

class whose members must not cry when they are scared or hurt, even if they are less than 6 years old.

From now until the day—if it shall ever dawn—when his Majesty reaches his majority and holds his coronation he will be set apart from every other little boy in the world. He will have a certain amount of fun; all the courts and politics that exist cannot cheat a youngster of it all; but the son of any prosperous farmer in his kingdom will have so much more fun that there won't be any comparison. Little Crown Princes are considerably circumscribed, especially in the more primitive countries of Eastern Europe and the Orient, but little Kings go spiritually to prison as soon as the crown touches their tousled heads. And from now until MIHAI I is in his grave he must on every occasion remember what his mother whispered to him before that glittering throng.

Beside MIHAI I and his restrictions the Prince of WALES is as an eagle on the crags to a caged linnet. But a generation ago there was another little boy in an equally formal land who became King, and he managed to grow up into a very charming, easy-going man who certainly has not missed his share of play. What happened to ALFONSO XIII may happen to MIHAI I. Parents everywhere will hope so.

#### THE ROYAL HERITAGE.

As his Majesty MIHAI I of Rumania, preceded by the Regents of the kingdom, entered the Chamber of Deputies on Wednesday it seemed for a moment that he might burst into tears. The Princess Mother HELENA said to him: "Remember you are a King, and the son of Kings." Whereupon his Majesty MIHAI drew up his head and marched dry-eyed to his throne to receive the homage of his most important subjects.

Even to the citizens of a republic, even to those whose ancestors have not bent the knee to Kings since the armies of PHILIP II were run out of the Low Countries, there is something to be respected in that medieval scene in Bucharest, that survival of the days when there were giants and fairies. MIHAI I is only a little boy, who was put to bed as usual on the night of his investiture, who cannot eat what he pleases, who plays with toys, who found the long white beard of the Patriarch MIRON as amusing as any child would have found it. Yet he is the inheritor of more than a kingdom. There comes down to him a tradition of the ruling