



Jack Roses Overboard

THREE knaves afloat on a waste of brine
In doublets of crimson hue.
Like the cavaliers of gay lang syne
They smile while the dangers brew.
Three rollicking blades, but sinking fast
In the dark and seething sea;
The spume-coifs fleck them, they wink their last
At the sea-birds swinging free.

AND they smile a roguish, careless smile
In the Wave-God's vortex fast,
As they kiss their perfumed hands the while
To the song-days of the past.

HOW came they out on the lonely swell,
Forsaken and soon to drown—
These gallants on whom the hot tears fell
As the sun dropped slowly down?
(She'd stood on the after-deck alone,
And there, as the light grew dim,
Had turned her face to the west and thrown
The roses back to Him!)

Charles Wisner Barrell

John Carter

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THE BOURBONS OF SPAIN

BY VANCE THOMPSON

A COURT IN WHICH THE PRIDE AND POMP OF ELABORATE CEREMONIAL PERSIST AMID THE LIMITATIONS OF A MODERN CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY—THE BURDEN OF TRADITIONS WHICH YOUNG ALFONSO BEARS UPON HIS SHOULDERS

THE whole world is becoming reasonable. At all the crossroads of life democracy has put up its sign-posts, pointing out the beaten path; in another generation no one will dream of walking on the grass. And the color is going out of things. Everywhere to-day the European palette is uniform and gray. Even royalty is putting away its purple; the modern king walks abroad in bowler and tweeds. Those who love the spectacle and parade of life have to go far afield for it. Indeed, of all the European monarchies only Spain has kept very much of the old stately ceremonial; and democracy, in its insistent way, is knocking at the doors of the *palacio real*.

I know a very fine gentleman who was once chamberlain and guard of the seals in that kingdom; mournfully he speaks of the fading glory of the Spanish court. The queen-mother, he insists, brought in homely Austrian habits. She had not the Spanish way

of preferring a crimson-lined cloak—even though it were ragged—to comfortable homespun. And that was natural enough, for the early life of Maria Christina was spent in a little archducal court in Moravia, among heavy honest country-folk; then, for a while, she was abbess of a nunnery at Prague; evidently she knew very little of the pageantry and ceremony of courts.

A woman of housewifely and administrative talents, she made the twelfth Alfonso happy in a way—she could sing a song and play a game of billiards with him—but she added no splendor to the royal house. A quarter of a century ago the queen Maria Christina was the same sober-minded lady she is to-day. She had no love for the ceremonious side of monarchy. It was in spite of her that so much of the old pomp, both regal and religious, was preserved.

Alfonso XII, you may remember, died in 1885. They will tell you still in



CHARLES IV—A WEAK MONARCH WHO ABDICATED IN 1808 IN FAVOR OF HIS SON, FERDINAND VII—TEMPORARY BONAPARTIST RULE FOLLOWED, NAPOLEON SETTING HIS BROTHER JOSEPH ON THE SPANISH THRONE