



THE THREE WAYS.

UPON the journey of my life I came unto a place where the road branched out into three ways, and I knew not which to choose.

Before me stretched a fair, broad path whereon were many wayfarers, and I asked of one that was about to tread it, "What path is this?"

He answered with kindling eyes, "It is the path of Art."

"And what lieth at the end thereof for guerdon?"

He answered, "Fame."

Then all my soul was hot within me to follow, but I bethought me of the other paths, and I delayed my choice yet a little while. I turned my eyes upon the road that lay unto the right; and behold, it was shaded upon either side with fair green branches. It seemed, in sooth, a goodly road to follow, and many were they that traversed it. I asked of a wayfarer, "What road is this?"

And he answered me, "It is Love's road."

"And what, I pray thee, lieth at the end of it?" I questioned him.

He answered, "Pain."

Nevertheless did this road seem unto my enchanted eyes yet more alluring than the first road, and I had already put my foot upon it to follow it, when I remembered

me of that other path; and I delayed a moment longer.

Upon this road, the one that lay to the left of me, I cast my eyes. It was a dim and narrow path leading into the far distance. It was but sparsely traveled; and even of those that set foot upon it, but few kept on their way. For the most part they turned again, and choosing one of the other roads, put the thought of the way that they had tried to follow out of their minds forever. And of those that did not turn there were some that dropped by the wayside.

I met a traveler fleeing with his eyes upon the way of Love, and I asked of him, "What road is this?"

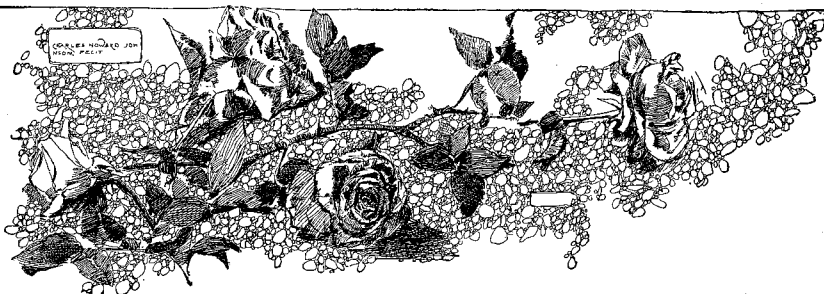
And he answered shudderingly, "It is the path of Duty."

Then I said unto him, "What lieth at the end thereof as guerdon?"

And he answered, "The unknown. It is a cold, dim, desert path, and there is no end unto it, save only death."

Then did I turn my back upon the path of Art and the path of Love, and set my face unto the way of Duty; and why I have chosen thus I do not know, but in the watches of the night, when all false values fade away, and good and evil stand forth clearly revealed, my soul approves my choice.

Elizabeth C. Cardozo.



IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"He is a dear, silky, gentle manikin," wrote the Princess Clementine of Belgium to a friend in England when the Prince of Naples was visiting Brussels with the intention of asking the daughter of the Count of Flanders to become his wife; "a manikin," she added, "such as one would like to wear on one's muff, but marry—never, *jamais!*"

Clementine had seen His Royal Highness but at a distance. In fact, she refused to meet him, pleading that she was still in mourning for Prince Baldwin. The Crown Prince of Italy is a slender, fragile little man, dresses like an English dude, and sports an eye glass, but his personality is stronger than his appearance would suggest. Taking him all in all, he is certainly worthy of the attention of marriageable young women of the blood royal. Excepting the hereditary Duke of Saxe Meiningen, it would be

difficult to name a young prince who is half so well educated as Victor Emanuel. He may not sit a horse as splendidly as some of his *bons frères* of more athletic build, but even the German Emperor has admitted that he is a "strategic wonder." The Kaiser also dubbed him "the wandering royal encyclopedia."

There is, however, one drawback to Victor Emanuel's success with the ladies: he is an inveterate garlic eater. When he made love to Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, he so frightened the poor girl that she ran off with Baron Seefried, and, after an unconventional honeymoon, married that insignificant Prussian lieutenant.

Queen Victoria conferred the Order of the Garter on the Prince of Naples to induce him to take off her hands Feodora of Schleswig, the youngest sister of the German Empress. The prince was willing

enough, and the royal maiden even consented to change her creed to obtain a crown. That was before they met. The Kaiser introduced the young people to each other in Berlin at a state ball, and the same evening Feodora returned to her mother in Dresden. The Count of Flanders' daughter was next on the program, with the result already told. During the last month the cable editors of our great dailies have been busy asserting and denying the possibility of a marriage between the Prince of Naples and Princess Maud of Wales. And it looks now as if Her Royal Highness was acclimatizing herself to the situation.

At any rate, a new and fitting receptacle for the Iron Crown of the Lombard kings has been completed in the Monza cathedral, and that historic emblem of honor has been renovated as if its employment at another great state ceremony was imminent. Will it ever touch the fair



The Prince of Naples.

From a photograph by d'Allessandri, Rome.