

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE: 734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of SCOTT C. BONE, Editor HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier. Daily and Sunday, 40 cents per month. Daily and Sunday, \$4.80 per year.

Subscription Rates by Mail. Daily and Sunday, 30 cents per month. Daily and Sunday, \$3.60 per year.

Attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unaccountable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday edition, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING. Special Agent, Birmingham Building.

Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRADHAM, Boye Building.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail.

On the Virtue of Disappointment.

One of the axioms that many of us like to mouth with something like sanctimonious unctious is that Scriptural statement, "Blessed is he that expecteth little," and it is seldom uttered that we do not give our hearts the lie, for we know that we have expected much.

A Victim of Practical Politics.

Mr. Ballinger complains, somewhat pathetically, that the main reason why the pack is barking so vociferously at his heels—which is about the way the Secretary views it—is because "conservation is popular and holds the attention of the hour."

Reason for High Prices.

There are not less than fifteen millions more persons in the United States now than there were when the census was taken in the year 1900, and it need not be said that it takes a heap more to feed thirty millions than it did to feed twenty millions.

Where to Spend Summer.

Egots should go to Me. Catholics should go to Mass. Readers should go to Conn. Suits should go to Pa. Invalids should go to Ill.

Pretty Close.

"Gee, waiter! You're the biggest fool I ever saw!" "Yes, sir, why, sir?" "Didn't I ask you to get me a water cracker?" "Yes, sir."

Origin of Wagnerian Music.

On September 1, one year ago, Dr. Cook announced his near-discovery of the north pole. The Ananias Club alone will observe the day this year.

THE IDOL.

He was a college hero: It needed, so 'twas said, An extra large comb.

done. And our very griefs and disappointments—have they been useless to us? Surely not!

It is only to the coward who looks out upon the world with meticulous eyes that disappointment may seem a thing to be avoided, a danger that shall crush his spirit to the earth.

English in China.

One more sign of the awakening of China to the importance of securing modern equipment if she is to realize her strength as a nation comes in an imperial decree which makes it compulsory from this time forth that English shall be taught in all the schools of the nation.

Everybody's Is More Conservative than Some of Its Esteemed Contemporaries.

It announces that an O. Henry story in the current issue is "one of the last new ones from this brilliant and versatile entertainer."

Referring to "Nick," the Baltimore Star inquires: "Will somebody solve the riddle?"

"The Sultan of Sulu supports fourteen wives on a salary of \$25 per month," says the Chicago Record-Herald. Still, he does not have to buy much in the way of clothing for them, it seems.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Most People.

From the Nashville American. "When in doubt, tell the truth," advised Mark Twain. Some people are never in doubt, it seems.

Anticipated Pleasure.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. One editorial may be of its contemplative writing with pleasure will bear the pleasing caption: "The Passing of Ballinger."

Democratic View.

From the Charleston News and Courier. What difference does it make when the Republicans nominate for governor of New York? He is not going to be governor, anyhow.

Looking for a Jonah.

From the Philadelphia North American. The administration managers are looking for a Jonah to throw overboard. When they find him, they will need a derrick to do the trick.

Varied Views of Marriage.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. Marriage is a lottery to the bachelor, an urgent necessity in the opinion of the widower, a delightful temptation to the widow, a habit with the actress.

Amounts to the Same.

From the Syracuse Herald. The exact difference between "bringing pressure to bear" upon a man to resign and kicking him for his resignation is something that only a politician can define.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

DOWN TO DATE.

The humorists all fairly hate To deal in jokes not down to date. Their bar jokes now are very broad, As per requirements of the mode.

The Girls.

"Do your boys give you any trouble?" "No; but my daughters do. The surface is always in danger of jail. I expected that, but now her fashionable sister gets pinched in a society gambling raid."

Seemed Suspicious.

"My dear, is your dressmaker reliable? Are you sure this gown is of the latest mode?" "Yes, hubby. But why do you ask?" "It is so easy to button."

Seaside Caste.

He has no hope of winning her; She is a handsome hamper. He's a haughty cottager; He's but a camper.

One View of Life.

"Do you get out of life all there is in it?" "That is impossible. There's always some money that you can't get."

On Being Moderate.

"Sister, you wear too much false hair. A reasonable amount may be all right, but you wear entirely too much."

Very Annoying.

"It is annoying to wait for a train that's late." "Yes; and it is even more annoying to wait for a train that has been discontinued."

BOTTLE FLOATED ACROSS SEA.

Case Adrift off the Carolinas It Is Picked Up in the Azores. From the Philadelphia Bulletin. Floating sluggishly at the mercy of the waves for over three years, a pint whisky bottle, containing the address of William H. Windolph, this city, traveled across the Atlantic Ocean and was finally picked up off the Eastern coast of the Azores Islands about five weeks ago.

Boat Before the Flood.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer. An Irishman dying in a remote village in Ireland, his relatives were anxious to have his name and date of his birth and death engraved upon a coffin plate. The village tinker was sent for.

The Main Issue.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Last week," said the young married woman, of Euclid Heights, "I made a flying visit to the little Massachusetts town where my father and mother and sisters and brothers and all the progeny thereof live. I got into the place at 9 o'clock in the morning, and I headed for my sister's home first. Her little seven-year-old boy was standing in the doorway when I entered the gate. He recognized me at once. He rammed his hands into his pockets, looked over me with some disdain, and this is the form of greeting he extended to me: "Gee, but you're is got a bum ball team in Cleveland!"

Friend in Need.

From the Peabody Palladium. "I say, Jones, dine with me at the house to-night, will you?" "Certainly, with pleasure; will your wife expect me?" "No, that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning and I want to make her mad."

Donated.

From the Boston Transcript. Actor—There's something lacking in this garden scene. There should be vegetables about. Stage Manager—Oh, the audience will supply the vegetables when they see your acting.

DAILY BOOK REVIEW

"OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES."

The strongest impression one gets from the novel entitled "Other People's Houses" is that the author has striven ardently for originality. But the striving is so evident that it more than takes the edge off the story. "Cryptic" is the word that insists on first place in describing "Other People's Houses."

Interview of the Future.

Mr. Gotroff, how did you invest your first thousand dollars? "Why, in an automobile, of course."

Seemed Suspicious.

"My dear, is your dressmaker reliable? Are you sure this gown is of the latest mode?" "Yes, hubby. But why do you ask?" "It is so easy to button."

Seaside Caste.

He has no hope of winning her; She is a handsome hamper. He's a haughty cottager; He's but a camper.

One View of Life.

"Do you get out of life all there is in it?" "That is impossible. There's always some money that you can't get."

On Being Moderate.

"Sister, you wear too much false hair. A reasonable amount may be all right, but you wear entirely too much."

Very Annoying.

"It is annoying to wait for a train that's late." "Yes; and it is even more annoying to wait for a train that has been discontinued."

BOTTLE FLOATED ACROSS SEA.

Case Adrift off the Carolinas It Is Picked Up in the Azores. From the Philadelphia Bulletin. Floating sluggishly at the mercy of the waves for over three years, a pint whisky bottle, containing the address of William H. Windolph, this city, traveled across the Atlantic Ocean and was finally picked up off the Eastern coast of the Azores Islands about five weeks ago.

Boat Before the Flood.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer. An Irishman dying in a remote village in Ireland, his relatives were anxious to have his name and date of his birth and death engraved upon a coffin plate. The village tinker was sent for.

The Main Issue.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Last week," said the young married woman, of Euclid Heights, "I made a flying visit to the little Massachusetts town where my father and mother and sisters and brothers and all the progeny thereof live. I got into the place at 9 o'clock in the morning, and I headed for my sister's home first. Her little seven-year-old boy was standing in the doorway when I entered the gate. He recognized me at once. He rammed his hands into his pockets, looked over me with some disdain, and this is the form of greeting he extended to me: "Gee, but you're is got a bum ball team in Cleveland!"

Friend in Need.

From the Peabody Palladium. "I say, Jones, dine with me at the house to-night, will you?" "Certainly, with pleasure; will your wife expect me?" "No, that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning and I want to make her mad."

Donated.

From the Boston Transcript. Actor—There's something lacking in this garden scene. There should be vegetables about. Stage Manager—Oh, the audience will supply the vegetables when they see your acting.

WONDERS OF MODERN WORLD.

Italy, France, Great Britain, and Switzerland Are Represented.

Of the seven modern wonder works of the world, not one is in America. One of them, 400 years old, has its inspiration in religion—St. Peter's, at Rome, the largest church ever built; the second, 100 years old, is the greatest triumphal arch ever erected, commemorating the victories of the great conqueror, Napoleon I.

The Suez Canal.

The Suez Canal is a masterpiece of engineering works. It is typical of the changed ideal of the ages that only one of the ancient wonders was utilitarian, and only one of the modern wonders is religious; yet noble ideas gave them all birth.

The Third Great Wonder.

The third great wonder is the Fifth of Forth bridge; cantilevers, similar to three pairs of great E-f-towers, each pair joined at the base, each half stretching out horizontally 90 feet without end support. This bridge is massive in design because wind pressure is more dangerous than train load.

The Seventh and Last of the Modern Wonders.

The seventh and last of the modern wonders are twin-cousin ships, the Lusitania and the Mauretania, subsidized and designed to restore to Great Britain the blue ribbon of the sea. Of these seven wonders one belongs to Italy; one, jointly to Italy and Switzerland; three belong to France, and two to Great Britain.

Wary of Lackeys.

For ten years now there has been in this State no real or self-respecting Republican party. During this decade the party machinery of the dominant political organization has been manipulated to benefit the pocket of one boss and satisfy the selfish ambitions of another. Its local leaders have meanwhile sunk to the level of political vassals, butlers, bootlickers.

Paradoxical Taste.

"What a her peculiar bent in her work on the stage!" "Her bent is for the straight drama."

Kaffir Calls Bunter.

"A good story is told of Chirgwin, the celebrated white-eyed Kaffir. Chirgwin was due to fill an engagement in the provinces, and arrived at Euston a few minutes before the departure of his train. Hastily purchasing his ticket he cast about for a seat. The train was crowded with the exception of one compartment in a corner of which rested a large traveling case in company with a stout-faced individual. Chirgwin promptly made for this but was accosted by the red-faced man as follows:

Sentiment.

It is probably true that when human affairs were started on this globe, a principle of justice, truth, and love was attached to them for their government. We sometimes fear that principle has lost its way and that the affairs are getting along without it. But that is because we have lost faith; we think that vanity, ill will, and selfishness have crept in and throttled the noble truth and kicked it aside. That is pessimism, which holds that the world was made for the bad, and that the triumph of the right is not to be dreamed of. That is the doctrine of despair, and too many people are afflicted by it.

At the Hotels.

"I concur with the administration in the belief that the usefulness of Speaker Cannon is over," said J. H. Jarney, of Toledo, Ohio, last night at the Raleigh. "But the methods adopted at Beverly to give out the news that he is to be dumped were undoubtedly bad politics. The same applies to the case of Mr. Ballinger. "How the administration whist horses could have allowed such a story to get before the public before they sounded the sentiments of both Cannon and Ballinger is beyond my comprehension and the comprehension of any one who is interested in the G. O. P. "But there are going to be some developments before the people go to the polls. At such a time the leaders will undoubtedly put differences behind them and all pull for harmony. Then the party will have a fighting chance. "You just ought to see that corn crop in Kansas," remarked Richard P. Larned, of Topeka, last night at the Metropolitan. "I believe Kansas alone this year could supply the United States with corn and still have plenty to keep at home. It is growing eight feet to the stalk, and where it has been harvested an average of five big ears to the stalk was found. And it's good corn, too. "Farmers out in my State are riding in automobiles, have telephones in their houses, and live better than most city folks do. They are going to make another good killing this fall. I tell you, it pays to be a farmer these days."

AT THE HOTELS.

"I concur with the administration in the belief that the usefulness of Speaker Cannon is over," said J. H. Jarney, of Toledo, Ohio, last night at the Raleigh. "But the methods adopted at Beverly to give out the news that he is to be dumped were undoubtedly bad politics. The same applies to the case of Mr. Ballinger. "How the administration whist horses could have allowed such a story to get before the public before they sounded the sentiments of both Cannon and Ballinger is beyond my comprehension and the comprehension of any one who is interested in the G. O. P. "But there are going to be some developments before the people go to the polls. At such a time the leaders will undoubtedly put differences behind them and all pull for harmony. Then the party will have a fighting chance. "You just ought to see that corn crop in Kansas," remarked Richard P. Larned, of Topeka, last night at the Metropolitan. "I believe Kansas alone this year could supply the United States with corn and still have plenty to keep at home. It is growing eight feet to the stalk, and where it has been harvested an average of five big ears to the stalk was found. And it's good corn, too. "Farmers out in my State are riding in automobiles, have telephones in their houses, and live better than most city folks do. They are going to make another good killing this fall. I tell you, it pays to be a farmer these days."

Did You Ever Witness a Suicide?

"Did you ever witness a suicide?" asked Holt M. Galloway, of New York, a commercial man, stopping at the Arlington. He sank deep into a big plush chair, crossed his legs, and puffed away at a cigar. "Well, I had the misfortune to see a girl shoot herself a few days ago, and the influence on my nerves has been very trying. I am just getting over it. They say Servia leads all other countries in the number of suicides per rata, but I do not see how she can lead the United States. It seems that one suicide starts a dozen, like firecrackers becoming ignited from each other. I know of one directly accountable for the tragedy I witnessed in Hoboken a few days ago, but I know I felt like committing suicide when I saw that poor girl stretched upon the floor in death, a victim of her own wrecked life. "Her name was Minnie Kautz, and she was a German girl, about twenty-three years old," continued Mr. Galloway. "She had been frustrated in an attempt to kill her recreant lover, and was arrested. As I passed the Hoboken police headquarters I saw the crowd following the officers and their prisoner to the building, and I went too. The officer who made the arrest said that, shortly before, Ernest Knobloch, proprietor of a boarding house in Bloomfield street, had summoned him, declaring a young woman boarding at his place intended to kill another hotel. The officer said he went to the Knobloch boarding house, and found the girl packing up and down the stairs in great excitement. She refused to answer any questions, and was taken to police headquarters and booked as a disorderly person. "While the girl was being led to the detention room the proprietor of the boarding house, who had gone along with the patrol wagon, whispered to the officer to beware of a pistol which the girl had concealed on her person. The young woman overheard the warning, and before any one could prevent it, whipped a revolver from her dress and shot herself. I was looking straight at her, and from the way I jumped and staggered one might have thought it was I who had been shot. "She fell to the floor with a crash and the pistol struck the wall and rolled down the steps. The officer and hotel man, as soon as they could recover their self-possession, bent and lifted the girl from the floor. Her head fell back, her arms dropped to her side, and a groan escaped her lips, from which blood was beginning to gush. I turned away. The girl was taken to a hospital, where she expired an hour later. She had been working as a hotel waitress, and it seems from what the officers subsequently learned that she had been jilted and was having a hard time in this hard old world. It's the same old story every day."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Battle of Bosworth Field—Death of Richard III. August 21.

On the death of Edward IV, in 1483, his crafty and unscrupulous brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, gathered quickly into his hands the reins of power, proceeding with consummate audacity and ruthlessness to sweep every strong rival out of his path. Contenting himself for a few weeks only with the title of protector, he soon disputed the validity of his brother Edward's marriage, caused an obsequious Parliament to set aside the young sons whom the latter had left, and placed the crown on his own head. The little prince (King Edward V) and Richard, Duke of York, imprisoned in the tower, were murdered at their uncle's command, and Richard III appeared, for the time, to have triumphed in his ambitious villainy. But, popular as he made himself in many cunning ways, his deeds excited a horror which united Lancastrians with the party of York in a common detestation. Friends of Henry, Earl of Richmond, then in exile, were not slow to take advantage of this feeling. Henry could claim descent from the same John of Gaunt, son of Edward III, to whom the house of Lancaster traced its lineage; but his family—the Beauforts—sprang from the mistress, not the wife, of the great Duke of Lancaster, and had only been legitimized by act of Parliament. The Lancastrians, however, were satisfied with the royalty of his blood, and the Yorkists were made content by his promise to marry a daughter of Edward IV. On this understanding being arranged, Henry came over from Brittany to England, landing at Milford Haven on the 8th of August, 1485, and advancing through Wales he was joined by great numbers as he moved. Richard, who had no lack of courage, marched quickly to meet him, and the two forces joined battle on Bosworth Field on Sunday, August 21. At the outset of the fighting Richard was deserted by a large division of his army and he saw that his fate was sealed. He plunged, with despairing rage, into the thickest of the struggle and was slain. His

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Battle of Bosworth Field—Death of Richard III. August 21.

On the death of Edward IV, in 1483, his crafty and unscrupulous brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, gathered quickly into his hands the reins of power, proceeding with consummate audacity and ruthlessness to sweep every strong rival out of his path. Contenting himself for a few weeks only with the title of protector, he soon disputed the validity of his brother Edward's marriage, caused an obsequious Parliament to set aside the young sons whom the latter had left, and placed the crown on his own head. The little prince (King Edward V) and Richard, Duke of York, imprisoned in the tower, were murdered at their uncle's command, and Richard III appeared, for the time, to have triumphed in his ambitious villainy. But, popular as he made himself in many cunning ways, his deeds excited a horror which united Lancastrians with the party of York in a common detestation. Friends of Henry, Earl of Richmond, then in exile, were not slow to take advantage of this feeling. Henry could claim descent from the same John of Gaunt, son of Edward III, to whom the house of Lancaster traced its lineage; but his family—the Beauforts—sprang from the mistress, not the wife, of the great Duke of Lancaster, and had only been legitimized by act of Parliament. The Lancastrians, however, were satisfied with the royalty of his blood, and the Yorkists were made content by his promise to marry a daughter of Edward IV. On this understanding being arranged, Henry came over from Brittany to England, landing at Milford Haven on the 8th of August, 1485, and advancing through Wales he was joined by great numbers as he moved. Richard, who had no lack of courage, marched quickly to meet him, and the two forces joined battle on Bosworth Field on Sunday, August 21. At the outset of the fighting Richard was deserted by a large division of his army and he saw that his fate was sealed. He plunged, with despairing rage, into the thickest of the struggle and was slain. His

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Battle of Bosworth Field—Death of Richard III. August 21.

On the death of Edward IV, in 1483, his crafty and unscrupulous brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, gathered quickly into his hands the reins of power, proceeding with consummate audacity and ruthlessness to sweep every strong rival out of his path. Contenting himself for a few weeks only with the title of protector, he soon disputed the validity of his brother Edward's marriage, caused an obsequious Parliament to set aside the young sons whom the latter had left, and placed the crown on his own head. The little prince (King Edward V) and Richard, Duke of York, imprisoned in the tower, were murdered at their uncle's command, and Richard III appeared, for the time, to have triumphed in his ambitious villainy. But, popular as he made himself in many cunning ways, his deeds excited a horror which united Lancastrians with the party of York in a common detestation. Friends of Henry, Earl of Richmond, then in exile, were not slow to take advantage of this feeling. Henry could claim descent from the same John of Gaunt, son of Edward III, to whom the house of Lancaster traced its lineage; but his family—the Beauforts—sprang from the mistress, not the wife, of the great Duke of Lancaster, and had only been legitimized by act of Parliament. The Lancastrians, however, were satisfied with the royalty of his blood, and the Yorkists were made content by his promise to marry a daughter of Edward IV. On this understanding being arranged, Henry came over from Brittany to England, landing at Milford Haven on the 8th of August, 1485, and advancing through Wales he was joined by great numbers as he moved. Richard, who had no lack of courage, marched quickly to meet him, and the two forces joined battle on Bosworth Field on Sunday, August 21. At the outset of the fighting Richard was deserted by a large division of his army and he saw that his fate was sealed. He plunged, with despairing rage, into the thickest of the struggle and was slain. His

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Battle of Bosworth Field—Death of Richard III. August 21.

On the death of Edward IV, in 1483, his crafty and unscrupulous brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, gathered quickly into his hands the reins of power, proceeding with consummate audacity and ruthlessness to sweep every strong rival out of his path. Contenting himself for a few weeks only with the title of protector, he soon disputed the validity of his brother Edward's marriage, caused an obsequious Parliament to set aside the young sons whom the latter had left, and placed the crown on his own head. The little prince (King Edward V) and Richard, Duke of York, imprisoned in the tower, were murdered at their uncle's command, and Richard III appeared, for the time, to have triumphed in his ambitious villainy. But, popular as he made himself in many cunning ways, his deeds excited a horror which united Lancastrians with the party of York in a common detestation. Friends of Henry, Earl of Richmond, then in exile, were not slow to take advantage of this feeling. Henry could claim descent from the same John of Gaunt, son of Edward III, to whom the house of Lancaster traced its lineage; but his family—the Beauforts—sprang from the mistress, not the wife, of the great Duke of Lancaster, and had only been legitimized by act of Parliament. The Lancastrians, however, were satisfied with the royalty of his blood, and the Yorkists were made content by his promise to marry a daughter of Edward IV. On this understanding being arranged, Henry came over from Brittany to England, landing at Milford Haven on the 8th of August, 1485, and advancing through Wales he was joined by great numbers as he moved. Richard, who had no lack of courage, marched quickly to meet him, and the two forces joined battle on Bosworth Field on Sunday, August 21. At the outset of the fighting Richard was deserted by a large division of his army and he saw that his fate was sealed. He plunged, with despairing rage, into the thickest of the struggle and was slain. His

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Battle of Bosworth Field—Death of Richard III. August 21.

On the death of Edward IV, in 1483, his crafty and unscrupulous brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, gathered quickly into his hands the reins of power, proceeding with consummate audacity and ruthlessness to sweep every strong rival out of his path. Contenting himself for a few weeks only with the title of protector, he soon disputed the validity of his brother Edward's marriage, caused an obsequious Parliament to set aside the young sons whom the latter had left, and placed the crown on his own head. The little prince (King Edward V) and Richard, Duke of York, imprisoned in the tower, were murdered at their uncle's command, and Richard III appeared, for the time, to have triumphed in his ambitious villainy. But, popular as he made himself in many cunning ways, his deeds excited a horror which united Lancastrians with the party of York in a common detestation. Friends of Henry, Earl of Richmond, then in exile, were not slow to take advantage of this feeling. Henry could claim descent from the same John of Gaunt, son of Edward III, to whom the house of Lancaster traced its lineage; but his family—the Beauforts—sprang from the mistress, not the wife, of the great Duke of Lancaster, and had only been legitimized by act of Parliament. The Lancastrians, however, were satisfied with the royalty of his blood, and the Yorkists were made content by his promise to marry a daughter of Edward IV. On this understanding being arranged, Henry came over from Brittany to England, landing at Milford Haven on the 8th of August, 1485, and advancing through Wales he was joined by great numbers as he moved. Richard, who had no lack of courage, marched quickly to meet him, and the two forces joined battle on Bosworth Field on Sunday, August 21. At the outset of the fighting Richard was deserted by a large division of his army and he saw that his fate was sealed. He plunged, with despairing rage, into the thickest of the struggle and was slain. His

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Battle of Bosworth Field—Death of Richard III. August 21.

On the death of Edward IV, in 1483, his crafty and unscrupulous brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, gathered quickly into his hands the reins of power, proceeding with consummate audacity and ruthlessness to sweep every strong rival out of his path. Contenting himself for a few weeks only with the title of protector, he soon disputed the validity of his brother Edward's marriage, caused an obsequious Parliament to set aside the young sons whom the latter had left, and placed the crown on his own head. The little prince (King Edward V) and Richard, Duke of York, imprisoned in the tower, were murdered at their uncle's command, and Richard III appeared, for the time, to have triumphed in his ambitious villainy. But, popular as he made himself in many cunning ways, his deeds excited a horror which united Lancastrians with the party of York in a common detestation. Friends of Henry, Earl of Richmond, then in exile, were not slow to take advantage of this feeling. Henry could claim descent from the same John of Gaunt, son of Edward III, to whom the house of Lancaster traced its lineage; but his family—the Beauforts—sprang from the mistress, not the wife, of the great Duke of Lancaster, and had only been legitimized by act of Parliament. The Lancastrians, however, were satisfied with the royalty of his blood, and the Yorkists were made content by his promise to marry a daughter of Edward IV. On this understanding being arranged, Henry came over from Brittany to England, landing at Milford Haven on the 8th of August, 1485, and advancing through Wales he was joined by great numbers as he moved. Richard, who had no lack of courage, marched quickly to meet him, and the two forces joined battle on Bosworth Field on Sunday, August 21. At the outset of the fighting Richard was deserted by a large division of his army and he saw that his fate was sealed. He plunged, with despairing rage, into the thickest of the struggle and was slain. His

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Battle of Bosworth Field—Death of Richard III. August 21.

On the death of Edward IV, in 1483, his crafty and unscrupulous brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, gathered quickly into his hands the reins of power, proceeding with consummate audacity and ruthlessness to sweep every strong rival out of his path. Contenting himself for a few weeks only with the title of protector, he soon disputed the validity of his brother Edward's marriage, caused an obsequious Parliament to set aside the young sons whom the latter had left, and placed the crown on his own head. The little prince (King Edward V) and Richard, Duke of York, imprisoned in the tower, were murdered at their uncle's command, and Richard III appeared, for the time, to have triumphed in his ambitious villainy. But, popular as he made himself in many cunning ways, his deeds excited a horror which united Lancastrians with the party of York in a common detestation. Friends of Henry, Earl of Richmond, then in exile, were not slow to take advantage of this feeling. Henry could claim descent from the same John of Gaunt, son of Edward III, to whom the house of Lancaster traced its lineage; but his family—the Beauforts—sprang from the mistress, not the wife, of the great Duke of Lancaster, and had only been legitimized by act of Parliament. The Lancastrians, however, were satisfied with the royalty of his blood, and the Yorkists were made content by his promise to marry a daughter of Edward IV. On this understanding being arranged, Henry came over from Brittany to England, landing at Milford Haven on the 8th of August, 1485, and advancing through Wales he was joined by great numbers as he moved. Richard, who had