

WOMEN WHO MADE a MAN of a KING



When Alfonso Was Under His Mother's Care

What Alfonso of Spain Owes to His Mother and Wife

TWO women have made a man of King Alfonso.

The wife has continued what the mother began. Together they have taken an erratic young monarch and converted him into a most successful ruler. Through them the madness that has descended from Ferdinand and Isabella seems in a fair way to extinction.

Spain is prospering as she has never prospered within the memory of living man. Her government is giving the world a most laudable sample of wise administration and intelligent economy.

Throughout the kingdom business is beginning to boom. Every one is making money, and the peasantry is happy and contented. The vast natural resources of the land are being developed as never before.

In the forefront of this marvelous uplift is King Alfonso. Out of an erratic, impulsive, almost ungovernable young fellow there is developing a true statesman. Some things he has done suggest even that he may be ambitious of emulating Napoleon in a peaceful way.

Now, it is pretty well known that the modern Spanish rulers have never been distinguished for discretion. Some, both of the men and the women, have been just about the limit. But Queen Victoria and the queen mother have been taking Alfonso in hand, and in what they are accomplishing there is a hint that Spain may soon see a revival of her former glory.

WHEN Alfonso Pio Cristine Eduardo Francisco Guillerino Carlos Enrique Fernando Antonio arrived on the scene, King Alfonso began to settle down. This small gentleman was the big name happens to be prince of the Asturias, heir apparent to the throne of Spain. He is a lusty young fellow, and his royal papa realize that he was a husband and father.

With the plump infant's arrival there was a noticeable decrease in the wild motor rides that the king used to be so fond of. They were quite superseded in interest by a certain white parchment volume. In this the king and queen kept a daily record of the doings of that most wonderful youngster—just like many another happy young married couple.

So it was that when King Alfonso was invited to make an ascension in the Wright aeroplane, he mournfully refused. He really wanted to go up. He is a sportsman through and through. Nothing daunts him. But in this instance there was an obstacle. "Before I started for Paris," the king confessed, "I promised the queen I would not make an ascension."

That told a lot. It meant that all the reports of the king's reformation were not mere press-agent yarns. Like many another young wife, the queen was proving a "steadier."

And young Alfonso deserves a lot of credit for allowing himself to be steered. He came honestly by his wild ways. His pedigree would explain much greater transgression than he was ever guilty of. Look back at his father, the weak and consumptive little Alfonso XII. He was the son of Isabella II, who married her cousin, Francis d'Assisi. Isabella was a daughter of Ferdinand VII, who married his niece. This might not have been so bad, except that there was stained blood to start with. Ferdinand was a son of the feeble-minded Charles IV, who married his cousin, a woman not noted for her morality.

A LEGACY OF INSANITY

Further back the Bourbon pedigree gets no better. Philip V, who founded this particular line, went to the throne feeble-minded, later becoming an absolute maniac. Of his seven children, five were likewise crazy. One of the sane ones, Charles III, succeeded him. But in the next generation the taint reappeared. Charles IV and all the other children being defective. Who would want a pedigree like that? What a task must have confronted the queen mother! Yet the queen mother never flinched from her task. Even though from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella insanity has been transmitted through the line of Spanish rulers, she was undaunted. She made of Alfonso a mad way—a vigorous, vigorous boy, who found his chief delight in outdoor sports.

Riding was his main pleasure. He kept a big string of thoroughbreds, mostly Irish hunters, and he delighted in nothing so much as equestrian stunts. He was continually getting new hunters from Ireland and England, and taking them over eighteen-foot ditches was one of his mildest ways of trying them out.

Polo was another of his pastimes, and he still glories in it, forgetting that he is king, and taking his place with the other players with the ardor of a true sportsman.

But when motoring came into fashion the daily prince began to buzz with the king's drowsy doings. Nothing pleased him more than to drive his own machine at dizzy speed. Whenever there was a bust-up he paid the damages like a gentleman, with the best humor possible. Indeed, with all his reckless spirit, his good humor was always apparent. He was daring to a fault, but he was never a coward or a snob.

All this time his mother labored. Maria Christina brought from Austria some good, old-fashioned notions about the training of children, and she put them into effect.



The King Is Developing Military Genius—Consultation at the Army Maneuvers



The More Manly Alfonso of Today with His Eldest Son

Notwithstanding this, the king's marriage found him still a madcap; not so bad as he used to be, perhaps, but yet a dashing young blood who never allowed fear to spoil an adventure.

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quite a man of family. The dormant ambition of a Spanish grandee did the rest. Spain was recuperating from a disastrous war, and he realized that the nation saw in him the incarnation of its hopes for deliverance from debt and stagnation.

Animated by this spirit, the king last May took the last train from Madrid to Toledo, without telling any

one of his intentions. He swooped down on the military school, where the cadets were being put through maneuvers, and assumed command.

Then he led an attacking force against a position held by another detachment of cadets, and before morning had walked more than twenty miles.

Such a strenuous stunt would have delighted Roosevelt or Napoleon, and perhaps the young ruler

had one or another of these men in mind. For several years he has taken particular interest in naval and military affairs, and has been putting the nation's defensive forces in better condition than they have been for decades. Graft, ignorance and incompetence have been banished, together with obsolete arms and methods.

The army, because of his fondness for riding, has received perhaps the larger share of his attention. On one occasion, at the Valmieda maneuvers last spring, he was in the saddle for fourteen hours at a stretch.

Further than this, he has been active in aiding his ministers in freeing Spain from the debt that the unfortunate colonial ventures had saddled upon her. As a result, the nation is facing a new era—a period of prosperity unknown for generations.

Among all the nations, none has experienced a quicker regeneration than Spain. Since 1890 there has been an average annual surplus of \$12,000,000, one year even showing the expenditures \$22,000,000 below the revenues.

When a nation practices intelligent economy, it is laying the foundations for amazing advances, and it is so proving with Spain. Already there remains but \$300,000 of the old debt, and plans are already under way for far-reaching improvements.

And as the government is but a reflection of the people, the spirit of progress is working wonders throughout the kingdom. Canals and railways are building. Improved methods of agriculture are bringing prosperity to the tillers of the soil. Irrigation is making the country one of the world's greatest granaries.

BUILDING BRANCH RAILWAYS

Among the wisest of the government's measures is its provision for building subsidiary railways to unite the great trunk lines. Subsidies for construction are granted, and a per cent. interest is guaranteed on the capital invested.

These connecting lines are of tremendous importance. They are opening large sections of territory, and are the prime factors in the development of rich iron, coal and copper mines.

Capital, too, is plenty. The redemption of government securities placed in circulation many millions, which are now seeking investment, and are being used in the development of natural resources which promise huge incomes.

In all this great work the young king is taking an ever-increasing interest. With a debt-free nation of happy and prosperous people, he sees himself taking his place as ruler of one of the great world powers.

Perhaps, therefore, he was not half reluctant to promise his young queen that he would not jeopardize himself in an aeroplane.

Possibly, also, he realized that he was yielding a graceful tribute to a consort who had brought so much good luck, both to him and his subjects. For the princesses of Battenberg are proverbially lucky. They are bright, good-looking girls, who have a way of getting along. They are English pluck and independence personified.

Certainly, in this case, Spain was lucky. Not only the present, but the future may thank her. If the young prince of the Asturias escapes the insanity that was bequeathed to the Bourbon line by the mad daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, he may know that healthy Battenberg blood has wiped it out.

As for the present generation, it has a beautiful example of the manner in which a high-minded woman may mould a man's career. She has the suffragette's head to a frazzle. As a man-tamer, she stands alone. For her husband not only keeps out of mischief on her account, but he even has his clothes made by an English tailor.

all who have been fortunate enough to receive invitations.

A popular conceit is providing attractive souvenirs to be presented to the guests. As a general thing, the verses or subjects which have inspired the performers are printed in the most artistic manner on vellum, silk or satin, thus constituting a favor worth preserving.

It isn't alone the young women who have become ardent devotees of picture dancing. More elderly maidens and matrons have been "falling over themselves" to learn what they could of the method of expressing poetic thoughts by rhythmic motion.

Not a little amusement has been caused by the dancing efforts of women of extra avoirdupois, who fancy they can do a butterfly dance or illustrate a poem on spring as well as their more youthful and less weighty sisters.

Then, too, not only women have been captivated by the picturesque fad. Men have been making a more or less serious try at it. In London the fancy dancers among the men have been led by the Portuguese ambassador, the marquis de Sovalva, who is a warm personal friend of the king.

Perhaps this fact has had much to do with the serious attention given the subject by the men habitués of the drawing room. If the king's close friend becomes an ardent admirer of a new fad, it is a pretty good guess that the ruler himself is more or less interested, being at least an acquiescent supporter.

AMBASSADOR, GREAT DANCER

The Portuguese ambassador is a past master of the art of dancing, anyway, so that his poetic interpretations on the ballroom floor are all that they should be.

Great joy has been brought to the hearts of professional dancers by the season's fad. Maud Allan, Isadore Duncan, Adeline Genee, Phyllis Monkman and others have been reaping golden harvests because of it.

"A professional dancer," said Genee, recently, "should be able to go through a dance wherein every motion is descriptive of some feeling, sentiment or art without losing any particle of grace or beauty of expression."

In the olden days, when the harlequin figured in the ballets, he was dressed in a coat made of cloth of many different colors. Each one of these colors represented some feeling, and the audiences understood the dances so well that when he pointed to a red square, for instance, they knew that he was in a passion of love, and when he touched a yellow patch they knew that hate or jealousy ruled his heart. It was part of the old code of pantomime to point to these several colors, but it had to be done in such manner as not to be too obvious.

It is encouraging for the awkward girl to remember that the foremost dancers of the day believe that every girl can attain grace through dancing. If she has not had the good fortune to learn dancing when young, it is never too late to learn. But one should dance with more than one's feet alone. Dance with your heart and mind—and enjoy it!

Picturing Poems by Fancy Dancing



A Movement in the Weaving Dance for Children

SO COMPLETELY has the new fad of "picture" or "poem" dancing taken hold of London and Paris that we may expect it to make a rapid spread in this country this fall and winter.

On the other side teachers of "dream," "poem" and "picture" dancing have been coining money this summer. One woman who was quick to realize the grip that the fad would get on society is said to be making an income of something like \$50,000 a year teaching others the steps and poses she learned in Paris and Berlin.

Young and old have yielded to the charm of "poem dancing," and hundreds of society belles have spent many long summer hours endeavoring to perfect themselves in the art of expressing poetry and dream pictures through graceful motion.

As a general thing, the pupils take with them to the professor or teacher the poems or incidents they wish to express in dance movements. It is then the teacher's duty to find or devise those movements which seem to portray



Illustrating Verses on Spring London Enjoys the Butterfly Dance

the subject best.

Naturally, a considerable rivalry has sprung up among the teachers, those who have gained a reputation for originality of ideas and quick perception of the picturesque being overrun with would-be pupils.

It is "up to" the teacher to find something that is pleasing and likely to retain popularity for a few weeks at least. At one time this summer a Chinese dance was very much in favor and was being learned by hundreds of pupils.

This dance is called the chachone, and is danced

in appropriate Chinese costume. It is considered especially "smart" for children; and at one time nearly half the society children of London were busy mastering its movements.

Its success was assured when Mrs. Lulu Harcourt set her three small daughters, who are regarded as among the most up to date of the younger generation, to learning it.

When a pupil or set of pupils becomes thoroughly familiar with a poem or picture dance it is promptly introduced in some drawing room. An announcement of a picture-dance evening is pretty certain to attract