

is so large that you will hardly be in danger of meeting my wife."
 "Your Royal Highness is extraordinarily kind."
 "I trust that you will take advantage of it."
 "I shall permit myself to use the privilege occasionally."
 "That will please me."
 The most polite of obeisances on my part, the most correct of bows on hers, and we parted in the most polite and correct manner. Yet I am dissatisfied with myself once more.

The fickle mob!
 The young king's popularity has paled as quickly as it grew. My brother is beginning to become as unpopular as king as he was as crown prince. And since the sweet mob misses no opportunity to let the king feel its exalted dissatisfaction, he knows it well. The king knows and the king suffers. He suffers unceasingly, heavily.
 And this rabble begins once more to flirt and coquette with me! I observe it, do not notice it, despise it. For since I know what kind of thing this "people" is I am nauseated by it. I think that a monarch could die from this nausea of the "people" as a consumptive dies from his sick lungs. God preserve a ruler from this worst of all rulers' maladies.

I am hurrying the building on the Sea-Alp with all my might. I first doubled and then tripled the number of workmen, offer rewards for quick work, suffer from the delays and am in a perfect fever of restlessness and impatience. In my new house I desire all possible splendor and pomp, flaming colors, gold and radiance. It must be like a fairy palace. In the midst of rocks and wilderness I wish to live in a fairy palace.
 My dream of a Graff Burg could be fulfilled only if I were king. But even without it I propose to transform my life more and more into a fairy tale.

Sometimes I seem to notice that my tall-man is losing its strength, that the presence of my child is not so powerful as it was against demons, that I begin to lose my delight even in Judica's smile.
 Can that be possible?

I will not believe it. I fight against believing it. I spy on myself to discover whether or not the suspicion rests on truth or self-deception. I fear and suffer day and night. For I have evil, evil nights again. When the torture becomes too great I flee into the depths of the park. There must be things within me, after all—I imagine that I can see our spiritus familiaris chuckle and rub his hands.

This night I dreamed of the Countess. I said to her in my dream:
 "You and I, we belong together. You, too, are a Royal being."
 And she replied:
 "We shall be chained together yet."
 I asked: "How?"
 "Through guilt! Or are you too cowardly?"
 "No! No!"
 I screamed it and awoke.
 Judica slept through it. If she should wake and listen to my dreams—I must guard myself better, even in my dreams.
 Within me there is something that I cannot name, and that threatens to break

out of my soul like a wild beast from its cage. I wrestle with that thing in my soul. Words cannot express how I wrestle and suffer.
 I must hide this book carefully. For should I ever leave it where Judica could find it—I will put it into my casket, that has a cunning lock, and I will carry the key constantly on a chain. I will take good care and watch well.

How could it happen? Weary, useless question! It had to be. Only it happened too late.
 What did I say to the beautiful woman? Words, words, words! But that she listened to my mad words! She did not turn away, did not forbid my senseless speech, listened to me—with her triumphant mien!
 As she stood there in the black shadow of the trees with her white face, listening, motionless, to my wild words, she was as beautiful as a devil.

If I remember rightly I said the same words that I had spoken to her in my dream:
 "You and I, we two belong together!"
 But she did not answer as she did in my dream: "We shall be chained together yet."
 I am chained to her already. Chained am I through guilt that cannot be undone. She listened to me, motionless, silent. But her eyes flamed in the white face. What did my mother once say to me of her?

"The young lady is beautiful, knows that beauty is power and desires to wield it."

On me she desired to wield it and she did. She conquered me.

Before she turned away and passed she said something. They were two words: "Too late!"

Then—if it were not too late—she would love me again? This word between her and me shall not be!
 It must not be too late!

Day after day I seek that dark place in the park; day after day I wait and hope; day after day she lets me wait and hope in vain.

I have written to her and there is no answer.

No answer!
 I have not been near my mother in weeks. Today I shall drive to the capital—with a face that was unrecognizable to me myself when I looked into the mirror.
 With what a tone she said: "Too late!"

She had asked for a furlough and had gone away to the old relatives who brought her up and with whom she felt so unhappy that she exchanged their lonely castle for the most unblest spot on earth.

And why has she gone? To increase my madness by her proud flight. And why does she wish to increase it, since it is too late?

We shall see.

When they told me at dinner that the countess had gone away I had to battle with myself to say with the utmost indifference. "Really?" and then to ask with still more indifference: "And when will she return?"

They told me in fourteen days, and at once I felt as if released from a curse, for

I had been prepared to hear:
 "Never. She demanded her immediate release."
 And then I would have had to ask: "Why?"
 And they would have given me to understand, discreetly:
 "Because a noble gentleman was seized with a mad passion for the lady, and such scandals are not permitted at this Court."
 And then I would have had to laugh in their faces.

She had gone and I cannot follow. I must wait.
 Wait for what?
 That she shall stand again, motionless and wordless, with her white face in the mystic forest-gloom; that, wordless and motionless, she shall let me kiss her?
 It is not, it must not be too late.
 Hereafter I shall laugh with scorn when I hear them prate over love. Love is a toy for children. Give man passion and you give him the flame of life. What matters that it is an unholy blaze that devours him?

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the Sea-Alp—autumn.
 We are living in the Cavaliers' House. More than a hundred workmen are toiling at the new house. A part of it must be finished before the first snow. Next week Italian decorators will arrive; the whole army of artisans is coming. I am making the men work at night by torchlight.
 We will winter on the Sea-Alp.

I would like to drive the men with whips. But the great time of the Imperators, when armies of slaves built a golden house for Nero, has gone by. It was worth while to be a Caesar and the master of the world then.

All around the house I am going to have conservatories with groves of oranges, with orchids, violets and lilies. When the lake is frozen stiff, the Alps are ice up and the whole world sinks into snow, spring shall breathe on us here. In the spring the conservatories will be razed and great fields of flowers shall take their place. I would like to change the very glaciers to flower meads and redden the peak of the White Emperor with roses.

Kitchen and other rooms and buildings may not be visible. At the first frost giant firs must be transported here and planted to form a vast green wall to hide all these ordinary things from me—an evergreen wall between me and the common place, everyday world.

I would like to erect a memorial for my father here. I wish that I could have the wild walls of the White Emperor ground smooth, and on that gigantic tablet I should like to grave the flaming letters:
 "To the memory of a true King."

For if I am my father's true son, then he must have been a true King, such as I would be now if my mother had not gone to my brother in his cell. For that pilgrimage I shall never forgive her.

Tony and Stigel are both gone. I had to send them away. Everything has changed, so much, I hardly know how it was once. And that is good.

Today I had a scene with the Count. He forgot himself. He warned me, made representations to me. Warned me of what? Of myself! Made representations about

what? About my behavior toward my wife.
 She is on the Alpine farm, where I sent her some time ago, and I have not been there to see her.
 But to make representations to me! This fellow to me! I would have given him his dismissal at once, but he has something in his eyes that reminds me of his sister. I conquered myself, held myself together, did not even say to his face: "You love my wife, love her as madly as I love your sister, you fool!"

I achieved it to remain perfectly calm, even friendly. Oh, I can dissemble well. My father could do it, too, that true King. He dared, too, to reproach me with my senseless splendor. He did actually dare to use the word "senseless." And he said that he would have to remonstrate to the King, because my allowances, splendid as they were, would not begin to suffice, and I was hurling myself irremediably into debt. But I contained myself—because of his eyes.

Tomorrow I will go up to the Alpine farm, however.

"Once upon a time."

The webs of the spiders fit through the air in silvery threads and long chains of wild fowl sail high overhead toward the south, toward the sun. It is autumn, it will be winter and the spring was "once upon a time."

All around on the Alpine farm was the glory of autumn. But I thought not of it; only of the fact that I must dissemble and that it was not so difficult after all. Even the wise, clear eyes of the mistress of the farm must be deceived by me, and I was almost glad to think of it.

I sent my adjutant into the house to seek the mistress. Where to find Judica I knew. I went through the garden, gay with asters and dahlias, and reached the hawthorn hedge. There I saw her sit on the little green bench under the wild apple tree; she who had been my good genius—through one single rapturous spring night, as it seemed to me now.

But she did not sit motionless, bowed with sorrow, as I had feared. She was merry, as I had never seen her, and had a child on her lap, a tiny thing with a tangle of golden curls. She held it high in the air, and child and Judica both laughed merrily.

Then I stepped forth. With the child in her arms Judica ran toward me.

I saw it, saw that it was charming and poetic, but could not feel it. And I was not even sorry.

She did not complain because I had not written, because I had not come before; nor did she weep with joy because I had come at last. She was all joy over the strange child. Ever and again she held it toward me, as if it were a wonder, an incredible wonder.

"Yes, and think! I find that the child looks like you!"

"Like me! This strange boy?"

"I know that it is foolish. But look at him!"

"Whose child is it?"

"Lola's."

I had to leap up and turn away. My face must have been frightfully distorted. And I felt a fierce desire to tear the boy out of her arms and—

What is this that happens to me now and then?

A red mist spreads before my eyes like smoking blood.

(To Be Continued.)

Trifles Count for Guest Room Comfort

WHEN I told my hostess I'd had such a lovely time," said the wife who had spent the night with an out-of-town friend, "I felt like adding, 'but I'd have had a perfectly lovely time if you had not forgotten to equip the guest room with several of the requisites of the toilet.'"
 Many a housewife, careful in all things else, grows lax when she prepares a guest room for the advent of an occupant—she frequently neglects to place in it the small things that really make for the comfort of the "stranger within the gates."
 If the guest is supplied with all the needfuls for making a toilet half the pleasure of her visit is immediately insured.
 On the toilet stand there should be placed a knitted wash cloth, a complexion sponge, a pocket powder puff of chamois skin, the small bag at the lower end filled with talcum powder; a soap shampoo, waters of all sorts for bathing and perfumery purposes, bath towels, etc. In case of ear or toothache, waterbaga as small as the palm of the hand, yet quite large enough for holding a pint of hot water, should be handy.
 The guest should find in the room closet a dainty trimmed kimono and bed slippers, the color of these being of the same tint as the prevailing color scheme of the room. This lounging robe can also be made of pure white crepe cloth and finished with a ribbon in any tone desired.
 On the door of the closet place a shoe-bag and umbrella case, both made of gray denim.
 To make a closet a convenient place for hanging gowns, fit a pole of ash, walnut or mahogany lengthwise of the closet.
 On this dress waists put on hangers

always keep their shape. At the back of the pole place a number of hooks for holding skirts and petticoats.
 The desk in the guest chamber should be well furnished. Among useful and novel objects is a perpetual calendar and memorandum slate. It is made of dark green leather and is easel in shape. The lower part is fitted with a pencil and case. To accompany this is "a hasty liner." It is a red leather-covered pad in which are

good sized envelopes and paper combined. The envelope opens and is quite large enough for a short message to be written on the inside. It is then refolded ready for mailing.
 Two additional comforts are a leather box filled with elastic bands and a twine receptacle forming a pincushion, at the lower end of which is a narrow case for the holding of a small pair of scissors.
 A small tray with a tiny silver candle-

stick for the heating of wax in mailing letters is another guest room requisite.
 An exceedingly attractive affair is the guest book. It is of dark red or black leather, long and of medium width. At the head of each page are the captions, "Name," "Residence," "Arrival," "Departure," "Remarks." A guest book makes interesting reading, for under the title of remarks come complimentary messages, pretty quotations and original verses and epigrams.
 Small dressing mirrors should be hung in a convenient corner, and the pincushions should be kept well filled. A pretty idea for the guest chamber pincushion is to take an old-fashioned napkin ring of silver, stuff it tightly with hair covered with white satin, and embroider a gilded spider's web in the center. For jewel pins there are fruit cushions of every sort.

New Degrees for Women

HERE is a certain school of technology at the east which now confers on women who complete the course of household sciences the degree of bachelor of science in domestic engineering.
 Although some American institutions have been charged with conferring degrees too bountifully and carrying academic distinctions to hasty extremes, no one will object to this new variety of degree—a variety of the sort that gives spice to life.
 In human values the bachelor of science in domestic engineering holds the most important position in the world. What is the mere bridge builder, or naval architect to the engineer in the kitchen, solving the chemical problems of hot bread and making geometric cakes? Food is the fundamental thing in life and the home is the basis of the state.
 Consider, too, how dignified it would be for a man to ask a woman to be his domestic engineer, with the implication that she be a civil engineer as well. The toil of the household takes on a new aspect. The wife is no longer cook, but chemist,

with kitchen laboratory. Her education, especially her original research, goes on after she leaves school—just the continuity that educators recommend.
 If the young wife of 22 is bachelor of science, her mother should be candidate for the honorary degree of master of science in domestic engineering. She is like the self-made, experienced bridge builder who has not had a college education. And for grandmother nothing will do but the highest honorary degree. Just as universities honor men who have made their mark, even if they are not college graduates, so grandmother should be summoned to the university on commencement day, dressed in academic gown and lace cap, and be made a D. D. E.—doctor of domestic engineering.
 The need of efficient helpers in house-keeping is urgent. In most industries desirable situations are scarce; indeed, in some sections they are almost unattainable. But in housekeeping the supply never exceeds the demand, while the desire to secure skillful, intelligent help is well-nigh hopeless.

As the last touch of comfort have always ready a small work basket filled with sewing materials for the stitch taken in time.
 The guest, too, can do much to make the hostess feel that her visitor has appreciated the hospitality extended her.
 "I always make it a point to leave some trifle behind me as a souvenir," said one woman who recently returned from a visit at a country house. "This time I made a bed fan, a satin affair, edged with silk lace. It was in the form of a palm leaf and of the same shade of the tint which furnishes the guest chamber. In the center were the initials of the hostess in a pretty monogram of silver letters. The handle was wound with satin ribbon of the pinkish tone, and had a long loop and ends by which to hang it. On the day of my going I hung it to the bedpost with a two-verse jingle."