THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN

By Samuel W. Pennypacker
Pennsylvania's Most Zealous and Energetic Governor

(Copyright, 1917, by the Public Ledger Company.)

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

THE courts might have protected the administration of justice had it not been for an unfortunate decision by Chief Justice Sharswood in the case of ex parte Steinman and Hensel, 95 Penna. State Reports, p. 220, where he practically overruled the opinion of Chief Justice Gibson in Austen's case, 5 Rawle 191. Two lawyers, who were also newspaper editors, in their newspapers charged the court with making a corrupt judicial decision for political reasons. The act of 1836 limits punishment for contempt of court "to such contempts as shall be committed in open court." This offense was committed outside the courtroom. The limitation constitutes an absurd distinction, since an order by a court has no relation to doors and windows, and it was a legislative attempt to lessen the constitutional power of the courts. The court below disbarred the lawyers and Sharswood reinstated them. He probably failed to see to what extent he was enabling newspapers to interfere with the functions of the judiciary and was surrendering the prerogatives of himself and his successors on the bench. Substantially all of the injustice which I have known to occur in the course of trials in our courts has been the result of this kind of outside influence which some Judges have not sufficient strength of character to resist. With its present tendencies the press is galloping along the road which leads inevitably to the overthrow, in the near future, of their constitutional privileges.

In the summer of 1890 Mrs. Pennypacker and I took a trip to Europe. Mr. Blaine sent me the following letter:

"Department of State, Washington, June 19, 1890.

"To the Diplomatic and Consular Officers of the United States.

"Gentlemen—It affords me pleasure to introduce to you the Honorable Samuel W. Pennypacker, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, trustee of the University of Pennsylvania and vice president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. I bespeak for Judge Pennypacker your official courtesies during his sojourn abroad.

"I am, gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES G. BLAINE."

We left Philadelphia on the Red Star steamer Belgenland July 16, and after crossing the ocean, going through the English Channel and up the Scheldt, landed at Antwerp July 29. The company on the boat, while not so numerous as on the great steamers, was in some respects unusual, and in the course of the long voyage they were pretty closely welded together. There were a concourse of physicians, including Dr. F. P. Henry and Dr. Philip Leidy, who were going over to attend a medical convention, and there were three school teachers, who had been determined by ballot to be the most popular in the State and were being given the outing by the Philadelphia Press. They were the Misses Elizabeth D. Grant, Annie M. Bishop and Jennie M. Davis. For an entertainment given on the way over I wrote a number of jeux d'esprit touching upon some of the passengers and the lighter events which happened. They were written in pencil on the back of a paper novel which, being thrown away, was found by the steward and sold to a newspaper. Much to my surprise, on my return, I found them making the newspaper rounds, and I now include three of them:

Out at sea there's a lady named Davis
To her notebook she but a slave is,
  She writes down within it
  What happens each minute,
And when Godwin upset by the wave is,

The minister went to sea,
  The minister soon got sick,
It cared no more for him
  Than for any heretic.

The captain is jolly and round,
His stomach and lungs are both sound,
  With one foot on the bridge and one eye on the sun,
He spreads out his sail
To catch every gale
  While the passengers watch him to see how it's done.

At Antwerp the party scattered and went their several ways. Godwin, a very agreeable gentleman, who had gone abroad for a rest and left his wife and family at home, oppressed with the loneliness of the situation, met Mrs. Pennypacker and myself again in the Zoological Garden. He hurried forward to present a bouquet and after a separation of a day we came together like long lost friends. Two things we soon learned to avoid—the beaten routes of travel, where ignorant guides show you the new things you can better see at home, and the table d'hote dinners, which injure your stomach and waste your time. Through the advise of E. V. Lansdale, a society man of experience, we put up, in Antwerp, at the Hotel de la Paix, but did not like it. In the temple of cloaca I found this rather naive notice: "On est prie de ne pas rester debout sur la siege." We examined the cathedral, with its treasured Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," there meeting Bishop O. W. Whitaker and his wife, but found the most interest in the narrow old streets along the Scheldt, the carts pulled by dogs, the women gathering the garbage, but most of all in the old stone prison La Steen, with its dungeons, in which some of my people in the sixteenth century had been confined before being burned and beheaded. In Holland, at the Hague, we saw, of course, Paul Potter's "Bull" and Scheveningen, but The Hague itself had become a modern city and was disappointing. At Haarlem we saw the tulip garden, heard the great church organ played, and at the town hall stood wonderingly before those old burgomasters whom Franz Hals has kept alive through the centuries since. Dutch art was influenced by no fads and is the real thing carried to perfection.

In Amsterdam I called upon Dr. J. G. DeHoop Scheffer, the author of the History of the Reformation in the Netherlands, with whom I had been corresponding for years, and spent a very pleasant evening with him talking about Mennonite literature. We attended services in the Oude Kerk where so many noted Dutchmen are buried, including the famous old Admiral Michel de Ruyter, who fought thirty-two naval battles. An invitation to his funeral is among my papers at Pennypacker's Mills. In the Rijks Museum we stayed long before Rembrandt's "Night Watch" and the head of the "Old Woman." In going from a lower to a higher stretch of canal the boat stopped while the water rushed in to fill the inclosure. The hearty-looking Dutch skipper took advantage of the opportunity to collect the fares. I had no small change and handed him a ten florin gold piece, worth about four dollars, which he lay on the leaf of his open note book while he felt around in his pockets. Just then a blast of wind turned the leaves of his book and the gold piece went to the bottom of the canal. "Damn it to hell," he exclaimed in as good English as any irritated and disappointed resident of New York could have uttered. At Broek we saw the cows with their tails tied up and the sawdust of their stalls worked into ornamental figures and at Zaandam the windmills and the house of Peter the Great. At Marken, which even then had been much spoiled by the current of visitors, we engaged Klaas De Witt to take us in his fishing boat across the Zuyder Zee to Monnickendam, from which town had come the first man to sail up the Delaware river, and where we climbed the tower, saw the church and were followed through the streets by an amazed crowd of Dutch urchins and lasses in wooden shoes. After we started from Marken Klaas kicked off his sabots and threw them into a corner of the boat. "Why did you do that?" I inquired. "I can swim better without them," was the rather unsatisfactory answer. But the most attractive town we found in Holland was s'Hertogenbosch or Boisle-Duc, the old capital of Brabant. Travelers seldom went there. Inclosing the city are still the old wall and ditch. In the fine old cathedral the sacristan tells with bated breath how the Protestants knocked the heads and fingers off of the statuary. In the museum is shown the bag, with its stains of blood, into which the head rolled as the executioner cut it off. In the market sat the country women laughing and having a good time over their salad and cabbage. In the inn was a kitchen filled with brass and copper, so bright that it was a joy to behold, and in the dining room was an omelet to be yet remembered with gusto, and cheeses of every kind.

In Crefeld, from which so many people came to Germantown, a city whose great silk manufactories are the outcome of the simple weaving of the early Mennonites, we slept with a feather bed for a cover and another feather bed for the support. Years before Frederick Mueller, of Amsterdam, had told me that in this city was a genealogy in manuscript concerning the Op den Graeffs. There were many Schenten names in the directory and on a venture I selected Carl. His counting house was in the second story. In such German as I could muster I explained to him that I was connected with the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and interested in genealogical research, that I had heard of the existence of the manuscript and was anxious to discover its whereabouts.

Flomborn, Germany, from which the Pfannebeckers came one of the spots visited by Governor and Mrs. Pennypacker.

"Are you looking for an estate?" he inquired.

"Oh, no, my interest is purely historical."

"Well," he said, "you are the first American I ever saw who was not looking for money." Then he went to his safe and produced the book. I had come straight to its owner. It carried one of my ancestral lines back to about 1584. I visited the village of Aldekerk, a dirty little town filled with squat houses and a great church where Herman Op den Graeff was born. He was a delegate to the Convention of Dordrecht in 1632 and the grandfather of the three brothers and sister who came to Germantown in 1683.

Among Ancestral Relics

In Cologne we saw a remnant of the old Roman wall, the great cathedral, the skulls of the 11,000 virgins wrapped around with red velvet, the vase in which the water was turned into wine, and Dr. James Tyson, the noted Philadelphia physician. We are related in two ways, since he is a Pennypacker and I am a Tyson. We went up the Rhine by boat and every foot of the journey called up some early family association. At Worms we saw the stately mansion of Johann Pfannebecker, "Geheimer Regierungs Rath," knight and Stadt's Advokat, with its memorial tablet setting forth that there he had entertained the Emperor William. From there we drove across the Palatinate, whose well-tilled fields suggested Pennsylvania, though they were without barns and fences. At one place was posted a large advertisement informing the people that a negro was on exhibition and could be seen for ten cents. At the village of Oberflorsheim we stopped to water the horses and a healthy-looking, vigorous young fellow came across the road carrying a rake. I said to him: "Was ist ihr nahm?"

"Mein nahm ist Pfannebecker," was the rather surprising response.

"Und mein nahm ist Pannebecker auch."

I continued, "Was ist ihr Handel?"

"Ich bin ein Bauer," he said.

"Ich bin ein Richter," and we parted.

At Kriegsheim, the village from which came also many of the early settlers of Germantown, I endeavored to locate the place where Penn had preached and was referred to the wiseacre of the place, who was likewise the town gauger. He could tell me nothing of Penn, but he was hospitable and he took me to the cellar where were kept the hogsheads of wine. He filled a glass from the first hogshead and tendered it and I drank the wine. He drew a glassful from the second hogshead and tendered it again. There were about thirty hogsheads in the cellar. Saying "Danke sie" and "leb't wohl," I withdrew. We are told in the Nibelungenlied that "Never were men so merry as these beside the Rhine."

Then we came to Flomborn, perhaps fifteen miles across the Palatinate from Worms, a village of three or four hundred people, of whom about half bore the name of Pfannebecker. The banns of one of them, a girl about to be married, were nailed up against the church door. In the graveyard large flat stones covered the graves of those who were dead. The innkeeper, who seemed a little surly when we took our horses into the yard to be fed, came running out after us on to the street, his face all smiles, to tell us that his wife was a Pfannebecker, and she, the good-hearted soul that she was, almost cried with joy to see a "Pfannebecker aus Amerika" as she tendered her cakes and wine. I was much impressed by seeing the children drive the flocks of geese up from the pastures, and I had them together with everything else in the village photographed. Friedrich P., the most important personage of the place, worth about $90,000, took us to his home to have us meet his wife and son bearing the same name.

At Heidelberg, after looking over the university, which seemed to me dull and out of date, and the Tun, which was certainly large, and the Schloss, a most beautiful and impressive ruin, we climbed the mountain, which rises from the Neckar, in order that we might get a view of the Valley of the Rhine and the Neckar and the Taunus mountains. On the way up we overtook Catharine Grimm, a woman of about forty, who twice a week carried upon her head all of the supplies needed for the inn at the crest from the city below. She wanted us to take her home with us, poor woman, and little wonder. On the way down, after rejoicing over the beautiful and extended stretch of varied scenery, I saw an artist sitting under a tree making a sketch. I said to her:

"Koennen sie mir zeigen den Weg zum Schloss?"

"Oh, can't you talk English?" she replied.

I had to acknowledge that I could, and she pointed out the path.

A curious sight to an American in Germany at that time were the two littie houses side by side at the railroad stations marked "Herren" and "Frauen." When the cars stopped and the doors were unlocked the men and women, who had been shut in without accommodations, rushed in hurried lines together to these places.

Another curious sight was to see a woman and a cow strapped together plowing a field. It is not, however, nearly so barbaric a performance as the mere telling would indicate, since the cow supplies the motive force and the woman is there to direct it.

At Basle I had a fright. The train stopped among a number of others, and leaving Mrs. Pennypacker, I got off and went for a few minutes to a Restaurations Keller. When I returned, depending on location, the train had been shifted and I could not find the car. She could talk neither French nor German and had no money. However, the deliberateness of the railroad service stood me in good stead. I had plenty of time to hunt, was finally successful and had learned a lesson.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

A Human Story of Child-Desire, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Copyright, 1917, by Mary Roberts Rinehart and the Public Ledger Company.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

THERE was a short silence, which the King broke. "What is new?"

"We have broken up the university meetings, but I fancy they go on, in small groups. I was gratified, however, to observe that a group of students cheered His Royal Highness yesterday as he rode past the university buildings."

"Socialism at twenty," said the King, "is only a symptom of the unrest of early adolescence. Even Hubert"—he glanced at the picture—"was touched with it. He accused me, I recall, of being merely an accident, a sort of stumbling-block in the way of advanced thought!"

He smiled faintly. Then he sighed. "And the others?" he asked.

"The outlying districts are quiet. So, too, is the city. Too quiet, sire."

They are waiting, of course, for my death," said the King quietly. "If only you were twenty years younger than I am it would be better." He fixed the general with shrewd eyes. "What do those asses of doctors say about me?"

"With care, sire—"

The Truth

"Come, now; this is no time for evasion."

"Even at the best, sire—" He looked very ferocious and cleared his throat. He was terribly ashamed that his voice was breaking. "Even at the best, but, of course, they can only give an opinion—"

"Six months?"

"A year, sire."

"And at the worst!" said the King, with a grim smile. Then, following his own line of thought; "But the people love the boy, I think."

"They do. It is for that reason that I advise particular caution." He hesitated. Then, "Sire," he said, earnestly, "there is something of which I must speak. The Committee of Ten has organized again."

Involuntarily the King glanced at the photograph on the table.

"Forgive me, sire, if I waken bitter memories. But I fear—"

"You fear!" said the King. "Since when have you taken to fearing?"

"Nevertheless," maintained General Mettlich, doggedly, "I fear. This quiet of the last few months alarms me. Dangerous dogs do not bark. I trust no one. The very air is full of sedition."

The King twisted his blue-veined old hands together, but his voice was quiet. "But why?" he demanded, almost fretfully. "If the people are fond of the boy, and I think they are, to—to carry him off, or injure him, would hurt the cause. Even the Terrorists, in the name of a republic, can do nothing without the people."

"The mob is a curious thing, sire. You have ruled with a strong hand. Our people know nothing but to obey the dominant voice. The boy out of the way, the prospect of the Princess Hedwig on the throne, a few demagogues in the public squares—it would be the end."

The King leaned back and closed his eyes. His thin, arched nose looked pinched. His face was gray.

"All this," he said, "means what? To make the boy a prisoner, to cut off his few pleasures and even then, at any time—"

"Yes, sire," said Mettlich, doggedly. "At any time."

Outside in the anteroom Lieutenant Nikky Larisch roused himself, yawned and looked at his watch. It was after twelve and he had had a hard day. He put a velvet cushion [illegible]

THE ARCHDUCHESS ANNUNCIATA

himself to slumber, a slumber in which were various rosy dreams, all centered about the Princess Hedwig. Dreams are beyond our control.

Therefore, a young lieutenant running into debt on his pay may without presumption dream of a princess.

All through the palace people were sleeping. Prince Ferdinand William Otto was asleep and riding again the little car in the Land of Delight. So that, turning a corner sharply, he almost fell out of bed.

On the other side of the city the little American boy was asleep also. At that exact time he was being tucked up by an entirely efficient and placid-eyed American mother, who felt under his head to see that his ear was not turned forward. She liked close-fitting ears.

Nobody, naturally, was tucking up Prince Ferdinand William Otto—or attending to his ears. But, of course, there were sentries outside his door and a valet de chambre to be rung for and a number of embroidered eagles scattered about on the curtains and things, and a country surrounding him which would one day be his, unless—

"At any time," said General Mettlich, and was grimly silent.

It was really no time for such a speech. But there is never a good time for bad news.

"Well?" inquired the King, after a time. "You have something to suggest, I take it."

The old soldier cleared his throat. "Sire," he begun, "it is said that a Chancellor should have but one passion—his King; I have two—my King and my country."

The King nodded gravely. He knew both passions [illegible]

"Once, some years ago, sire, I came to you with a plan. The Princess Hedwig was a child then, and his late royal highness was—still with us. For that and for other reasons Your Majesty refused to listen. But things have changed. Between us and revolution there stand only the frail life of a boy and an army none too large, and already, perhaps, affected. There is much discontent and the offspring of discontent is anarchy."

Love vs. Politics

The King snarled. But Mettlich had taken his courage in his hands and went on. Their neighbor and hereditary foe was Karnia. Could they any longer afford the enmity of Karnia? One cause of discontent was the expense of the army and of the fortifications along the Karnian border. If Karnia were allied with them there would be no need of so great an army. They had the mineral wealth and Karnia the seaports. The old dream of the empire, of a railway to the sea would be realized.

He pleaded well. The idea was not new. To place the little King Otto IX on the throne and keep him there in the face of opposition would require support from outside. Karnia would furnish this support—for a price.

The price was the Princess Hedwig.

Outside, Nikky Larisch rose, stretched and fell to pacing the floor. It was one o'clock and the palace slept.

He lighted a cigarette, and stepping out into a small balcony which overlooked the square, faced the quiet night.

"That is my plea, sire," Mettlich finished. "Karl of Karnia is anxious to marry and looks this way. To allay discontent and growing insurrection, to insure the boy's safety and his throne, to beat their swords into plowshares"—here he caught the King's scowl and added—"to a certain extent, and to make us a commercial as well as a military nation, surely, sire, it gains much for us and loses us nothing."

"But our independence!" said the King, sourly.

However, he did not dismiss the idea. The fright of the afternoon had weakened him and if Mettlich were right—he had what the King considered a perfectly damnable habit of being right—the Royalist party would need outside help to maintain the throne.

"Karnia!" he said. "The lion and the lamb with the lamb inside the lion! And in the meantime the boy—"

"He should be watched always."

"The old she-dragon, the governess—I suppose she is trustworthy?"

"Perfectly. But she is a woman."

"He has Lussin." Count Lussin was the Crown Prince's aide-de-camp.

"He needs a man, sire," observed the Chancellor, rather tartly.

The King cleared his throat. "The youngster he is so fond of, young Larisch, would he please you better?" he asked, with ironic deference.

"A good boy, sire. You may recall that his mother—" He stopped.

Perhaps the old King's memory was good. Perhaps there was a change in Mettlich's voice.

"A good boy?"

"None better, sire. He is devoted to His Royal Highness. He is still much of a lad himself. I have listened to them talking. It is a question which is the older! He is outside now."

"Bring him in. I'll have a look at him!"

Nikky, summoned by a chamberlain, stopped inside the doorway and bowed deeply.

"[illegible]

He advanced.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three, sire."

"In the Grenadiers, I believe."

Nikky bowed.

"Like horses?" said the King suddenly.

"Very much, sire."

"And boys?"

"I—some boys, sire."

"Humph! Quite right, too. Little devils, most of them." He drew himself up in his chair. "Lieutenant Larisch," he said, "His Royal Highness the Crown Prince has taken a liking to you. I believe it is to you that our fright today is due."

Nikky's heart thumped. He went rather pale.

"It is my intention, Lieutenant Larisch, to place the Crown Prince in your personal charge. For reasons I need not go into, it is imperative that he take no more excursions alone. These are strange times, when sedition struts in Court garments, and kings may trust neither their armies nor their subjects. I want," he said, his tone losing its bitterness, "a real friend for the little Crown Prince. One who is both brave and loyal."

Afterward, in his small room, Nikky composed a neat, well-rounded speech, in which he expressed his loyalty, gratitude and undying devotion to the Crown Prince. It was an elegant little speech. Unluckily, the occasion for it had gone by two hours.

"I—I am grateful, sire," was what he said. "I —" And there he stopped and choked up. It was rather dreadful.

"I depend on you, Captain Larisch," said the King gravely, and nodded his head in a gesture of dismissal. Nikky backed toward the door, struck a hassock, all but went down, bowed again at the door, and fled.

"A fine lad," said General Mettlich, "but no talker."

"All the better," replied His Majesty. "I am tired of men who talk well. And"—he smiled faintly—"I am tired of you. You talk too well. You make me think. I don't want to think. I've been thinking all my life. It is time to rest, my friend."

CHAPTER V

AT THE RIDING SCHOOL

HIS Royal Highness the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto was in disgrace.

He had risen at six, bathed, dressed and gone to Mass, in disgrace. He had breakfasted at seven-thirty on fruit, cereal and one egg, in disgrace. He had gone to his study at eight o'clock for lessons, in disgrace. A long line of tutors came and went all morning, and he worked diligently, but he was still in disgrace. All morning long and in the intervals between tutors he had tried to catch Miss Braithwaite's eye.

Except for the most ordinary civilities, she had refused to look in his direction. She was correcting an essay in English on Mr. Gladstone, with a blue pencil, and putting in blue commas every here and there. The Crown Prince was amazingly weak in commas. When she was all through, she piled the sheets together and wrote a word on the first page. It might have been "good." On the other hand, it could easily have been "poor." The motions of the hand are similar.

At last, in desperation, the Crown Prince deliberately broke off the point of his pencil, and went to the desk where Miss Braithwaite sat, monarch of the American pencil sharpener, which was the bourne of his heart.

"Again!" said Miss Braithwaite shortly. And raised her eyebrows.

"It's a very soft pencil," explained the Crown Prince. "When I press down on it, it—it busts."

"It what?"

"It busts—breaks." Evidently the English people were not familiar with this new and fascinating American word.

He cast a casual glance toward Mr. Gladstone. The word was certainly "poor." Suddenly a sense of injustice began to rise in him. He had worked rather hard over Mr. Gladstone. He had done so because he knew that Miss Braithwaite considered him the greatest man since Jesus Christ, and even the Christ had not written "The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion."

The injustice went to his eyes and made him blink. He had apologized for yesterday, and explained fully. It was not fair. As to commas, anybody could put in enough commas.

The French tutor was standing near a photograph of Hedwig, and pretending not to look at it. Prince Ferdinand William Otto had a suspicion that the tutor was in love with Hedwig. On one occasion, when she entered unexpectedly, he had certainly given out the sentence, "Ce dragon était le vieux serpent, la princesse," instead of "Ce dragon était le vieux serpent, le roi."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto did not like the French tutor. His being silly about Hedwig was not the reason. Even Nikky had that trouble, and once, when they were all riding together, had said, "Canter on the snaffle, trot on the curb," when he meant exactly the opposite. It was not that. Part of it was because of his legs, which were inclined to knock at the knees. Mostly it was his eyes, which protruded. "When he reads my French exercises," he complained once to Hedwig, "he waves them around like an ant's."

He and Hedwig usually spoke English together. Like most royalties, they had been raised on languages. It was as much as one's brains were worth, sometimes, to try to follow them as they leaped from grammar to grammar.

"Like an aunt's?" inquired Hedwig mystified.

"An ant's. They have eyes on the ends of their feelers, you know."

But Miss Braithwaite, overhearing, had said that ants have no eyes at all. She had no imagination.

His taste of liberty had spoiled the Crown Prince for work. Instead of conjugating a French verb, he made a sketch of the Scenic Railway. He drew the little car and two heads looking over the edge, with a sort of porcupine effect of hairs standing straight up.

"Otto!" said Miss Braithwaite sternly.

Otto's Governess

Miss Braithwaite did not say "sir" to him or "Your Royal Highness," like the tutors.

She had taken him from the arms of his mother when he was a baby and had taught a succession of nurses how to fix his bottles and made them raise the windows when he slept, which was heresy in that country, and was brought up for discussion in the Parliament. When it came time for his first tooth, and he was wickedly fretful, and the doctors had a consultation over him, it was Miss Braithwaite who had ignored everything they said and rubbed the tooth through with her silver thimble—boiled first, of course.

And when one has cut a Royal Highness's first tooth and broken him of sucking his thumb and held a cold buttered knife against his bruises to prevent their discoloring, one does get out of the way of being very formal with him.

"Otto!" said Miss Braithwaite, sternly.

So he went to work in earnest. He worked at a big desk, which had been his father's. As a matter of fact, everything in the room was too big for him. It had not occurred to any one to make any concessions to his size. He went through life, one may say, with his legs dangling or standing on tiptoe to see things.

The suite had been his father's before him. Even the heavy old rug had been worn shabby by the scuffing of his father's feet. On the wall there hung a picture his father had drawn. It was of a yacht in full sail. Prince Hubert had been fifteen when he drew it, and was contemplating abandoning his princely career and running away to be a pirate. As a matter of fact, the yacht boasted the black flag, as Otto knew quite well. Nikky had discovered it. But none of the grown-ups had recognized the damning fact. Nikky was not, strictly speaking, grown up.

The sun came through [illegible] of the window [illegible] William Otto's feet to wriggling. It penetrated the gloomy fastnesses of the old room, and showed its dingy furniture, its great desk, its dark velvet portieres and the old cabinet in which the Crown Prince kept his toys on the top shelf. He had arranged them there himself, the ones he was fondest of in the front row, so he could look up and see them: a drum which he still dearly loved, but which made Miss Braithwaite's head ache; a locomotive with a broken spring; a steam engine which Hedwig had given him, but which the King considered dangerous, and which had never, therefore, had its baptism of fire, and a dilapidated and lop-eared cloth dog.

The Dog

He was exceedingly fond of the dog. For quite a long time he had taken it to bed with him at night and put its head on his pillow. It was the most comforting thing when the lights were all out. Until he was seven he had been allowed a bit of glimmer, a tiny wick floating in a silver dish of lard oil, for a night light. But after his eighth birthday that had been done away with, Miss Braithwaite considering it babyish.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto tore off the corner of a piece of paper, chewed it deliberately, rounded and hardened it with his royal fingers and aimed it at M. Puaux. It struck him in the eye.

Instantly things happened. M. Puaux yelled and clapped a hand to his eye. Miss Braithwaite rose. His Royal Highness wrote a rather shaky French verb, with the wrong termination. And on to this scene came Nikky for the riding lesson. Nikky, smiling and tidy, and very shiny as to riding boots and things, and wearing white kid gloves. Every one about a palace wears white kid gloves except the royalties themselves. It is extremely expensive.

Nikky surveyed the scene. He had, of course, bowed inside the door, and all that sort of thing. But Nikky was an informal person and was quite apt to bow deeply before his future sovereign and then poke him in the chest.

"Well?" said Nikky.

"Good morning," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, in a small and nervous voice.

"Nothing wrong, is there?" demanded Nikky.

M. Puaux got out his handkerchief and said nothing violently.

"Otto!" said Miss Braithwaite, "what you do?"

"Nothing." He looked about. He was quite convinced that M. Puaux was [illegible] Bobby would have termed a poor sport [illegible] had not played the game fairly. The [illegible] at the railway, he felt, would not have [illegible] and wept. "Oh, well, I threw a [illegible] paper—that's all. I didn't think it [illegible] hurt!"

Miss Braithwaite rose and glanced [illegible] carpet. But Nikky was quick—quick [illegible] understanding. He put his shiny foot [illegible] the paper wad.

"Paper!" said Miss Braithwaite, "[illegible] you throw paper? And at M. Puaux?"

"I—I just felt like throwing [illegible] explained His Royal Highness. "I [illegible] the sun, or something."

Nikky dropped his glove, and [illegible] when he had picked it up the little [illegible] gone.

"For throwing paper, [illegible]

THE STORY THUS FAR

FERDINAND WILLIAM OTTO, Crown Prince of Livonia, tired of suffering in the royal box at the grand opera, decides with all the cunning of his eight regal years to escape. Past the ARCHDUCHESS ANNUNCIATA, his aunt, and under the encouraging glance of his cousin HEDWIG the heir to the throne stealthily gains the stairway. A wild burst of speed carries him through the doorway and into the crowded street. There, alone for the first time in his life, Otto purchases a "fig lady" that tastes so good despite the fact—or was it because of it?—that it was prohibited on account of germs.

The Crown Prince sees the world, finally landing in an American scenic railway, also prohibited because of the danger, where Bobbie, the son of the proprietor, acts as host to the unknown guest.

GENERAL METTLICH, Chancellor of the land, confers with the dying KING FERDINAND II, the Crown Prince's grandfather, while messengers and armies search in vain for the missing boy. Late that evening the runaway returns and receives a firm word of advice from the monarch. Then it is, after Otto is sent to bed, that Mettlich warns the King of the dangers that beset the land. Revolution threatens in all quarters.