Gt. Britain's Royal Family

Children of King George Form Loyal Group Amid Artificiality

By P. W. WILSON, in the N.Y. Times Magazine.

For the House of Windsor, as for the rest of the world, time asses quickly. It is ten years since Princess Mary was married to Viscount Lascelles, now Earl of Harewood. Nine years have elapsed since the chimes of Westminster Abbey were rung for the Duke of York and his bride, Mary Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. The matchmakers are much excited, therefore, over the pretty young Princess Irgrid of Sweden, who has visited London.

His Majesty King George V. has to face a fact unusual in royal families. He has five surviving children. All but one have passed the age of 30. Yet only two are married, and one of these is the Princess Mary. Of the four sons, three are bachelors.

It was hoped against hope that the Prince of Wales, now approaching the forties, might find his second cousin a long-sought Queen to share his prospects of the throne. The Prince, however, continues to be satisfied with the privilege of attending weddings as best man

Mary knew her business and would allow nothing and nobody to interfere with the normal life of her home. She insisted that her sons, though Princes, must be boys like other boys; that her daughter, though a Princess, must be a girl among girls.

There, in York Cottage at Sandringham, the family lived as a family, in a modest house and without ostentation. For years the future Queen was never seen at all by the crowds of London. She was otherwise occupied.

The children dug in their gardens, they played cricket, they were taken by their mother to visit places like the Tower of London; they were taught by their tutors, they said their prayers, they attended church, they learned the catechism, and they were familiarized with the Bible.

Above all, they were made to realize their relation to the community. From time to time toys were shared with the poor, and at birthdays and Christmas all cakes, after due enjoyment, were cut up and distributed. In the minds of those children the dynasty was established on a firm foundation of duty to the nation.

* * *

Billions of words have been written of the humor, the gayety, the tact, the persistence, the courage, the patriotism and the obstinacy of the Prince of Wales, who to this day has never failed to be prolific in paragraphs. What if they did assign two huge detectives to dog the infant footsteps of the Prince? He had himself photographed between them and entitled the picture, "My Nurses." What if the cadets at Dartmouth called him "Sardine"? He replied to them on the banjo.

"I do not mind being killed in France," said he to Lord Kitchener; "I have plenty of brothers to carry on." To which the Field Marshal retorted grimly: "I do not mind you being killed, but I cannot allow you to be taken prisoner." And to Lord Haig the whereabouts of "the boy" day by day became an obsession.

Not for an instant does the Prince seem to be at a loss. The Mayor of a loyal borough forgot his part and stammered, "We welcome your Royal Highness not only—not only—" There was an unearthly silence. "Not only," continued the Prince calmly, "for the sake of the ancient throne which you represent, but also for your own sake" —and the Mayor was saved from suicide.

The illness of the King and the economic crisis, taken together, have changed the Prince of Wales, both in mind and in appearance. He talks no longer of throwing up the whole business unless he is allowed to live his own life, but appears on the platform, serious and determined, as he urges the nation to "buy British."

Educated like the Prince of Wales at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, the Duke of York—nervous on the platform—has had to overcome a shy temperament and indifferent health. People forget that, as a sub-Lieutenant, he was on active service during the Battle of Jutland, and, later, was promoted to be wing commander in France; nor is it remembered that he is a student of economics and a frequent visitor to industrial plants, where his particular interest is what has come to be called welfare.

* * *

The Duke of York was the first prince of the blood to examine in person the headquarters of a trade union, and every year he attends a camp where boys of humble birth are brought into personal contact with the aristocrats of Eton and the other great schools.

Twice he proposed to his future Duchess and twice he was refused. It was Queen Mary who told him that faint heart never won fair lady and urged him to try his luck for a third and—as she insisted—a last time. Faced by this ultimatum, the little Scottish lady accepted him. In the Abbey, so pleased were they with each other after the benediction, that they almost forgot a detail. Just in time, the Duke swept his Duchess to the right turn and, facing the King and Queen, she dropped the most important curtsey of her dazzling career.

Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, was educated at Eton and the Military Academy at Sandhurst. In debonair manner, he is the official alter ego of the Prince of Wales, whose travels, including a fall from a horse, he has shared. For the Prince, he frequently acts as deputy. But his schedule of engagements is less crowded.

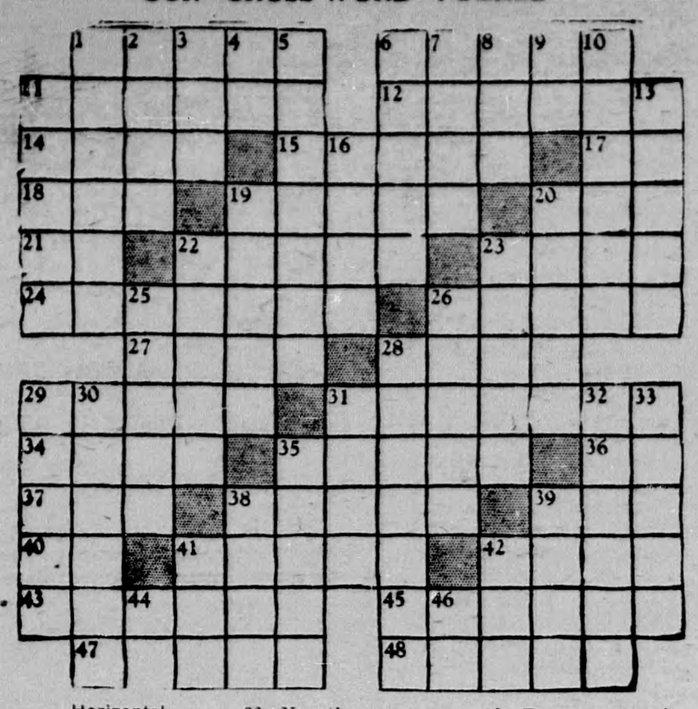
Prince George, in whom, at the moment, mankind takes an especial interest, was trained at Dartmouth for the navy and, like his father, he spent many years with the fleet. As a lieutenant, stationed in the Far East, he has chased Chinese up the Yangtse River, and if today he is drafted into the Foreign Service, in Whitehall, it is for reasons of health.

The suggested wedding can hardly be said to affect the succession. The throne today would pass thus: (1) Prince of Wales; (2) Duke of York; (3) Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Duke of York; (4) Princess Margaret Rose, second daughter of the Duke of York; (5) Duke of Gloucester, and (6) Prince George. Also, if there were further children born to the Duke of York, or if the Duke of Gloucester married and had children, all of these heirs would precede Prince George and his children. On the other hand, Prince George and his family would precede Princess Mary and her two boys, the Lascelles, now at Eton.

With every year that passes, the Princess Elizabeth of York—known as Lilibet—who has celebrated her sixth birthday, draws the greater crowd. The people are as eager to see her as they are to see the King and Queen themselves. And for a simple reason. Daily she becomes more important. She can only be deprived of the succession by a younger brother if, in due course, he should arrive. Her sister, Margaret Rose, born amid a tempest in the historic stronghold of Glamis Castle, is only second to Elizabeth in her nearness to the throne.

This royal family, founded afresh on a human basis, depending for the first time on purely human values, and regarding pageantry and privilege and pedigree as factors subordinate to the normalcies which are common to all families, is thus considering one more event in its age-long annals. Ten years — twenty years — thirty years hence, how will the new method of sovereignty have stood the test of time?

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



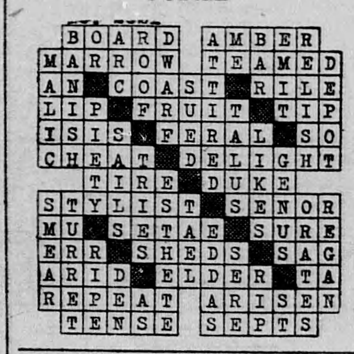
Horizontal

1—To jeer
6—To stab
11—Unrefined
12—Puckered
14—Branch
15—Theatre
17—Boxing match
18—Low
19—Aroma
20—Cushion
21—Spanish article
22—Pained
23—Neat
24—Falcon
26—To glisten
27—Adjective
28—To twirl
29—To hollow
31—Sang
34—Seamen
35—Coagulates
36—Negative
37—Some
38—To desire
39—Foot
40—Pronoun
41—Kid skin
42—Quieted
43—Stair posts
44—Resident ambassador
47—Transactions
48—Metal

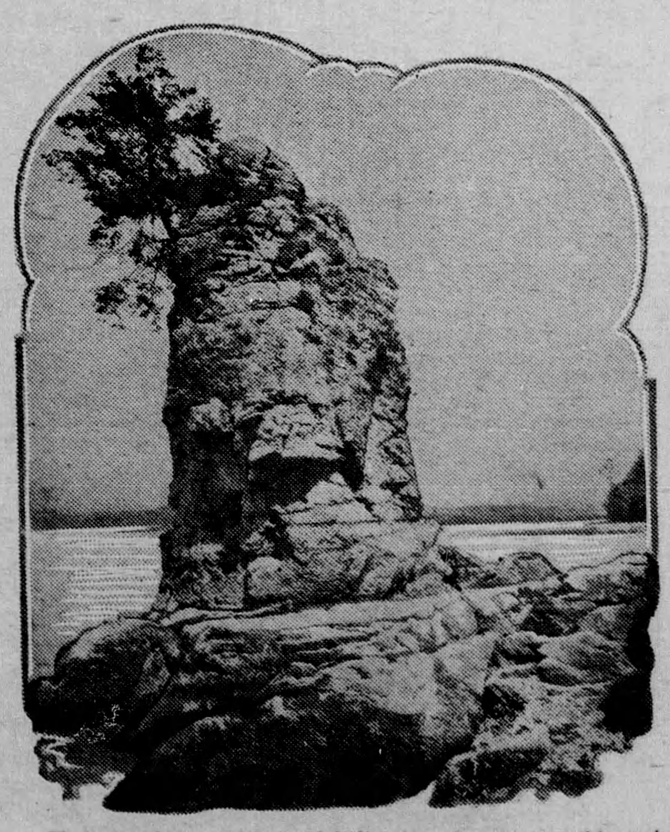
Vertical

1—Weakness
2—Young animal
3—Circle
4—Pronoun
5—Instructs
6—To disburse
7—Boat
8—Age
9—While
10—To possess again
11—Golf club
13—To shun
16—To coil
19—Wallet
20—Impression
22—Greek headland
23—Lessens
25—Tale
26—Freshet
28—Digs
29—Mark
30—Leaned
31—Attired
32—Hard Covering
33—Bride's portion
35—Herb
38—To sort
39—Aide
41—Ocean
42—To join
44—Pronoun
46—French conjunction

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



+ Do You Know? +



That one of the prettiest of Indian legends concerns this rock which stands beside the shore of Stanley Park, Vancouver, British Columbia? It is known as Siwash Rock and at high tide is surrounded by water. The legend has to do with a young brave who eloped with the daughter of the chief of a rival tribe. The girl's father and his warriors gave chase and were about to catch the lovers when the girl called on Manitou to save them. As they stood in the canoe clasped in each other's arms, Manitou transformed them into this rock. Siwash Rock was a favorite spot with Pauline Johnson the great Indian poetess of Canada and after her death her ashes were strewn on the water beside it in accordance with her request.

—Photograph, Canadian National Railways.

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RUNS UPSTAIRS AT 92

Daughter's Pride in Active Father

"I feel in duty bound," writes Mrs. A. J. W., "to express my gratitude for the marvellous results my father has obtained from Kruschen Salts. They should really be called 'Miracles.' He is ninety-two years old, and is as fit as a fiddle. He can nip about, and run up and down stairs. His friends marvel why it is he is always alert, and never feels slack. He always tells them the reason, 'my regular daily dose of Kruschen Salts every morning.' We always recommend Kruschen Salts to all our friends. To my idea no family should be without it." —(Mrs.) A. J. W.

Most people grow old long before their time because they neglect one vital need of health—the need for internal cleanliness. Eventually they start the healthy Kruschen habit. Then they start getting rid every day of all waste matter from the system. New, healthy blood goes coursing through the veins. And almost immediately they feel their youth has returned; they feel young, energetic and happy. In a word, they've got that famous "Kruschen Feeling."

The Holly

(Green groweth the holly; so doth the ivy. Though winter blasts blow never so high. Green groweth the holly.)

As the holly groweth green,
And never changeth hue,
So I am, ever hath been
Unto my lady true;

As the holly groweth green
With ivy all alone
When flowers cannot be seen
And green wood leaves be gone.

Now unto my lady
Promise to her I make
From all other only
To her I me betake.

Arieu, mine own lady,
Arieu, my special,
Who hath my heart truly,
Be sure, and ever shall!

—King Henry VIII., From The Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse, chosen by E. K. Chambers (Oxford University Press).

French Court Upholds Noisy Critic of Film

Paris.—Spectators at public entertainments and at theatres have a legal right to demonstrate their disapproval by whistling and shouting, according to judgment just rendered by the Civil Tribunal of St. Etienne, near Lyons.

The case as one of a spectator who, having loudly protested against the quality of a motion picture performance, was refused admission to another show by the proprietor of the cinema on the grounds that his behavior interfered with the performances.

The judgment of the French tribunal states that "the act of criticizing the poor organization of an entertainment, even when done noisily, can be construed as the legal exercise of right to criticize, and the manifestation of dissatisfaction cannot serve as a pretext by the director of a theatre for refusing to admit a spectator." The cinema proprietor was sentenced to pay 100 francs damages.

Mrs. Frazzle (gushingly): "D'you know, Mr. Grimleigh, I'm often mistaken for my daughter."

Mr. Grimleigh (gallantly): "By jove! Fancy you having a daughter as old-looking as you are."

Owl Laffs

Kitty—"Why are you angry with Max?"

Ethel—"He promised not to kiss me—and kept his word!"

The teacher was putting questions to the class.

Teacher—"What do we call a woman who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?"

Small Boy—"Please, sir, a teacher."

"Jim will be in the hospital a long time."

"Why, have you seen the doctor?"

"No, the nurse."

His Little Slam

Wife—"So you think my new ball gown looks like the deuce?"

Hub—"In the card sense, my dear. The deuce, you know, is the lowest possible cut."

Face the Sun

Don't hunt after trouble,
But look for success;
You'll find what you look for;
Don't look for distress.

If you see but your shadow,
Remember, I pray,
That the sun is still shining,
But you're in the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster,
Don't dream, and don't shirk;
Don't think of your worries,
But think of your work.

The worries will vanish,
The work will be done;
No man faces his shadow
Who faces the sun.

Spasms

Never interrupt your wife when she is telling you something for your own good. Let us whisper it, girls, but the man who writes the best love letters doesn't necessarily make the best husband. In these fickle times, a love affair seldom outlasts one application of lipstick. The fish we catch are usually the most expensive ones that we eat.

She — "Oh John! How could you! This is lemon pie."

Nothing makes a fellow feel so good as the nice things they say about him at his funeral.

A Scotch clergyman noted for his thrifty habits sent a telegram to a parishioner on her wedding day. The message read: "John IV., 18." On looking up the text the girl was horrified at these lines: "For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband."

After they had restored the young woman to consciousness, inquiry was made at the telegraph office, and it was found that the operator had omitted the letter or numeral indicating the first Epistle.

John I. IV. 18 reads: "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear."

The fact that a man toots his own horn does not necessarily mean or indicate that he is a musician.

Judge — "And what is this man charged with?"

Clerk of the Court—"Bigamy, your Honor. He's got three wives."

Voice in the Courtroom—"That ain't bigamy. That's trigonometry."

Drat Those Prickles

"What makes you so uneasy?" Is your conscience troubling you?"

"No; it's my winter underwear."

New Health Hint

D. M. DeVitt, seventy, is much improved after a fall in a bathtub last week.

Latest Discovery Permits Nearly Blind to See

Chicago.—Dr. William Feinbloom of New York has announced a discovery here which he said will bring back normal sight to thousands of persons now practically blind.

Feinbloom's discovery is a new type telescopic lens which will enable persons with as little as two per cent. sight to see as well as they could with old-type telescopes, but with the added comfort of seeing things just where they really are, it was explained.

Feinbloom predicted his discovery would enable thousands of people now dependent upon charity to become independent.

"The old-type telescopic spectacles and common opera and field glasses are exactly alike in that both are made of spherical lenses which magnify and appear to bring the object nearer," Feinbloom said in explaining his discovery.

"Application of the new cylindrical lenses into these same glasses magnifies the object but the distance between the observer and the object remains the same.

"In looking through the new type of telescopic spectacles, the object viewed is magnified horizontally."

This, he said, will make it possible for persons who formerly were "shut-ins" to walk about freely.

Modesty is to merit what shade is to figures in a picture, giving it strength and relief.—Bruyere.

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Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

One of the joys of winter is a frock of woolen mixture.

And how trim and smart they are.

Today's example—an exceptionally chic affair of sheer tweed in rich wine red shade, combined with plain toning sheer woolen.

It's tremendously wearable! It's slenderizing too with its cross-over bodice lines.

Crepe satin, rough crinkled crepe and plain dull flat crepe silk are other smart suitable mediums.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto

A woman had advertised for a maid. When the first applicant presented herself, the woman said to her, "what about your references?"

"References?" repeated the girl with a sniff.

"Yes," answered the other: "my advertisement stated, 'Excellent references.'"

"Oh," said the girl, tossing her head, "I thought that applied to you."

Wife (breaking the news of good-for-nothing brother's arrival): "Hector has come to stay for a few days, poor boy. He's looking very seedy."

Husband: "Seedy, is he? Well, he isn't going to plant himself here!"

Donald had received quite a lot of presents for Christmas. On Christmas evening his mother said:—

"Now, Donald, what are you going to say in your prayers for all those nice presents?"

After a moment's thought, Donald replied: "God bless the penny bazaar!"

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