

# The Prince's Darling

By  
George R.  
Preedy

## The Story Thus Far:

**DELPHICUS DE HAVERBECK**, a young army officer, and **Johann Georg**, the spoiled young Elector of Saxony, are madly in love with **Madelon von Neitschütz**. The girl is lovely and beautiful. She adores **De Haverbeck**. But, urged by her impecunious father and brothers, she agrees to marry the ruler. **Johann Georg**, however, learns the truth. Furious, he marries another woman and forces **Madelon** to become his mistress.

Heartbroken, **De Haverbeck** leaves the country. Soon news of his brilliant military exploits reaches **Madelon**, who contrives to have him sent to Dresden. He arrives, and the girl implores him to flee with her, only to be met with harsh rebuffs.

Working with spies, **Count Stürm**, enemy of the **von Neitschütz** and Minister of State of Saxony, weaves a web of lies and half-truths about the two lovers; after which he has the young soldier arrested and thrown into the **Königsberg**. It is his intention merely to get **De Haverbeck** (whom he admires) out of the way until he can bring about the downfall of **Madelon**. But **Johann Georg** has other plans. Rushing to **De Haverbeck's** cell, he informs the prisoner that **Madelon** has confessed; that she ordered his arrest, desires his death.

**De Haverbeck** prepares for the end. He writes a letter to **Madelon** in which he confesses his love for her. This letter he gives to a Lutheran pastor, who promises to deliver it. Then he kills himself, by opening an old wound, and his body is sent to the border, where it is given out that he "died on the journey."

**Madelon** knows nothing of the fate of her lover. **Johann Georg**, enraged by what he regards as her perfidy and wickedness, but still desperately in love with her, questions her, talks to her. Then: "Last night, **Madelon**," he says, "a man was executed in the **Königsberg**."

**"POOR wretch!"** shivered **Madelon**. "It is frightful to have so much power. A human creature may scarcely bear it. Was **Count Stürm** in this?" she asked, curiously apprehensive.

"**Ferdinand Stürm**," replied the Elector, stupidly, "is a devil."

"Let us," whispered **Madelon**, "converse of something agreeable. I must vanquish this overcrowded humor of yours with some gayety."

"I think," muttered the Elector, suddenly seizing her hand, "that I'll never be gay again, or else I'll walk in a mist of phantoms and some ugly vision that will not lift even with the day."

His blue eyes stared over **Madelon's** head as if he were searching some far distance for an expected and dreaded apparition.

"And I was once merry enough," he added. "I thought there was no prince in the world as grand as I when I had you first, **Madelon**."

Her low rich voice answered him with a stately assurance that his passion was not extinct but smoldering.

"It is only a little cloud that has come between us—of hesitation and doubt. We must love each other, we must."

"What has come between us?" interrupted the Elector, with an eager sullenness. "What has come between us?"

And he wondered if, even while now she lay in his arms, she would mention the other man's name. But **Madelon**

de **Rocklitz** mentioned no name. Neither of them brought to their lips their secret terrors, and fears, and shames.

**Madelon** had the more quiet conscience and the serener mind; she did not even have the thought of that terrible paper in the Bible which came now and then to distract her lover, and she could dwell on pleasanter themes than he—vague, uncertain, impossible themes, but sweet enough. She was so young and would be beautiful so long. . . . Surely, she and that man driving now to Vienna to be rid of her enchantment must meet again. She was weary, fatigued. But she exerted herself, remembering her father and the flight of **Clement**, and the possible danger for all of them. This was her moment, now she had it in her power; perhaps tomorrow all her enemies would be flocking about him again and poisoning his weakness against her.

"Have you," she asked, "dismissed **Count Stürm**? Is he not something at the bottom of this trouble you are in?"

She felt his breath heave beneath her and break in a half sob.

"**Stürm** is a devil," he repeated, hoarsely. "A treacherous, difficult, clever devil! . . . If it hadn't been for **Stürm** arresting him, I had never—"

He broke off.

"He's been a devil to me, I doubt not," murmured **Madelon**. "Send him away. He works in the dark against me. He tells you lies. He will make dark insinuations and there will be no truth in any of them."

"WHAT do truth or lies matter, **Madelon**?" said the Elector wearily. "Kiss me and hold me, and let us take what we can before all is lost."

She believed that he would sleep where he sat, holding her, but he sud-

"It is only," she told herself, "to have a game of make-believe. He has just come from Paris, and it is amazing how he has grown! A young man now, and I am still a child and must play with the children"

Illustrated by  
Joseph Simont



denly put her aside, with a movement of almost rough vigor, and again commanded her to attire herself for his pleasure.

She must go to his cabinet of Dutch walnut and bring out more of his jewels; she must pull open the drawers of his cinnabar lacquer cabinet and bring out his collars and chains; treasures that his father had kept jealously locked in the green vaults this young man kept recklessly in his bedchamber. He flung her a key and she must unlock a wardrobe of cypress wood and bring out his swords and lay them at his feet; all this **Madelon** did obediently.

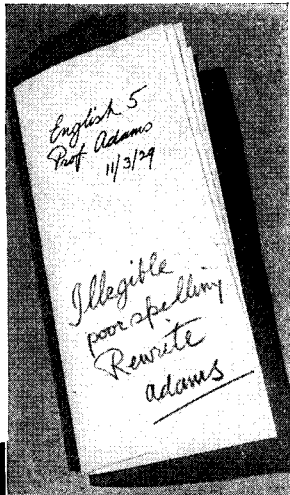
**SHE** trembled before his mood. He made her light more candles—wax tapers on the mantelshelf, on the bureau, on the table with the Bible, on the table with the wine in a rock crystal flagon, on the table with the cracked green marble top and the keys, so that all in the chamber was brightly illuminated, save the upper part of the bed, shadowed by the stiff curtains of scarlet Venetian brocade surmounted by coronets of purple ostrich feathers.

With his flushed blue eyes on **Madelon**, **Johann Georg** laid out his treasures—five collars of the Golden Fleece of different stones, onyx, Hungarian opals, cat's-eyes, agates, Bohemian garnets, zircons of red flushed with orange, all mounted with diamonds, all striving to emulate the most beautiful and perilous of the elements, fire. From one collar hung the largest carbuncle in the world—angry yellow, blazing red, a clasp from the helmet of Mars.

"Like flames, **Madelon**," he smiled, "like flames, eh?"

She begged him not to throw these fiery chains around her neck, and he dropped them on the couch where tiny Chinese figures stared from the white silk. He played (Continued on page 30)

# *Illegible - poor spelling*...RE-WRITE



THERE are two kinds of leisure—that of the loafer and the kind enjoyed by men who get their work done. The real college laborer is the one who is always doing yesterday's work. Always trying to catch up. So busy dodging failure that he misses success.

Loafers and failures don't make the grade at college. The honors pass them by. They don't make the right kind of friends. Miss out in sports. Miss about everything worth while.

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ample, that was just returned with a kindly suggestion that it be done over in such a manner that it would be possible for someone to read it. A perfectly good theme but illegible. An evening's work wasted. The gang is stepping out to-night and you are staying in.

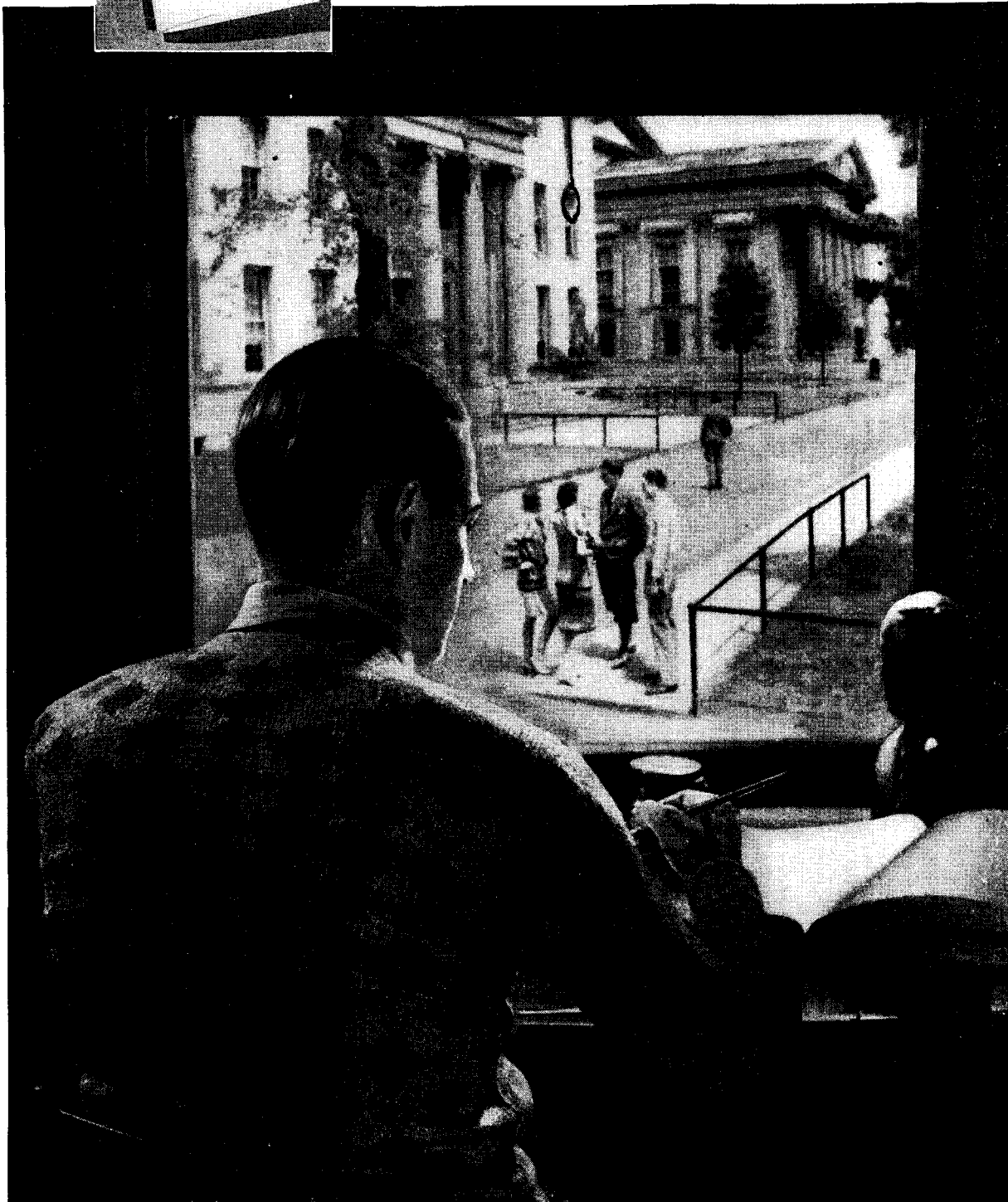
A Corona would have typed that theme in about half the time it took you to write it in the first place. And it would have been a better theme. Better composition, better style, no misspelled words, clean, readable. The chances are that it would have scored instead of being a flop.

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*Making good at college needs a lot of leisure*

# CORONA

A UTILITY OF MODERN LIVING

with his diamonds now—garters to be buckled beneath her knee, aigrettes to be fastened in her hair—a zone for a waist, a perfect brilliant to hang on her forehead above her frightened eyes.

All the diamonds were reddened from the firelight; she put them off; she entreated him to adorn her no more; he again poured himself wine and, lifting the beaker with both hands, drank.

"We are very pleasant here, Madelon. How could I have listened to those villainous rogues? They were jealous of me, ah, jealous, bursting with spite and envy. That scoundrel Knock will be biting his fingers with malice."

He laughed. Was he not the wealthiest prince in the world, possessing the most beautiful woman? He gave her a cane with a pure round emerald for a knob, then hung round her throat a necklet of male sapphires, blue of India, blue of blue—that, that was the noblest color of all! He searched for the Garter, his last and most sumptuous decoration; she must have the blue band across her white bosom, the George hanging against her side.

"Let us put away these precious toys, sir—this is not the occasion."

Johann Georg took no heed of this. He pulled out the marriage chains of his ancestors, the arms of Saxony united with those of Brandenburg, Denmark, Württemberg, Culmbach; but one had a sting for him—"Prudens et simplex. Christus nos redemit ab execratione legis" was enameled on one of the swinging medallions; his poor Latin was good enough for that—everywhere threats and menaces . . . he thrust his

hands into his hair and sat sullen, staring. Madelon crept to his feet, entreating his patience and kindness. She pushed aside the weapons he had made her bring out—his state sword, the Electoral sword, the saber of Mohammed IV, and the baton of Kara Mustapha, taken at the relief of Vienna ten years ago.

She ventured to put on her bedgown. He did not interfere with her. She crept to the couch and they stared at each other in a mutual wonder as to the possible hope there was of climbing out of the pit into which they had sunk.

SHE thought: "I have nothing but the thought of Delphicus. Nothing."

He thought: "I have nothing but little Madelon. Nothing."

He put his goblet down and turned into the cushions with a childish gesture as if he wept.

Madelon glided away. She put off her ribband, the jewels. Many of the candles were extinct now. Madelon, pausing on the bedstep, saw the room already invaded by shadows; even the glow of the fire was slowly receding.

"Come to sleep, Johann; there is nothing we can do."

He looked up; she was leaning on the pillows on the great bed, a pale shape in the thick reddish murk of the curtains. Sleep, once the easiest thing in the world for him, was not so easy now. He rose, sighing, and took off his coat. "Can't I forget for one night—what she is and what I did?"

If he woke, in the dark, and imagined the stately figure of the murdered man

towering over him? Last night he had not been to bed—if he woke and found that Madelon had turned into a demon in his arms; or saw, piercing his thickest curtains and shutters, the awful Eye of God?

Undressing by the failing fire and half sobbing, he began to tell the story of the White Bear.

"There was a White Bear in Ireland which was extremely beautiful. It lived in the palace of a king, in a bronze cage filled with icebergs. It was fed on honey, cinnamon cakes and baked pears. The seven princesses flattered and coaxed it with toys and songs. Are you listening, Madelon?"

"Yes," she sighed.

"Well, the Bear loved none of them—he had fixed his affections on a little yellow dwarfish creature, ugly as a hop-toad—but he could not see that, for the poor beast was bewitched. The king and all the princesses became very angry with the bear, for whenever they gave him any liberty he followed the dwarf, so he was shut up in his cage and no one came near but the dwarf. She got through the bars and tried to keep herself warm in his fur, for the icebergs were very cold—"

"Johann, come to sleep."

"I'm coming." He stood, tall, heavy, in his chamber robe, blocking out from her the last light of the fire.

"For all the care of each other the dwarf died of cold and the bear of hunger, for everyone was so disgusted with it that they would not feed it any longer"—Johann Georg paused, then added on a sudden gust of laughter:

"and its skin made a fine rug for the seventh princess when the elks drew her over the ice! Hey! Hallo!" he shouted. "Over the ice with the wolves behind!"

Madelon laughed to match his mood; their mirth was pitiful, the laughter of youth betrayed, defiled—amused at its own degradation.

He came to the bedside and gazed down at the Bible. She feared that he would open it, but he turned into the closet and put out the pyramids of wax tapers either side of the mirror. Hearing him moving there she feared again that he would stumble on the third bottle knotted in her stocking; but he returned, absorbed in his own challenge of the dark he was defiantly creating. He pulled the snuffers down over the remaining candles and there was only the receding glow of the wood ash on the hearth. As he flung himself on the bed beside her he begged her to tell him a story. He kept looking over his shoulder, beyond the shadows of the curtains, into the room filled with that vague wavering light.

"What are you looking for?" asked Madelon.

"Nothing. We are alone, are we not?"

HE GAVE her desperate kisses; in the dark he was not ashamed to weep a little; as their faces pressed together their tears mingled, for Madelon wept, too, for some dreadful and intangible grief; each sought frantically in the other for some oblivion, however brief, some opiate, however costly; they felt each other's (Continued on page 53)



Captain Falaiseau sprang into the room. He had an instantaneous impression that he had come into the presence of two people, that a tall man stood between him and the woman on the floor

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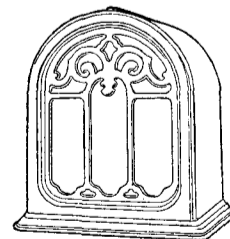
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# Bob Right

*When Madame and her hairdresser put their heads together a new and distinctive coiffure emerges from the merger. Gifted gentlemen with scissors and imagination create many such designs for society and fashion leaders, each appropriate to the type and personality of its owner*

**By Marie Beynon Ray**



Hal Phylfe  
Ina Claire was among the first to appear with shingled hair



Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer  
The famous Greta Garbo semi-bob makes the head look small and slim



Hal Phylfe  
Helen Morgan as she is now appearing in Sweet Adeline, on Broadway



White Studio  
Beatrice Lillie wears a severe masculine haircut unusually well



Hesser  
The fluffy, curly, utterly feminine coiffure of Mae Murray

**M**ANY hairdressers, here and in Paris, claim the honor of starting the short-hair vogue; but the prize, if we admit the dates, would seem to go to Pierre Senegas, then of Paris, now of New York. In his verdant years in Paris, Senegas, it seems, was coiffeur not only to the divine Sarah but likewise to the diabolic Eve la Vallière. Eve, some forty years ago, was the idol of the Paris boulevards and once, when she was playing the rôle of a *petit caporal*, Senegas suggested that she cut off her hair.

La Vallière gasped—then laughed. There was only one class of women who wore their hair short in those days—the mate of the apache, the woman whose hair was clipped on her entrance into jail.

But as La Vallière had gasped and then laughed, she said, "Why not? The idea shocked and amused me. Why shouldn't it shock and amuse my audiences?" La Vallière was not a queen of the boulevards for nothing. She knew what her Paris wanted.

## Old Stuff

So Senegas cut her hair short as a man's, but, as a concession to femininity, he placed a star at the part and a butterfly among the longer front curls. That was in 1888 and, as Eve had guessed, her audience was shocked and amused and some of the more daring Parisiennes were intrigued into imitating her—but only half-heartedly. They dared cut only the hair on front of their heads, leaving the back hair long, and curling the clipped hair close to the head—and behold the quaint bang of our bustling mothers!

There was, however, enough short and banged hair in 1891 for Senegas to have on his business cards "Bangs cut and curled. Short hair cut."

Then in 1914 Irene Castle appeared, not with the true boyish bob of today, but with a sort of Spanish-Infanta demi-bob. Only the very young copied this style as it was obvious that its childish contours were becoming only to the round, youthful face and to a small head on a tall, slim body.

It was not until 1923 that the true shingle burst upon us—first in Paris and then, as the boats with our fashion devotees began arriving, in America. Mrs. David Van Buren and Ina Claire were the first to arrive in New York with the fashionable shingle, and instantly America was captivated. This new style, more masculine than childish, was immediately seen to be not only infinitely more youthful than long hair but exactly the right coiffure to top our abbreviated post-war costumes.

We are apt to feel very original about this short hair of ours, but as a matter of fact it's quite an old story. Whole races of women have cut off their hair, as do the Jewish women of a certain

class today; whole orders, as the nuns; and there have even been previous epidemics of short hair in fashionable society, as when the ladies of the Directoire cut their hair in imitation of the victims of the guillotine.

The hairdressers of today who boast of inventing the "wind-blown" coiffure have only to refer to the fashion plates of the Directoire to discover that the *Merveilleuses* and *Incroyables* of that time (so named because they were just too marvelous to be believed), led by the incorrigible Madame de Tallien, wife of many men, mistress of more, dressed their bold, bad, beautiful heads in just that style. "Coup de vent" they called it, and we have the same effect and the same word, "wind-blown," today.

The tatterdemalion coiffure of an Anita Loos, who convinced us that gentlemen prefer blondes, is no origination of the 1920's, but an exact duplication of the hairdressing of the Unbelievables of 1800. *Mèches* (strings) was the word they used to describe the wild, stringy disorder of the coiffure they affected—a perfectly good name for the way the Anita Looses of today arrange theirs.

For one reason or another many famous ladies, even before the Revolution, had worn their hair short. Louise de la Vallière, mistress of Louis XIV, when the king deserted her for the all-conquering Montespan, retired to a convent and shaved her head. Joan of Arc cut her hair short for convenience in riding into battle. Ninon de Lenclos, whose infidelities were as many as the hairs of her head, serious for once in her life, cut off every golden hair to prove to one lover her eternal faithfulness.

These and other ladies were bobbed in their day, but there was no real vogue of short hair until the Directoire period, and now our own.

But now that it is here it is practically certain to remain in style—side by side with long hair, perhaps—during the lifetime of the present generation; for short hair isn't just a question of a style in hairdressing for women any more than it is for men. It's a question of a whole trend of civilization.

## Coiffeurs and Coiffures

Hairdressers are devoting their notoriously nimble wits and fingers to the problem of introducing as much variety and individuality into the arrangement of these cropped heads as ever they did into the dressing of long hair—and marvelously are they succeeding. For though they may go bobbed into eternity, women will never consent to the dull standardization practiced by men. Fashion is their god as conventionality is men's, and today there is quite as much variety in hairdressing as when hair was long.

Some of these variations are created by the hairdressers, some by the wearers themselves. (Continued on page 74)



Eugene Robert Richce  
Ruth Taylor, blond star, tries a smooth, sophisticated haircut



Paramount  
Gertrude Lawrence's short locks sweep into fluffy curls in back



White Studio  
The charm of her long hair is retained in Elsie Ferguson's bob



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
Attractive Claire Windsor wears her hair in a soft, flattering bob



First National  
Smooth and lacquer-like is Irene Bordoni's distinguished coiffure