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Royal Ascot.

STORIES OF SPORTING KINGS AND THEIR SUPPORT TO THE KING OF SPORTS.

More than two centuries have gone since Queen Anne drove on to the Ascot Heath in state to inaugurate the races on the course which she herself had designed, and to applaud the winner of "Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas."

So delighted was the Royal lady with her new race-course and its success that, during the brief remainder of her life, she not only attended every meeting, but took the whole world of rank and fashion in her train, thus cradling the infant in the Royal pomp and splendour which have ever since distinguished it.

It is true that after Anne's death the glory of Ascot was a little dimmed for the first two Georges were not enthusiasts for the "sport of kings." But under the patronage of George II, it blossomed into new life and still greater splendour as the resort of fashion, and the Mecca of horse-lovers.

So popular indeed did the meeting become that it attracted not only the world of rank and of sport, but pick-pockets, swell mobmen, and loafers by the thousand. The common was dotted with scores of gambling-booths, in which large sums were won and lost; wrestling matches and prize-fights for heavy stakes took place on the course; and among many other excitements cock-fighting could always be relied on.

After Waterloo.

Seldom has Ascot seen such glorious times as those when George III., accompanied by his Queen and the many members of his family, drove on to the Heath in all the magnificence of Royal equipages, making their stately and triumphant progress past the long row of towering booths, crowded with the flower of the English nobility, the loveliest women, and the most celebrated personages in the kingdom, and to the thunderous applause of the thousands of more humble spectators.

In the long succession of brilliant Ascot meetings not one, perhaps, shines out with such splendour as that of 1815, when, after years of bloodshed and terror, Europe was at last at peace.

All the world of rank and beauty mingled freely with the crowds, and joined in the thunders of cheers that greeted the dazzling array of Royal carriages which flowed on to the course.

First came the Tsar of all the Russias, with his gorgeous retinue; Queen Charlotte came next, followed, amid rolling thunders of applause, by the King of Prussia. Another ovation greeted the Prince Regent and his brother of York; but when the cry rung out "Blucher! Blucher!" the enthusiasm, strange as it seems to read to-day, of the assembled thousands burst all bounds.

In Honour of Blucher.

The tumult of shouts rose in deafening crescendo until the very sky

Islam and the Golden Horn.

(Christian Science Monitor)
 One of the most interesting and useful of the many minor statements on sundry issues of international importance submitted to the Peace Conference was certainly that of Mr. Charles Vamvacas, formerly a member of the Ottoman Parliament as a Christian subject of the Sultan of Turkey. Mr. Vamvacas' statement dealt with the question of the actual position occupied by Constantinople and the Sultan of Turkey in the estimate of the Muhammadan world. It constituted a reply to the recently issued appeal by British Muhammadan subjects urging the maintenance of the Sultan in Constantinople, and declaring that any attempt to hand over the city to some Christian people or state, or to place it under international control, would cause grave dissatisfaction to the Muhammadans throughout the world.

The inference, of course, of such a plea is that, according to the Muhammadan point of view, Constantinople has a sacred value, hence if the Padishah of the Osmanli were removed from the Golden Horn it would amount to an attack on the "faith or belief" of the followers of Muhammad." Mr. Vamvacas insists that to make such assertions is to go against the traditions of the Muhammadan believers themselves. Constantinople, he says, is not a sacred city even to the Turks, who actually term it a city of Ghiaours—a conquered infidel place. Unlike Mecca and Medina, it is not a center of Muhammadan cult, and bears no name to show that it is considered holy, sacred, or illuminated, such as is conveyed, for instance, by the qualifying term sherrif, moukerem, or munever, attached to Mecca, Medina, and Damascus.

Those who have any knowledge at all of the long and complicated history of the caliphate cannot fail to recognize the justice of these con-

Localizing the World.

Every time you look up in the sky now, you either see an airplane or get a cinder in your eye. Airplanes have been added to the daily menu as a regular stunt along with the other habits. In time to come, airplanes will be part of the makeup, like watches, glasses, styles, corns, etc. Time will be taken by the forelock and be twisted into giving more minute value per hour. Distance will be "just around the corner" then. Citizens can live in one town and hold down a job in another climate. During the winter keep the family down south and hop back and forth daily to the office up north. "Next door neighbors" will be spread over all the map. The tourist of to-day will be of the "Man about town" speed then.

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- Grape Fruit.
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- California Oranges.
- Apples.

tentions. The great Arab cities already mentioned, to which must be added Baghdad, Yemen, and Assir, have never recognized the religious supremacy of the Ottoman Caliph. On the contrary, they look upon the Sultan as distinctly a usurper, and insist that the true claimants to the caliphate are in Mecca. Indeed, when Mutassan, son of the great Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, in a time of stress called in the Turks for his aid, in the ninth century, his act practically marked the end of the caliphate as a great politico-religious power. Ever since that time it has merely existed as an institution in the Ottoman Empire. To the devout Muhammadan the great caliphs were never the sultans of Turkey, no matter how magnificent their estate or wide their empire, but the caliphs of Medina, of Damascus, and of Baghdad. Then, as Mr. Vamvacas justly points out, the Arab chiefs have never recognized the Ottoman Caliph's authority on many questions of first importance, but have steadily preserved their independence and religious convictions.

As to the Indian Muhammadans who were, of course, the authors of the plea to which he objects, Mr. Vamvacas declares that they are never seen in Constantinople paying their respects to the padishah, but that, on the contrary, their objective and that of the Algerians and the Tunisians, has always been Baghdad. All this is, of course, very much to the point, but if any proof were needed of the practically vanished authority of the Ottoman Caliph, it would be found, surely, in the way in which the Caliph's call to a holy war in the November of 1914 was practically ignored throughout the whole Muhammadan belt, outside the Turkish Saxony.

The Poppies of France.

(From the Boston Herald.)

Ever since John McCrea's great little poem won its place in the popular heart the world has known that poppies blow in the fields of Flanders, but only those who have travelled France in late spring and early summer realize how widely and how profusely that scarlet blossom colors the landscape from the Channel to the Mediterranean. It borders the roadsides, it blazes with special ardor in the wheat fields, it clammers over the crumbling ruins and even nods from thatched roofs. Those who have journeyed in the last two months through the northwestern France find the poppy blossoming in places and under conditions that give it an almost uncanny significance. Where it merely dots a trench-carved field it fairly riots along the edges of the trenches themselves and even in their depths. Looking down on such a field from a distant height, the trenches appear as a dotted line zig-zagging across a background of green. Even those cruelly battered regions north and east of Verdun, every square yard literally churned by many months of shellfire until the visitor would have sworn in early spring that nature could work no appreciable change there, much less bring a flood of color, for years to come, have become waving masses of scarlet. An observer at Verdun in late June writes:—"For miles those hills and valleys are covered with poppies; it is an extraordinary and moving spectacle. From a distance it looks like a vast sea of blood." It is the same on other battlefields and even among the cluttered ruins of the devastated villages. The residents view the thing with superstitious awe. They say that there have always been poppies in that region, but never in numbers approaching those of this year. Who can say what processes of the soil and sun have been at work where millions of men shed their blood? Are these myriads of blood-buffed blossoms of the trenches and battlefields only a whim of nature, unrelated to war and death? And be it remembered that the plea of John McCrea was not in vain. The world of civilization and humanity did not break faith, and he and his fellows can sleep in peace where poppies blow.

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