

A Royal Good Fellow

Continued from page 17

Kitchener: "I don't want to take an ornamental job, where I shall be in the way all the time and just have my photograph taken. I want to go out and fight like anyone else."

Lord Kitchener sensibly said: "You better go away and learn a little bit more about soldiering." He thought that would finish the Prince of Wales. It didn't. In a few months' time the Prince came back and told him that he had learned a little more about soldiering and was now ready to go to the front.

"Well," said Lord Kitchener, "I'm not worrying about your being killed, because you have four brothers, but I cannot have you taken prisoner," and he gave the Prince a job on the staff in France.

Not content with what he got, the Prince tried to get some more. On one occasion he ran away from his staff friends, and on his motor-bike set out for the front line. Fortunately his motor-bike hit a shell hole before he got to his goal, and he spent the night in comparative safety with some poilus, playing cards in a dugout where an anxious searching party found him early next morning. After that the Powers-that-Were gave it up and allowed the Prince of Wales, while he was not engaged in diplomatic missions in Italy, Egypt and elsewhere, to behave like an ordinary human being instead of a little tin god.

"Our Democratic Prince"

The result was that men out at the front were occasionally to find themselves being visited in the most unconventional manner by the Prince of Wales, and the spirit of comradeship, that was never very far away from the men in the trenches, made them treat him as one of themselves, and made him treat them in a like manner. The news of this was not very long in reaching newspaperdom, and newspaperdom did not take long to appreciate the publicity value of the situation. The Prince of Wales from being just like other princes in the royal family became "Our Democratic Prince."

That was a perfectly reasonable picture and deservedly popular; but when the war was over, newspaperdom just could not give it up; they persisted in keeping on with their war-time conception of him as a democratic young man.

His trips to the various parts of the empire and to the United States did nothing to cure this. The newspapers imagined that the empire and the United States were the most democratic countries in the world instead of being precisely as snobbish as England, and they described the popularity that the Prince, because of his genuinely likable personality, achieved there as being due to the fact that he was "Our Democratic Prince."

From America originated that photograph that started all this inane smile business. The Prince of Wales was at some country club there and was signing the visitors' book. He was (will you believe it?) actually looking profoundly bored. A photographer waiting to take his photograph whispered to one of his staff, "Say something to make him smile." And the friend shouted out suddenly, "Look out, you're signing the pledge." The Prince smiled, and has lived to curse the day that he did so.

After that, when he was in South Africa, the crowd lining the route used to shout, "Why, he isn't smiling. Show us your smile, sir." And thus the smile became an official habit.

The trouble is that the democratic-smiling-prince-charming sort of publicity was founded on fact, but it has been done to such an extent that it has be-

come not a picture but a caricature. Actually the Prince is a little unconventional, but he can be dignified as well. He does smile genuinely, sometimes, for he has an acute sense of humor, but he does not grin foolishly at everyone he meets.

When you come to ask me why this conception should make him popular, the answer is not quite so easy to find. But there is one remark that I can make straightaway. Though it has made him popular as Prince of Wales, it has not made him popular as the future King of England. Such little idiosyncrasies as are very proper in a "young man" would be undignified in a monarch of a mighty empire.

There is something very significant in the attitude of the public toward him as the heir to the throne. The suggestion does not get into the newspapers, but it is there none the less surely for not creeping into print. It is, to make no bones about it, the impression that the Prince of Wales is not fit to be King of England, and that he realizes this himself, and would much prefer to let his brother, the Duke of

York, come to the throne in his stead.

The result is that the public, taking its conception of the Prince from the caricatures that appear in the newspapers, is very fond of him who fulfills its conception of all that a gay but tactful young spark should be, and at the same time, is naturally very much afraid that he has neither the dignity nor the wish to make a suitable king.

Tragic Potentialities

That is the reason for the vast popularity of the Prince that exists alongside this none the less deep distrust of his capabilities.

Rank heresy, you will be tempted to say. All I want you to do is to make this simple test:

Ask the first friend what he thinks of the Prince of Wales as King Edward VIII, and you will find he thinks exactly what I have said. Then ask yourself frankly whether the same thought has not crossed your own mind, and if you are honest with yourself the chances are about ten to one that you will admit that it has.



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An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded.

In the English language there are

THREE

words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters

—FRU—

One of them is FRUIT

(In the widest sense, any product of plant growth useful to man or animals. Also, the effect or consequence of any action, operation, etc.)

You supply the others

2. FRU _____

A cross, old-fashioned person, especially an old woman.

3. FRU _____

The frog of a horse's foot.

The answers to this Word Hunt will appear in next week's Collier's

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

- | | | | |
|---------|---------|----------|----------|
| 1. Neap | 3. Neat | 6. Ne'er | 9. Newt |
| 2. Near | 4. Neck | 7. Nest | 10. Next |
| | 5. Need | 8. News | |

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The pity of it is that the real Prince of Wales is as unlike the press pictures as chalk is unlike cheese, and also that the real Prince, if newspaperdom had the sense to paint him as his friends know him, would be very nearly as popular as, and very much more respected than, the grotesque caricature that they have evolved in his stead.

There is in the possession of the royal family a book of press cuttings very much treasured by the princes. It is labeled "Things we have neither said nor done," and it contains very nearly every gossip column article that has ever appeared about them. Let me anticipate that book that will never be published, and attempt to kill one or two myths about this Prince Charming.

In the first place he is not always smiling; he is as serious about his job as a successful stockbroker is about stockbroking.

In the second place, that famous smile is part of his stock-in-trade. The public expects to see it and the Prince obliges. But next time you see him close up at an official function when he is smiling, just look at his eyes. Unless something really humorous has happened, there is no smile in them.

In the third place, though the Prince is fond of dancing, he very frequently goes for weeks without putting a foot to the dance floor. Dancing is a recreation and business comes before pleasure. Further, when he does dance until three o'clock in the morning, he does not get up at six-thirty to run around Buckingham Palace gardens.

In the fourth place, he is neither a reckless nor a bad horseman. Unfortunately, as he has admitted to me himself, he has bad hands.

In the fifth place and most important of all, he *does* want to be King of England. He wants to be more than any other man on this earth, and he has not the least idea of letting his brother take over the job for him.

What he has done is to take advantage of the newspaper opinion of him when it is convenient for his amusement, and he allows himself rather undignified pleasures common to most people of his age, because he knows that even if he did not the newspapers, having got the idea firmly into his head, would say that he did anyhow.

Popular! Of course he is popular, just as Charlie Chaplin is popular, because he is a free entertainment to a tired public!

A Popular Show

Popular! Of course he ought to be popular, because he happens to be a perfectly normal intelligent Englishman who happens to be efficient at his job, and at the same time to have the normal human characteristics. He has tact, he has a good appearance, he has dignity, he has talents, he has brains.

On his own qualifications he could be as popular as any good fellow in New York, Chicago or Cincinnati, because just as they are efficient bank clerks, dock laborers, cotton operatives or stockbrokers, he is an efficient prince. Being a prince, the circle of his popularity would be infinitely wider than theirs. But he would be popular on his scale for precisely the same reasons as they are on theirs. Because they are likable fellows and remarkably efficient.

Instead of that, newspaperdom has turned him into a popular entertainment, at which, like Charlie Chaplin, they can weep or laugh, and while it has made him a general favorite, it has made him ridiculous. More's the pity. But there it is and there's an end on't, as Dr. Johnson would say.

Mr. Dent's third article, *The Prince of Pleasure*, will appear next week.

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 26

You see, out heah we train ourselves to do without water an' food. Like Indians, you know, Glory," replied Molly.

Plain indeed was it that Gloriana did not know; and that she was divided in emotion between her pangs and the surprise of this adventure.

"Hey, Molly, stop gabbin' an' get to work," ordered Stone, dryly. "Our Saint Louis darlin' here will croak on us if we ain't careful."

He slipped the ax out from under a rope on the pack, and proceeded to a near-by spruce, from which he cut armloads of the thick fragrant boughs. These he spread under an oak tree, and went back for more, watching the girls out of the tail of his eye. Once he caught Gloriana's voice in furious protest: "The lazy brute! Look at the size of him—and he makes you lift those packs." And Molly's reply: "Aw, this heah's easy, Glory. An' I'm tellin' you again—don't make this desperado mad."

Then Stone slipped behind the spruce and peered through the branches. Molly did lift off those heavy packs, and unsaddled the animal. Next she turned to remove the saddle from her horse. At this Gloriana arose with difficulty, and limping to the horse she had ridden, she tugged at the cinches, and labored until she got them loose. Then she slid the big saddle off. It was a man's saddle and heavy, which of course she had not calculated upon, and down she went with it, buried almost out of sight. Molly ran to lift it off. Stone saw the Eastern girl wring her helpless hands. "Dog-gone tough on her," he soliloquized, and proceeded to get another load of spruce boughs, which he carried over to the oak tree.

"Hey, Gloriana, fetch over thet bed-roll," he called.

SHE paid no attention to him. Then he bellowed the order in the voice of a bull. He heard Molly advise her to rustle. Whereupon Gloriana lifted the roll in both arms and came wagging across the grass.

"Untie the rope," he said, not looking at her, and went on spreading the boughs evenly. Presently, as she was so slow, he looked up. She was wearily toiling at the knot.

"I—I can't untie it," she said.

"Wal, you shore are a helpless ninny," he returned in disgust. "What in Gawd's name *can* you do, Miss Traft? Play the concertina, huh? An' fix your hair pretty, huh? It's shore thunderin' good luck for some fine cowboy thet I happened along an' saved him from marryin' you."

The marvel of that speech lay in its effect upon Gloriana, whose piteous mute appeal to Molly showed she had been driven to believe it was true.

"See heah, Jed Stone," demanded Molly, loyally, "how could Glory help the way she was brought up? Everybody cain't be born in Arizona."

"Misfortune, I call thet. . . But see heah, yourself, Molly Dunn. The more you stick up fer this wishy-washy tenderfoot the wuss I'll be. Savvy?"

"You bet I savvy," rejoined Molly.

"Wal then, rustle supper. I'm tired after thet ride. My neck's stiff from turnin' round to watch Miss Traft. It was a circus, though. . . Gather some wood, start a fire, put on the water to boil, mix biscuits, an' so forth."

In a low tone Gloriana whispered: "Molly, I thought Ed Darnell was a villain. But, my, oh!—he's a saint compared to this desperado."

"Oh, no, Glory. Jed Stone is an honest-to-Gawd desperado," expostulated Molly.

"What's she sayin' about thet feller Darnell an' me?" demanded Stone, going to the fire.

"Jed, she knew Darnell back in Missouri," explained Molly.

"You don't say. Wal, thet's interestin'.

Hope she didn't compare me to him. Two-bit caird-sharp before he hit the West. An' then, like a puff of smoke, he lit into crooked cattle dealin'. . . An' did he last longer than any of them dude Easterners who reckon they can learn us Westerners tricks? He did not."

"What do you mean, Jed?" queried Molly, who divined when he was lying and when he was not.

"Croak Malloy was in thet outfit Traft's cowboys rounded up in a cabin down below Yellowjacket. They'd been rustlin' the new Diamond stock, an' had to ride fer their lives. Wal, they didn't ride fur, not with your redskin brother an' Curly Prentis an' thet rodeo-ridin' bunch after them. Croak said they set fire to the cabin, an' burned them out, an' he got shot in the laig. But he escaped, an' it was when he was hidin' in the brush thet he seen the cowboys string up Darnell, along with two rustlers."

Gloriana's eyes were great black gulfs.

"Mr. Stone, among other things you're a liar," she said, deliberately.

"Wal, I'll be dog-goned," ejaculated

"See there, Molly. She's comin' round," drawled Stone. "We'll make a Westerner of her yet."

"Jed, was there a—a fight down below Yellowjacket?" asked Molly, with agitation.

"Shore was. Malloy said he seen two cowboys shot, one of which he accounted fer himself. But he didn't know either. An' so they couldn't have been Jim or Slinger or Prentis."

"Oh—how'll we find out?" cried Molly, in honest agony. And the tone of her voice, the look of her about finished Gloriana.

"WAL, what difference does it make?" queried Stone, "to one of you, anyhow? One of you gurls is shore goin' with me, an' cowboys won't never be no more in your young life. Haw! Haw!"

"I could stick this in you, Jed Stone," cried Molly, brandishing the wicked butcher knife.

"Call me when supper's ready," he ordered. "I smelled a skunk out there, an' I'm afeared it's one of them hydrophobia varmint. They shore stink wuss."

As he strode off he heard Gloriana

fall over. An' by mawnin' you'd be froze. We'll have to sleep with Stone. He's put all the blankets on thet bed. An' I'll sleep in the middle—so he cain't touch you."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," retorted Gloriana. And when they reached the wide bed under the oak tree, she crawled in the middle and stretched out, as if she did not care what happened.

"Wal, now, thet's somethin' like," declared the outlaw, as he saw the pale faces against the background of blankets. He sat down on the far side of the bed and in the gloom contrived to remove his boots and spurs. "Gurls, I'm liable to have nightmare. Often do when I'm scared or excited. An' I'm powerful dangerous then. Shot a bed-fellow once, when I had nightmare. So you wanta kick me awake in case I get to dreamin'. . . An', Molly, don't forget if thet skunk gets its teeth fastened in Glory's nose you must choke it off."

It was not remarkable to Stone that almost before he had ceased talking Gloriana was asleep. He knew what worn-out nature would do. Nevertheless as soon as Molly had dropped off he made such a commotion that he would almost have awakened the dead. Then he began to snore outrageously, and between snores he broke out into the thick weird utterance of a man in a nightmare.

"Molly—Molly!" cried Gloriana, in a shrill whisper, as she clutched her friend madly. "He's got it!"

"Sssh! Don't wake him. He won't be dangerous unless he wakes," replied Molly.

Jed made the mental reservation that his little ally was all right, and began to rack his brain for appropriate exclamations: "Aggh! I'll—carve—your—gizzard!" And he sprang up to thump back. Then he gave capital imitations of Malloy's croaking laugh. Then he shouted: "You can't have the gurl! She's mine, Croak, she's mine! . . . I'll have your heart's blood!" After which he snored some more, while listening intently. He did not hear anything, but he thought he felt the bed trembling. Next he rolled over, having thrown the blankets, to bump hard into Gloriana. But that apparently did not awaken him. He laid a heavy arm across both the girls and went on snoring blissfully.

"Molly," whispered Gloriana, in a very low and blood-curdling voice, "let's—kill him—in his sleep!"

"Oh, I wish we could, but we're not strong enough," replied Molly, horrified. "Don't you dare move!"

Stone could scarcely contain himself, and wanted to roar his mirth and elation. So his acting had been so good, so convincing that it had driven this lovely tenderfoot to consider murder! He could not have asked more. She was responding nobly to the unplumbed primitive instincts which, happily for her and those who loved her, she shared in common with the less sophisticated characters of the West.

IN THE gray of dawn he got up, pulled on his big boots, and went at the campfire tasks, careful not to make any noise. His two babes in the woods were locked in sleep, also in each others' arms. Stone cooked the last of the meat and boiled the last of the coffee. A few biscuits were left, hard as rocks. Then he went to awaken the girls. Their heads were close together, one dark, the other amber, and their sweet pale faces took the first flush of the sunrise. It was a picture the outlaw would carry in his memory always and he found himself thanking God that he had come upon Croak Malloy before they had suffered harm.


"Gurls, roll out," he called.

(Continued on page 46)


Nameographs

Self-expression is the order of the day. It's only fair that words should have a chance at it too. Give some worthy word a helping hand! Let it show what it means.

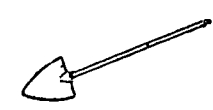
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"Turtle," by John Thompson, 235 Hood St., Lynchburg, Va.

the outlaw, genuinely surprised, and not a little hurt. "I am, am I? Wal, you'll see, Miss Traft."

"You're trying to—to frighten me," she faltered, weakening. "Have you no heart—no mercy? . . . I was once engaged to—to marry Darnell, or I thought I was. He followed me out here."

"Ahuh. What'd he foller you out heah fer?"

"He swindled my father out of money, and I suppose he thought he could do the same with Uncle Jim."

"Not old Jim Traft. Nix come the weasel! Old Jim cain't be swindled. . . Wal, Miss Glory, I must say you was lucky to have Darnell stack up against Curly Prentis. I remember now thet Madden was in Snell's gamblin' den when Curly ketched Darnell cheatin' an' drove him out of Flag. Funny he didn't bore thet caird-sharp. Reckon he savvied how soon Darnell would come to the end of his rope. He did come soon—an' it was a lasso."

"I don't believe you," replied Gloriana, steadily.

"Sweet on him yet, huh?"

"No, I despise him. Any punishment, even hanging, would be too good for him," retorted Gloriana, with passion.

ask in Heaven's name what he would think of next, and what was a hydrophobia skunk anyway. Luckily Stone had smelled a skunk, and any kind of one would serve his purpose, so presently he fired his gun twice, and then went back to camp.

"Missed him, by gosh," he said greatly annoyed. "An' it shore was a hydrophobia all right. Molly, you gurls will have to sleep with me tonight. 'Cause thet skunk will come round camp, an' it'd be shore to bite Glory's nose. Hydrophobia skunks always pick out a fellar with a big nose. An' I'll have to be there to choke it off."

"I'll be eaten up by skunks with hydrophobia and lions with yellow fever before I'd obey you," declared Gloriana.

"Haw! Haw! Yes, you would. Wait till it gets dark an' you smell thet varmint."

While they sat at the meager supper Stone bedeviled Gloriana in every way conceivable, yet to his satisfaction it did not prevent her from eating her share.

Darkness soon settled down, and twice Gloriana fell asleep beside the fire. "Let's sit up—all night," she begged of Molly.

"I'd be willin', if he'd let us. But, Glory dear, you jest couldn't. You'd