

# How the "Kitchen Princess" Raises Her Eugenic Baby

*She Smashed Tradition to Cook for Little Charlotte---Now She Has a 100 Percent Perfect Daughter As a Reward*



**PROUD FATHER**  
Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium with His Pretty 2-Year-Old Daughter, Josephine Charlotte, Who Has Been Pronounced "Eugenically Perfect."



**WIFELY SALUTATION**  
Princess Astrid of Sweden Greeting Her Husband, Prince Leopold, with an Enthusiastic Kiss on His Arrival in Antwerp, Thereby Smashing Another Dignified "Royal Tradition."



**REGAL COOK**  
Princess Astrid (She's a Capital Culinaria) Preparing a Meal for Little Josephine Charlotte with Her Own Hands. She Always Does.



**LOVING ROYAL MOTHER**  
An Intimate Photo of Princess Astrid with the Baby That Has Put the Crowning Touch of Bliss on Her "Unarranged" Romance.

## Royal Child's Regime

7:00 A. M. Rising time. Cup of warm milk.  
8:00 A. M. Breakfast: Orange juice, cereal, rusks and soft boiled eggs.  
10:00 A. M. Bath.  
11:00 A. M. Nap out of doors.  
2:00 P. M. Dinner: Beef broth, small potato, green vegetable; lamb chop or chicken or fish; pudding or custard or stewed fruit; water.  
Then playtime.  
6:00 P. M. Sponge bath.  
6:30 P. M. Supper: cereal, milk rusk with jelly.  
Bedtime.

LOOK at the "box" above and you will see how the two-year-old daughter of the "prettiest princess in Europe" spends her day. But her mother doesn't entrust one minute of this highly eugenic schedule to trained nurses or dieticians. Royalty of the world may raise its eyebrows and call her the "Kitchen Princess" and the "regal nursemaid," but she's going to look after her little Josephine Charlotte all by herself.

Princess Astrid, beautiful wife of dashing Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium, is perfectly qualified to raise her baby according to the last word in child training and culture. If it smashes tradition for her to take the whole burden on her youthful shoulders, it won't be the first time both she and her husband have flown in the face of courtly shibboleths.

This amazing pair has always seemed to be intent upon one thing: being perfectly healthy, happy, loving mates, preoccupied with the homely details of

a real love marriage, like their lowliest subjects.

First the slim, beloved Astrid gave her hand and heart to the wealthiest prince in Europe when he came courting to her modest Stockholm apartment, traveling third class and carrying his own baggage. This was a shock to the punctilious royalists; then after ingratiating herself with her adopted Belgians, rank and file, she spurned the ceaseless round of official functions and pitched in to cook Hubby's dinner at least three days a week. Here was another shock.

Now she's abandoned the last vestige of adherence to imperial custom by being a passionately efficient full-time mother. She gets up with little Charlotte, and she puts her to bed with almost religious efficiency. Unlike many another royal child of the past, this tot will never grow to look upon a hired governess as "Mamma."

The result of Astrid's defiant indulgence of her rich mother love is a baby which the royal court physician recently pronounced the most perfect, physically and in disposition, he had seen in all his extensive practice. He's at least one man in court circles who thoroughly approves of the way the child is being raised.

"If you want a baby who will take the prize at every baby show, you can't let George do it." That's the way Astrid's official physician replies to all criticism of her. And there has been criticism, because European populace have a perfectly human feeling that their princesses should be a little different, a little more ritzy than the common run.

Astrid is aware of this, but she frequently says that it's worth risking any sort of public frown to make little Charlotte into the kind of daughter her

heart craves.

Indeed, Astrid—a niece of the King of Sweden—and Leopold have made such a success of their marriage—from the standpoint of contentment and bliss; royal marriages are not permitted officially to "fail"—that even the oldtimers in the royal families of both Sweden and Belgium have been impressed by what "love can do."

Those intimately connected with court circles aver that never have they seen such quiet happiness among the married of their rarefied royal station.

Of course Astrid and Leopold quarrel; they are far too much in love, far too much like other couples, not to do that. Usually, when a prince is married to a princess for reasons of state, no pretense of love is made. When either displeases the other a strained period ensues, as if two strangers had jostled one another on the street. Astrid and Leopold, on the other hand, are crazy about each other

—and the mite, Charlotte—and a few healthy spats take place now and then, providing how near together they are. The sharp divergence of this couple's relationship from other royal alliances was vividly illustrated by an occurrence not long ago when Astrid returned from a visit to her family in Stockholm. Her boat docked at Antwerp Prince Leopold and his father, Albert King of the Belgians, were on the pier, together with others of the royal family. Leopold, tall and very military-looking, fidgeted from foot to foot like an impatient schoolboy as the hour the boat was due approached.

Finally the liner slowly drew into port. The Crown Prince's face was a study in eagerness as he scanned the rail for his beloved. He made her out, between two of her companions, and waved joyously. Those who had an opportunity to witness this touching scene declare that King Albert turned to his

son and whispered a few admonitory words. Exactly what he said will never be known, but it was something like "Wait now, son, in a dignified fashion. Don't run up and embrace her; I see that's what you're bent on doing."

Astrid's party began to descend the gangplank. The young Princess' face beamed as she made out her waiting husband—an easy thing to do since he and his father both stood head and shoulders above the crowd. She waved—and Leopold could contain himself no longer. He broke away from the crowd and rushed to meet his lovely wife, embracing her with an ardor that would do credit to a screen hero. It just happened that an alert cameraman was on the scene and, suspecting what would happen, he had his camera ready. The result was the charming picture of a royal kiss, which appears on this page.

Perhaps no other married pair has ever so captured the imagination of Europe as this one has. Belgians and Swedes alike point with pride to the "handsomest bride and groom of all royalty." And Astrid immediately ingratiated herself with the people of her adopted country. Indeed, she became so popular a person from the start that controversies arose about her, a sure sign of a big following. One

Belgian clerical newspaper, "Le Vingtieme Siecle," printed an article by a priest which suggested that Princess Astrid would serve as a better example to the young girls of the land if she let out the hem of her skirt a few more inches. Her frocks, in his opinion, were a trifle too modern and fashionable.

No sooner had the criticism appeared than a rabid admirer of the fair girl from the North issued a curt challenge to the cleric, offering to meet him "with any weapons he might choose," on the field of honor. Brussels was more amused than stirred up by this furore, and needless to say the vast majority was on the side of Astrid.

It's a couple that's defying the ancient rules as to how a prince and princess should behave in the married state. The first shibboleth Leopold and Astrid have kicked over is the royal pairs can never be in love. They have also done away with the idea that a Crown Prince can't achieve a real home, a real wife with a wife's duties, a "self-raised" baby and all the trials and happiness of Mr. Everyman.

## Don't Kid Yourself—Admit Mistakes

—Says Denney



**CHARLES E. DENNEY**  
President of the Erie Railroad

CHARLES E. DENNEY'S success as a great railroad president—he is now head of the Erie Railroad—has been phenomenal, but it has never exhibited any spectacular turns. Persistent work, with the ability to handle any situation and responsibility when it came have characterized his career. His advice to young people is tinged with the calm wisdom of maturity. He says:

"First of all make friends and be on the level with them. No matter how much money you have you will still be a poor man if you don't have friends. And remember—any man who can be right more than 50 per cent of the time is establishing a good batting average." It is evident that Mr. Denney doesn't believe in human perfection at any job. A man should strive as hard as he can, but trying to get away with the im-

pression that he's never wrong is dangerous; he's going to slip, sooner or later, and if he's been candid he'll probably miss falling hard.

"Keep busy, but don't have the false sense of pride that prevents people from admitting they make mistakes. When you make mistakes be the first one to act and profit by them. A man who has courage to tell his boss he has made a mistake puts his stock up several points.

"You can't kid yourself and get ahead. It may be possible to kid other people for a little while, but not yourself. While you are aiming to be on the level with others, don't neglect to be on the level with yourself. Find out what the facts are and face them. As a matter of fact, it's often all right to kid the other fellow—occasionally it's necessary and perfectly honest—but it's amazing how many people, and especially young men, kid themselves too in the process. They never get away with it for long; then comes the crash."

Mr. Denney believes in the highest education. He tried desperately to work his own way through college by doing odd jobs and soliciting boarders for his boarding house, but after three years he saw he couldn't make the final grade financially. So he quit school and got a job with the Union Switch and Signal Company at Rochester, N. Y. His rise from that point was steady and sure. A succession of positions of greater and greater responsibility followed until he reached his present eminence as president of the Erie.

"Work is the touchstone of happiness and success—as all the advisers agree. But by work I mean two things: Education and experience. Get an education if you can. If you cannot get

an education in school or college, get it the next best way—in the school of experience. You're sure to go up, if you really have your heart set on it—and if you're honest with yourself."

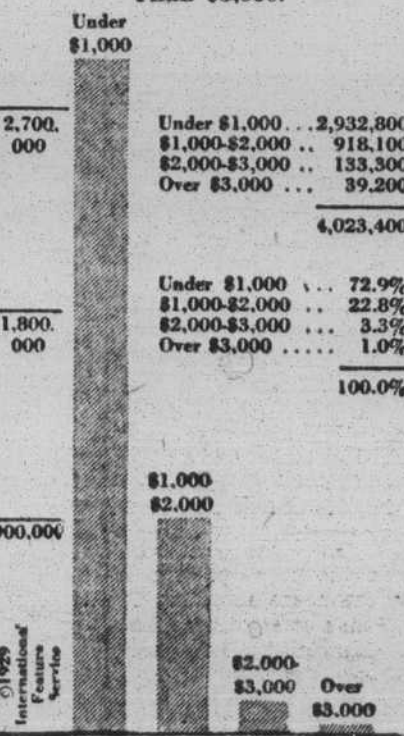
## The ABC's of General Knowledge

**Only 4 of Every 100 Automobiles Have 8 Cylinders or Cost More Than \$2000**

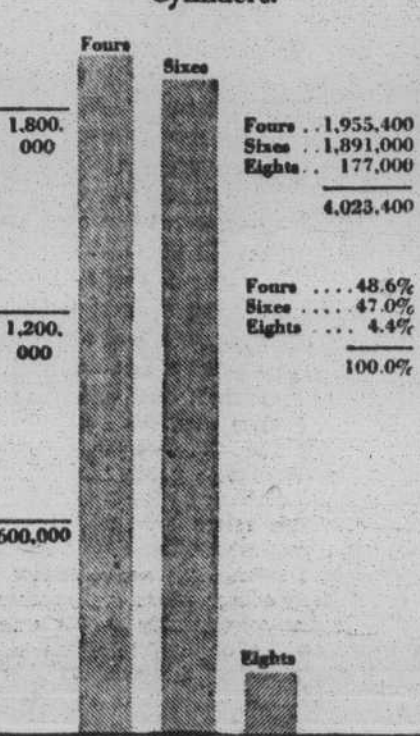
Interesting Facts About Motor Car Production 1928.  
Source: 1929 Statistical Issue of Automotive Industries.

Chart By FREEING FOSTER

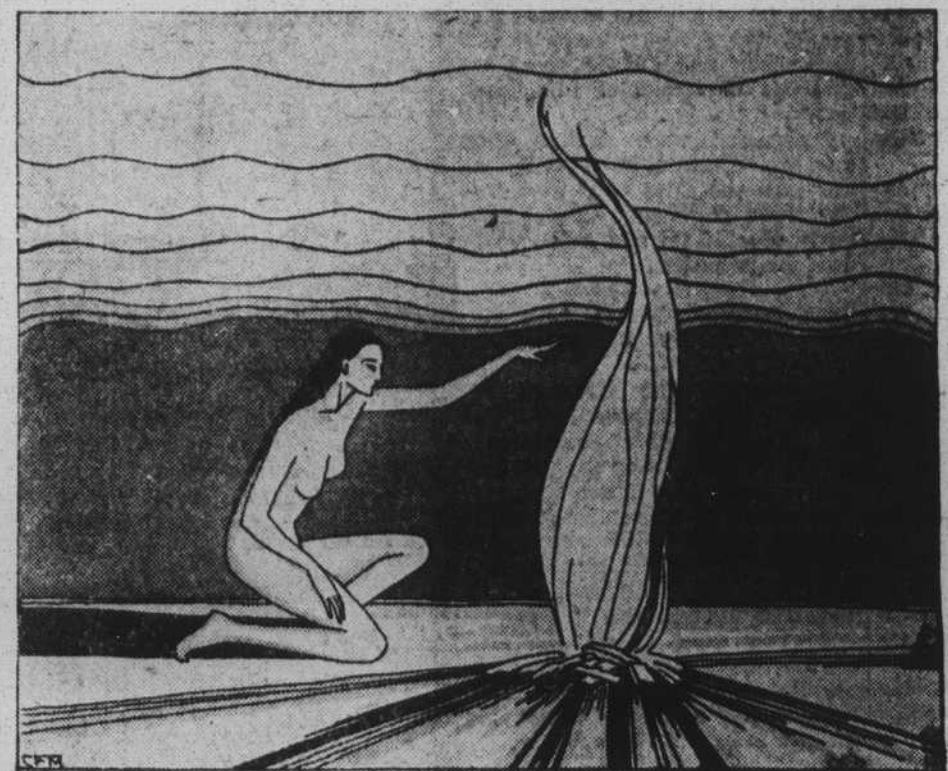
**Number of Cars Produced by Retail Price Classes**  
Of Every 100 Cars Made, Only One Retails for More Than \$3,000.



**Number of Cars Produced by Size of Engine**  
Of Every 100 Cars Made, Only Four Have Eight Cylinders.



**By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet-Artist**  
**RESOURCE**  
(On the Riverbank)



"But warm my hands in the blaze's glow."

The world is full of springs  
So why should I  
Go thirsty if the water in the well  
Runs dry?  
My mill must grind its corn  
So if the wheels stand still,  
I must resort to piping power  
Down another hill.

I DO not care how deep the stream  
I care not where its source is,  
My chief concern is but to learn  
How strong its force is.  
And if twigs and chaff and random  
straw  
Can keep my fire from burning low,  
I never lament the lack of 'fuel'  
But warm my hands in the blaze's  
glow.