

a kick, ordered the old man to move on.

The prostrate form did not move.

Dr. Seligman had seen the old man fall and run to his side. He bent down and felt the man's pulse. Then he looked up into the face of the policeman.

"The man is dying," he said.

The policeman called a passing cab and bundled the old man into it.

"I realized I could be of no



The New King, Christian X.

further aid," says Dr. Seligman, "and so I went on my way."

The policeman, supporting the old man in the cab, drove to the "county."

At that hospital for the destitute, a physician took one look at the body the policeman had carried in.

"No use in bringing that here," he said. "He's dead. Take him to the morgue."

The policeman, with his lifeless burden, climbed back into the cab, and drove to the harbor front morgue, the ghastly death house where are taken the bodies of Hamburg's "unknown dead"—the suicides and the beggars of the city.

The policeman and the morgue attendants took off the dead man's clothes. There was nothing on them, nor in the pockets to identify the wearer.

The clothes were flung to one side in a little heap. The dead body was roughly flung on the slab where four other bodies of derelicts already lay.

Meantime, all was confusion in the royal suite at the Hamburger Hof.

King Frederick the VIII. of Denmark was missing. The Queen and the Princesses Thyra and Dogmar were in tears. The authorities of Hamburg were at their wits' end.

The king had gone for a walk shortly after 9 o'clock. He had said he would be gone for only a short time. That was all that anyone knew.

The distracted police begged of the queen to tell them where the king had gone, what sort of places he usually frequented when he went thus alone into the night.

"I do not know," sobbed the queen. "He said he was going for a walk. He said he wanted to be alone. He would not even permit the secret service men to accompany him. I do not know which way he went."