

WILL HE PLAY THE PRODIGAL AS PRINCE OF WALES?

King George's Young Heir Has Many Startling Examples of the Perilousness of His Position

WALES is a weird old country, so Celtic in its relics and reminiscences that the Druid spirit cannot be said to be altogether dead even at this day. And, doubtless, all manner of kelpies, gnomes and fairies do antiquated stunts over the ruins in the picturesque hills.

The presumption of a foreigner calling himself prince of this land of magic and mystery is enough to arouse the wrath of all the patron gnomes and spirits in the hills. Perhaps this is the explanation of the strange hoodoo that seems to have hung over the nineteen youngsters who have borne this title in the last 600 years.

Seriously enough, the young princes of England who have had the Welsh title affixed to their names have ever been perverse mortals until they had finally passed it on to their sons. There have been so many examples of prodigality, rebellion, sowing of wild oats and the like since Edward the Second was born in Carnarvon castle that it is now a question: Will the present prince,



Edward, the Present Prince of Wales

Prince Edward, of Wales, (Son of Henry VIII) Who Was Crowned Edward VI. From Holbein's Painting



Edward II, who was the first Prince of Wales

Little Edward, son of the new king, follow in the fitful and troubled wake of his predecessors?

Will this boy, now so amiable, be borne down by the surfeit of good things to which his title opens the way? Or will he, like his father, unlike most other holders of the title,

be able to withstand the manifold temptations which will pursue him, and grow up to be a conscientious, high-minded ruler? Who can tell? And, to continue this putting of questions, what commonsense father and mother would care to have their child exposed to the character-destroying influences which surround the prince of Wales?

In fine form. The prince born on their soil and first dubbed prince of Wales was a weakling in every sense of the word. Some say that in his youth he had few vices; but men were liberal in those days, and it is certain that he had still fewer virtues. He was weak and stupid, false and ignoble.

A ROYAL WEAKLING

By the time he came to ascend the throne his father was making a great war upon Scotland and was just getting a foothold; but young Edward allowed all his father's conquests to slip through his fingers, and Scotland gloried in her freedom and harassed the borders as never before.

Edward the Black Prince was another prince of Wales, famous enough, but rather infamous in his way, too. However, he was never a king, although both the office of prince and king fell to his son, Richard II, another weakling, whose life was full of tribulation and brief enough to satisfy whatever powers were avenging themselves in Wales upon the presumptuous Englishmen.

The most famous of all scamp heirs to the throne, however, was Shakespeare's jolly Prince Hal, the boon

companion of Sir John Falstaff and, according to the bard, the pal of half the thieves and freebooters in old London.

The despair of his father and the members of the court, who had no sympathy for his brawls, his companions or his tastes, he assumed the responsibilities of his position when he was needed, and became the most popular king of his age. It may be remembered that it was in the reign of Henry V, the transformed Prince Hal, that great victories were won over the French on the continent by the English longbowmen—Agincourt and others. How authentic Shakespeare is in his portrayal we do not know. This, however, is a quotation from Hal as he answered his upbraiders and accusers:

So when this loose behavior I throw off, And pay the debt I never promised, By how much better than my word I am, By so much shall I falsify men's hopes; And, like bright metal on a sullen ground, My reformation glittering on my fault, Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes Than that which hath no foil to set it off. 'Till so offend to make offense a skill; Redeeming time when men least think I will!

This seems to be the prince of Wales spirit, to make the most of the opportunity for running astray, at the same time never losing sight of the responsibility ahead. It is not forgotten in the present generation that King Edward VII was himself a true prince of Wales, if taking youth lightly is a part of the office. He, like Prince Hal, never lost sight of the impending responsibility, and shouldered it with good will and no little ability when his playtime came to an end.

The various Georges were in their day as rebellious and prodigal in one fashion or another as any prince who have borne the title. George I was, of course, an importation, but the second George, his son, fought with his father from his earliest years on every conceivable topic, and when it came time to christen his child came to an open breach with the parent as to the person of the godfather. They were opposed, politically as well as, like a consistent prince, the youngster succeeded in worrying his father into wrath at every turn.

Then came his son Frederick, who never lived to reign, but did all he could in his years as prince to make his presence uncomfortably felt at the palace. He married against his father's will, and then, at the time his wife was about to bear a child, he learned that his father had been solicitous enough to make special preparations for its advent. Out of sheer spite he had his wife removed while in a critical condition, and furthered every political feud thereafter that could possibly bring trouble upon the royal household.

His son, George III, was reared in seclusion and was



George II



Henry V as Prince of Wales, Trying on His Father's Crown—From the Painting by John Calcott Horsley, A.R.



Prince Arthur of Wales, (Oldest Son of Henry VIII) Who Never Wore the Crown

Birds Learning American Ways

FARMERS and grain raisers in all parts of the country are up in arms against the English sparrow, and in many localities laws have been enacted authorizing a bounty for their destruction. Yet there are many things to indicate that the feathered immigrant is not altogether bad.

Any one who has a garden and who will take the time and pains to conduct a series of watchful tests will see the English sparrow carefully watching other birds, and in many instances the sparrow is so inquisitive that it will go so far as to imitate the other birds, and in so doing it learns to catch and destroy a number of destructive worms and troublesome insects. The little chipmy is a great bird to dart down among the cabbages and hunt among the broad and curly leaves for the troublesome cabbage worm, and the English sparrow has been seen watching these birds, and then in order to do as they did the sparrows darted down among the plants and in the garden of the writer have caught thousands of these worm pests.

In a cornfield where the owner had neglected to destroy a troublesome weed known as "foxtail" grass, which bears a large pod of seeds, which ripen and scatter out in the autumn, the English sparrows were very busy eating seeds. Dozens of sparrows would visit these plants, and they could be seen gathering the seeds. They cracked the outer covering in search of the sweet meats within, thus destroying the life germ of the seed. Actual count revealed one sparrow destroying over a hundred seeds in a single minute, and it only requires a few moments' calculation to reveal the good a large flock of sparrows might accomplish.

It is well known that the American robin destroys a great many cherries, and it has taken years of hard work on the part of those wishing our birds protected to convince the people the robin does more good than harm. When the English sparrow was first brought to America it was never seen to trouble small fruits, but in recent years it has been known to destroy quite a number of cherries and some other small fruit. A careful investigation of this habit has revealed the fact that the sparrow, very often the robin and even the catbird will not steal a cherry unless it contains a worm. The robin and catbird will eat some of the choicest fruit, but the writer has never found a sparrow eating a perfect cherry.

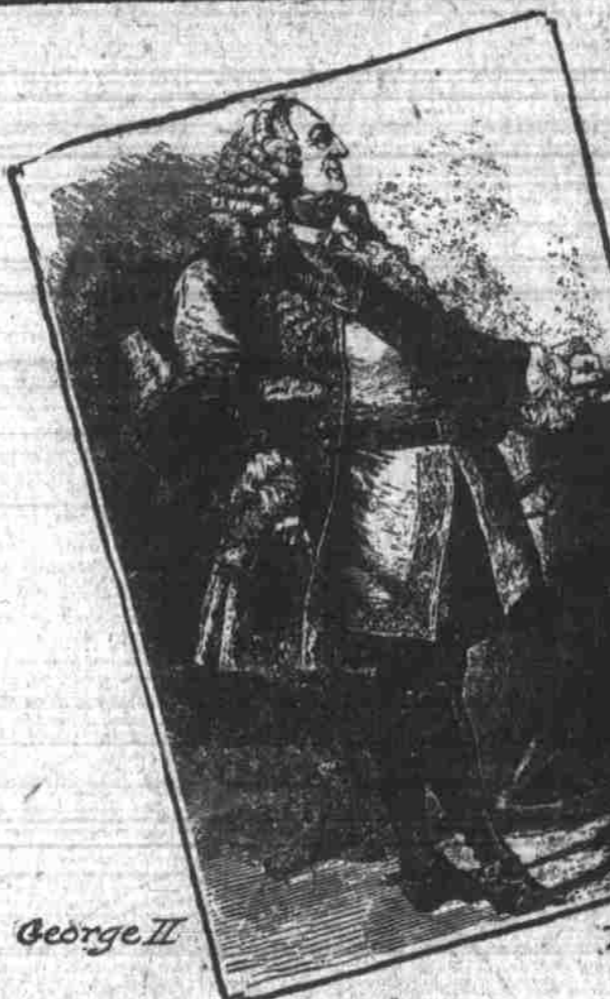
In some localities the sparrow has been eating the sweet corn, but investigation discloses the fact that much of this variety of grain is infested with a worm that eats the point of the ears of corn, and if some of those who have been condemning the sparrow will watch and be more careful in their investigations and a little more generous in their opinions they will find the sparrow is in a fair way to completely eradicate this ugly pest.

The English sparrow is fast learning American ways, and in a few more years its habits will be so completely changed as to alter the shape of the bird's beak, making it an insectivorous bird instead of one depending entirely on grain for its living.

A COURTEOUS YOUNG CHAP

There is no telling yet how much of a Prince Hal the lad will be, though he is said to be such a courteous, simple-minded boy that England would be quite surprised to hear of him cutting up any of the traditional pranks. It is just possible, again, that the Welsh hoodoo has been appeased and that in future the shade of old Hal will have to look upon the development of princes with a wry face, saying: "Alack! We were not such molluscoids in my day. Frithsee, Sir Jack Falstaff, see yonder shrimp of a prince in his navy togs at an age when thou and I were clanking flagons in every tavern in town. I have half a mind to believe that the younger England lacks much of the stuff from which good men were made in our day, Jack."

But, then, Hal is long dead, so there is no need to apologize for him. Those of us who are not too deeply drenched in medievalism can rejoice in the change of manners and declare that the time has come when kings are more like other people, and that it is no longer polite in princes to be rascals. So we hope the little prince will escape the hoodoo of his job and be a good sailor lad, just to prove that the old Welsh kelpies are routed at last.



George III

Three Georges Who Were Conspicuous as Prince of Wales.



George IV

HIS TIME TO FROLIC

So it is that the title of prince of Wales is to the incipient king what a course at college is to the son of a great business man. He feels that it is his time of play before he gets down to serious things, and inasmuch as his future is assured, he feels no great responsibility in making the most of his opportunities. There have been many kings who were princes of Wales, old warriors for the most part, who by cleverness, diplomacy, courage and nerve won the coveted throne without passing through the period of acrobatic. They correspond to the great business men who have never had time nor opportunity to go to college and "prepare for life." Their sons were the princes of Wales and frisked about under the title, as the capitalist's son does in college, knowing what was before them, rather holding it in horror, waiting for the last call to settle down and be rational like other men who had to fight their way.

King Edward II was the first prince of Wales, and, according to tradition, it came about in this way: His father, Edward I, was the man who seemed to have a means for hounding down the old Celtic residents of Britain, who had retired to the mountains of Wales and to Scotland. He had established himself in Wales not long before his son Edward was born, and was maintaining a seat of the English government at Carnarvon castle, in north Wales.

As a measure of conciliation, the story goes, he told the Welsh that he would give them a prince born on their own soil to rule over them. So he sent for his spouse, about to give birth to a child, and the young prince was duly born in the great castle on good, historic Welsh soil, which no one could dispute. Whether this appeased the Welsh themselves or not is doubtful. For they were a spirited race of fiery little men; but the Welsh fairies, if we are to believe tradition, started on their campaign against this innovation

FARM INSTRUCTION BY AUTOMOBILE



THE automobile now represents the smallest agricultural college in existence in the United States, with the sole exception of the one the average farmer carries under his hat. The agricultural college, in its really popular

estate, is a thing of relatively recent development, but of already pretentious size. It is already so big and so planned for the system which takes the scholar to the school, that its directors realized the necessity of taking the school to the scholars. The farmers' institutes marked halfway development in that very valuable innovation; but still they did not make the scheme elastic enough to reach the very farmers who most needed the information which the agricultural college has to furnish.

THE tendency of all the railroads of late has been to help the farmer, and in so doing to help themselves. The proposition is simple: Better farmers, bigger crops, bigger profits; greater freights, larger profits; larger profits—well, that's business. The pre-eminent "Jim" Hill, whose faculty for "constructive policies" has always borne a striking family resemblance to genius, took the first step on the Northern Pacific many years ago, when he presented the farmers along his line with blooded cattle

and reaped his reward later in enormous shipments of livestock which made the freight returns of other roads look like road to the poorhouse. The lesson "Jim" Hill's success taught, years ago, has been learned down to the ground by the railway managements of today, with fast express for disposing of early truck and vegetables as the hallmarks of their new lore. The "farm specials," which carry corps of agricultural experts to station after station of a road, where they give practical talks and demonstrations to the assembled farmers, operate at the other extreme. For the increase in production

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It is at this end that the Lehigh Valley's motorcar college is working. The industrial department bought it for the use of F. R. Stevens, the road's agricultural expert.

Mr. Stevens was formerly connected with the New York state department of agriculture, and undertook his task with the railroad company several months ago, the agricultural departments both of New York and Pennsylvania consenting to co-operate with him. When the fittest college on wheels had been painted olive green and christened "Agriculturist" in letters of silver, it was photographed as it stood in a field of alfalfa that was planted under Mr. Stevens' direction last year.

Then it started on its mission along highways and byways, carrying instructions in the newest and best farm methods to every farmhouse which could be legitimately expected to contribute to the freight cars of the railroad it serves.

Seed selection and germination, which may mean the difference of 100 per cent in a crop of corn, can be explained in ten minutes. The exact character of a man's soil can be explained to him in ten days—time enough for Mr. Stevens to induce him to send an adequate sample to the State College, have it analyzed and returned to him with definite instructions as to the treatment that particular soil ought to have, its most profitable rotations and the full variety of crops to which it is naturally adapted.