

Former Kaiser to Wed Princess During November

Sons and Former Crown Princesses Agree to Marriage to Widowed Princess.

Potsdam, Sept. 19.—(By A. P.)—The marriage of former Emperor William to the widowed Princess Hermine von Schoenach-Carolath will probably take place in November, it was announced after a family council of the house of Hohenzollern. The council was attended by all the ex-kaiser's sons with the exception of ex-Crown Prince Frederick William who is with his father at Doorn. All the sons and the ex-crown princesses have consented to the marriage, it is stated.

The announcement was made by Frederick von Bergen, chief of the civil cabinet of the house of Hohenzollern.

Princess von Schoenach-Carolath was born Princess Reuss of the Elberfeld.

Thirty-Five Years Old.
The princess is 35 years of age and is the mother of five children, the eldest of whom is 14. She owns a large estate at Saarbrun, Silesia.

Ever since reports of the former kaiser's engagement to her have been circulated monarchists have taken a contrary attitude to the match. They have opposed it principally because the princess is not of royal birth.

Her rank is what is described as "durchlaucht," which is just below that of a noble lady. Before her marriage to Prince Jean of Schoenach, who died in April, 1920, she carried the title of serene highness as Princess Hermine of Reuss.

Tall and Beautiful.
Princess Hermine is tall and beautiful. She has a graceful carriage and displays a rare queenly dignity. She is blond, and her luxuriant hair encircles her face of exquisite sweetness.

She has been a guest at the former emperor's castle at Doorn on many occasions. It is reported that she was first impressed by the princess following her letter of condolence on the death of Empress Augusta. It was then that he invited her to visit him. Subsequent visits followed and developed into the engagement, it is learned.

See Want Ads are the best business boosters.
Thomas Lynch, Lawyer, has removed to 1519 City Nat. Bank Bldg. AT. 3420.

SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.
Remember Steddon, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Steddon of the little town of Calverly, had fallen in love with Elwood, an upright, self-made young man, one of the town's most eminent druggists. They had been meeting secretly against the wishes of Remember's father.

Tonight as they sat together in the shop Farnaby dejectedly whispered to her the reason for her father's opposition. The reason for Remember's agitation at this statement was disclosed the following day when she visited the family physician, Dr. Brothrick, for treatment for a severe cough. His questioning brought a confession there was to be a baby and that Farnaby was the father.

Dr. Brothrick advised an immediate marriage and showed to arrange for Farnaby to come to his office. After a few minutes of waiting there came the startling announcement that Farnaby had just been run down by an automobile and killed.

The following day, still beset by grief and the desperate situation in which she found herself, Remember consented to Dr. Brothrick's plan to send her to Arizona. You will marry an imaginary man and let him die quietly and then pass as a widow, the physician explained.

Remember's parents approved the trip as necessary to cure her cough.

To her mother she must play the same character. Her mother may have guessed that the tragedy was deeper than the revelation, but the poor old soul had had so much gloom in her life that she did not demand more than she got.

Dr. Steddon lived in such clouds that he had almost forgotten his refusal to let Elwood call on Mem. He knew that she had been at the doctor's office when Elwood was brought there, and the shock of this explained what confusion he recognized in Mem's manner.

He was acting, too, but his acting was the constant show of cheerfulness. He went about smiling, laughing, talking of Mem's swift recovery in the golden west. He said that they would be glad to get rid of her for a spell. But his heart was a black ache of despair and fear of that death which he spoke of in the pulpit as a mere doorway to eternal bliss.

His smiling muscles rebelled when he was alone and he paced his study like a frightened child, beating his hands together and whispering to his Father to spare him this unbearable punishment.

A hurricane struck the little town of Calverly on the day of Elwood's funeral. When Mem expressed a wish to sing with the choir at the service over their late fellow singer, both mother and father forbade her to think of it. Her mother cried, "A girl who's got to be shipped out west has got no right to go out in weather like this."

Mem felt it a crowning betrayal of Elwood to let him be carried out to a pauper's grave in such merciless rain. Her heart urged her to dash through the streets, burst into the church and proclaim to the world how she adored the boy. But she had to protect her father and mother from such selfish self-sacrifice and such ruthless atonement.

So she stayed at home and stared through the streaming windows. She saw her poor old father set out to preach the funeral sermon.

He had that valor of the priests which leads them to risk death in order to defeat death; to endure all hardship lest the poorest soul go out of the world without a formal obsequy. Dr. Steddon clutched his old overcoat about him and plunged into rain that lashed the air in long, slanting lines. He had not reached the gate where his umbrella went upward into a black calyx. He leaned against the fence and pushed on. Then his hat blew off and skidded from pool to pool. He ran after it, his hair fluttering, his bald spot splashing back the rain.

Miss Steddon was not missed at the church, for there was nobody there to miss her. The whole choir saved its voice by staying away. Only the Farnaby family went dripping up the aisle and back.

The hearse and two hacks moped past the window where Mem watched. On the boxes the drivers sat, the shabbiest men on earth at that, but now peculiarly sordid as they slumped in their wet overcoats, disgusted and dejected, their hats blown over their faces, their whips aggravating the misery, but not the speed, of the sodden nags that might have wished it their own funeral.

Mem had to leave the window. Her impulse was to run out and follow the miserable cortege, to tear wet flowers from the gardens and strew the road with them, to fill the grave with them and shelter Elwood from the pelting rain. It was a funeral like that in which Mozart's body was lost and, like his widow, Mem had to mourn at home.

It was her meek fear of being dramatic and conspicuous that saved her from the temptation to publish her concern. But she stumbled up to her room and let her grief have sway. She smothered her sobs as best she could in the old comforter of her bed, but the other children heard her and asked questions. Her mother kept them away from her and did not go near her herself, feeling that this was one of the times when sympathy gives most comfort by absence.

When her eyes were faint with exhaustion and could squeeze no more tears, when her throat could not jerk out another sob, her soul lay becalmed in utter inaction. Then she heard a hack drive up to the gate and heard her father's hurried rush for the porch.

The old man was chilled through by his grave-side prayer, but forgetful of himself in the exaltation of his office, and all abashed of pity for his client.

Mem heard her mother scolding him out of his wet clothes into dry, but he kept up his chatter: "It isn't always easy to find nice things to say at funerals, but there was everything fine to be said over that poor boy—a good, hard-working lad that slaved for his mother and went to church regular, and—Why, I don't suppose he ever had an evil thought."

Mem sank into a chair by her window. The rain whipped the panes and the wind rattled them into the chipped putty that held them to the casement.

The last few days had kept her thoughts so busy that she had neglected her housewifery a little. She was shocked to see that a spider had spread a web from the shutter to the vine.

The gale had torn the web to shreds and was threatening to rip it loose. The spider, sopping and pearly with rain, was a desperate battle to keep from being swept away. He clung and caught new holds as a sailor clutches the shrouds in a tempest.

The girl felt a kinship with the poor beastie. Her soul and her body were like spider and web, and a great storm menaced them both. Her flesh seemed by a frail network that spasms of sobbing and coughing threatened to tear to pieces. Her soul was a loathsome arachnid spinning traps for flies, and storms of remorse and grief threatened to dislodge it and send it down the wind of eternity. But still her body clung to life and her soul to her body.

She began to long to be shut out of the town, however, and the dull playhouse where she enacted over and over the same dull drama to the same dull audience.

Her father and mother drove her almost mad by their devoted gentleness. Hitherto they had both been strict, and a little tiresome with moral lessons and rebukes, making goodness a dull staple suspiciously over-advertised, and creating rebellion by discipline.

But after the doctor's first visit they heaped almost intolerable coals of fire upon her head with their devoted faith in her. If they had any doubts of her future it was only of the wicked people outside the fold who would attack and beguile their ewe lamb. They never suspected her

of even the capacity for sin, though she felt that it was she who had seduced her sacred lover, and not he.

At times her parents treated her with that unquestioning approval we grant only to the newly dead, and the unmerited homage was harder to endure than unearned blame, since it had a belittling influence where the other would have aroused self-esteem.

She was not longer at home at home. She had to draw on a mask the moment she came in. When she went to the doctor's office she encountered truth and the frank facing of it; she could be herself, a normal young animal who had done a natural thing, unluckily, and had lost none

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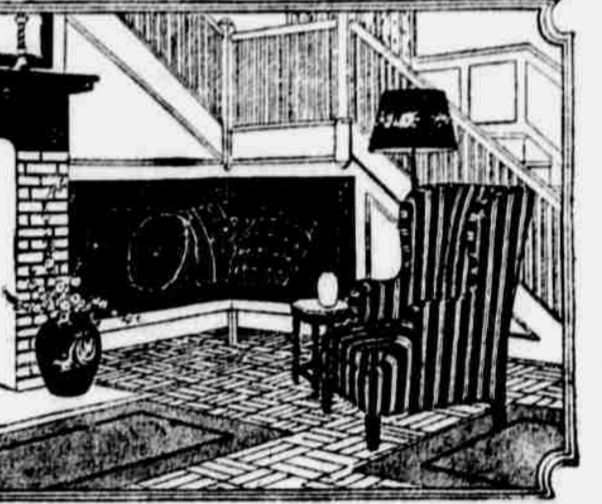
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