

**Tracing Back
Old England's
First Families**

The Family Trees Tell Some Strange Stories of Medieval Intrigue, Yet Aristocrats Are Proud of Them.

THE pride of England, her strength and her boast, the English peerage and all it stands for, is practically founded on the bar sinister. So interwoven, so entangled are the ramifications of the natural descendants of the Kings of England that there is scarcely a dukedom, scarcely an earldom or barony which cannot claim in some direct or remote way descent from the royal line. And far from hiding this testimony to the licentiousness and debauchery of the 16th and 17th centuries, these descendants proudly display the fact on coats of arms and in family documents.

The witty epigrammatist who said that the House of Lords was made up of two classes, those whose great-grandfathers the King had delighted to honor and those whose great-grandmothers the King had delighted to dishonor, was pretty nearly correct after all.

Of all the Kings who have helped to complete that honorable list of titles none was so varied or so notable as Charles II. Charles II is responsible for the blot on the 'scutcheon of the great majority of the English nobles. Married early to Catherine of Braganza, for whom he cared not at all, and who gave him no heir to the throne, nor any daughter who might make a successful alliance with a powerful ruling house, he turned to a series of brilliant and beautiful women, and his court and his reign have become noted as the most profigate of history.

History gives us the names and dates of 18 of his illegitimate children, to all of whom he gave titles and honors and delighted to bring up in splendor and glory. And there are, without question, countless others who were born into noble and respected families; girls who should later marry Dukes and Marquises, and boys who should inherit their supposed fathers' titles and lands. For Charles was a noted favorite with all the women of his court, and even many of those against whom no other breath of scandal has ever been raised were powerless to withstand his charm and fascination.

His first son, James, the Duke of Monmouth, was the child of Lucy Walters, a lovely but half-witted Welsh girl, daughter of a clergyman. James Crofts, as he was called before the patents for later titles were given him, was brought up as a spoiled youngster, both at the court of Charles and of Louis XIV. In 1683 he married Anne, Countess and afterward Duchess of Buccleuch, a dukedom which Charles bestowed on both on the day of the marriage.

James later rebelled and conspired against his father, and was executed in 1685, but although his title of Duke of Monmouth was forfeited, the other dukedom went down to his son Francis, the second Duke, and has remained in direct inheritance to the present Duke of Buccleuch today.

From this marriage of Anne and James Crofts were born six children, and to mention even the more important of their descendants would take more time and space than newspaper exigencies permit.

There are, of course, the direct heirs of the ducal house, the Earl of Dalkeith and his son, Lord Whitechester. Then there are the earldoms of Home, of Courtown and of Romney, and the title which takes higher precedence in the roll call of the peerage, the Marquess of Lothian and the beautiful Marchioness of Stafford, and consequently the heirs of the title.

Then come the Viscountesses Coke and Katherine Hampden, Baron Clinton, Lady Constance Cairns, Lady Montague, Lady Ardee, Lady Stafford and scores more.

Lucy Walters, the ancestress of the Duke of Buccleuch, never played more than a momentary part in the life and amours of Charles—scarcely as much as Peg Hughes or Mary Davis, two noted actresses of the period, whose children were afterward made Countesses and Duchesses and married to some of the finest catches in England.

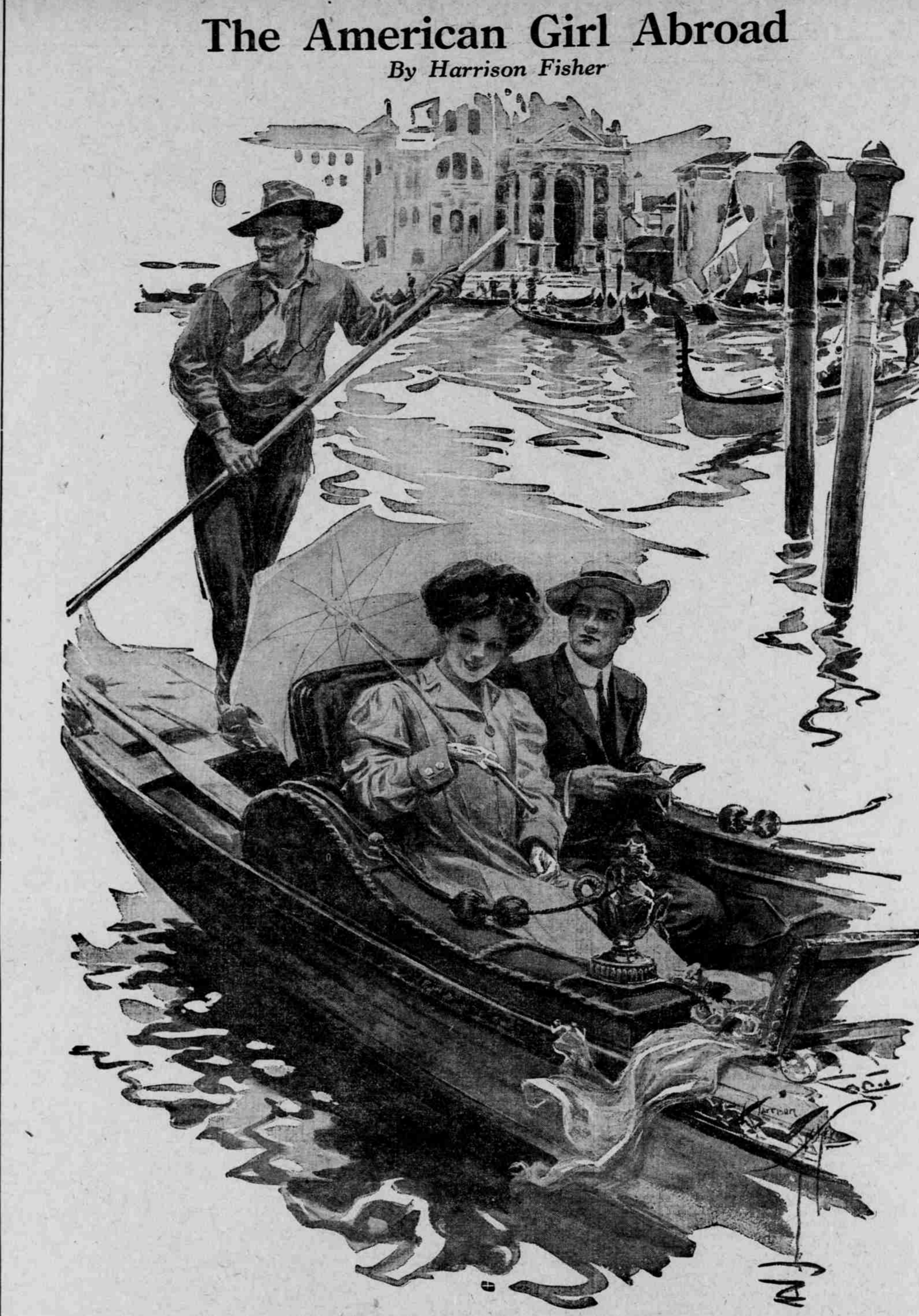
But the one woman who played the most important role in Charles' life was the beautiful Nell Gwynne, whose laughing impudence, whole-hearted kindness and naive eternal childlike-ness won her the affection of the whole English people, even when they were groaning under the burden of Louis de Queroualles' intrigues and extravagance.

Nell Gwynne was from the beginning of her life to the end a "child of the people." She never affected the graces and styles of the courtesans or the society women, and, though her language often smacked of the gutter rather than of the drawing-room, there was not a wit in London nor a writer of that brilliant court who did not relish talk with her. She loved Charles for himself. She never concerned herself with political matters, nor tried to bring about her own advancement. She spent money—yes, but only as it was showered upon her, and it was only the ridiculous ambition and pretensions of the Duchess of Cleveland that made Nell desire a title for her son.

She never asked one for herself, though a little while before the King's death he was drawing up a patent to make her a countess, much against the wishes of the nobility, who, though they liked her, thought it an insult to admit her to the rank of the other mistresses who were of noble blood.

When three of Charles' other children had been given titles and Nell had asked for one in vain, she affectionately called to her little son when the King was playing with him one day, "Come here, you little ——" and with a look of feigned apology she said sadly to the King: "I know not by what other title to call him, since he has no name."

The King was angry, but could not show it, and the next day the patent was made out for Charles Beauclerc, Duke of St. Albans, and Nell was happy.



V. IN VENICE.

It was in Venice that he joined her. Back home, in letters bearing foreign postmarks that reached his reading table all too infrequently, he had heard of the monied Lord who had paid court to her while she was in London—although the letter did not put it that way exactly. But he did, in his desperate love for the only girl in the world for him.

He had also come to learn of the jolly Irish squire with the clear tenor voice, who, for a whole day, had sung for her the songs his fathers used to sing. Nor was he without knowledge of a certain French Count of very aristocratic lineage and very exquisite manners who had pointed out to her the delights of Bois. And, confound him along with the rest, that Dutch officer of the Queen's guard, with his gold lace and big blue eyes and flaxen hair, and cheeks as red as a schoolboy's from constant contact with the North Sea mist.

And, so, one morning, in his jealousy of all mankind, and especially of the gentlemen above enumerated, he had left business to go to hang if it would and taken a steamer for Europe—and her. And it was in Venice, favored among cities these many centuries by poets and lovers, that he joined her.

Grimly determined that no descendant of a doge of the old republic should point out to her the glorious sights of his beloved city, or otherwise show favor to her, he turned her ardent courier and guide. Together, while a swarthy son of the ancient mistress of the European trade routes stood on the poppa of their gondola and hummed the languorous love songs of the Adriatic, they wound in and out of the Grand Canal and its lesser rivals, viewing the noble Gothic palaces along their banks that the patricians of the republic began to build when Venice had attained the commercial queenship of the Western world.

Guide book in hand to aid him, he revealed to her the palace of the doges and its wonders, the great internal court surrounded with arched, the giants' staircase, the state apartments of the doge, the magnificent council chambers where the terrible Council of Ten was

when there was imminent danger of her being thrown into prison for her unpaid bills she wrote James, who had not forgotten his brother's last request year for life, and later gave her Bettiswood Park in Nottinghamshire, an estate which remains part of the hereditary property of the present Duke of St. Albans.

There are over 30 of the most prominent peers in Great Britain who have in their veins the blood of Charles II and Nell Gwynne, the darling of the people. Among these honorable names are such as the Duke of St. Albans, the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland and the present Duke, the Earls of Westmoreland, Northampton, Nelson, Clarendon, Essex, Suffolk and Fitzwilliam. The Earl of Essex is the wealthy landowner who married Mrs. Beach Grant, \$100,000 a year. But a book was published in Paris giving the details of Louis de Queroualles, who betrayed both her lover and her King.

Counted with the strain are 12 Earls, two Marquises, three Viscounts and numerous Barons and Lords. Among the prominent Earldoms involved are those of March, Percy, Dartmouth, Albemarle, Craven (he married the American, Miss Martin), Leicester and Berkeley. The beautiful Marchioness of Hamilton, who will one day be Duchess of Abercorn, was also a Gordon-Lennox.

went to sit in secret and mete out life and death, and the Bridge of Sighs leading over the separating canal to the state prisons, and across which many a noted citizen of the ancient republic walked to his doom.

He showed her the remarkable guild halls; the arsenal, Venice's most famous institution, famous even in Dante's day, with its history and activities unbroken from the public's earliest days; and the works of Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Titian, and all the others whose brushes brought immortal artistic glory to Venice he sought out that she might behold them. And St. Mark's, with its Campanile, "unique among the buildings of the world in respect of its unparalleled richness of material and decoration, adorned with the spoils of countless other buildings, both in the East and on the Italian mainland," because of his tireless offices was as an open book to her wondering gaze.

Thus her stay in Venice was made happy. And now was come the night when he must cease gliding about in a gondola with her at his side and take train back to the New World; and she must prepare to travel still further on towards the magic East. They were standing in the shadow of the wonderful church, and the great square stretched before them, the moon silencing all the works of man and the waters of the lagoon encircling them. Tomorrow she would be speeding away from him, and he from her. The thought steeled him to action, and on the very spot where for hundreds of years world history had been made he asked the momentous question of his life—and heard her lips whisper the one word he had hardly dared to hope she would speak. Vanished instantly all jealous thought of English Lord, and jolly Irish squire, and gallant Frenchman, and Dutch officer of the guards. Vanished, too, the historic scenes about them—and they two were alone in the world, each in all to the other, under the soft Venetian moon.

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Next week another episode in the life of "The American Girl Abroad" will be depicted.

**How Spartans
Put Eugenics
Into Practice**

However, Ancient Fathers Would Be Arrested These Days for Child Abandonment and Other Crimes.

"THE thing which hath been," remarked King Solomon once in a moment of amoral "it is that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

Now, this is not going to be a story about King Solomon, edifying as that might be, but a tale of Sparta, where they practiced eugenics and the simple life long before Sir Francis Galton and Dr. Charles Wagner broached their theories for bettering this vale of tears.

Sparta was the original home of the simple life. It was in the southern part of Greece, and for some time was one of Athens' principal rivals. The Athenians affected scorn and contempt for the Spartans, calling them low-brows and asserting that they had no appreciation of art and culture and the higher things of life, but any profound student of history can tell you that art connoisseurs have not won the too decisive battles of the world. Consider Napoleon, for instance. Napoleon's tastes ran to the hearts and flowers style of decoration and gilded wreaths with statues of himself under them, but when it came to stretching a boundary line he was one of the world's best little go-getters.

Thus it was with the Spartans. They lived at first in a town that simple it didn't even have a wall around it, and there wasn't much trouble with intruders, either. The Spartan shields and the men behind them formed a sufficiently discouraging barrier. They paid small attention to decoration, but they were there with the homely virtues.

Even the gods the Spartans worshipped were the kind that discouraged frivolity. Their principal deities were Minerva and Diana—Athena and Artemis, if you want the Greek names—and if you may trust the society pages of the Olympian Chronicle, neither of those ladies went in very heavily for tango teas. They were spinsters, and very serious minded ones at that. Diana caused a young man to be torn up by his own dogs because he interrupted her at her bath, though Venus and some of the rest of the Olympus crowd would have regarded that as quite a coy thing to do.

Fighting was the principal business in Sparta, and orphan asylums and hospitals were not regarded with much favor by the City Council.

Sparta evolved the theory of the survival of the fittest several thousand years ahead of Darwin, and put it into practice. When a child was born in a Spartan household, the family doctor was consulted eagerly.

"What about him, doc?" the fond father would inquire. "Do you think he'll ever have a six-inch chest expansion or be able to qualify as a shot, putter?"

If the doctor didn't think so, and expressed the opinion that the child probably would develop into a ribbon clerk or a professor of ancient languages, the Spartan parent would grab it some stormy night and carry it out to Mount Taygetus outside the town. There the unfortunate infant was left for a day or two. If it survived, that was one on the doctor, and little Laertes or Leander or whatever his name happened to be was restored to the parental roof, where he was allowed to remain until he was 7 years old.

Then they took him over to the men's camp, where his real training began. The Spartan system was designed to make every masculine citizen a player of the game, not a rooster. He was taught how to run and fight and hurl the discus, whereas in Athens all a good many of them ever threw was the ball.

Also, the Spartan boys were taught never to yelp when they were hurt. Doubtless you remember the impressive story of the Spartan boy who stole the fox. Why he should have picked out such a thing to steal is not clear; probably the same reason which impels freshmen in colleges to steal beer signs and barber poles.

The young Spartans were allowed to marry at the age of 20. However, they saw their wives only occasionally, being compelled to live at the bachelors' hall maintained by the state for 10 years longer. Then they were allowed to start homes, but were obliged to be ready to join the village fire brigade whenever they were called and kept in active training in the militia.

Sparta was ruled by two Kings, who had little power, except as commanders of the army, and a Council of 28 Elders, chosen for life. There were also a couple of officials called Ephors, who were really the right and left bowers of the state and had the privilege of impeaching anybody in the town.

It is not the intention of this department to trace the history of Sparta, but after the Peloponnesian War, which kept the Spartan army away from home for a long time, the state gradually went to pieces. The soldiers had learned all sorts of luxurious habits, like sleeping in real beds, and wearing silk pajamas, and they also brought back with them gold and silver, which nobody in Sparta had been allowed to have in early days. The other Greeks swarmed in on them, and before long the Spartan greatness and virtues had become only a tradition, which small boys learned about at school and older ones by reading newspapers of an uplifting nature.

The Very Ideal
A gentleman in a provincial town owns a row of houses and in one of them lives a married son of his who is noted for his miserly habits.

This had got to such a pitch that for several years his father had been unable to get a single penny of the rent due to him.

As he did not want to take harsh measures, he at last went round to his son one morning and said:

"Look here, Tom, it's plainly no use my trying to get any rent out of you for that house of mine, so I've decided to give it to you."

"No fear," interposed the son. "I shan't have it."

"Why not, pray?" exclaimed the astonished parent.

"Because then," replied the unabashed son, "I'd have to pay the taxes and rates, and goodness knows they are heavy enough in this town."—From the Boston Post.