THE NEW KING OF MONTENEGRO

NICHOLAS I. THE NEW KING OF MONTENEGRO.

THE NEW QUEEN OF MONTENEGRO.

LONDON.—Nicholas of Montenegro, who is [illegible] addition to the kings of Europe. [illegible] many ways the most remarkable [illegible] probably the most interesting [illegible] ever sat. The most adequate [illegible] word is few in the day [illegible] over which he reigns. [illegible] the Republicans to dispute his [illegible] and the newspapers whose [illegible] to revise his methods. A [illegible] modern ad things, he is nevertheless a statesman of no mean capacity, and the fact that in all the recent [illegible] he has been able to [illegible] his hot headed tribesmen from draw[illegible] the sword, shows not only his [illegible] as a diplomatist, but his strength [illegible] power. Two years ago, when war in the east hung in the balance, it was said that word from Prince Nicholas would have precipitated the conflict. The Montenegrin chiefs were straining at the leash, and probably no other man in the world could have prevented them and their followers from pouring through the passes into Bosnia, and so initiating a conflict, the end of which it would have been impossible to foresee. A simple, frugal monarch, with a civil list that a millionaire would consider the allowance of a pauper, he yet finds his income all too large for his requirements, and is never happier than when he can escape from his palace in Cettinje to the little five-roomed house which he has built in a forest clearing on the mountainside of Lortchen. Here, far above the sea, he enjoys a view which stretches from the Albanian Scutari, shimmering in the sunlight on the shores of the Adriatic, to the snow-clad peak of Durmitor, in the mountains of the north.

There is a story told of how the representatives of the courts of Vienna and Versailles, at the moment of the peace of Ryswyck, spent an hour advancing and retreating across the floor of the audience chamber, in terror lest one or the other would be guilty of the faux pas of reaching the center, where they were to meet, before the other. Versailles is a memory of the past, but the court of Vienna would today no doubt regard the courtiers of Cettinje as little less than barbarians. An amusing story of their methods is told by a writer in the Standard, who had journeyed to the capital with a view of interviewing the prince. The prince, it chanced, was not overbusy, and he remarked carelessly to one of his attendants, "'Oh, yes, I'll see him some time today; perhaps the sooner the better.' Thus it came about that I was chased by half a dozen 'perionici,' captured on the outskirts of the little capital, and in spite of my protests and demand to be allowed to return to the hotel for proper habiliment, was rushed straight to the palace. Here I was summarily brushed, my boots dusted, my tie arbitrarily remade in the anteroom, and, still remonstrating, I was thrust into the prince's presence at an hour that neither of us had anticipated for the audience. To my explanations and apologies the prince listened with a good-natured smile. 'Oh, of course, these good perionici! They take every word so literally that one can not be too careful. There are no courtiers here, you see, only soldiers and their commander. Excuse them. It was my fault.'"

The first years after his accession were the years of that disastrous war during which the Turkish armies overran the country. It was then he got that training as a soldier which stood him in such good stead when he took up arms with the Servians against the Turks in 1875. Then came the Russo-Turkish war, with the capture of Antivari and Dulcigno, when the Montenegrin dream of reaching the Adriatic was realized. The treaty of San Stefano added considerable territory to the little kingdom. Much, however, of what was then given was taken away when the treaty was revised at Berlin. Antivari was left, but Dulcigno was taken, and great were the rejoicings when in 1880 a naval demonstration of the British fleet, undertaken by order of Mr. Gladstone, had the effect of restoring Dulcigno once more to Montenegro in exchange for two inland districts which had been ceded to them at San Stefano.

The gift of constitution to the country which followed later was not without its humorous side. Presented by their prince with adult suffrage, vote by ballot and a single Chamber, the simple Montenegrins began to indulge in a series of reforms, which the prince eyed with mingled consternation and amusement. One day he determined to dissolve the Chamber. The new Chamber, carefully selected, proved more amenable and through this Chamber the patriarch prince has ever since governed, with the asquiescence of the country. In this way, in his own delightful phrase, he resigned part of his hereditary rights, because he found it fitting that the people should share his burdens and responsibilities; but he continued to guide and train them and to help them to use the privileges he had decided to confer on them for the greater glory of their country and his dynasty.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

of life. It is a feeling common to the majority of us that we do not get quite the amount of happiness we are entitled to. Among the countless things which tend to make us more or less miserable ill health takes the first place. No doubt a crippled liver with the resulting impure blood, is the cause of more mental gloom than any other single thing. And who can reckon up the fearful aggregate of pain, loss and fear arising from the many diseases which are familiar to mankind; like a vast cloud it hangs over a multitude no one can number. You can see these people everywhere. For them life can scarcely be said to have any "bright side" at all. Hence the eagerness with which they search for relief and cure. Remedies like

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TOOK OUT APPENDIX AGAINST HER WILL

Peculiar Suit for Damages Arises Out of a Very Peculiar Operation.

A remarkable law case is arousing a great deal of public interest in Constantinople, the facts which have given rise to the action dating back to the palmy days of Sultan Abdul Hamid.

According to the statements now made, while the ex-sultan was still in power one of his favorite daughters was found to be suffering with appendicitis, and an operation was declared to be imperative. The sultan, however, was unwilling to intrust his daughter to the mercy of his physicians and surgeons in such an extremity without first assuring himself of their ability to perform the operation successfully, and he accordingly demanded that they should operate first, in his presence, on someone else.

Seeing that his majesty was obdurate the doctors promptly went in search of a victim, and finding at the Italian hospital a young girl, Josefa Schmeider, who had just been discharged after an illness, they drove her off to the imperial palace, despite her objections, and carried her into a room specially prepared for the operation and removed the appendix, the sultan calmly watching the proceedings. The operation proved quite successful, and the patient recovered and was sent home.

Satisfied that the doctors knew their business the sultan then permitted them to operate on his daughter, who also recovered and was completely cured.

Josefa Schmeider is now suing the doctors concerned for damages.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TERPSICHOREAN ART IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE

An immense audience gathered on Monday afternoon at the Theater of Interpretative Art, to see Mlle. Hopupli and her assistants in her much heralded "Danse Domestica."

The orchestra played a prelude, poetically typifying the dropping of a tray full of breakfast dishes, after which the curtain rose upon the poorly furnished flat of an intimate customer.

The great terpsichorean artist was discovered picking up the fragments of dishes and when this task was completed she made a leap into the air emblematic of life with nothing to live on.

Alight at, she whisked madly across the stage and flung herself in an ecstasy of wrath astride of the baby's crib.

Lacing the cause of her temperamental outburst across her lap, she gave it its regular morning spankishment, accompanied in the orchestra by wonderful saxophone dissonances.

The dancer then began a scherzo movement among the pots and pans, than which nothing more beautiful could be imagined, especially those themes that pertained to the scraping of the skillets and the emptying of the ashes.

With a tragically executed pas seul the performer symbolized the woman who revolts at the sickening task of half-soling the trousers of a nine-dollars-a-week husband.

And thus the joyful story went on, sweeping the emotions, visually and auditorially, through the getting of the morning meal, the wrathful tearing up of the butcher's bill, the scrubbing of the sunny shelves, the putting on of the pot for dinner and the argument with the sex man through the dumb waiter, to culminate in a climax of soulful suggestive kicks and wriggles as the harassed woman simultaneously slammed the door in the face of the gasping rent agent, jerked eight burning pies out of the oven and hurled the cat from the interior of the milk pitcher.

Throughout the latter portion of the performance the artist disclosed vistas of beauty and set a new standard in the art of genre dancing.—Success Magazine.

HOW MAINLAND GIRLS DRESS FOR A TRAMP

Tramping trips are the fad this season, on the Mainland, and many parties of young women are starting out afoot. There is usually some definite object in view of such a trip, and the trip is called "a pilgrimage" to the home of some famous person, or to some designated point well worth visiting. The journey is made afoot, stops along the way for meals and for sleeping being in order, and sometimes the destination once reached the pilgrimage homeward is made by train.

Footwear is a most important feature of the tramping costume. Broad-soled flexible and low-heeled boots should be worn, and these should lace well above the ankle. The stockings should be fine and soft and several pairs should be carried.

The tramping skirt should be short and not too heavy in weight. Khaki, which does not gather the dust in texture or color, makes an ideal tramping skirt, and mohair is also a good material for this purpose. Beneath the skirt should be worn pongee knickers which strap below the knee. The blouse may be also any sort, provided it is loose and simple in style. Long sleeves are better than the elbow kind for the tramper, but the collar may be low and cool. A soft felt hat, which will not mind a wetting and which may be slanted on any side to suit the position of the sun is the most comfortable headgear. If one does not care to toss the sweater over the shoulder, it may be tied by the arms around the waist, fanning at the back and over the hips. In this position it will not add to the weight of the costume and will be out of the way and leave the arms free. The tennis girl often ties her sweater in this jaunty fashion on her way to the courts and there seems no reason why the tramping girl should not adopt the practical scheme.

WIVES FIRST AND CITIZENS AFTERWARD

NEW YORK, September 18.—"Women have no conscience. If they had they would not smuggle nor steal from stores, nor cheat at bridge, nor prevaricate, as they do upon the steamship docks every day, and swear most solemnly that they have no dutiable goods when at that very instant they are smothered in the richest laces and are wearing dresses and furs that no duty has been paid on. Conscience? A woman doesn't know what it means."

This is what a prominent customs officer said in trying to explain why women smuggle, but distinctly different views are entertained over in a little street opposite Prospect Park, where lives a personage who has created more women than most of us have ever known. It was natural to suppose that if any one could make a blue print of the mind of a woman, it would be Laura Jean Libbey.

"How is it that women of the most blameless character will cheat each other at bridge whist and try to steal $5,000 from the United States government?" she was asked.

She ignored the first part of the question, but nodded brightly as she began:

"You mean women who try to bring in jewelry from Europe? Why, it never occurs to them that they are stealing."

"They know that they are doing what is against the law, or they wouldn't take such pains to conceal the jewels," was suggested.

"Law!" exclaimed Miss Libbey. "Why women have no sense of law. The customs regulations are to them a distant impression, a sort of nuisance that they are perfectly justified in avoiding if possible.

"Men have learned that adherence to a certain code of ethics is best for themselves because it is best for all. Women believe in making up their individual codes as they go along, subject to constant revision and amendment.

"A woman has no compunction about overdrawing her account at the bank. She knows the bank has money and she needs it, and as long as she can write checks they have to honor them. They have no conception of the banking system and no consideration for its rules."

"If women were given a share in the government wouldn't they learn to take an active interest in public affairs?"

"No," was the prompt reply. "If women were given the ballot they would vote to please their husbands. They would always be wives first and citizens afterward."

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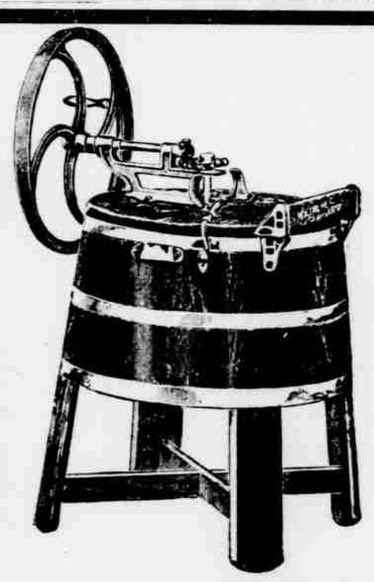

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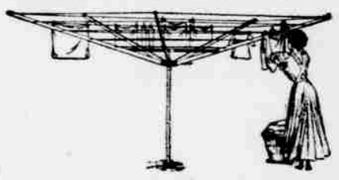

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