

Dual Empire Of Austria-Hungary Threatened With Dissolution By War and Internal Strife

By Rene Bache

Great Portion of the Population Is Slav and Nurse an Ancient Hatred for the Germans; Even in Time of Peace There Is a Constant Struggle Between Factions; It Is Composed of Discordant Factions of Many Nations.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 19.—If Austria-Hungary were to try to piece politically early in the present conflict, there would be no cause for surprise, in view of the fact that the dual empire is made up of so many heterogeneous elements, and that more than one-third of its total population is Slav, and therefore in ardent sympathy with Serbia and Russia.

Women Pretty; Men Brains. The women are famous for their lovely complexion and fine figures, and the men are said by anthropologists to possess larger brains than those of any other race. Incidentally it may be mentioned that it was the Czechs who invented the dance called the polka.

Home of the Quakers. The Austrian Tyrol is a sort of peculiar extension of the empire on the west adjoining Switzerland. It is inhabited by the same hardy race of mountaineers. The people of the Zillertal are famous for their skill as slayers and either players, and in the winter time many of the villages are occupied only by women, children and old men, the younger folk of both sexes being on their travels all over Europe as itinerant musicians.

When the Roman empire fell to pieces, the plains of Hungary became an arena of conflict for the peoples of central Europe. During the fifth century the Goths established themselves there, until driven out by the Vandals. Then, led by the ferocious Attila, came the Huns, who passed over the country like a flame, destroying everything in their path.

plain flows the mighty Danube, the vast flat region to the north of which is of such fertility as to be called the Garden of God. Such is Hungary, the home of the Magyars—though the Magyars themselves in Hungary are outnumbered by the Slavs. These kinsfolk of the Finns are passionately fond of dancing, and, while exceedingly brave, are equally remarkable for their vanity.

Croats Are Patriotic. The Croats, who are ardently patriotic and much advanced in most of the essentials of civilization, hate the Magyars with much cordiality, and yield to them a surly and unwilling obedience. At their reading clubs, which are institutions of every town and even of every village, they sing: "To Arms for Our People." They speak the Serbian language, as do also the Slavs who compose most of the population of the provinces of Slavonia on the east. Both Croats and Slavonians are very pure Slav—tall, strong, brave and warlike, of noble presence, honest and kindly.

palace of the Roman emperor Diocletian. The huge size of the royal dwelling may be judged from the fact that what remains of it affords accommodation for 1000 people, besides shops and market places. Adjoining it is an ancient temple of Jupiter, which has been converted into a cathedral.

Among the least civilized people of Europe are the Morlaks of Dalmatia, who are a mixture of Albanians and Slavs. They are a fine race physically, strong and tall, but much addicted to crimes of violence and exceedingly lawless. They delight in beautiful garments, and on festive occasions they wear head-dresses covered with gold and silver coins. Although accustomed to defy in their daily lives all sanitary laws, they are said to live to a greater age than any other people in Austria.

The Germans, who compose about one-third of the whole people of the dual empire, dislike the Magyars, and the latter cordially return the compliment. The Slavs hate both Magyars and Germans; and, inasmuch as they have long sought eagerly for an opportunity to get from under the yoke, there is every reason to suppose that they will take advantage of the chance which now offers itself.

There are undoubtedly a large number of ship owners who would welcome letters of marque and reprisal and would forthwith fit out swift cruisers to search the sea for goods with German or Austrian tags attached. Trouble with the United States and other neutral nations is anticipated in some quarters if the right to capture an enemy's goods under neutral flags is energetically asserted.

Smith's Career Romantic

Becomes the Slave of Beautiful Turkish Woman and Is Saved from Death by Indian Princess.

By Matison G. Peters

JOHN SMITH, perhaps the last great feudal knight errant, while the sworn champion and ardent admirer of all women, was the lover of none. He was the elder son of George Smith, a well-to-do tenant farmer on the estate of lord Willoughby d'Ureby, at Willoughby near Ailford in Lincolnshire, and was born in 1548.

At an early age he showed an adventurous spirit, and soon spending the little patrimony he possessed, he traveled as a soldier of fortune, fighting first under one flag then another until in 1607, he was taken prisoner at the battle of Fort Mifflin, in Transylvania. He was left on the field with the dead and wounded, but his rich dress saved him. He was worth a ransom.

When his wounds were healed he was sold as a slave to Bahaw Bogal, who presented him to a woman of Constantinople, as a nobleman of Bohemia. The woman, Charata Tragnabiganda, immediately fell in love with her captive and finding that he could converse in Italian, invented many excuses for having him brought into her presence. He related her with stories of his adventures, which to a woman of the orient, particularly in that age, was like a glimpse of another world and she spent many happy hours together.

A Poetess of the Dance

How a Young Girl Transforms Into the Beauty of Motion the Simple Facts of Life.

Miss Hamilton interpreting "The Spirit of the Wheat."



BY ANN LISLE.

"IT is easy to make poetry about roses, but like to take a neglected little weed and see if I can't make it into a song."

Isn't that a beautiful philosophy of life! It is the idea of a girl who is just 16 years and five months old! Pretty Dorothy Hamilton is a mischievous, happy, fun-loving, affectionate child—but she has the soul of a poet and she uses her whole healthy young body to express her spirit. She dances with grace and charm to little poetical stories that she herself writes and she talks about her work with a sincerity and a wholesome joy in what she is doing that makes you like hearing about her dancing almost as well as seeing it.

And her work is so beautiful that next year she is to dance at Chautauque. She will be the first dancer to appear before this conference, and it is left to this mere child to win such dignified recognition for the art of dancing.

This is how the story of a New York girl in moderate circumstances and with no one to help or teach her has evolved a style of dancing all her own and has inspired herself with the simplest to the most complicated.

Her great blue eyes sparkle almost as much as her golden curls as she leans forward and talks in a sweet voice that betrays her simple body express poetry: "How did I come to dance? Mother says I danced a bit when I kicked in the cradle! And I can't remember when I was not longing to dance."

"I saw Genee when I was eight and promptly went home and wrote her a postal card. In the romance the great artist always answers and she encourages you. I don't suppose my impudent little postal ever got to Genee. Anyway the answer never got to me. This is what I wrote: "Dear Girl—I want to be like you when I get big. I am four eight year old friend, Dorothy Hamilton."

England May Resort to Privateering But Fears United States Objection

LONDON, Eng., Sept. 19.—Lively agitation has been started here for the resumption of privateering and the searching of neutral ships for contraband. It is freely asserted that Germany has broken the "Declaration of London" provisions by fitting out merchant vessels as commerce destroyers and from this it is argued that Great Britain should pursue similar methods.

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He never again saw Charata, but several years later he named a cape on the coast of Virginia after her, showing that she had never been forgotten. The name, however, proved too difficult for unaccustomed ears, and was changed to Anne.

It was while he was here that he had the adventure which has immortalized his name. One day while out hunting with companions, he was captured by the brother of chief Powhattan, who brought him and his friends to the chief. He was feasted by the Indians, who then held a conference which did not end favorably for Smith, as he was dragged to a large stone upon which they placed a heavy log to weigh down to brain him, when Powhattan's young daughter, Pocahontas, ran forward and laid her head upon his. She pleaded with her father to spare the Englishman's life. The mighty chief acceded to his daughter's request and Smith was allowed after some days to return to Jamestown. This story is thought by some to be legendary, but most historians concede the truthfulness of it.

Pocahontas grew to womanhood, believing John Smith to be dead, she married an Englishman, Capt. John Rolfe, whose her descendants are some of the first families of Virginia, including the Randolphs and the Harrisons, the last named family having given two presidents to the United States.

Capt. Smith endured many hardships and did much for the struggling native South in the pursuit of writing. His "True Relation of Virginia" was the first book in American literature. He died in 1631.

Hats Large and Hats Small

(REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH HARPER'S BAZAR.) There Will Be No Medium Sizes on the List of Fashion, Declares a Leading Authority.



From the September Number of Harper's Bazar

1. The small hats fit snugly, as does this plaited silk toque from a noted designer.

2. One of many odd shapes in felt-de-signe velvet. In the roll of the brim there is the suggestion of the cavalier, the feather adding another jaunty touch.

3. The satin hat bids fair to carry everything before it. In this toque the brim is achieved not only by the loops of ribbon, but by the flare of the brim.

4. An outline of monkey skin appears on some of the hats and is particularly effective when combined with black velvet "crème en soie" is poised on right brim.

5. Iridescent quills lend a chic and appropriate trim to the front-hat of hat of plush in a soft brown tone and in the "vraie canotier" shape.

Miss Dorothy Hamilton



mother up to show it to her, and when she said she liked my little story dance of the spirit of the grain crossing the barren fields and making them bloom with her blessing to men, I immediately wanted to make up one for her. And she was so proud as I was when I had two dances all dreamed up!

"Shall I tell you some of the names of my dances? Besides my first two there are the 'Tale of the Seafoam,' 'The Echo Dance,' 'The Autumn Leaves,' 'Pan's Reeds' and 'Christmas Joy.' They are all just what they sound—the simple things we children all see and love, and the things grownups must keep liking, too. I have only one sad dance—'The Violinist in the Woods.'"

"My favorite dance is the 'Milkweed Sprite.' It tells how the queen of the fairies bantches one of her maids because she took the poor little innocent creature stole her only this to console her. She may take the form of anything she wishes to be. And the early pink milkweed blossoms, flitting over a post in a barbed wire fence and making the roadside lovely, seem the most beautiful things on earth to her. So she takes that form, and all the neighbor flowers wonder why the little pink 'weed' seems so sweet and kind and lovely."

"The fairy milkweed is happy, but she longs for her wings. One day the gardener of Fairyland is cleaning an old fountain and he finds the queen's bracelet where she had dropped it when she was admiring herself.

"So the queen sends for her barbed fairy and tells her she may come back to Fairyland. But the little fairy knows earth needs her and Fairyland can get on without her. So she begs to stay and asks only for her wings.

The dancer as "The Milkweed Sprite."

And because she is given her wings the milkweed always floats up in a foamy cloud of white as the season grows late. "That is the little dream story I like best to dance."