

Disclosures of a Royal Beauty

"Arty" Friends Versus Home and Kiddies in the Muda of Sarawak's Tiff with Her White Heir to a Borneo Throne



A Citizen of Sarawak—Borneo Tribesman Decorated With Human Hair. At Right, Coat-of-Arms of the Brooke Family, Rulers of Sarawak Since Sir James Brooke, an English Adventurer, Made Himself Rajah of the Borneo Kingdom.



ROYAL HUSBAND
The Tuan Muda of Sarawak—Otherwise Bertram Brooke—Who Met and Married the Beautiful Gladys Palmer, Heiress to Biscuit Millions, When She Was Eighteen. Their Estrangement Was a Mystery Until Now.



WHERE IS SARAWAK?
Map of the Malay Archipelago, Showing the Location of the Kingdom on the Northeast Coast of the Island of Borneo—Indicated by Shaded Portion.



These Are Typical Subjects Over Which the Brooke Family Has Ruled for Many Years. This Unusual Photo Shows Wives of Sarawakian Headhunters Holding Their Husband's Grim Trophies.

WHEN lovely Gladys Palmer acquired the imposing title of Her Highness the Dayang Muda of Sarawak, she was just turned eighteen. Young, eager, with a responsive heart and a love of the arts, Gladys was much flattered to have Bertram Brooke, the Tuan Muda himself, white heir-apparent to the throne of Sarawak, a far-away Borneo kingdom, pay court to her.

"Almost the first words he said to me were, 'Will you marry me?' And, after a breathless second of hesitation I replied, 'Yes.'"

It wasn't long before the world knew that the Tuan Muda and his wife were not as happy as might be. Even the arrival of four bouncing kiddies, as the years passed, failed to patch up increasing temperamental difficulties within the royal family. No one knew just what the trouble was, and of course tongues wagged all over England. There was every element to excite the imagination: the exotic flavor of a wild Borneo kingdom's white rulers; great wealth and a mysterious clash of wills that no one quite understood.

Not long ago London society avidly thumbed the pages of a book entitled "Relations and Complications," written by none other than the Dayang Muda herself. Surely, here would be the fascinating inside story of the unhappy beauty's marital troubles. But despite its promising title, those who read it were a little disappointed. There was much discourse upon notable small talk, but little of the intimate stuff that London wanted.

Then Carl de Vidal Hunt, international newspaperman and correspondent of this magazine, decided to ask for an interview with the Dayang Muda and frankly put to her the ques-

tions in everyone's mind. Apparently nobody had thought of that before. Mr. Hunt was received cordially by Her Highness. Rather timidly he broached the subject of her marital troubles.

She sighed deeply. "Surely, I will tell you the whole story."

Here, then, was no haughty society matron, but a very human woman longing to pour her troubles into a sympathetic ear. She prefaced her revelations; Mr. Hunt's cabled report of the interview discloses, with a brief recapitulation of exactly what it means to be a member of Sarawak's royal family. Her husband, the Tuan Muda, is the grandnephew of Sir James Brooke, famed British soldier of fortune, who, in the middle of the last century, became the first white Rajah of a little-known Malay kingdom in the wilds of Borneo. Sarawak's independence was recognized in 1853 by President Franklin Pierce of the United States and in 1866 by Queen Victoria of England. Brooke, the sea-faring adventurer,

earned his rise to the Rajah's seat by ably supporting the then-ruling Malay Rajah, Muda Hassim, in his difficulties with the savage head-hunting tribes of Sarawak. For services rendered, the native sovereign made Brooke heir to the throne—and from that day the Brooke dynasty has reigned supreme over a territory of some 58,000 square miles, a country fabulously rich in natural resources. The present Rajah is Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, brother of the husband from whom Gladys Palmer is estranged. "In my book," Her Royal Highness began, "I recalled many happenings in my mother's salon, her intimate friendships with such men as John Ruskin, Oscar Wilde, Alphonse Daudet, George Meredith, and Swinburne. I told of my own contacts, as Dayang Muda, with such men as Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Ellen Terry, Wilbur Wright, the Duc d'Orleans, Frank Harris, and the press Eugenie. But I want now to convey to those who may be interested the purely personal side of my relations with the husband.

ing, at eighteen, by the very suave, reserved and enigmatic Tuan Muda. The correspondent was told how the marriage almost went upon the rocks during the honeymoon.

"I longed for affection of the demonstrative type. It was my nature. But 'Adeh' as his mother called him and I called him later, was so well bred that he carried an implacable aloofness. This was charming in public, but I always hoped that he would cast aside this cloak during our moments alone.

"I remember that on our wedding night he found me reading Omar Khayyam. He picked up the book. 'Oh, it's poetry. I say, old thing, the moon's marvelous tonight.'"

Although, as the daughter of Sir Walter Palmer, of biscuit renown, Gladys inherited some \$2,500,000, her husband, she told Mr. Hunt, frequently taxed her with extravagances. "We took a house in Ascot that first year. It belonged to my father and was called Kingswich. All London came to my concerts there. Often I had Emma Calve and Clara Butt. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, Lord and Lady Reading and the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry were always on my doorstep. But my husband never cared for my friends. He shunned them."

Next, Her Highness said, she moved with her husband to Australia, and finally they went to live in Sarawak—"a beastly uncivilized country." Among the brown-skinned Malays and the ebony warriors scarcely a generation removed from head-hunting, the Dayang Muda was not happy. She longed for

England and her artistic friends. At last she went back. "What I cared for particularly was having my children benefit from the highly cultured and refined people I gathered around me."

Then the Tuan Muda returned suddenly to England and placed her children, she said, in the custody of the courts. "English law is that way. A mother has nothing to say. My despair cannot be described. I was helpless."

Finally came the dramatic interview between the temperamentally different husband and wife. Her version of it unveils the crux of their whole disagreement.

"You must give up all these people if you want the children back," he told me.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"He crushed out a cigarette and eyed me coldly. 'You will never understand my nature. I want a wife who will interest herself solely and wholly in my home life. I don't care how you dress, or what you look like, so long as you occupy yourself with the children. But what have you done? You've spent money recklessly. You've surrounded yourself with a collection of freaks that hang on the piano and imagine they are budding Beethovens. You've been carried away by miserable worms who'll take every penny you have and in return show you fifteen lines of cheap poetry. I, as a soldier, don't care two pins about these people.'"

"Of course, I was indignant. 'You're putting a knife in my throat, but I'll never surrender my rights!' I cried.

"I know my children will always love and honor me for being honestly true to my ideas of life, both as wife and mother. I can look them all straight in the eyes. I love them. I

MISMATED?
The Charming Dayang Muda of Sarawak, Formerly Gladys Palmer, Biscuit Heiress, Who in Accompanying Article Makes Interesting Revelation About Her Domestic Life with Tuan Muda, Bertram Brooke. She Shown Here in Sarawakian Native Robes.

love my friends. What would any other woman have done in my place? Thus did the truth, from the Dayang Muda's own lips, reach the world.

"Choose the Right Field"

—Graham Grosvenor



GRAHAM GROSVENOR

"WERE I again a lad of fifteen, I'd devote most of my thought to the choice of a field of endeavor. I'd be sure I wanted to enter it when I did. The earlier a life's work is chosen, the sooner success will be achieved."

Graham B. Grosvenor, president of the Aviation Corporation, \$200,000,000 world-leader of aeronautic concerns, believes that the fruit of his long, successful experience would be of great service to him if he started all over again.

What he'd do, back at the beginning of the trail, ought to be intensely interesting to all young men today who are just beginning the climb. "Once the extremely important business of choosing my goal were disposed of," he continues, "I'd strive everlastingly toward it, disregarding all the non-essentials which did not contribute to its attainment. Those non-essentials are

really important if they aren't discarded.

"Foresight, initiative and dependability are cardinal qualities of success—and they can be cultivated. Welcome responsibility. With it comes authority and, with increasing authority, advancement.

"It seems to me vain to tell anyone to work hard. That ought never to be necessary. If one's occupation has been wisely chosen, a natural interest in it will inspire hard work. If you're not working hard, it's time to examine what you're doing pretty critically. The chances are you're unsuited to your vocation.

"And don't be timid about a change if you see that you're on the wrong track. Get out immediately, before it's too late."

Graham Grosvenor went to work first as an office boy with the Otis Elevator Company. By the time he was 33 his undeviating aim for success had brought him to the vice-presidency. Then he probably exercised the same initiative in changing jobs that he recommends to young men now. He changed his job, going to work as a free-lance consulting engineer.

But even then he wasn't satisfied. He had always been interested in aviation, and when the chance came to be president of the Fairchild Airplane Manufacturing Company, he took it. It was but another upward step to the presidency of the largest aeronautic group in the world.

"There are innumerable men in all walks of life interested, as I am, in aviation," he says. "And aviation, in turn, is interested profoundly in men. Personnel is one of the major problems of this rapidly rising industry.

"The untrained, however, have little place in the field. Those whose hearts and minds are bent upon identifying themselves with aeronautics had best prepare by sound technical schooling. For competent engineers, skilled pilots, trained administrators and experienced

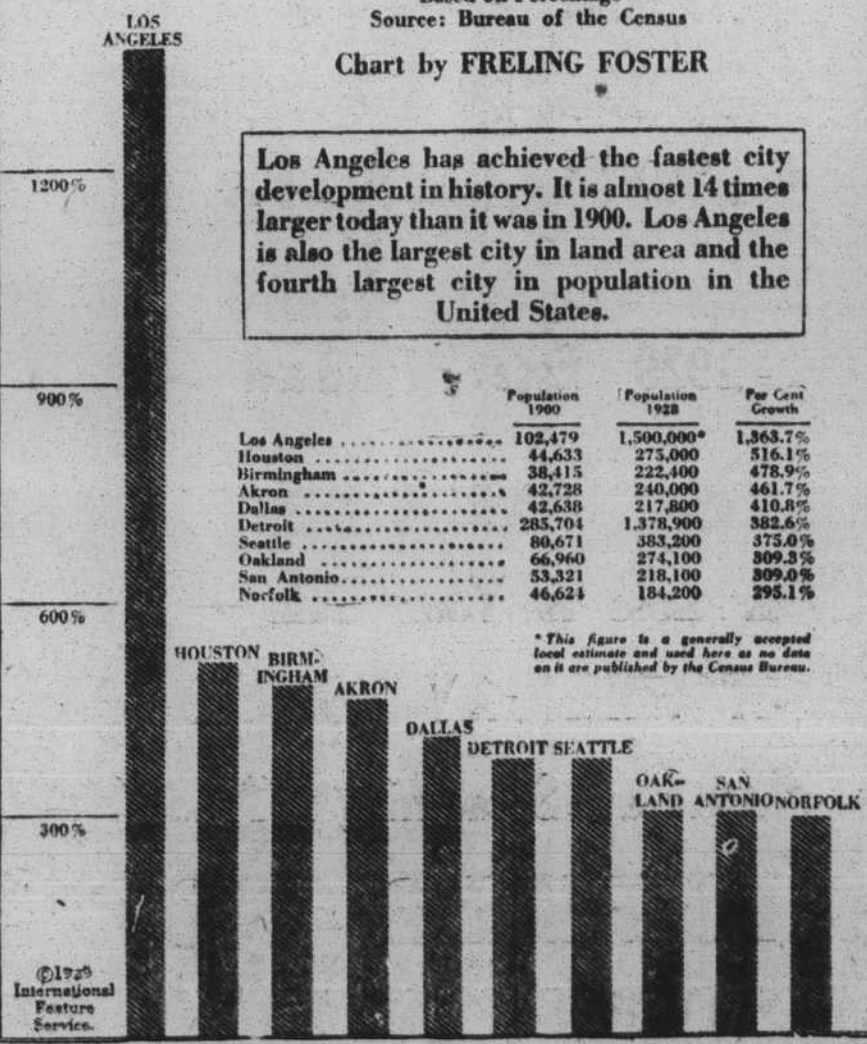
executives, there is and there will be an even greater demand.

"Such schooling, combined with application and close attention to details, will get you there."

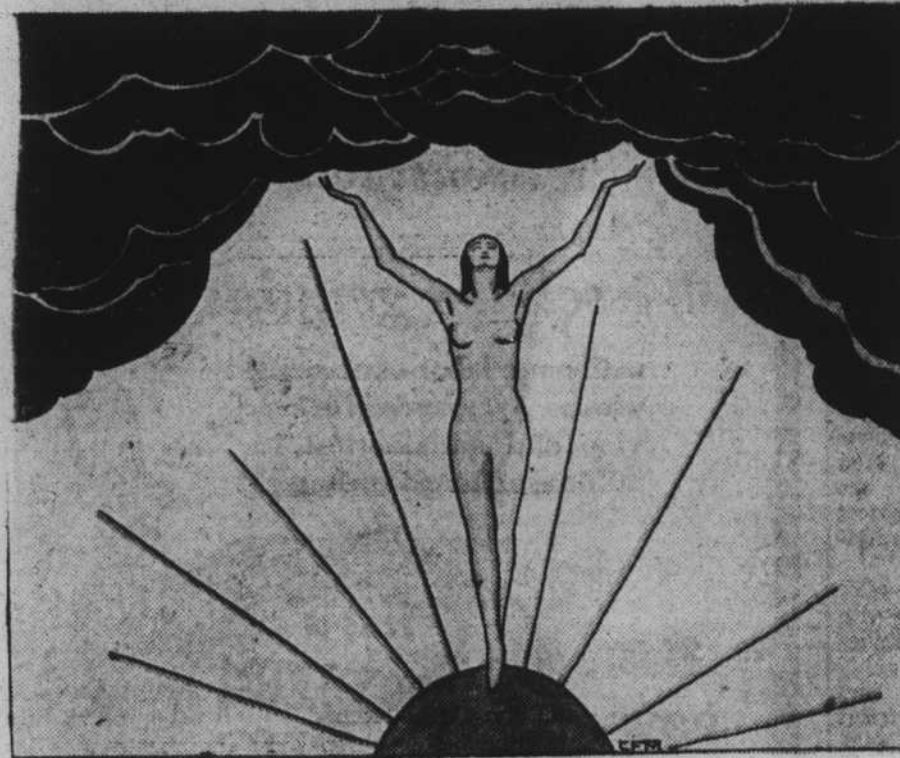
The ABC's of General Knowledge

The Ten Largest City Growths Since 1900

Based on Percentage
Source: Bureau of the Census
Chart by FRELING FOSTER



By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet—Artist
FATE
(On the Riverbank)



"To change the night into morning bright."

If Fate should offer to me
A choice of gifts: All joys—
Unshared by company—
And all the toys
This frivolous world employs
When pleasure-bent.

Or, on the other hand,
The whole of grief
Heaped in a measure beyond belief,
With you to understand
And bring relief
When others went.

SHOULD find choosing difficult
For joy unshared turns pale
And toys unlent grow stale,
And the certain result
When these things fail
Is grief.

But if I should take the grief at first,
I'd have at the outset the very worst,
For you would be there
To change the night
Into morning bright
And fair.