

The NEAR EXTINCTION of the NAME of NAPOLEON



THE marriage of Prince Victor Napoleon to Princess Clementine of Belgium, a "royal alliance" planned with the utmost solicitude along the most ancient lines of kinglycraft marks the supreme endeavor of the Bonaparte family to preserve from extinction the race of the great conqueror of Europe, Napoleon I.

It is the latest, the most widely discussed gamble of a family against fate, and the rescuer, if there be one, will be a woman.

The chances of a male heir are fairly good—simply the chances which offer to average humanity—and it is therefore likely that the Napoleonic line will be preserved, for the time at least.

But the chances that it will go on for all time are simply nil, notwithstanding the famous example of the Guelfs, of England, where descent from the only and original King David of the Jews has been claimed by enthusiastic partisans of the theory of the right divine.

Nature, laboring incessantly toward the attainment of one common level, seems to take delight in frustrating the changeless ambition of her favored child. Man, among all creatures longing for the perpetuation of his direct breed, seems ever doomed to see it disappear, inglorious and unknown, among the herd.

The Napoleonic line is in no desperate strait; yet it is apparently prepared, after only a few commonplace generations, to pass away in the same manner as did dynasties founded by conquerors as great as the first Bonaparte. The large majority seemed to fall sooner or later, both morally and physically, until like a worn-out tree the race was either totally extinct or persisted only in scions that were integrally part of another alien stock.

Royalty, proceeding on the burlesque basis that the Almighty has created its bones, muscles, flesh, blood and brain of peculiar virtue, especially adapted to the blessing of things, inevitably deduced that, unless it should mate with a similar breed of boss stock, it would degenerate into the stock divinely doomed to be bossed.

Napoleon's family, when he went where conquerors go finally, was numerous enough, as families go, to promise perpetuity. But marriage with them was limited to other and older and royal lines, most of which had an ax out for a Bonaparte whenever he came around smelling of orange blossoms.

As the French republic braced up, and more and more emphatically made it apparent that all royalty there lacks so much as an inch of ground to stand on, the opportunities for royal matches decreased with the Bonapartes, and the royal scions became fewer.

Counting Victor Napoleon, there are enumerated now only a half-score remaining, with marriage unpopular on the part of the males, for dynastic reasons sufficiently obvious. Victor, able to ally himself with the daughter of a house still reigning, is the hope of the family for an heir who, when Victor shall have died, can continue the claim to the ghostly throne so grandly seized by Napoleon I.

This summer witnessed another marriage in which a famous family seems to tread the road to swift extinction. Prince Antoine Albert Radziwill, of Poland, had his way and Dorothy Deacon is his bride. On both sides of the match there is insanity, the prince's father having been an ordinary lunatic for the past seven years, and his bride's father dying insane after he killed in a duel at Cannes a guest of his wife in Paris.

The Caesar line proper ended right there with "Et tu, Brute" for its epitaph. But things being ripe for the bossing of Rome, his grandnephew, Octavius, took charge, and, after him, Tiberius, who was simply a stepson of Octavius.

A dozen Roman emperors called themselves Caesar, and the magic of the name rules down even to this day as synonym for emperor in the title of Kaiser Wilhelm. But there never was a genuine dynasty of that name, because it began in the person of Julius B. C. 44, in the same person, when Brutus, Cassius and nearly fourscore assistant surgeons performed their famous Caesarian operation on him. The line of the Caesars is, in reality, Democracy's farce of the right divine.

The Capets, who managed to keep their grip on France for several centuries, began their rulership in the regular way, with one especially husky ancestor—in their case, Robert the Strong, a Saxon to whom Charles the Bald gave the duchy of the Ile de France in 861. They went into the king business in 987, when the nobles reached the conclusion that the Carolingian blood in France was about played out, the only male survivor being Charles, duke of Lorraine, whom those red-handed, two-fisted fighters regarded as a milkop. Hugh Capet, having bossed Paris and its last Carolingian king, Louis V., appealed to them as being about the size of the man they all needed, to boss them, for he had all the nerve and brawn of Robert the Strong, his Saxon ancestor.

It was evidently a hearty, healthy breed; but three and a half centuries sufficed to bring it down to Charles the Fair—Charles IV.—the last of several Capet kings all cursed with incapacity and weakness. After half a dozen years of reigning, the fair Charles flickered out, in 1324, and that ended the Capets.

The funny part of this king making was that, whenever the divine-right principle went to smash, Democracy, in the nobles and notables, hastened to get together and give it another try with a fresh breed of royalty—always agreeing on some especially bloody-minded slaughterer as their one best bet. Philip of Valois, who had the temper of a chronic earthquake, was the choice of the French barons, and he started the Valois line, in 1328, under the title of Philip VI. It took him only nine years to plunge France into the hundred years' war with England; and it took destiny—or nature—only a couple of centuries to bring the Valois family down to Henry II, in whom it flickered out in 1589.

The fate of these dynasties in France was paralleled by innumerable minor houses, there and elsewhere. Occasionally, the case of Charlemagne and Godefroy de Bouillon has been matched, as where the famous family De la Tour Auvergne came to its complete end with the death of an illegitimate scion who, although a mere private in the ranks of France's revolutionary forces, earned the title of the "First Grenadier of France."

Again, when the Rohan family, whose dukes had been kings of Bretagne, had only Marguerite de Rohan left as its heir, her husband, Henri Chabot, was coolly created duke de Rohan, to keep the name alive.

Geoffroy de Lusignan was one of the great names in French history, and the family to which he contributed distinction faded out so uncertainly that for years its name was the sport of impudent adventurers who professed to be cadets of a house which only the well informed of the nobility were positive was totally extinct. So, too, with the dukes de Eudes, who in their day were equals of the earlier Capets; and the Guises, dating back to 1508, when Rene III, conqueror of Charles the Bold and father of Claude, first French duke of Guise, presented that lapsed duchy to his second son, and ending in 1675 with the death of Francis VII, the

sickly baby, left by the last maturing scion, Louis Joseph of Guise.

The house of the Medici is generally supposed to amount to little more than the astute Catherine and Marie de Medici, so thrillingly prominent in the annals of European history. The truth is that it follows absolutely the rule of a first, high-powered progenitor and of ultimate descendents fit only for contempt.

Salvestro de Medici, a member of the greater guilds in Florence, allied himself with the lesser guilds during the revolt of the Ciompi in 1378 and really managed the whole outbreak. The revolt died out, but Salvestro's cunning had made him a factor in Florence.

Cunning it was that marked all his line; but even that phase of inherited energy lapsed during the centuries until, on July 9, 1737, the last of them, Giovan-Gaston, ruler of Tuscany, passed away, and the land he governed both wrecks from a succession of profligates and incompetents.

In England the story has been much the same as in France, an excellent example of the perishing royal line being the famous Tudors. Henry VII., on his father's side, sprang from the marriage of a plain Welsh gentleman, Owen Tudor, who had the luck to marry Catherine, the widow of Henry V.; on his mother's side, with the baroness sister marring the decency of his descent he claimed John of Gaunt as his ancestor. As earl of Richmond, Bosworth Field, fought in 1485, gave him the throne, and the Tudor name took its place among that of kings. It vanished again on March 24, 1603, when Queen Elizabeth, the last of his descendants, died unmarried at the age of seventy.

MAKING THE DUMB SPEAK

Various Methods by Which the Mutes Are Taught to Utter Many Words.

Scripture remarks that the following exercises are typical of those used in the best schools for deaf mutes: Breathing through the nose and mouth are first taught. The teacher breathes through the nose on a slate or a mirror and shows the two moist spots; the child learns to imitate this. The mouth breathing produces one spot. The low position of the tongue is necessary for proper speech. It is taught by showing the position and using the mirror, and by a breath exercise. This latter rests upon the fact that the child cannot produce a good sized spot on the slate unless he keeps his tongue down. Tongue gymnastics are next used to limber up and train the muscles which have never received the proper development. The tongue is protruded, retracted, moved to each side, turned up, etc. Tongue training preparatory to various consonant sounds is introduced. Vibration of the vocal cords is taught by feeling. The pupil puts his hand on the teacher's chest and also on his own. He thus learns to make a tone. He learns to raise and lower the voice and by careful drill is able to make a fairly good tone.

The physiological alphabet consists of a set of diagrams giving the typical position of the tongue and lips for the chief sounds of the language. Combinations of consonants and vowels are now read at sight. Through these combinations words and sentences are developed. Lip reading of words and sentences is taught by having the patient watch the teacher's lips while she distinctly enunciates some word. Thus he learns to pick up objects off a table, to point out parts of the body, to obey commands, etc. When deafness is acquired after the person has learned to speak, the teaching of lip reading should begin at once. The voice then retains its natural character and the person can go right along with his education.—New York Medical Journal.

Feathers in Style



THERE is a growing sentiment against wearing the plumage of birds, in varieties where cruelty must be practised to secure it. Women are learning to discriminate in this matter and to forego the wearing of plumage that promises to bring about the extinction of a species of beautiful wild birds or to inflict torture. A proud crest of dainty feathers torn from the back of a mother bird and the death of a nest full of fledglings by slow starvation, are not pleasant suggestions to flaunt with the group of sweeping aigrettes upon the head of beauty. For the wearer must be either uninformed, or indifferent, or unmindful of cruelty. None of the excuses will pass muster with intelligent people.

Aside from a very few sorts, the feathers we have worn recently and those we will wear, are made from the plumage of domestic or other edible birds. No cruelty is practised in securing them and thousands of people make a living by manufacturing the millinery trimmings made of them. Feather bands, sewed wings, pompons, breasts and mounted sprays—

in fact, a world of airy and attractive decorations—are cleverly fashioned from the feathers of the turkey, chicken, pigeon, peacock and pheasant. These are bleached, dyed, eaten with acids, pieced and pasted until their origin is lost sight of. Other birds of bright plumage, such as the parrot, and birds like the blackbird and sparrow, of which there are myriads, are used, but they are not cruelly treated, unless sudden death is cruel. The wearing of a bird upon the hat may be in questionable taste and at present one sees almost no birds, but any amount of plumage. Gradually the wearing of feathers may die out, but the signs of the times do not point that way. More plumage is shown now than ever before. Women should learn to discriminate in choosing it, and select those feathers which they may wear with an easy conscience. They are obliged to inform themselves in some states of the Union or run the risk of forfeiting their forbidden property. For laws have been passed and are enforced to protect certain birds, and one may not own their plumage.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

MAKES A DAINTY COSTUME PLEA FOR THE GROWING GIRL

Design That Would Look Well in a Gray Zephyr, Spotted With Blue.

Gray zephyr spotted with blue would look pretty carried out in our design. The skirt has a panel front, which is continued in a deep band at the foot, and has the upper part gathered; it is also gathered at the waist. A panel

Problem of Maternal Management That is Worth Some Serious Consideration.

So many older women seem to think that because a girl of from fourteen to twenty or so is likely to be callow and sometimes forward and rather ridiculous in her pretensions of age and dignity she must be continually snubbed and "put down." They keep calling her "child" and laughing at her opinions and criticisms, and leaving her out of discussion and conversation, until some day they awake with a start to realize that the child is a woman, and a pert and embittered woman at that. Of course, American girls are notorious for their unpleasant presumption, and there are many, many things which a girl in her teens is not competent to decide for herself, let alone for others; but there is no reason why a girl who really is growing up should be made to feel that she is always in the way and must be patronized when she is noticed at all. Give her at least a chance to feel that she is one of the family and that she is a step above the children in the nursery, whom she is likely so to despise.

Here, as elsewhere, "you will go most safely in the middle," and this rather delicate problem of maternal management will settle itself if consideration and common sense are learned on one side and taught on the other.—Exchange.

Short Skirts or Long?

There can be no doubt that the really short skirt has thoroughly established itself this spring. Of course, for walking and all outdoor games it is a delightful and most sensible fashion, but there is some question as to its beauty and suitability where the dressy afternoon frock or evening toilet is concerned. For the quite young woman who is still in her teens, or has recently quitted them, the short frock looks girlish and pretty, and is, moreover, very practical and comfortable. But with the older woman it is quite a different matter. She looks simply ridiculous in these fashionable curtailed skirts, and, far from giving her a girlish appearance, they add years to her apparent age.

Garters for Short Socks.

Garters for short socks for the kiddies are being made of hat rubber instead of the wider and more conspicuous garter rubber or the untidy nothing at all. Usually it is white, though for pink or blue socks it can easily be painted the color desired.

to match is taken down back and front, the sleeves being cut in with the sides. Lawn claudine cuffs and collar add a dainty finish.

Hat of blue straw, trimmed with gray net and roses.

Material required: Seven and one-half yards zephyr 28 inches wide.

Easy Way to Clean Lace Yokes. If instead of taking lace yokes and cuffs out of dresses to wash when soiled they are rubbed with dry starch, then brushed thoroughly, the lace will look like new.

A STITCH IN TIME

Every form of cutaneous disease could be cured in its incipency if a jar of Resinol Ointment were kept at hand. A little of this excellent Ointment applied in time will effectually ward off and cure a starting trouble which, if neglected, may prove a troublesome and often obstinate case of Eczema or other disfiguring skin disease. For burns, scalds, slight wounds, sores, eruption of poison ivy, sunburn, it is a quick and sure remedy, usually curing these troubles over night. To the unfortunate sufferer with Hemorrhoids (Itching or Inflamed Piles) resinol ointment is indeed a godsend. The intense pain and intolerable itching of this trouble is instantaneously relieved and a cure effected in a very short time.

The bath room or family medicine case is incomplete if not equipped with Resinol Soap and Ointment. They are most valuable accessories in every well regulated household, and can be obtained at any drug store.

Resinol Medicated Shaving Stick is also highly appreciated by men who regard a good complexion and a face free from pimples and blotches.

Booklet on Care of the Skin and Complexion sent free on application. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

A Shipping Error.

The young duchess of Westminster, wife of the richest peer in England, recently gave birth to her third child, a daughter. Thus there is no heir to the immense Grosvenor fortune, Earl Grosvenor, the duchess' second child, having died at the age of four.

Appropos of all this, a rather cruel story is being told in Newport about Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the eight-year-old daughter of the young duchess.

A friend, the story goes, called at Eaton Hall, and as she sat in the drawing-room, little Lady Ursula entered. "Oh, good afternoon," she said, gravely. "Mamma can't see any one today. She's upstairs with the new baby. They sent her, you know, a girl when she'd ordered a boy, and she's so upset that she's quite ill."

Try to Come Back.

Not long ago Lord Kinnaird, who is always actively interested in religious work, paid a surprise visit to a mission school in the east end of London and told a class of boys the story of Samson. Introducing his narrative, his lordship added:

"He was strong, became weak, and then regained his strength, enabling him to destroy his enemies. Now, boys, if I had an enemy, what would you advise me to do?"

A little boy, after meditating on the secret of that great giant's strength, shot up his hand and exclaimed: "Get a bottle of 'air restorer.'"

Slightly Confused.

All of us become confused, and all of us mix our language sometimes, but the preparation of an old negro preacher's sermon was the greatest confusion of metaphors I ever heard, says a traveler. When the lengthy discourse was nearing its close and he had reached his "Twenty-third and lastly, brethren," he wound up by the following elaborate figure: "Everywha, bredren, we see de Almighty—all down de untrodden paths of time, we see de footprints of de Almighty hand."—Human Life.

Right at Home.

New Arrival—Do you recognize the profession, my good man? St. Peter—Profession? What profession, sir? New Arrival (resentfully)—Why, didn't you ever hear of me? I am one of the handiest harpists that ever broke into vaudeville.—Puck.

"NO FRILLS"

Just Sensible Food Cured Him. Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 70 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me.

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use but finally to humor her I tried a little, and they just struck my taste. It was the first food I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering.

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over, and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any frills."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.