeville show!"—Harvard Lampoon.

# HAS FAMOUS RECORD

## Death's Head Hussars an Old Organization.

### First Got Together by Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, to Oppose the Great Napoleon, and Gave Him Much Worry.

The curt refusal of Napoleon I, to allow Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, to bury the body of his exiled father in his native land, inspired the organization of the Death's Head Hussars, the most famous regiment in the present German army.

Frederick William vowed eternal vengeance against the French conqueror; and until the day of his death, June 16, 1815, on the field of Quatre Bras, he was Napoleon's most implacable foe in all the German states.

Brunswick barred to him, the duke repaired to Bohemia after his father's death. He was without funds, but through the efforts of his sister, then Princess of Wales, English funds found their way to him.

All Germany was then under Napoleon's foot. His armies had swept all opposition. Prussia, Brunswick, Bavaria, Saxony, all the states were mere vassals of France. Yet underneath a fire of hatred burned, which the duke helped fan into the blaze that eventually sent Bonaparte to St. Helena.

The duke announced himself as Napoleon's foe. Men flocked to his standard. He organized and equipped 2,000 cavalrymen, and in memory of his father, clothed them in black. A silver skull and crossbones adorned their hussar's headgear, and the silver lace slashings of the jackets were placed to resemble the ribs of a skeleton.

"The Black Brunswickers," they were called. With the gallant duke at their head they began a guerrilla warfare that was a continual worry to the French armies. Von Stein, Schornhorst and others gave them secret encouragement.

Through Saxony, Hesse and Hanover the troopers gobbled up and put to the sword French detachments. Recruits flocked to them. At Bernack the duke gave battle to the French general, Junot, and whipped him. All Germany thrilled at the romantic accounts of the daring of the "Black hussars," a Saxon army was whipped at Zittau, and another force at Halberstadt. A regiment had grown into an army, the only one Napoleon's troops could not corner and whip. The Duchy of Brunswick was invaded and the French garrisons alarmed. Leipzig was surprised and captured.

Until the battle of Wagram the duke and his hussars rode over Germany at will. That victory gave Napoleon more time to devote to them, and the duke was forced to flee to England. But the "Black hussars" with the death's head on their caps, continued the warfare in scattered bands. They were welded into a brigade in 1814 and, as a part of a division in the allied army commanded by the duke of Brunswick, rode into Paris.

They fought again during the Hundred Days. The duke of Brunswick did not live to see Napoleon's com-

plete humiliation. He died on the field of battle trying to rally some recruits who started a stampede at the first French fire.

The fame of the hussars had reached such a point that the organization was continued in the Prussian army. Today its colonel is the crown prince of Germany, and among its officers are princes of a dozen reigning families.

**Whisky Made in a Mine.** Perhaps the most remarkable beginning and ending to a colliery fire was in the case of a mine near Stirling belonging to the Sauchie Colliery company. The first shaft they sank was abandoned in favor of another in a better position. The disused shaft became the secret headquarters of a gang of illicit whisky distillers. In the abandoned mine works they set up their still, and turned out thousands of "drops of Scotch" that had never paid duty.

One day, however, the fire from their furnace set the coal seam ablaze and they had to fly for their lives. In a very short time flames were pouring from the shaft and cracks in the ground, lighting up the whole country. The fire was walled in with mud. It took five years to build this wall at a cost of £16,000, and then it was useless. Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, the inventor of the steam jet, was called in. He sealed up the mine as far as possible and then pumped into it 8,000,000 cubic feet of carbonic acid and nitrogen. In three weeks the fire that had been burning day and night for 40 years was put out.

**The Rational Assumption.** "So your admirer is an aviator. I suppose he makes very short calls when he comes."

"Why do you think that?"

"Doesn't he make flying visits?"

# DREAM CITY OF CEYLON

It is to hunt the wild elephants or to see the ruins that sahib has come?" asked my Sinhalese host at the resthouse in Anuradhapura.

writes Tyler Dennett in the New York Tribune. The question was not really asked for information. He knew that I had not come equipped to hunt elephants. He also knew that the game laws of the British government amply protect these valuable beasts. He wished, merely, to impress me with the range of entertainment afforded by Anuradhapura. I was impressed. Elephant hunting in the jungles of Ceylon or curio hunting in the ruins of a forgotten metropolis which once stood amid these same jungles—one may take his choice!

Twenty-two centuries ago the morning sun cast the shadow of a nine-story building over the spot where we were seated. This Brazen palace of Duttha Gamani was 166 feet high, higher than the tallest building on Broadway 25 years ago.

Out yonder grows the sacred tree, over 2,100 years old. It was grown as a slip from the sacred fig tree under which Buddha himself sat when fighting off the temptations of sense which hindered his attainment of perfect wisdom. Crumbling ruins, forests of pillars, grass-grown mounds hundreds of feet high stretch back into the dim vista of a tropical forest on every side. Monkeys swing

from the trees in this jungle, chattering wildly at anyone who ventures to disturb their solitude. From high platforms in harvest time the villagers watch their few impoverished grain fields to drive off the marauding wild elephants.

Now Mere Jungle Ruins. Once Anuradhapura must have been one of the most thickly populated spots on the surface of the globe. No one can know with certainty how many people lived there. "It is a well-known fact, sahib," said my host, "that 10,000,000 people lived here in the reign of the great Gamanai."

I had not been long in the Orient, yet long enough to know that the Oriental has little regard for statistics. Every statement is introduced as a well-known fact. In Anuradhapura there are the ruins of what is called the "Elephants' bath," so called, not because the elephants used to bathe in it, although the wild ones do come there now every morning at daybreak, but merely because it is big. The word "elephant" is the Sinhalese adjective for bigness. Adopting their terms, I had already learned that there are "elephant" beggars in Ceylon, and "elephant" hars as well. Even supposing that my host's estimate was three-fourths too high, I know of no other city of that day which contained 2,500,000 people.

Ceylon is the garden spot of the world. What wonder that the Tamils, who lived on that dry, hard strip of southern India across the strait from the island, were always jealous of their prosperous neighbors? Repeated and often successful attacks from the mainland partly explain why the northeastern end of Ceylon is literally full of buried, forgotten and ruined

War Makes John Bull Sociable. War is making the British public sociable. Travelers, who in times of peace would occupy the same compartments for hours at a time without exchanging a word, now start conversations without an introduction. This sudden breaking loose from the Victorian spirit of reserve and aloofness has caused the Times to comment editorially on the change, which it calls one of the minor results of the war. He first confesses:

"Most of us in normal circumstances go on a railway journey as we go to a barber's, with a prayer for silence in our hearts, and at the first sign of loquacity, we take refuge behind a rampart of newspaper."

But now he finds it "ludicrously solemn" to sit mutely for hours, looking straight through the fellow creature opposite, and concludes, in behalf of friendly intercourse between passengers:

"If we only have the honesty to admit it to ourselves, the sense of having done our duty in being friendly and pleasant gives a comfortable lit-

tle glow at the heart which more than compensates for an occasional bad half hour."

**Patriotic Families.** Early in the war it was announced that one German general, in active service, had ten sons at the front. Something very close to this record is now reported from France, where ten brothers from La Vendee region are with the colors. Another remarkable case is that of Francois Vouillon, of Douze-le-National, France, who has eight sons and two sons-in-law in the French army. Of these one son and one son-in-law have already been killed in battle.

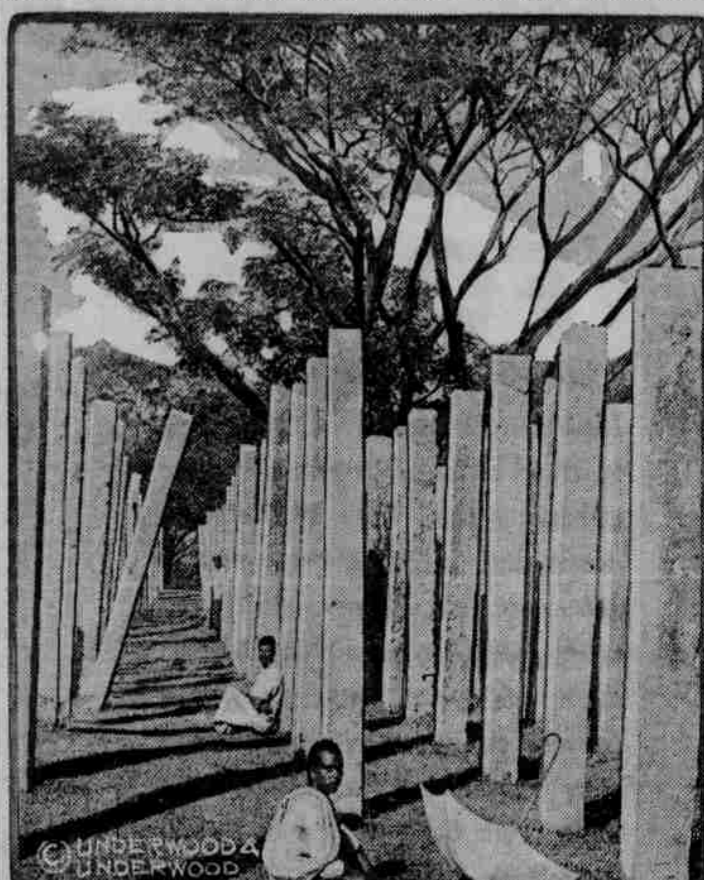
**If Arms Are Too Fat.** If the arm is too fat, vigorous massage will help to reduce; but should be supplemented by active exercises. To massage the arm, grasp with the open hand, near the shoulder; and, treating it as if it were a wet sheet lifted from the washtub, twist the flesh with a wringing motion. Go over the entire arm in this way several times.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW CITY



From an Old Print.



RUINS OF THE BRAZEN PALACE