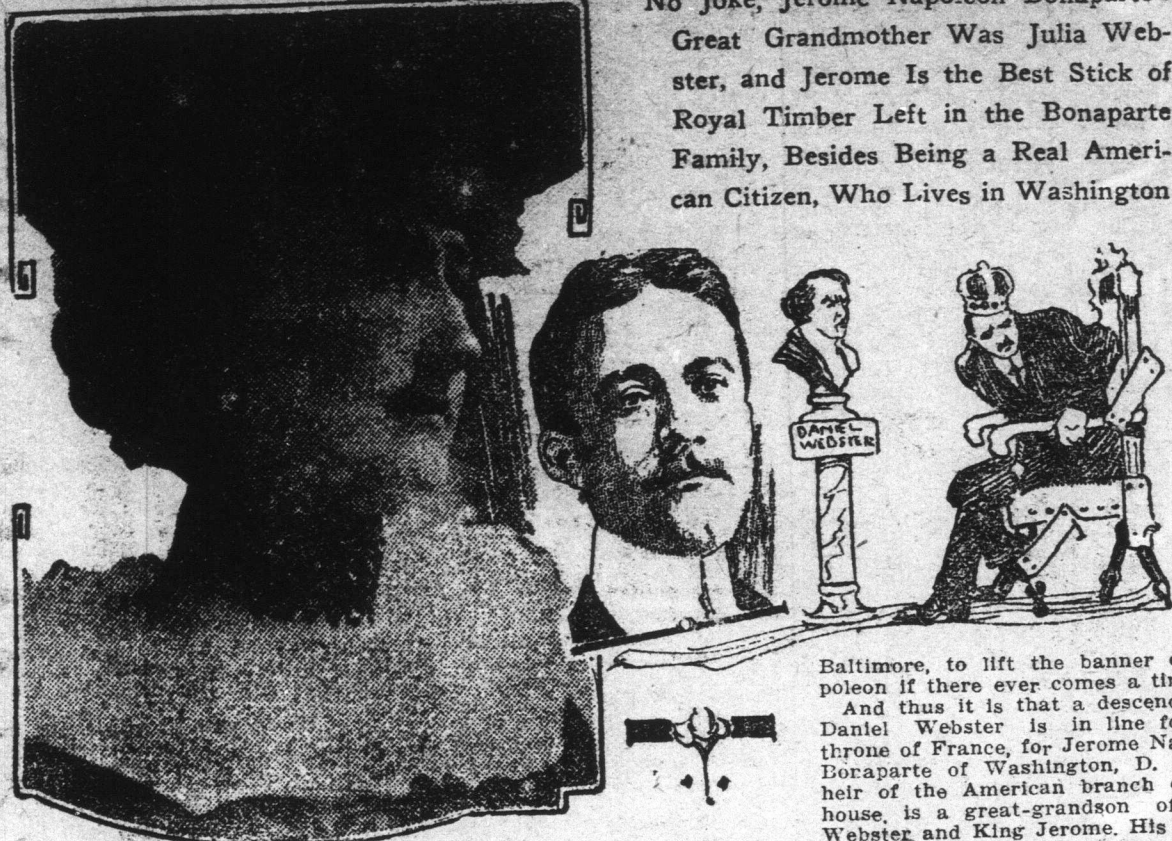


## Daniel Webster's Great-Grandson Right in Line for an Imperial Throne—Now Wouldn't That Peeve Daniel?



Princess Clementine, whose failure to bear a son dashed the hopes of the Bonapartes and raised those of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the American, whose portrait is inset.

Paris, July 5.—When the Princess Clementine, wife of Prince Victor Napoleon, gave birth to a child the other day, all France—particularly imperialistic France—was profoundly concerned.

"Is it a boy?" When the answer came some were sad and others glad. Among those more or less glad were certain well-known American folks. For the answer means that a descendant of Daniel Webster might sit on the throne of France some day.

If the child had been a boy there would have been a gathering of all the Bonaparte clans and such a christening as the Bonaparte tribe

No joke, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte's Great Grandmother Was Julia Webster, and Jerome Is the Best Stick of Royal Timber Left in the Bonaparte Family, Besides Being a Real American Citizen, Who Lives in Washington

Baltimore, to lift the banner of Napoleon, there ever comes a time. And thus it is that a descendant of Daniel Webster is in line for the throne of France, for Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte of Washington, D. C., the heir of the American branch of the house, is a great-grandson of both Webster and King Jerome. His grandmother was Julia Webster.

The bare idea of a great-grandson of Daniel Webster taking the throne of France seems preposterous. But stranger things have happened—in France, where change is the normal and nobody stands pat.

Just now all France is a smoldering bed of discontent. The Government is heavily in debt; taxes are very high; cost of living is higher than ever before, and wages do not advance. The people are muttering; the army can't be trusted in case of civil disorder.

If the storm comes the French pendulum may swing back to royalty, with the eagle of Napoleon borne aloft by a great-grandson of Webster.

## "Tom Brown's School Days" Recalled By Celebration

Admirers of Judge Hughes, the Author, Gather at Faringdon—Address By Hughes' Daughter—Letters From Heroes of the Famous Fight.

Recently at Faringdon, England, there was held a celebration in honor of the late Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Letters were received from Harry East and Slogger Williams, the heroes of the great fight recorded in the famous book, who are still living at the age of 89. Another letter was received from Miss Arnold, of Fox How, the last surviving child of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby.

The speech of the afternoon was by Miss May Hughes, Tom's daughter. "We felt," says a writer in the Nation, "as we hung upon her lips there while she poured out a stream of stories about the buttercups, and when at last ended—as we wished she never would—there was not one of us who did not feel like calling our saint simply 'Father,' as she did. And she told us not only about Father, but about Grandfather and Great-grand-

children, though Father used to say we should be glad some day to have heard them. How once, just when they had come down for family prayers before breakfast, Father pointed out of the window to an old gentleman walking up the street, with three collie dogs playing around him. 'There, children,' he said, 'goes the good Lord Shaftesbury.' And how they used to grumble sometimes, when Father was busy with the Working Men's College, that he spent so much time over other people's children, instead of staying at home and playing with them; but now, when I see the seed of his work springing up in such a gathering as this, I give thanks for it. And how, when he was an old man, he went back to stand in the pulpit at Rugby—the first layman that ever stood there—and closed his speech with these words, so characteristic of his whole life: 'Keep God alive in your hearts, and go bravely forward.'

"Speeches over, the stair carpets were unrolled and tea and cakes became the order of the day. Then we gathered round the Maypole to see the

## A PLEA FOR GOLF FOR THE WORKING CLASSES

[H. W. Massingham in the London Daily News.]

Scotland, the more democratic country, can still find room for the artisan golfer, while England, the aristocratic and moneyed country, which shuts the common school and places a heavy money premium on the most famous university courses, has almost banished the workman from the links. Here and there no doubt, as at Brancaster, clubs of workmen golfers are in existence, and have fair access to the links. In other cases, where golf clubs have established themselves on common land, the people cannot be excluded. But the general rule of class exclusion is patent enough. Indeed, the line is not merely drawn at the artisan. As a rule the local tradesman is not a member of the local golf club, and many have been the searchings of hearts and the burning questions of golf club committees over the exclusion of candidates from the "shop."

Here and there one hears of a more inclusive and general spirit; here and there, again, of some stories of "undesirables," which have made the conservatives of golf (with a small "c") raise the triumphant retort of "I told you so."

The fact remains that we don't encourage the use of golf courses which now cover rural England by other than the professional or the ex-professional classes. Golf is held to be a sufficient and even gentlemanly employment for the tolerably long interval that in a good many Englishmen's lives cover the period between work and death. But the eligible are nearly confined to the sort of people whom one can

meet without a painful shock in the smoke-room of a London club.

A Nation of "Barbarians." Now this state of things, like so many indications of the way in which we assume that the world is made for the gentlemanly well-to-do, ought to make us uneasy. Unless, indeed, heaven-like, our English earth is reserved exclusively for these favored classes, it seems likely to induce complications not only in time but in eternity. Here, indeed its full consequences are only beginning to dawn upon us. The extreme separation of classes, in work and in pleasure, at school and at college, in life and in death, makes obviously for these weaknesses in our character and our government, the consequences of which we are so prone to attribute to other causes than the real ones. One hears constant complaints of the inadequate supply of ability in our governing functions, in politics, in diplomacy, in the Indian civil service, in the higher ranks of business. Does it never seem to us that for these kinds of activity we draw only on a small proportion of the population—that we never try to get the great men of the British people to think, to write, to conduct affairs, to become acquainted with the higher phases of the world's business.

One very minor result is that the standard of manners is so low amongst us, that a small section of the people show "refinement," have a serious interest in art, know anything of literature, or even maintain the level of good manners and correct and pleasant speech that is almost universal among all classes of Frenchmen. And this is

## She Fainted With the Agony

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Her Kidneys



Miss Maggie Jannack.

Mountain, Ont., Dec. 14, 1910. "I desire to let the world know of the great debt I owe 'Fruit-a-tives,' which saved my life when I had given up hope of ever being well again.

For six years, I suffered from dreadful Kidney Disease. My legs and lower part of my body were fearfully swollen. The pain in my side and legs would be so bad that I would faint with the agony.

Five different doctors attended me and all said it was Kidney Disease and gave me no hope of getting well.

A kind neighbor visited me and mentioned the case of Mrs. Fenwick, who had been cured of a sickness like mine. I took 'Fruit-a-tives' and in a short time, I began to feel better—the swelling went down—the pains were easier—and soon I was well.

I have gained over 30 pounds since taking 'Fruit-a-tives'—and my friends look upon my recovery as a miracle.

(Miss) MAGGIE JANNACK. "Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c—or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

only a way of saying we are not a civilized nation, that Matthew Arnold's barbs against us that we are barbarians, Philistines, materialists, still holds good.

How, then, shall we make approaches to this most desirable ideal of social equality, the absence of which mars even our sports and games, and deprives us of so much strength and variety in character of government? Well, we can begin by aiming at a system of common education, that system which is the salvation of Scotland, of France, nay, of Western Europe, and the absence of which makes us such a deplorably un-Christian and, indeed, unhappy people. Much, I am afraid, must change before we go very far in this direction. The level of personal self-respect among our people is not high, nothing like it is in France. And when once the spirit and the feeling of class-isolation have been cultivated for generations it is very hard to banish it and to substitute a more genial and humane temper. The tide, nor our education, nor our pleasure-feeling is quite as exclusive as formerly. But our state is still based on inequality; and the desire for human pleasures and squanders the richest of its intellectual and spiritual treasures.

## LITERARY NOTES

Germany's Commercial Policy. [From Commodore W. H. Beecher's "Germany as a Sea Power" in the July Century.]

The policy of providing for Germany's future on the sea is the natural result of the enormous strides made by the population of Germany. Except a few South Sea Islands and tropical parts of Africa, there remain no territories for the Germans to colonize; so their future is necessarily linked with the sea. During the last twenty years the German seafaring population has increased nearly a million; that of another nation. Only fifty years ago there were comparatively few German ships, the German flag was seldom seen at sea, and there was no German navy. Of Prussia were almost.

The Magic of a Siphon. [From "Nature and Science" in the July Century.]

When a pipe shaped like the inverted letter U, in which the arms are of equal length, is filled with water, and each end of the pipe is put into a separate vessel of water, the downward pull, or weight, of the liquid in each of the two arms will balance the other, and if the water is at the same level in both vessels, it will remain so. But if the level of the water in one vessel is lower than in the other, since the two vessels are connected with a pipe full of water, the water will run down from the higher level to the lower. This constitutes what is called a siphon. A siphon has no more magic about it than a pencil has when it falls, or than any other similar phenomenon in nature. Other similar siphon-like manifestations of the same principle, but almost incredible.

The July Rod and Gun. "Reminiscences of a Sojourn at a Hudson Bay Post" by Frank Truagh, the opening number in the July issue of Rod and Gun in Canada (W. J. Taylor, Limited, publisher, Woodstock, Ont.) contains an interesting comparison between the characters of the white man and the Indian, illustrated in the almost quixotic honesty displayed in the almost correct and somewhat pathetic "Wabun Annuag" when tempted in the guise of imminent starvation, might well have proved overrated. The popular continued chapter "The Culture of Black and Silver Foxes" is another feature of this issue which contains many stories and anecdotes of outdoor life in the various Canadian provinces.

Literary Notes. The special number, which Scribner's Magazine has planned and of which the recent "Water and Power" number was a sample, are designed to show the various phases of modern progress. The July number, for example, will be "The New Suburb" number, showing recent experiments for solving the problem of modern living. Frederic C. Howe will tell how it is done in England; Grosvenor Atterbury, the architect of the Forest Hills, Long Island, experiment, will describe it and other American attempts; and

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Elmer Grey will describe the development of suburban architecture along the Pacific coast from Seattle to San Diego. All of the articles will be fully illustrated.

California's Big Trees.

Huge as the sequoias are, their size is scarcely wonderful as their age. A tree that has lived five hundred years is still in its early youth; one that has rounded out a thousand summers and winters is only in full maturity; and of age, the three-score years and ten of the sequoias, does not come for seventeen or eighteen centuries. How old the oldest trees may be is not yet certain, but I have counted the rings of forty that were over two thousand years of age, of three that were over three thousand, and of one that was three thousand one hundred and fifty. In the days of the Trojan war and of the exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt, this oldest tree was a sturdy sapling, with stiff, prickly foliage, like that of a cedar, but far more compressed. It was doubtless a graceful, sharply conical tree, 20 or 30 feet high, with dense, horizontal branches, the lower ones of which swept the ground. Like the young trees of today, the ancient sequoia and the clump of trees of similar age which grew close to it must have been a charming adornment of the landscape. By the time of Marathon the trees had lost the hard, sharp lines of youth, and were thoroughly mature. The lower branches had disappeared up to the height of a hundred feet or more; the giant trunks were disclosed as bare, reddish columns covered with soft bark six inches or a foot in thickness; the upper branches had acquired a slightly drooping aspect; and the spiny foliage, far removed from the ground, had assumed a graceful, rounded appearance. Then for centuries, through the days of Rome, the Dark Ages, and the period of the growth of European civilization, the ancient giants preserved the same appearance, strong and solid, but with a strangely attractive, approachable quality.—Ellsworth Huntington, in Harper's Magazine for July.

Edwin Balmer, one of the best-known short-story writers in the country, uses the sleep walking of a man who has cornered the wheat market as the central theme of a story called "The Weak Spot," in the July Red Book Magazine.

## Migration of Small Birds

[London Strand.]

The problem of how small birds were able to manage long flights from other countries exercised the minds of naturalists for centuries. The first man to collect accurate information on the subject was the late Herr Gatte. Living on the little island of Heligoland, in the direct route of migration, and entirely devoted to his subject, he was able to verify for himself many facts which had until then escaped notice.

For instance he pointed out that birds on migration often flew very high—probably as much as twelve thousand feet (over two miles) above the ground. They do not fly at a great height has been corroborated by astronomers who have seen birds flying across the face of the moon at a height of not less than one mile.

Gatte's idea on speed were probably exaggerated, but only by a theory of a tremendously swift flight at a high altitude could he account for the fact that certain birds were never, or rarely, seen in the count quarters. Their winter and summer quarters were far apart; also they always arrived at the same hour—some at late in the morning. He thought it probable that they left Africa at dusk the previous evening, and by flying at the rate of 180 miles an hour would be able to reach Heligoland in the one flight.

Between 1880 and 1887 the British Association granted some money to a special committee for the study of migration, and by means of schedules much information was collected about

the birds that are killed annually at coast lights. Although many facts were thus obtained the observations in this respect are almost entirely dependent on weather conditions. In fact it may be said that the only migration that can be actually seen is that which has partially failed, for is only when delayed or held back by storms or fog that birds obviously in passage are encountered along the coast or in other places where they are not usually found.

In Denmark and Germany ornithologists have been experimenting by ringing birds and having those that are caught returned to the address given on the aluminum band placed on the bird's leg. In this way the habits of migration, speed and direction of flight and other facts are discovered. Storke have given the most striking results from ringing. Without exception all storke that have been recaptured in the first autumn after ringing had travelled in a due southeasterly direction.

From Hungary to Palestine no ringed birds have been procured, but from Palestine four have been returned, from Alexandria one, Blue Nile one, Victoria Nyanza one, and no fewer than seven from the Transvaal, Natal, Basutoland, etc. while of the Hungarian (marked by the Hungarian office), no fewer than seventeen have been recorded from the various localities in South Africa. It is therefore practically certain that the North German and Hungarian storke travel southeast to Palestine and thence due south to South Africa.

There is still one point left to be further investigated. How do birds find their way? So far as we are aware only one experiment has been made on these lines. This was carried out by Dr. Watson, an American, who took some terns from their nests on a rocky islet near the coast of Florida. Having marked them, he released them at sea about 800 miles to the north of their home, and several hundred miles from their normal range. The birds, therefore, being liberated at sea, where neither they nor their ancestors had ever been before, it would seem that they could not find their way back. Yet in the course of a few days a fair proportion had returned to their island home. This experience is certainly conclusive as showing that some birds have the power of orientation from their nests on a rocky islet without the aid of any landmarks or inherited knowledge.

Hugh Miller, the geologist, describes

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In "My Schools and Schoolmasters," the vivid impression made upon him as a child by an eye-witness' story of the last execution in Scotland of a witch by burning in 1722; and in reading about it we think of such barbaric acts as belonging to the dark ages. Yet last year, and again a short time ago, a Texas town has seen a human being being burned at the stake—the latest of these atrocities, the newspapers report, being perpetrated in the presence of two thousand persons.

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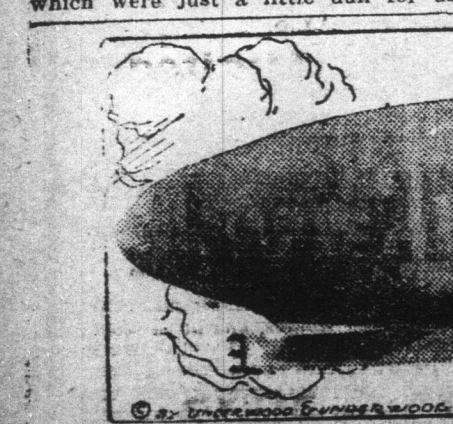
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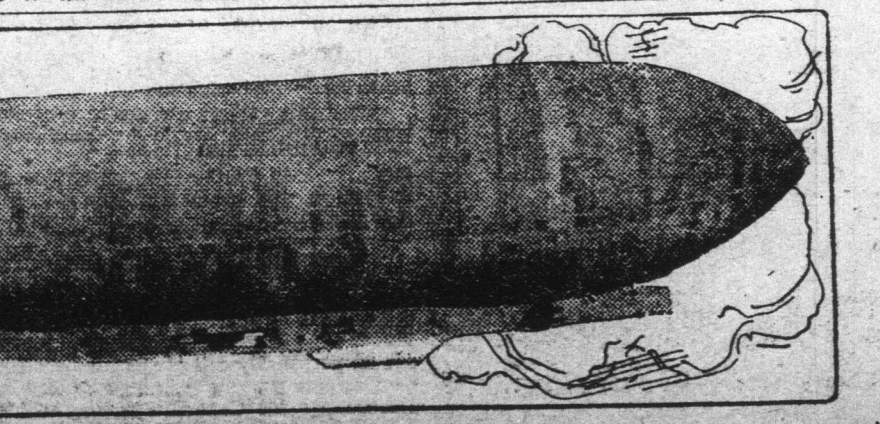
Dealer: Here's a horse I'll sell cheap. He'll go ten miles without stopping.

Buyer: He won't do, I live seven miles out and I don't want to walk back three miles.

Father—and Great-grandmother, too. How Great-grandmother, the canon's wife, a C. O. S. woman before her time, used to dose her poorer neighbors with physic, but never, never give them gifts of money, and how her softer-hearted old husband used to hand out half-crowns behind his (or her) back. How Grandfather used to go about with acorns in his pocket, which he would drop in likely places—and that avenue of oaks over there is the result. How this same eccentric old gentleman was a practical ventriloquist; how once an invisible dog kept barking from under the table at a farmers' dinner to disconcert; a conceited bore of a young farmer whom nobody else could deal with. How Father never could understand that they brought up in London, did not know the names of birds and flowers. What a lovely day Sunday used to be, when Father used to bring out a very special kind of story book, full of pictures of angels and devils, crawling up and down people's sleeves in a sort of tug-of-war for their souls. How Father used to take them to church, where he always won, and how afterwards they tried not to go to sleep over 'dear Frederick Denison Maurice's sermons, which were just a little dull for us



Dirigible balloon, Akron, which exploded Tuesday during a trial trip over the ocean at Atlantic City, carrying Captain L. A. and a crew of five to death. It was L. A.'s intention to attempt a flight across the Atlantic.



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