

# The Prince's Darling

By George R. Preedy

## The Story Thus Far:

ALTHOUGH she is in love with Delphicus de Haverbeck, a young army officer, Madelon von Neitschütz rejects his suit and agrees to marry Johann Georg, the weak young Elector of Saxony. But Count Stürm, Minister of State for Saxony and the von Neitschütz' bitter enemy, proves to the youth that the girl does not love him—is accepting him merely to rehabilitate her family fortunes. Whereupon the ruler, infuriated, takes another bride and forces Madelon to become his mistress.

At the brilliant Court of Saxony, in Dresden, Madelon is surrounded by enemies. The populace, ignorant of her true character, loathes her—suspects her of witchcraft. But Johann Georg adores her: and presently she is directing the destinies of her country.

Heartbroken, De Haverbeck goes to Vienna, where he becomes Marshal de Haverbeck. News of his military exploits reaches Madelon. Working with the utmost secrecy, she contrives to have him sent, on an important mission, to Dresden, where she tricks him into meeting her surreptitiously, declares her love, and pleads with him to take her away.

Still worshipping her, De Haverbeck, a gentleman of honor, repulses her; whereupon she visits one Madame de Rosny, who is supposed to possess supernatural powers, and buys from her a love potion.

Stürm's spies observe the drama and report; and the minister promptly tells the Elector the whole story. The ruler—ignorant, thus far, of the identities of the characters involved—listens in bewilderment.

## VIII

AT THE mention of these two ill-omened names—Fani von Ilten and Madame de Rosny—connected with that of his beloved, the young prince's candid face purpled, and a hundred hideous memories rose before his confused and disturbed mind. He moved uneasily and fingered the stiff bow of blue velvet under his chin.

"I hope," added Stürm, suavely, "that I do not vex Your Highness by the mention of these ladies. They are still in some favor with Madame de Rocklitz, for as you must be aware, she sometimes visits them—"

"You think to put me in an entanglement?" cried the Elector, angrily. "I do not know what you would be at. I am a plain man and cannot follow these involved insinuations."

Stürm continued coolly, by no means affected by the young Elector's passionate interruption, and following out a preconceived plan he had made in his mind before he sought this interview.

"At the house I spoke of, a small country mansion that Marshal de Haverbeck visited today, lives a young child, being brought up by some decent gentlefolk. This house is also often visited by Madame de Rocklitz."

"WELL, God's thunder!" The Elector scowled. "She is free in her comings and goings. She has her friends and her acquaintances. Why do you try to make evil out of so simple an affair?"

"I make nothing. I merely state the facts which I, being as I say a ruined man already, may venture to bring to Your Highness' observation. I say Madame de Rocklitz visits this Rosny, and it is a dangerous thing to do. For that woman lies, and seriously lies, under the imputation of witchcraft. Her name has been put before the commission that Your Highness appointed—as a suspect."

"I never heard as much," exclaimed the young Elector, uneasily.



The Countess of Rocklitz watched him for a minute or two, then carefully left the Residenzschloss

"There are many things take place in Dresden that Your Highness does not hear of," replied the minister. "I hold in my hand a great deal of information about Madame de Rosny and her partner, Fani von Ilten. It is well known that they deal in potions and filthy brews, and even, on occasions, poison. They are adepts in the handling of drugs, and they sell to the ignorant and the besotted potions and incantations and charms."

"If that be so," answered the Elector, sullenly, yet with an increasing disorder in his looks, "it is work for the police."

"Yet Your Highness would scarcely care to see Madame de Rosny, the ancient governess of the Countess of Rocklitz, arrested on a charge of witchcraft; put to the question?"

"Then why," demanded the Elector, "do you bring the matter to me?"

"That you might use your good in-

fluence over the Countess, not to go near that house again. She is not, Your Highness, if you will permit a warning, popular, and there is that scandal with the Church, and once there was such a scandal as this—why," and he laughed quietly, "I have already heard it said by the chitchats that she bewitches Your Highness."

"YOU do indeed speak in malice," replied the young Elector, heavily, "and to no purpose. Madame de Rocklitz was right when she said she had an enemy in you."

"Ah, she did say that, did she?" remarked Stürm, quickly. "Well, like Herr Knock, I have my resignation in my pocket before I dare to speak my mind; as, no doubt, you will find a pastor to absolve the Countess, so will you find a minister to replace me. The favorites of princes seldom lack their instruments."

He rose as if to take a ceremonious departure, but the heated, vexed Elector cried out:

"What is it that you told me of that house in the suburbs, and the child brought up by some gentlewoman? What was that to me? Why did you mention it?"

Ferdinand Stürm stood silent, as if casting about how to make an odious revelation with the least possible offense. Finally, he remarked:

"Marshal de Haverbeck pays for the maintenance of that child."

The young Elector laughed, as if relieved.

"Why, then, 'tis his and an end of the matter, and why do you plague me with it?"

Count Stürm asked smoothly: "Is Madame de Rocklitz wise in visiting Marshal de Haverbeck's child?"

The Elector rose heavily, and thundered:



"Allow me to go now—this so humiliates us both." He could hardly control his scorn of these degrading circumstances, his need of escape from this dim-lit room



Illustrated by  
Joseph  
Simont

"How do you know she does? Do you dare to have her watched? On my honor you go too far—do you think I'll endure this damned insolence?"

"Sir," replied Stürm, drawing up erectly his old, slight, invalidish figure, "I served your father for very many years and not with any ill repute. It might be allowed that I have always at heart the interest of Saxony. I would not now stay in office even if I could; I have served a man and a soldier, and I would not serve Your Highness—a besotted boy—lost in passion for a woman like the Rocklitz! And this I will say, even at the price of a lodging tonight in the Königsberg—this I will add, sir: I have some affection for your line, some regard for the dignity of the House of Wettin—you; you watch Madame de Rocklitz—"

The young Elector could not hold his own against the scorn, the quiet authority of one so much older and more experienced than himself; of one who,

since his childhood, he had seen in a position of power, directing his own father and the destinies of his country. He faltered and turned away.

"And watch Marshal de Haverbeck," added the minister, coolly, satisfied at the effect of his words.

"But he," cried the prince, sharply, "leaves Dresden tomorrow."

"Aye, tomorrow," smiled the minister, "but there is always tonight—I do entreat you have them watched."

"GO," cried the Elector, hoarsely. "I forgive this spite and malice from a fallen man—take yourself to your estates, Count Stürm—you harm no one but yourself by this."

Stürm bowed.

"I have warned you, at the cost no doubt of what remains to me of liberty. But Your Highness may come to consider that what I said was said with good will."

He was gone, with the quiet, careful

step of a sick man, and a little cough behind a steady hand, the tapping of his cane on the floor, and the falling of the green and indigo-colored tapestry into place behind the door.

The Elector gazed at the spot where he had stood, and turned over in his mind that pattern of words which had been surely carefully selected with some bitter and intense meaning, but the sense of which he could not rightly discover. But out of it all came one passionate fact—he loathed Marshal de Haverbeck, and Marshal de Haverbeck had been concerned in Stürm's story with the Countess of Rocklitz—with Madelon. He had a child being brought up quietly in a suburb of Dresden, and Madelon went sometimes to see the child—if that wasn't one of old Stürm's lies. And this afternoon he had met a young man in a church—and who was the young man? They had drunk together in a parlor. What was the meaning in that? The young man had ridden back

alone to Dresden, left his horse, and gone on foot to the establishment of Madame de Rosny! Johann Georg could see nothing in all that; his mind returned to the point of the child. He then dismissed that also, and came back to the warning that Count Stürm uttered—"Have De Haverbeck watched. . . ."

"Why, it's only a few hours before the envoy leaves Dresden—and why not have him watched?" Without telling Madelon or Count Stürm or anyone of his intention?

He reflected how he should set about this, conscious for the first time, and conscious with a sense of shame and vexation—how he was hampered and hemmed in by the house of Neitschütz—the old man and the younger brother held the army between them, and the elder was his chamberlain, and it was difficult to do anything without their knowledge, as this must be done. They were always about the Residenzschloss, and, as Johann Georg felt now for the first time, watching him.

THAT was intolerable, for he was a prince and must exert himself to govern. The von Neitschützes, no doubt, detested De Haverbeck as much as he did himself; but he did not wish to let them into this affair, nor could he allow von Spanheim, or Sir William Colt, or the Dutch envoy know that he had suspicions of their fellow-ambassador. Then he became impatient at his own vexation and hesitation and impetuously sent for one of his gentlemen in waiting, and asked him who was on guard in the Residenzschloss that night, and he was told the Life Guards under a certain Captain Falaiseau, a Huguenot refugee whom the Elector knew and, in a way, liked and trusted.

So impulsively, he wrote and sealed with his own hand a letter to Captain Falaiseau, and told him to send two of his men to keep a watch on Marshal de Haverbeck until he left Dresden, and, as if as a gloss to this, he put as an excuse—"I believe the French may have a design on him out of disappointment at the signing of the treaty, and I desire to protect his person."

Captain Falaiseau received this letter with the utmost amazement. Espionage, or even secret protection, he thought, was no work for a soldier, and he was at a loss as to whom to appoint to such a duty. It seemed to him an extraordinary matter for the Elector to be writing with his own hand, and Marshal de Haverbeck, being a person of such great importance and the direct representative of the Empire, he hesitated to interfere in the matter, even at the direct command of his master. So, being in the interest and friendship of Stürm, and knowing nothing of the overthrow and ruin of that minister, Captain Falaiseau went straight to Stürm's apartments where he was putting his papers in order, burning some in the stoves and sealing up others, and showed him the letter from the Elector.

"YOU may leave that affair to me," said the minister with no sign of surprise or emotion. "I will have Marshal de Haverbeck watched. The Elector is, as you know, impulsive," and he smiled, "very youthful, too, you know, my dear Falaiseau; you did more than well in bringing this epistle to me."

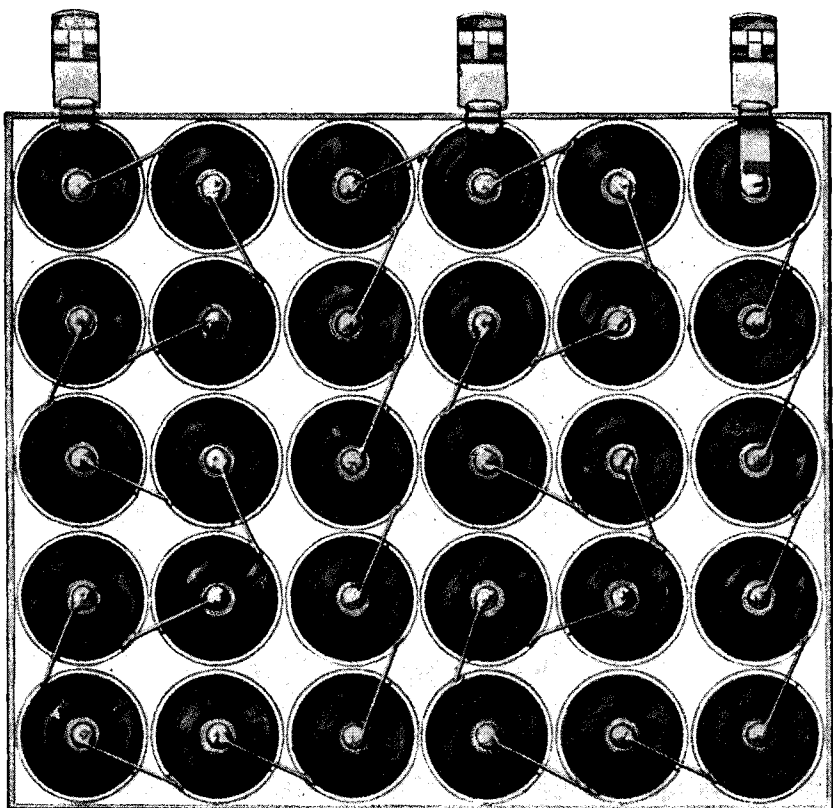
Then he added, thoughtfully:

"This doesn't touch you, my dear Falaiseau—you simply take the soldier's part. Just be ready in the guard-room tonight with a file of men in case they are needed—I take all responsibility, of course."

"I understand none of it," said Falaiseau, bluntly, "and I hope I have not betrayed any particular plan of the Elector in coming to you."

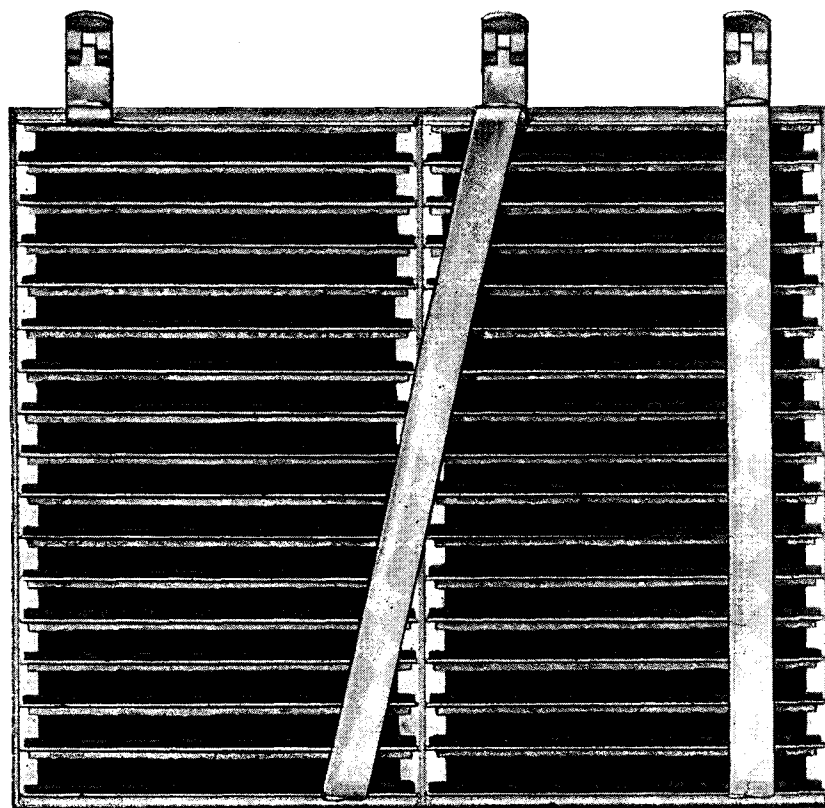
The soldier (Continued on page 64)





*Cylindrical Cell Construction*

*Diagram illustrating the construction of a cylindrical cell "B" battery. Two solderings per cell, or 60 in all, and 29 fine wires—89 chances for trouble. Note waste spaces between cells.*



*Eveready Layerbilt Construction*

*Diagram illustrating the simplicity of the Eveready Layerbilt construction. Only two broad metal bands and only five soldered connections. No waste spaces. It's all battery. Layerbilt construction is an exclusive Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.*

HERE IS «

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» IN "B" BATTERIES

*Here are the facts about "B" batteries assembled of separate, individual cells:*

29 delicate, fine wires are necessary to make connections within the battery;

60 solderings are required, making in all 89 places where trouble can come.

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Only five solderings are required; All other connections are made automatically, for the flat cells are

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# Revival of the Fittest

By  
Grantland  
Rice

The old guard had its fling at youth during  
the past sports season, showing the young dogs  
several new tricks

**W**HEN the final chapter of 1929 is written in sport it should be known as the year "of the old guard's return."

Someone once said they never come back, but past stars of former years have answered this statement with an upsetting crash. They have not only come back, but they have come back in swarms, proof again that the spirit is mightier than the flesh. The roving years are hard-riding jockeys, but they can't break the back of a game entry who happens again to hear the thud of rival hoofs.

Late in the summer Miss Betty Nuthall, the young English tennis star, came near upsetting the throne of Helen Wills, supposed to dominate her kingdom without any rival in sight. Miss Nuthall crowded Miss Wills almost off the throne in two smashing sets that went to extra games.

She was picked to give Miss Wills a hard fight in the women's championship at Forest Hills. But Miss Nuthall and the crowd in general failed to hear the echo of returning feet from a distant past. They only remembered that her opponent, Mrs. Molla Mallory, was champion in 1914, a long way back for a tennis champion playing in 1929.

Mrs. Mallory proved again that the veteran who still carries the old spirit is always dangerous on certain days. She swarmed all over the girl who almost beat Miss Wills in one of the first charges the old guard put on for the year.

The second charge came at Pebble Beach, where the amateur golf championship was recently played. Here, it was generally conceded, over a long, hard course, youth must be served in silver dishes.

No man over thirty had won the amateur golf championship of the United States for more than a dozen years. "The old man's game" had been taken over by youth.

## The Fighting Four

Bobby Jones, George Von Elm and Jess Sweetser, three of those given the best chance, were all under thirty. Out of 150 starters, most of them between twenty and twenty-eight, there were just four survivors late in the week. Who were they? H. Chandler Egan of Medford, Oregon, who was amateur golf champion in 1904 when Bobby Jones and Jess Sweetser were two years old; Dr. O. F. Willing of Portland, Oregon, a veteran who had passed his thirty-ninth year; Francis Ouimet, of Boston, who had been open champion sixteen years ago; and Jimmy Johnston of St. Paul, who was thirty-four years old, another veteran who had been hammering at the doors of fame for many years.

Here were four survivors who averaged close to thirty-nine years of age. Egan, at the age of forty-six, had played in only one championship in ten

P. & A.  
Photo

Francis Ouimet startled  
the golfing world back in  
1913 by beating Ray and  
Vardon at Brookline

years. Francis Ouimet had won his last championship fifteen years ago and to reach the semi-final bracket he had to conquer and wear down an eighteen-year-old San Francisco entry by the name of Lawson Little, a long, straight hitter who refused to make many mistakes in an all-day scrap.

Egan first had to stop George Von Elm, the second choice of the championship list. Later on he had to face Jess Sweetser, one of the hardest fighting match players in the game. He survived both tests and the man who finally checked him out in the semi-final round was Dr. Willing, the next oldest of the tournament survivors.

It had been fifteen years since Ouimet landed his last crown, and here he stood only two matches away from another title. The main trouble the veteran has is saving his nervous energy for the next day. He can be at his best or around his best just so long. He can be as good as he ever was for a certain stretch. And then the next day he wakes up tired and nerve-worn, fagged and flameless.

Yet when two such great veterans as Egan and Ouimet can start among 150 of the finest amateur golfers in the world and finish among the final four they have shown that the old guard still must be reckoned with. And it might be noted here that three of the old guard fought their way through with the old-fashioned style of gripping a club, the same V-grip, neither overlapped nor interlocked, that such veterans as John Ball, Harold Hilton and Walter J. Travis used over thirty years ago.

Tennis champion in  
1914, Mrs. Molla Mal-  
lory made a remark-  
able comeback this  
year by defeating the  
closest rival of Helen  
Wills



P. & A.  
Photo

H. Chandler Egan  
became a champ  
when Bobby Jones  
was two years old

The steady march of the old guard continued from Pebble Beach to Forest Hills, from California to Long Island. Out of a field of ninety entrants there were finally eight survivors. Three of these were Bill Tilden, a young tennis star back around 1915; Richard Norris Williams, who was ranked at number two seventeen years ago, back in 1912; and Frank Hunter, another veteran from many old campaigns.

Earlier in the season Williams had gone to the final round at Seabright, cutting his way through youth with all his old care-free chance-taking control and skill. At Forest Hills he lost the first two sets to Arnold Jones before the quarter-final bracket and then put on a display of tennis that carried old-timers back to the day that he stopped McLoughlin.

## Children Will Play

But this rally burned him out. He had nothing left when the next day came.

There were four veterans at Pebble Beach among the semi-finalists. At Forest Hills two of the last four left were veterans—Tilden and Hunter. So

here in two of the big games known to sport, each demanding different qualities, six of the last eight surviving players were all well above thirty, averaging close to thirty-seven years.

It should be remembered that in the last few years the rush of young talent has been tremendous. The kids have been picking up the game far earlier than they once did, the result being that at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five they not only have all the strength, stamina and nerve reserve of youth, but they also have the experience under fire that only those above thirty once knew.

For example, Bobby Jones at twenty-seven, has known fourteen seasons of tournament play. Helen Wills, in her rather early twenties, has known ten years of tournament campaigning.

This combination of youth and experience has made it a trifle tough for the old guard who once had to rely upon the asset of experience to overcome strength and skill. So the showing made by such members of the old guard as Egan, Ouimet, Tilden, Williams, Hunter, Mrs. Mallory and others deserves more than a single cheer.

It may be some time before the old guard has another season of this sort. But this one has been enough to prove that the game hasn't gone over entirely to younger feet and younger nerves. More than one astonished youth has discovered the truth of this remark within the last few months.



Wide  
World  
Photo