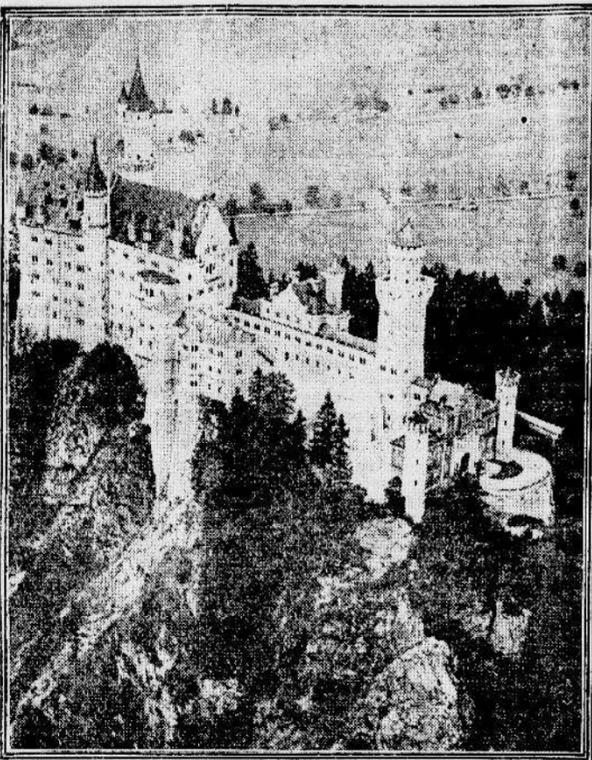


WISE REGENT FOR A MAD KING



CASTLE OF NEUSCHWANSTEIN

THE oldest ruler in Europe has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. And he is no doddering, slipped pantaloons, but a vigorous man who loves nothing better than to hunt barelegged in the forests and to swim in cold lakes. The prince regent of Bavaria is this grand old man.

Prince Luitpold has been regent of Bavaria for 25 years because two successive kings have been mad. Otto, the present nominal ruler, was insane when he came to the throne on the death of his brother in 1886. Should he die, Prince Luitpold, his uncle and next of kin, would inherit the throne. But Otto is only sixty-two years old and at latest reports was in the best of physical condition, so in the nature of things he should outlive his monarchical uncle.

After the regent the next heir to the throne is the latter's eldest son, Prince Louis, sixty-six years old; after him comes the latter's son, Prince Rupert, forty-two years old, and fourth in the line of succession is Rupert's ten-year-old son Luitpold, a handsome, jolly-looking little lad.

This Bavaria has the unusual distinction of having four heirs-presumptive to the throne in direct line of succession.

King Otto, who resides usually in the wonderful castle of Neuschwanstein which his mad brother built on a crag of the Bavarian Alps, spends his time smoking cigarettes, talking to the wall-paper, shooting at peasants from his windows with rifles that are carefully loaded by his attendants with harmless bullets. His beard is long, and they say that he is filthy in his habits, which is no uncommon thing with maniacs.

Prince Luitpold's life has been one of the most extraordinary in modern history, not only for its length but for the strange romance and tragedy with which it has been filled.

The son of a king, the brother of two kings and the uncle of two kings, he has never been a king himself, and yet he has ruled Bavaria for a quarter of a century. He might have been a king had he so desired at any time in the last twenty years, for the parliament of his land has over and over again besought him to assume the name that goes with the duties he has performed so long, and the German and Austrian emperors have repeatedly urged the step upon him. But so conscientious is he that he has always refused; and he has also refused in all this time to take for himself a penny of the taxpayers' money.

Again, he may almost be said to have made an emperor, for it was he who handed the imperial crown to William I. of Prussia at Versailles in 1870, and without him Bismarck's schemes to create the German empire must have come to naught.

Prince Luitpold is a stockily built man of medium height, with a full white beard and mustache that still shows streaks of auburn, the rosy complexion that comes of exposure to wind and weather, and clear blue eyes behind large spectacles under bushy brows. His head is still crowned with rather bristly hair that has grown a bit thin on top, but that falls straight over a bull neck behind. His nose turns up slightly, his nostrils are wide and generous and it is big at the tip.

Unlike the German emperor, who respects him almost like a father, Prince Luitpold rarely dons a military uniform. He goes about in tweeds or the frock coat of a civilian and wears his many orders only on state occasions. He is happiest in the short kilts of the Bavarian peasantry, with a soft hat ornamented by a pheasant's or cock's feather, with thick stockings ending below his knees. In this costume he tramps the

mountains and forests for days at a time, hunting wild boars, stags and chamois or shooting feathered game.

A devout Roman Catholic himself, he is not only tolerant of the religious views of others, but lends a kindly hand to the pastors of all churches.

It is difficult to realize what it means to be as old as the prince regent. When he was born Monroe was president of the United States, Adams, Jefferson and Madison were still living.

Luitpold's father was Louis I., king of Bavaria, who was forced to abdicate because of his infatuation for Lola Montez, the notorious adventuress and beauty. At that time Luitpold was thirty years old. He was the youngest of three brothers. The oldest, Maximilian, succeeded to the throne of Bavaria; the second, Otto, became king of Greece, only to be driven from the throne by a military conspiracy. On the death of King Maximilian in 1864 his eldest son, Louis, inherited the throne at the age of nineteen.

King Louis II. was a most extraordinary man, and there can be little doubt that he really was insane many years before he was forced to abdicate because of his crazy actions. He lived more in a dream world than in a real. The only man he gave any sign of loving was Richard Wagner. For his family he had no regard. His childhood was passed in castles on the walls of which were painted scenes from Bavarian legend.

By 1876 his younger brother, Otto, had gone hopelessly insane and been put away in a private retreat. It is said that the old Kaiser William I. was the first to discover Otto's insanity when the young man ordered the regiment he was commanding in 1870 to charge a stone wall.

In 1886 the king shut himself up in his mountain castle, refusing to see his ministers or even his servants. A family council sent specialists to examine Louis and on their report decided that he must be deposed and placed under restraint. He was compelled to abdicate on June 10, 1886, and three days later his body and that of Doctor von Gudden, his attendant, were found in Lake Starnberg. It is probable that Louis, chafing under restraint, tried to escape by swimming and was drowned.

Otto, also mad, succeeded him under the regency of his uncle, Luitpold. Throughout the insanity of these two kings their very sane old uncle, Luitpold, has been governing their kingdom for them. He reorganized the army and made it splendidly efficient. He has gradually been paying off the almost fabulously large debts left by Louis I., living in the meantime on his own private income. When he first became regent he was the worst hated man in Bavaria, for the people loved their handsome, eccentric King Louis; they would not believe he was insane; they believed that Luitpold had had him deposed and shut up in his castle out of personal ambition. But they very soon learned the contrary. Every time the Bavarian parliament has wanted to depose the crazy king and enable Prince Luitpold to reign in name as well as in fact, he has firmly opposed the plan, saying the Bavarian constitution would not permit it.

And so he has lived and grown old, unselfishly working for others, with no recompense whatever for his services save only the deep love of his people and the profound respect of the rulers of other lands.

In an Awful Hole.

"They say that actors are very superstitious."

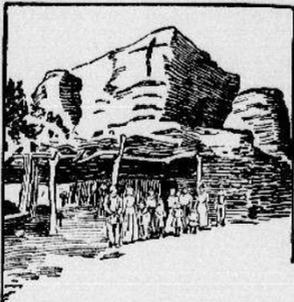
"Yes; I know several stars who consider it unlucky to play to an audience of 13 people."

MORMON HOME IN A CLIFF

Unique Dwelling Place of Family of Mormons in the State of Nevada.

Reno, Nevada.—The state of Utah does not, by any means, contain all of the people who are known as Mormons. As time has flown, since the far-away days when Brigham Young first established the church at Salt Lake City, the Mormons have become more or less scattered. Especially is this the case in the Pacific coast states. Outside of Utah, perhaps Idaho contains more of the Latter Day Saints than any of the extreme western states.

Nevada comes next to Idaho in regard to the numbers of Mormon settlers.



Mormon Patriarch and Wives.

Idaho, and Arizona is, perhaps, the third state in line.

There are several colonies of these people located in the extreme southern part of Nevada. The accompanying illustration shows a Mormon family that is living here. On the extreme left of the group may be seen the patriarchal head of the family; then comes the three wives sandwiched between off-spring. The two younger looking men are older sons.

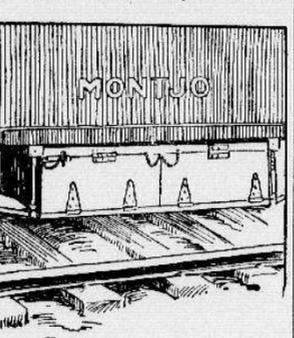
These people live in a very rude and primitive looking abode—in fact, a sort of rock-cave dwelling in front of which stands a large brush shed supported by stout wooden posts. Yet, with all these rude and semi-squalid environments, this family seems contented and happy with their humble and lowly lot in life.

UNDER A PULLMAN 29 HOURS

Carl Ruhno, Who Started on 50-Mile Journey, Locked in Storage Box by Inspector.

Kansas City.—When the Golden State Limited to Chicago pulled into the Union depot recently, "Hal" Cooper, the Rock Island pilot, heard a knocking proceeding from one of the storage boxes underneath a Pullman car. He opened the box and was astonished to see the body of a boy huddled up inside, with a broken water bottle beside him.

The boy, who appeared to about 14 years old, told the pilot that he had climbed into the box at El Paso, Tex., and had intended to remain there for a ride of about fifty miles. At the next stop, however, a train inspector shot the bolts, fastening the lid of the box, and the boy remained a prisoner twenty-nine hours, the time the Golden State Limited takes to travel the 238 miles from El Paso to Kansas City. He had a bottle of water, but no food. The box in which he rode was about six feet square and eighteen inches deep.



Storage Box Where Boy Rode.

"My name is Carl Ruhno," said the boy, after a meal on Union avenue. "I worked in El Paso in the iron works. When I got paid off I determined to get work on a ranch. I thought I could 'bum' my way, so I crawled in that box. I was compelled to lie in the same position all the time, but I slept part of the time."

HER FLAT DAYS ARE ENDED

Hetty Green to Move From Hoboken to New York Hotel in May—To Reside With Son.

New York.—More high life for Hetty Green. The little flat in Hoboken was closed on May 1, and Mrs. Green, it is understood, will reside with her son, Col. Edward H. Green, at the Waldorf.

No one will undertake to say how long Mrs. Green will remain at the Waldorf. For there were predictions when she moved into the Plaza a little over a year ago that she had thrown economy to the winds. She had done nothing of the kind. High life palled on her and she went back.

But Colonel Green is a hearty man, who can't be held under a bushel nor in a Hoboken flat, and he insisted on seeing some of the good things of life. Already Mrs. Green has spent several days at the Waldorf with her son and she seemed to like the life there.

ITALY'S HISTORIC CROWN.

The historic iron crown of Italy has played a romantic role in the history of the peninsula, declares a writer in Harper's Weekly. It was made in the year 694 by the command, it is said, of Theodolinda, the widow of a Lombard king, on the occasion of her marriage to a Duke of Turin.

The crown is of iron overlaid with gilt. Its significance was supposed to lie in the fact that the weight of royalty could never be lightened by its splendid exterior.

For a long time the crown was in the keeping of the famous monastery at Monza. In 774 it was brought forth to be placed upon the head of Charlemagne as "King of the Lombards," and on later occasions it figured in the triumphs of Frederic IV. and Charles V. Finally, in the presence of all the representatives of state, the foreign envoys and princes and officers, Napoleon Bonaparte solemnly united it to the crown of France.

The crown belongs to the state, and the custodian of it is the legitimate representative of the basilica of Monza. The title of "grand custodian," however, pertains to the head of the Order of Cavaliers.

ADVISED TO SIGN THE PLEDGE.



During the excessively hot weather in Montana, a farmer's daughter carried a jug of cool, spring water to the field for the use of a farm hand who was plowing in a small valley. She placed it under a clump of bushes and returned to the house. When the hired man, who had spent several hours in the village the night before, in a drinking bout with some friends, approached the jug of water, he discovered a large black snake coiled around it. As he stooped down to take a drink the snake made no attempt to crawl away, but set up a vigorous hissing. The hired man broke for the house for help, and when he returned the snake was gone. His theory is that the snake coiled itself around the jug in order to cool off, but in spite of his vigorous assertions, he has not been able to convince the family that he saw a real snake.

RIDDLE OF A SMILE.

How far the picture (the stolen "Gioconda") is a likeness and how far it represents the painter's conception of womanly beauty is a question which must necessarily remain unanswered. Its wonderful spell all who have gazed upon it must acknowledge. What the mystery of the smile is the secret of him who cast it. Vasari tells us that the lady was exceedingly beautiful, and that while Leonardo was painting her he had someone always by her to sing or to play or to amuse her, so that her portrait might not be melancholy, as were those of too many other painters. The smile which has bewitched generations is on her lips, but who shall say that it is free from melancholy? Artists and critics and poets have read endless meanings into that wonderful face since it took form upon the canvas, four hundred years ago, but none can say with assurance that he has solved the riddle. None can solve it until he understands and assimilates perhaps the most profound, and it was the most comprehensive and the most subtle, intellect of the Italian Renaissance.

SQUIRREL-PIE STORY.



A story comes from one of the eastern states to the effect that about 100 squirrels raided a baker's wagon while driving along a country road, and before they were driven off, a number were killed, and all the bread, cake and pies were spoiled. The door of the wagon swung open and the squirrels swarmed into it. The driver was badly scratched upon his head, face and hands, and after the battle was over, dozens of the animals were discovered in the trees near by, calmly munching chunks of bread, pies and cake.

REMARKABLE TREE.

There grows on Vashon island, in Puget sound, one of the most remarkable trees in the world. Inside of it twenty adult persons have found room to gather at one time, and, comfortably seated, eating their luncheon, which they spread around the wonderful living spring that bubbles up continually in the center. Probably there is no other such growth in nature. This "spring tree" is the Mecca for the summer school Chautauquans of the local organization. The timber of that section is generally large and fine.

The circle inside, on the ground, is eighteen feet in diameter, and the tree is hollow, having been burned off at the top, the bark scorched and the heart gutted by a forest fire of many years ago. This condition leaves what is really a trunk or stump standing about twenty feet high and open at the top, thus making the chamber very light. One can see clear through the tree, by reason of the holes burnt through by the fire.

RECENT PRANKS OF LIGHTNING



EXAMPLES OF LIGHTNING'S WORK

THE summer of 1911 will go down in history as one of the most remarkable in respect to freakish electrical displays and the havoc wrought by them.

Winged death of the angry skies is more terrible now than it was to the primeval cave dweller. He flourished centuries before the metal age, eons before the time of harnessed electricity. Neither his clothing nor his utensils offered an attractive mark. Put a severe electrical storm in this age of universal conduction spells unlimited possibility of horrors. The lightning bolt is identical with the force that drives the street cars, that transmits telegraph messages, that works the telephone, that supplies light and power.

The lawless flash has an avenue over every open wire. It can deal death by applying the spark to manufactured explosives. It cavorts and prances with fiendish delight over and through the myriad shapes of metal within its field—metal of universal necessity in our dress, our house construction, our sports, our amusements and our business. Moreover, it travels for greater distance to gey. Fifteen miles from the center of a storm the bolt has stricken a lineman mending a wire. It seeks the bowels of the earth, and, as in a recent wonderful disaster, not even the miners burrowing far below the ground are safe.

The type of lightning flash shown above is one which extends horizontally for a considerable distance. A correspondent writing to Nature concerning a curious multiple-flash photograph which he had obtained mentioned that he did not leave the camera shutter open as is usually the case, but snapped it when he observed a slight movement of the storm clouds from which the flashes were proceeding. The impression his letter conveys is of a slight twittering movement in the cloud.

Scalping a Houseful of People.

In Monticello, N. Y., Charles Garet-sky runs a summer boarding house, crowded during the hot spell. He had sixty guests the morning of July 26, when the electrical visitor came down through the roof and, neglecting to register, entered without ceremony every room of the house. Singeing the hair costs 15 to 25 cents in the average barber shop. Without a money charge, but with a very decided electrical one, the bolt singed the hair and scorched the scalps of twenty-two men and women guests. It did them no other damage. Coquetishly, it woke a young woman out of her sleep by tearing a hole in the wall beside her pillow. It didn't touch the beds, which were possibly of the feather sort dear to our grandmothers, and the late sleepers, as distinguished from the early birds who had already got up and were moving around, escaped bodily injury.

Lightning altered still more remarkably the domestic arrangements of a family in Columbus, Ind., when it gave back to Mrs. Jonathan Drake her voice. Two years before she had lost her speech as the result of paralysis of the vocal cords. But when, on July 20, the lightning flashed and the heavens roared, Mrs. Drake simply just had to scream. It was a good, healthy scream, too, and the manner of it surprised the good lady even more than it did her gaping mouthed friends and neighbors. Having relearned vocal utterance, Mrs. Drake has kept right on talking. Sign language has been forgotten, chalk and blackboard have been sent to the attic, and, given her choice of two signal devices, Mrs. Drake probably shares the opinion of universal woman-kind that they would rather talk than eat.

Golfers as a Target.

The golfer out on the links with his midiron, putter and brassie offers a true mark for the wandering bolt. The lamentable death of Tristram Burges Johnson, the former New York alderman, occurred on the Chevy Chase links, near Washington, in this wise: As is well known, these are the links that the president uses, and it was rather a matter of luck than otherwise that Mr. Taft did not play

that day. An extraordinary feature of the Johnson killing was that the bolt came without warning. The heavens were clouded, but there was no storm, and, like most golfers, the unfortunate player was not daunted by the gloom of a muggy day.

Most wonderful, however, of all lightning pranks hereabouts was the recent attack on miners working 2,533 feet underground in the passageways of the Hudson river aqueduct tunnel. If the miner isn't immune, what human creature is? The reader will be surprised to learn that lightning casualties in mines, though not frequent, are not uncommon. The intake of air from the surface above sometimes acts as a ready conductor, or the current descends the metal cable by means of which the elevator cage is operated. The horror of the possible stroke is increased tenfold by the danger of its touching off the explosives that are used in blasting.

Down shaft No. 6 of the great aqueduct, near Cornwall-on-Hudson, on July 1, plunged the bolt, first following the elevator cable, then ripping its way through a steel car at the bottom and dividing into two currents, each of which came rolling and hissing down the railway tracks of the east and west tunnels, respectively.

David Emery and Thomas Brown stood at the head of the west tunnel engaged in blasting. Brown had his back to the shaft and was in the act of dropping a stick of dynamite into a hole. The bolt passed him with a slight "shock," made a connection through his feet with a fuse wire in his hand and exploded the stick of dynamite. A vast mass of rock was turned up by the impromptu blast and both men were hurled great distances, sustaining terrible injuries. The marvel of it all was that they weren't instantly killed by this extraordinary coming together of unchained lightning and high power explosive.

Pranks and Tragedies.

Of pranks and tragedies along electric wires and to power houses, trolley cars and linemen a volume could be written.

Lightning pays attentions to mankind in a more delicate fashion than this. It has playfully snatched a whip from a rider's hands, made off with the knitting needles of two gossiping women who were sitting knitting, and, seizing the pitchfork from the shoulder of a farm laborer, carried it off fifty yards or thereabouts and twisted the tines into a corkscrew. It has torn the music from the hands of a singing youth and destroyed it, and has lighted a candle and a gas jet. It has caught up the scissors from the hand of a girl seated at a sewing machine and whisked them off, while it lifted her bodily upon the machine, where she found herself when she recovered from her experience. It has melting earrings without killing the wearer.

Lightning performs queer pranks in its journeying toward the earth. The gilding of picture frames is often carefully removed by the lightning to a distance, and applied to objects never intended to receive this style of decoration. It is reported that the gilding of an altar ornament in a French church was removed and placed on a silver vase. On another occasion lightning came down the chimney of a house in which a dance was being held. It entered the room where the dancers were blotting out fear of the storm outside and deposited upon them all a coat of the soot it had brought down the chimney. It did no other harm.

The English cottage pictured above affords a good example of the explosion which follows when lightning penetrates closed rooms. The downward flash entered through the chimney and roof and then the explosion blew out the glass of the windows and the center woodwork of the door. The sturdy oak was blown asunder by the explosion caused by the flash igniting the gases which its own intense heat engendered when passing through the tree. The tree was a strong British oak, three feet in diameter, yet was rent completely asunder.