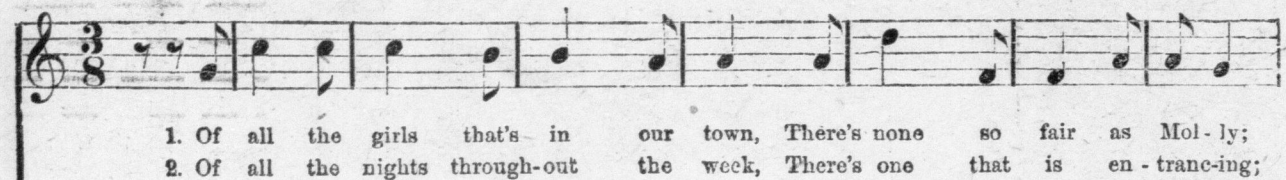


# Molly in the Ballet

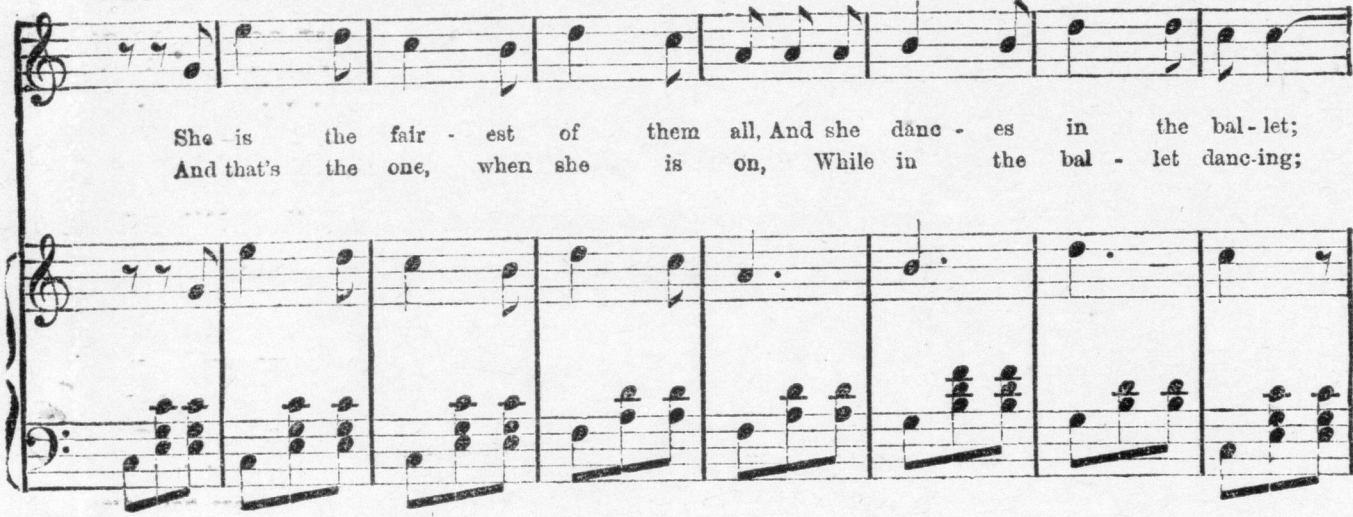
"MOLLY VOM BALLET"

Sung and danced by HUGH DARLINGTON, with great success in "THE GIRL AND THE KAISER"

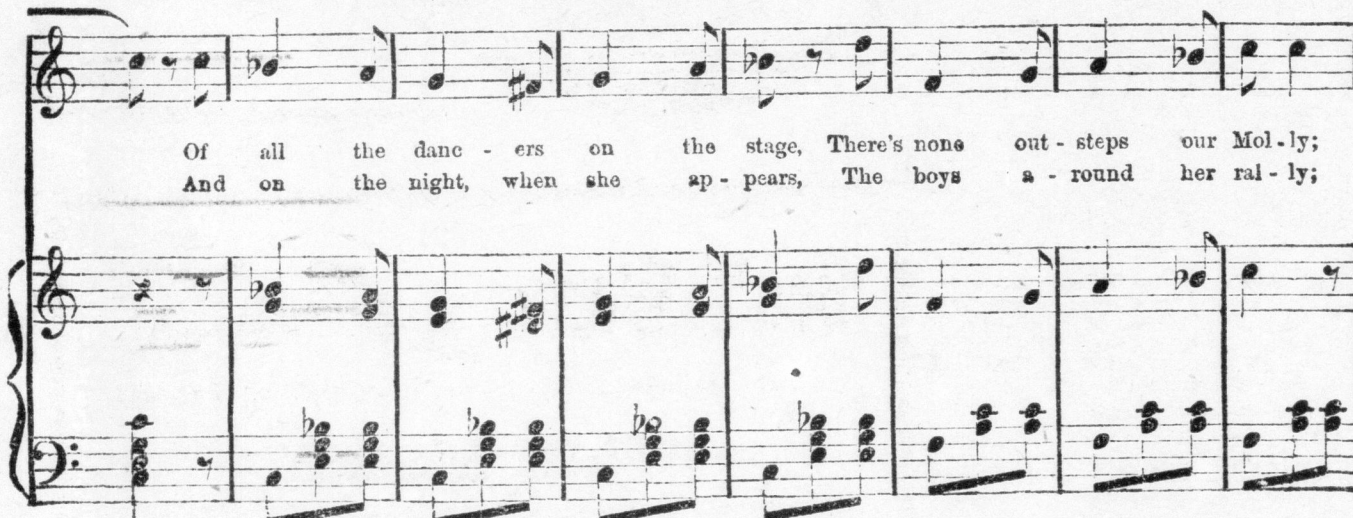
Allegretto.



1. Of all the girls that's in our town, There's none so fair as Mol-ly;  
2. Of all the nights through-out the week, There's one that is en-trancing;

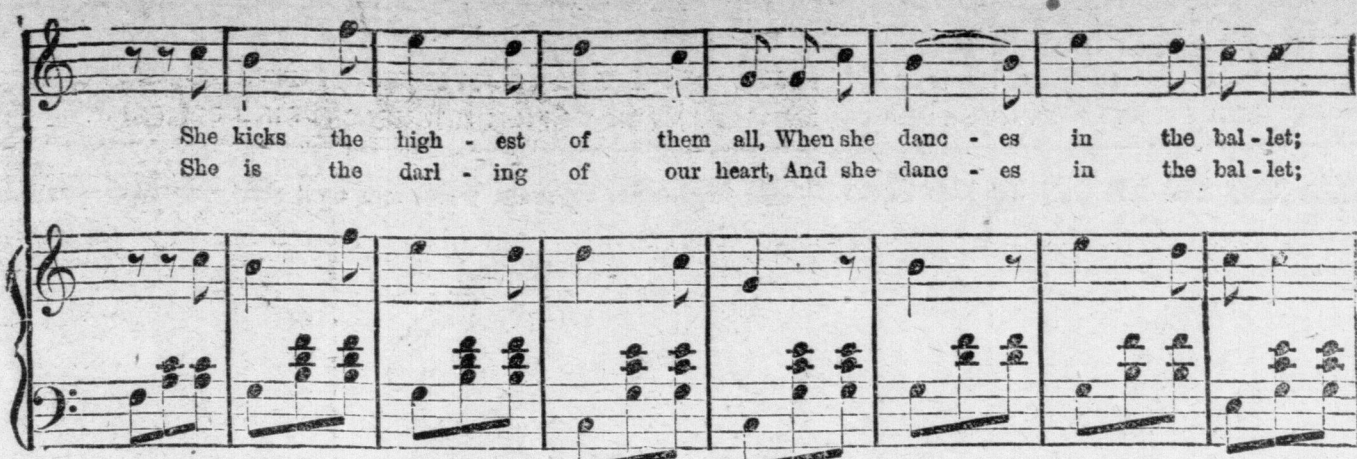


She is the fair-est of them all, And she danc-es in the bal-let;  
And that's the one, when she is on, While in the bal-let danc-ing;

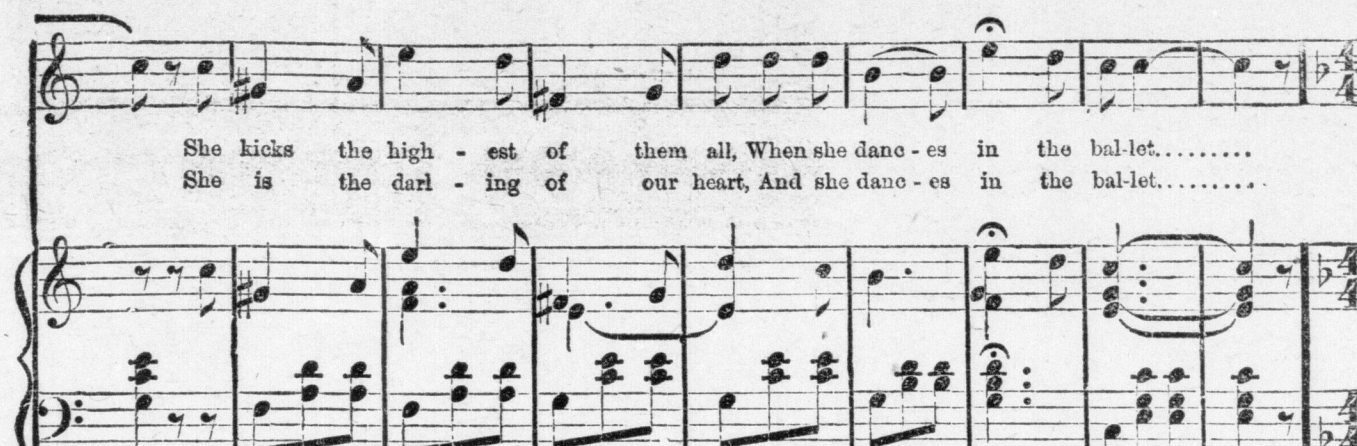


Of all the danc-ers on the stage, There's none out-steps our Mol-ly;  
And on the night, when she ap-pears, The boys a-round her ral-ly;

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She kicks the high-est of them all, When she danc-es in the bal-let;  
She is the darl-ing of our heart, And she danc-es in the bal-let;



She kicks the high-est of them all, When she danc-es in the bal-let.....  
She is the darl-ing of our heart, And she danc-es in the bal-let.....

Dance.

Allegro.



Molly in the Ballet. — 2.

## Gardener Who Worked For King William the Fourth

Thomas Foster Still Alive and Vigorous—Quaint Character Talks of the Past.

Hampton, England, despite its electric trams, has yet an old-world air. Where Cardinal Wolsey's river still winds its way to his lordly pleasure house the people of the district continue to direct one by means of foot-bridges over rail and water, and a house is known as being so many yards from an hostelry, rather than by its proximity to a library or a place of worship. Here, sitting on a fair day in the porch of a little house that has given him shelter for over 50 years, dwells Thomas Foster, England's oldest small-holder.

Before him lies the acre and a half, "more or less," as the lease has it, for which during half a century he has paid scot and lot. Nearly two hundred fruit trees, besides fruit-bearing bushes, grow there, as well as vegetables of various kinds, and from these he obtains support in his old age. Up till last year Foster worked almost single-handed, but having come to be 86, the aid of a grandson, formerly an operative bricklayer in London, was called in.

"I was born just down the road," Mr. Foster explained as he sat in his chair, the other afternoon. "My father was first a gardener and then a game-keeper at Bushey House, where William IV. lived when Duke of Clarence. I used to live over the road just by the Jolly Gardeners, and stopped there for 20 years after I was married. It was a small house, but when the little 'uns grew up I had to move, and I came here fifty years ago. There were ten of 'em—seven boys and three girls. My father, he only lived to be 50. Some poachers set on him, and he lay for 24 hours before we found him, with his dog keeping watch over his body. My father-in-law, he was shepherd to the duke, and I went to work there almost as soon as I could walk. It was like this. I was about 4 years old, and me and my sister was set to watch a haystack and drive the cows away. We got sixpence a week between us for

doing that. Then I was employed in the park running errands and doing odd jobs, and after a time I got work in the garden at Bushey House. My father was working there then, and the gardener thought I might be a little good, and they took me in.

"If They Suits."

"I often saw the duke, and I remember one day when I was driving some cows across the park to pasture he came up with his suite, and he calls me and says, 'Boy, whose cows are those?' 'They're yours, your highness,' I says, 'if they suits, because I knowed he was only there on trial.' He laughed at me and rode away. When he died Queen Adelaide had Bushey House for a residence, and she frequently came down unexpectedly. She used to come round the gardens and talk to me. Some of the others used to get out of her way, because they couldn't quite understand her. She was a very bad talker, and very crooked too, in her speech."

Mr. Foster has many memories of King William, which have proved useful on more than one occasion. He was able on one occasion to identify a painting both by the face and the number of seals worn by the king. "Pal de rails," the old gentleman calls them, King William being very fond of displaying them on his fob chain. The king's personal servant when duke was a "chiselman," a little fellow with a pigtail, and we children used to run after him."

Foster remembers the duke laying the foundation stone of the present parish church of Hampton, and he himself was christened in the old church which preceded it. "My two sisters," he explained, "were christened the same day. We had new smocks on and walked down to the church. The curate christened us, and I remember making him laugh by telling him that we stood at the old round font that they had one like it in the duke's kitchen. I had seen them using a big mortar there and thought the font was another."

A Champion Walker.

A champion walker in his day, Foster did a mile in nine minutes, and frequently walked with messages from Hampton to Buckingham Palace. The coach fare was half a crown. He was carried from the royal farm to Albany street and Knightsbridge Barracks, and Foster went with it twice a week. One of his cherished possessions is a picture of Tom Sayers, which that exponent of the noble art presented to him the last time they met at Twickenham. "I said I should like his belt," Foster said. "Well," Sayers replied, "you can have it if you can take it." I told him I should want to be three stone heavier, and six inches higher, and I would have taken him on. But Tom laughed and gave me his picture."

Strangest of all, however, is the old man's recollection of an incident in Brentford, William IV. had given offence to his lieges, and when he journeyed from Windsor to London through the ancient capital of Middlesex every man wore his coat turned inside out. The king was deeply offended, and ever after on his journeys from Windsor he went through Twickenham.

A splendid crib player, Foster has fair eyesight, and does not need yet to wear glasses. Though 86, he is still fit, and has sufficient teeth to masticate an ordinary meal, "slops" being his pet abomination.

## EUROPE'S RICHEST BACHELOR TO WED

The engagement, just announced, of Lord Howard de Walden to Miss Margherita van Raalte is to Londoners one of the most interesting social events of the year. Lord Howard de Walden has been described as the richest bachelor in Europe. He is in his 32nd year, and since he came of age has been the despair of the match-makers.

Most of his great wealth comes from his London property, as he is one of London's great ground landlords. He inherited this vast property, the annual value of which is variously estimated at from \$1,250,000 to \$1,500,000, from his grandmother, sister of the Duke of Portland. It was this Duke whose eccentricities figured so prominently in the Druce case, in which the descendants of a London tradesman named Druce sought to prove that their ancestor was in reality the Duke of Portland, who lived a double life, at one time appearing as the Duke, at another living with his wife and family as a prosperous tradesman named Druce.

With respect to his London property Lord Howard de Walden has shown that he does not approve of the present system of leasing property in London, and he has formulated a scheme for the replacement of the cus-

tomary ninety-nine years lease by a 999 years lease, the practical effect being to convert leasehold into freehold property. The cares of his estate have not prevented him from leading a life of varied activity.

He saw active service in the Boer War with the Tenth Hussars, being present at the capture of Cronje. He was in the force that so long chased the elusive De Wet, and was ultimately involved in love. Since then he has interested himself in many things.

He has written and had produced a mediæval romance in blank verse, entitled "Lanval," in which there was some hinting that would have attracted greater and more serious attention had it been the work of a professional writer and not of a rich and titled amateur. He revived the ancient sport of hawking and has taken a keen and practical interest in the motor boat.

He bought the late Col. McCalmont's racing stable in bloc and for three or four years was a regular racegoer. It has been said that he has been seen reading a volume of poetry on the racecourse.

His interest in the drama has been shown in the most practical way. He found the capital for the Haymarket when it started on its new career as a repertory theatre under the manage-

ment of his fellow-poet, Mr. French. He has been a consistent supporter of Glasgow Repertory Theatre, and it is well known that several London managers have been enabled to produce some of their finest pieces, of which the artistic success seemed more certain than the financial, by Lord Howard's generosity.

Miss Margherita van Raalte is the daughter of a banker who died in 1908 leaving a large fortune. She is just 21, beautiful and very musical.

BIG BAGS OF BRITISH HUNTERS.

The shooting in Great Britain for 1911 is over as far as grouse are concerned. The heaviest one-day bag obtained in Scotland was that of Lord

Dalketh and his party on the Duke of Buccleuch's Roanfield moor, in Roxburghshire, when eight guns killed 2,523 birds. In England the best one-day bag was that of the Duc de Luynes and five other guns on Lord Strathmore's Wemmergill moors in the Upper Luncap district of Durham; 1,599 birds were killed during four drives in stormy weather. On the Duke of Devonshire's Upper Wharfedale moors in Yorkshire 14,918 birds were killed in 23 days, all by driving, and there were usually 9 guns out. The best bag was obtained on Aug. 18, when the King was included in the party, and nine guns killed 1,530 birds on the Bardsley and Rylstone moors—From the Winged Foot.

## SIR CHARLES BABBAGE AND HIS CALCULATING MACHINE

Inventor Died Before He Had Finished It, and Son Has Spent Forty Years in Perfecting It.

London Daily News: At the early age of 31, Mr. Arthur Griffith, an American music-hall celebrity, died peacefully in his sleep on Christmas Day, and a doctor has suggested that his death was due to brain rupture. Griffith was a remarkable example of that extremely rare class of people who almost devoid of education, are gifted with the power of mentally performing intricate arithmetical calculations. In Griffith's case the doctor who thinks Griffith died of brain rupture is of opinion that, notwithstanding the apparent ease with which he "toiled with the figures" buried at him during his stage performances, it was only by tremendous concentration of his total brain power that he was able to toss back the solutions into the auditorium. Hence the brain rupture in bed on Christmas morning, after we suppose a more than usually strenuous time on Christmas Eve solving seasonal statistical sums.

If a post-mortem examination could discover just how Griffith's brain worked inventors of calculating machines might gather a few wrinkles which would enable them considerably to extend the range of those ingenious

devices. There are calculating machines on the market at present which work with uncanny accuracy, when an office boy performs certain mechanical operations without a mistake; but there is none which is independent of the human brain.

One such, however, was designed by Sir Charles Babbage, and it might have been astonishing even this wonder-suffruted generation had not parsimonious chancellors of the exchequer refused that great mathematician the necessary financial aid. This machine was called the analytical engine, one part being designed to work out calculations, and the other to perform functions similar to those of the human brain.

Neither part was finished by its inventor (who died in 1871), and some years after his death the British Association came to the conclusion that the Analytical Engine was far too big a job for them, and reluctantly pigeon-holed the plans. Sir Charles' son then bent himself to the task, and last year exhibited the first half of the engine in a finished state to the members of the Royal Astronomical Society, of which his father was the first secretary. Major-General Babbage at the time had hopes of finishing the far more difficult controlling part of the engine; but as he is now 83 years of age, and must have spent 40 years on the comparatively simple calculator, such a crowning achievement seems now unlikely.

## Wonders of Heredity

Heredity has puzzled everybody. The whole world knows that children inherit certain traits from their parents and grandparents, that one child favors his father, and another his mother, that one resembles his grandfather and another takes after an uncle or an aunt. Knowing these queer facts they ask why.

Men long ago evolved thoroughbred horses, fighting dogs, prize milkers among cattle, champion layers among hens, to say nothing of spineless cats, tea-scented roses and seedless oranges, but it is only very recently that they are seriously trying to find out how to produce thoroughbred human beings. Learned men have been studying the subject in their laboratories for half a century, but it is only during recent years that much progress

has been made in the science of eugenics, as it affects the human race. These scientific men know exactly what they want to do, but they are just beginning to learn how to do it. So they have appealed to the people to help them. The few things they have discovered are merely the alphabet of the new science, which, after all, is more important than any other. They want the young men and women who are to be the fathers and mothers of the next generation to know what they have already discovered, and to help in their further researches; consequently they are teaching eugenics in the higher schools.

The best of this science is that there is nothing formidable about it. It is intensely interesting, even entertaining, and any one can study it on his own account with great ease and much amusement. The only necessary laboratory is a back yard or a roof. The apparatus may consist of a bed of sweet peas, a hutch of rabbits or guinea pigs, a few chickens of a cage of mice. Even one's own family history, studied in detail may be productive of important results.

In 1865, Gregor Mendel, a German monk, through experiments with peas in the monastery garden discovered some facts that are today recognized as leading principles in the science of eugenics. Mendel was not a scientific man, but merely a lover and deep student of nature. When he published his discoveries nobody noticed them. It was not until 1900 that three other men almost simultaneously rediscovered the same facts, which for the first time, showed that heredity was no mere matter of chance, but could be reduced to mathematical rules and formulae. They called this Mendelism. Up to date, eugenics is little else but Mendelism, and Mendelism is the science of heredity.

Several generations of mankind will have to be studied carefully before it will be possible to lay down hard and fast rules, and environments must also be studied in its relation to heredity. When its rules shall have been fixed one will be able to predict with a close approximation to certainty that portion of his children will be dark-haired and what light; how many will be strong-willed, how many weak, and so on, these depending upon the qualities of himself, his wife and their parents.

Some people advocate the restriction on the size of families on the principle of fewer children and of better quality should be the rule. But the trouble with this is that fever and better seldom go together. One brood of this is that the younger children of a family are, generally speaking, the strongest physically and the brightest mentally. It has been asserted that the seventh or eighth child is most likely to be the finest of the lot. This may be because the younger children are born of mature parents.

Mendelism teaches what traits are hereditary and in what proportion they may be expected to appear. Every man inherits the sum of traits transmitted to him by his two parents, but these traits are not combined in him; they lie side by side, as it were, and he transmits to his children, not a blending of them, but a selection from them. For example a man's father has a big nose and his mother has a small one; whether his nose be big or little he will transmit to his children either bigness or littleness of nose, not medium size.

If a black guinea pig of pure race be mated with a white one, the offspring will all be black; none will be white. To use Mendel's terminology the black character dominates in the cross, while white recedes from view. Therefore, the black is called the dominant character, while the recessive character is called the recessive. The black individuals be mated with each other the recessive white character reappears on the average of one in four of the offspring.

proportion of three blacks to one white is maintained. These principles hold good in matters other than color. It is always the dominant character that prevails. For example, in rabbits the long-haired or angora condition is recessive, and the normal short hair is dominant. Therefore, in crosses between angoras and short hairs all the offspring of the first generation are short haired, but in the second generation long hair reappears in approximately one-fourth of the offspring.

Those wishing to experiment with peas should remember that tall are dominant to dwarf, yellow seed is dominant to green and purple flowers are dominant to red. If experimenting with chickens, remember that white in most varieties is dominant to black. What science is now trying to do is to ascertain what physical, mental and moral characters are dominant in human beings and what recessive. It would like to be able to take, say, a tall, stout man, red haired, big nose, blue-eyed, a cruel disposition, bad tempered and no tendency to disease, and a short, slender woman, black-haired, brown-eyed with oval face, small teeth, a sweet disposition, brilliant mind and the daughter of consumptive parents, and predict which of these characters would be transmitted to their grandchildren; how they would be grouped and in what proportions.

## Robert Burns

[By Rev. Thos. B. Gregory.]

Robert Burns was born Jan. 25, 1750, and died July 21, 1796. The thirty-six years between these dates were spent in poverty and toil, and for the most part in great mental worry and distress, and yet in spite of the "hungry rule" that always "had him in the win" and in spite of the fact that he had been denied all but the mere rudiments of an education, Burns managed to carve out for himself an everlasting fame, a renown that is destined to grow larger and brighter as the ages roll by.

Burns' title-deed to a place among the greatest is without a flaw. Greatness is but another name for perfection, and the "greatest" man in any given direction is the man who is the most perfect in that direction. If Phidias was the most perfect sculptor, then he was the greatest sculptor, just as Demosthenes, if he was the most perfect orator, was the greatest orator.

Now, Burns did not try sculpture or oratory, but he did try poetry; and in his line, as song writer and peasant poet, he stands absolutely first; Berranger being the only one who is near enough to him to be called a competitor.

But Burns was far more than the first of song writers and peasant poets. As one of the world's supreme literary artists. Great critics have declared that in "Tam o' Shanter" we have the powerful energy, artistic excellence and moral sublimity of the greatest of the dramatists, and that for combined force and beauty some of his other productions compare favorably with the poetic masterpieces of the ages. "Bannockburn" is the finest battle song ever penned by the hand of man; the "Cottar's Saturday Night" was never surpassed; and for earnestness and ridicule nothing that Burns or Juvenal ever wrote is greater than "The Ordination," "The Holy Fair," and "Holy Willie's Prayer," to say nothing of "Death and Doctor Hornblow," "The Jolly Beggar," and others.

These pieces are beyond criticism. They are as perfect as the speeches of Demosthenes, as the statues of Phidias, as the battle plans of Caesar or Napoleon. Nor should it escape our notice that Burns' terrible irony was always used in the right direction. With it he blistered the proud pretensions of the hypocrites in religion who seemed never to be so happy as when they were condemning the sins of others. With it he championed the cause of the poor and the honest man who was looked down upon with scorn and contempt by the grandees of church and state.

And we must stop to think that "The man who did these things, threshed the corn, cleaned his cows, went out to dig peat, waded in the muddy snow, and dreaded to come home and find the beliffs prepared to carry him off to prison."

A very great man was the Ayrshire plowman—a veritable "World-Maker," doing a giant's part in the great work of lifting his fellow-men from fear, hypocrisy and servility. Burns had his weaknesses, but those weaknesses were superficial only. They did not reach his deeper self. He was absolutely sincere, an honest man, an honest writer, hating from the bottom of his heart all formalism, cant and hypocrisy. His independent spirit never permitted him to "crook the present thing of the knee that thrift might follow fawning." He always stood erect. In the splendid drawing-rooms of Edinburgh he was unaffected, unassuming, and never for an instant forgot the majesty of his manhood.

Robert Burns treated himself badly, but he was strictly on the square with everybody else. No man in Scotland, or in the world, could put his hand on his heart and say that Burns had ever told him a lie, or defrauded him, or in any way played the dishonest with him. He lived his brief life, made his mistakes and was sorry for them, wrote his immortal pieces and died—leaving behind him an influence which is upon the whole good, and a name that can never perish from the memory of the race.

## THE WAY WEBSTER SPELLED.

Thomas M. Honan, attorney-general, who has given more attention to studying law than to studying spelling, finds solace for misspelled words in a saying of an old-time newspaper man at Seymour, Honan's home,

whose copy the composers had to watch carefully for bad spelling. "One day two young women went to his office to write a letter," Honan said. "They borrowed the old man's paper, his pen and ink, and asked him to let them use his spelling book. He wrote the letter. The old man accommodated them, and while they were writing he busied himself looking over the newspaper files, not in the best of humor, because he had been disturbed.

"Please, Mr. Blank, how do you spell autocratic?" asked one of the girls.

"Spell it any way you darn please," he replied. "Do like Noah Webster. He never asked anybody how to spell a word, and we have to like the way he spelled 'em."

