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SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1903.

THE PUBLIC BATHS.

The derisive advice of the small boy, "go jump into the river," will be acted upon today, and for many days to come by many of his fellows. For upon this day Dr. Ohage's public baths will be thrown open to the public—and that without regard to wind or weather.

The good doctor is being pressed hard by the elements, but the weather man has vouchsafed the information that it will be fairly warm. What is more to the point, is the fact that we are led to look for rather warmer weather in this section at about this time of year. It looks a bit like flying in the face of fate to announce the opening of the bathing season on the Mississippi three days after the last fall of snow about the head waters of that river, but we live in a fast age and this is a pretty fast county. Hence we may hope that the water will be warm enough to permit the little sniveling boy, who has been impudently healthy all winter and spring under a coating of dirt, to defy pneumonia and take to the water.

The opening of the baths on Harriet island is fraught with more importance to the people of St. Paul than is apparent in the mere announcement that it will be permitted the people to bathe in the Mississippi. The environment of the public bath affords to the people of the city a delightful proffer of pleasurable repose. The surroundings of the baths, the little wooded isle set on the bosom of the Father of Waters, with its pleasant shade, it's well kept walks, it's location, practically in the heart of the city, makes it at once a charming resort and easy of access.

The people will take advantage of the opportunity offered to enjoy themselves on Harriet island. It is a model place for picnics, and as for the baths—well bathing is not compulsory and in any event there are not many people to whom a bath would be necessarily fatal. The formal opening at Harriet island is one of the pleasant events of the early summer in St. Paul.

If there be truth in the pictures printed purporting to represent the royal palace at Belgrade, it was hardly necessary for the revolutionists to follow King Alexander and his queen to the roof to kill them. They must have fallen off anyway unless they had the sticking capacity of flies.

THE PASSING OF OLD AGE.

The dearth of babies is agitating President Roosevelt, but the passing of old age should be a matter of even graver concern, for it is affecting the dignity of society. The cry of the baby is still heard in the land, but the grandmother's chair and the grandfather's chair beside the hearth are empty. There's the case of the giddy Mrs. Maxfield, of Oregon. This lady, who is on the sunny side of fifty, recently lost her heart to a widower sixty years young. The widower reciprocated until the widow's young and pretty daughter appeared on the scene and then, with the proverbial fickleness of widowers, he promptly transferred his affections and eloped with the daughter. The widow went after the faithless widower with a gun and a public scandal has resulted.

All of which proves that there is not so much need for making motherhood and fatherhood popular just now as there is for making grandfatherhood and grandmotherhood popular. Women who should be spoiling their grandchildren are "cutting out" their daughters. Men who should be advising their grandsons are busy sowing a fresh crop of wild oats. Not only is December mating with May, but January is pairing off with January, and both are acting in a fashion that puts May to shame.

And for it all surely the beauty doctor and the beauty column are to blame. "At sixty a woman is young and quite capable of making conquests," says the former glibly. And the woman who have been accustomed to qualify in the grandmother class, toss aside caps and spectacles and take to eye glasses and to bicycles. A little while and it will be impossible to obtain even a chaperon, for no self-respecting woman will consent to pose as one. As a matter of fact, the modern well-preserved young creature of sixty, is not half so attractive as the white-haired, sweet-faced grandmother of earlier times, but the beauty doctor has put her hopelessly out of fashion. For Mrs. Maxfield's folly and for the passing of old age, generally, fashion and the beauty doctor must surely be blamed.

A New York judge recently ruled that the fact that a man of ninety had fallen in love was no proof of his insanity. He said nothing, however, about the lady of thirty who reciprocated the nonogenarian's affection.

PAYING TAX ON WEIGHT.

Sweden, a country given to experiment in the matter of government, proposes to tax individuals according to their size, the theory being that the man of large proportions is able to pay for the space he occupies. It will be worth while to watch the outcome of the experiment—and it is also worthy the attention of the speculative philosopher to note the possibilities of it.

The proposition in Sweden is to make the 125-pound man the standard of weight. He who weighs 124½ pounds gets under the wire and pays nothing, he who weighs above the limit is taxed in proportion to the size of him—on displacement, as it were.

The condition would be joyous for the little man who has been laughed to scorn by individuals who have mistaken weight for avoirdupois for real weight. Imagine the consequence of the adoption of the system in this country! Grover Cleveland would have to pay a tax of something like $4.50 on the hoof, while John D. Rockefeller would get in under the limit and the state would owe Hetty Green something. Or to bring it home, we would be treated to the sight of a tax collector selling Albert Berg for what he would bring on account of a default in the weight tax, while Moritz Heim would load up on statistics and bring suit against the commonwealth. Dr. Ohage would be assessed about $2 a year—unless he went into training and took his own baths every day, while Judge Brill would be compelled to admit that he could not find a means for getting enough additional flesh on his frame to make him eligible to taxation. Mayor Taylor, of Mankato, would be bankrupted under the law and County Attorney Kane would be able to settle for about 35 cents a year.

The adoption of the system in this country must inevitably [illegible] If the impost were on brains it might be different. Then the big man with the weight of his personality concealed under his waistcoat and a dent where his intellect should be would be assessed at his true value, while the little man with the bulging brow and flat chest would get an even run for his money. The trouble with weight tax would be found in the fact that we do not all carry weight for wisdom, nor is the fact that a man notes the changes in his weight by seating himself in a stamp scale, evidence that he is a Napoleon.

One of the things that will make for the new king of Servia's unpopularity is his name. Life is too short to say, "Long Live Kara Georgevitch" very frequently.

THE PITTANCE OF MR. MOORE.

Because Harry G. Moore cannot exist on an income of $12,000, he is making a strong endeavor to avoid paying his wife alimony. "I'm about as poor a man as there is in the country," said Mr. Moore, who appeared in court the other day to plead his case. Of course, this is an exaggeration, but, after all, poor and rich are relative terms, and, undoubtedly, as Mr. Moore looked at it, he appeared very poor, indeed.

There are a number of people who fancy they could manage to worry along on an income of $12,000 a year, but doubtless it would be a real worry in their case as it has been a worry in the case of Mr. Moore. The old French phrase, "noblesse oblige," has a variety of meanings, but its most modern interpretation seems to be that if you have an income of $12,000 a year, you must emulate those who enjoy one of $25,000. One form of American progress is always to aspire to the set immediately above. And Mr. Moore seems not to be behind his countrymen in the matter of aspirations. He is frank enough to cite his expenses. There's the monthly rent of his flat, a very modest one, he asserts, at $65.50 a month. Then for carriages and cabs, there is $200 more demanded every month. To this must be added $100 for household expenses and a proportionately large sum for incidentals.

Did Mr. Moore look down, socially, rather than up, he would be something of a nabob. Were he content to associate with the $10,000-a-year people, he would pay his debts and enjoy life with an easy conscience. But Mr. Moore prefers to serve in the higher place rather than reign in the lower—and it takes all of $12,000 a year.

In older countries, wealth is not a standard as it is over here. We are the Veneerings among nations. We value our brand new things because we know their cost. But we are not to be sneered at for this. Generally our brand new things have been purchased with clean money. The European standard of birth by which a man is judged is no more admirable than our own standard of wealth. Neither, of course, is an ideal standard. Worth alone is that and when a nation learns to judge its men and women by that alone she can safely say she has outstripped other nations in real progress.

If Minneapolis has paid out $2,000,000 in rebates it is about time that the Elkins law was made to apply to the first town north of the head of navigation.

THE DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

It has become the fashion during the past few years to make the summers strenuous. Teachers are advised to attend summer schools, where they exhaust what mental energy and physical strength remains with them after their winter's work in research and review. The strong-minded ones—and these, like the poor, we have always with us—plan a course of reading that makes those disposed to idleness ashamed of their own unworthy disposition to shirk the serious things of life merely because the sun's rays are hot.

Lecture bureaus arrange with those same strong-minded ones to furnish lectures on subjects that are the reverse of frivolous, and suggest a list of reference books, the mere sight of which induces perspiration.

That adjective, "strenuous," has been falling more and more into disrepute, but probably nothing has added so much to its present unpopularity as this endeavor to prefix it to summer. When June comes, school's over, not only the "pretend" school, where little boys and girls go to learn a few lessons out of a few books, but the real school, where the real lessons of life are learned out of the book of the world, as well. And it's just as unfair to keep the real pupils after school to say their lessons over as it is to keep the little make believe pupils. Moreover, no good comes from it. For just as the little make believe pupils keep their eyes wishfully on the waving branches outside the school window, so the real pupils' thoughts dwell persistently on the songs of the birds, the gleam of the sun on white sails and the gurgle of the water.

Nearly everybody knows some "bank where the wild thyme blows," or recalls some spot where "the cowslip startles in meadows green and the buttercup catches the sun in its chalice." Let him search for these and forget for two months at least that there are problems to be solved and wrongs to be righted.

With 2,000 waiters out on strike in Chicago the truth of the scriptural saying that those who only wait also serve is demonstrated.

Yale students have discarded hats. Is this proof that what the college professor said about the conceit of college men is true?

Now that all the lemons have been squeezed into the fruit trust, nobody need expect to find a lemon seed in the circus lemonade.

EDITORIAL EXPRESSIONS.

Stout Coaches Save Lives.

That was an escape nothing short of miraculous of the passengers on the coast train of the Southern Pacific Saturday night. In the three cars that tumbled headlong over a fifty-foot embankment, there were seventy men, women and children, and so far there is not one death reported. * * * The most prominent fact in connection with the wreck appears to be the enormous strength of the cars themselves, their power of resistance and their ability to withstand crushing shocks. While the interiors were reduced to splinters—wood, metal and glass broken, twisted and ground to bits—the frames of the coaches resisted everything and remained practically intact.

What the results to life and limb would have been had the cars been of flimsier structure it is not hard to imagine. Since absolute or approximate safety cannot be promised to the traveling public it ought to be grateful for small favors. At least it is known now the cars in which it travels are of immense strength, and as it has been demonstrated, an exceedingly hazardous wreck may be attended with comparatively small risk.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Women Can Care for Themselves.

Talking about woman's rights—aren't they coming fast enough? Miss Floy Gilmore, an Indiana girl, graduate of the Michigan university, aged twenty-four, has just been appointed assistant attorney general of the Philippine islands, although admitted to the bar only two years ago. In New Jersey it takes two men, one of them a Michigan university law graduate and son of an ex-governor of New Jersey, to fill the place of one woman as legal counsel for the state aid society, Miss Mary Philbrook having retired. The fact is, the women are being taken care of, or are taking care of themselves, exceedingly well, and the prophecy is yet a failure, concerning the time when "seven women shall lay hold on one man and desire to be called after his name." They don't care a pin for his name. They are satisfied with his place.—Detroit Tribune.

Party Brand All That's Needed.

If, as our legal advisers at Washington hold, none of the Tyners can be prosecuted for cracking the safe in a public office of the government, then what is to hinder any great man whose party brand is on straight from cracking the vault of the public treasury?—Dallas (Tex.) News.

At St. Paul Theaters

The Ferris Stock company will give a popular price matinee performance of "My Friend From India" at the Metropolitan at 2:30 o'clock today, and the run of the piece will terminate with tonight's performance. Tomorrow night and all next week the company will be seen in an elaborate production of Sienkiewicz's fascinating story of the martyrdom of the early Christians in Rome, "Quo Vadis." Special scenery has been painted for this production, and the company has been enlarged and strengthened.

At the Hotels

Juan Lewels, a visitor at the Windsor from the land of glowing, senoritas and wealthy, aristocratic ranchero dons, told yesterday of many things concerning his country of which the average American is totally ignorant.

Senor Lewels home is in the province of Sonora, the wealthiest of all Mexico's states. In a delightfully soft voice, tinged with an accent at once naive and pleasant, he told of the manner in which mining interests are worked in that country. There no large corporations are to be found as here. Of course, he said, in a few instances where American capital has gained a very strong foothold, large companies and firms are to be found, but these are exceedingly rare.

To judge from the chat with Senor Lewels, Mexico is a very conservative country, peopled with a conservative race. They do not care to hurry. There is no strenuous race for great wealth—and the people are happier.

Senor Lewels will remain for several days longer at the Windsor and will then return to his native heath by way of the Pacific coast.

Those at the Windsor last night were: S. F. Smith, Crookston; R. F. James and wife, Fargo, N. D.; Charles Spindler, Manitowoc, Wis.; W. S. Williams, Glencoe, Minn.; Sidney Clark, Grand Forks, N. D.; A. J. Kowalowski, Winona, Minn.; C. P. Spaulding and wife, Minot, N. D.

At the Ryan—J. C. Thomas, Ironwood, Mich.; F. J. Hagen, Ironwood, Mich.; F. A. Wright and wife, Springfield, Minn.; W. A. Blodgett, Faribault, Minn.; J. J. Garland, Eagle Grove, Iowa; M. T. Dill, Prescott; F. D. Arlington, Prescott; F. S. Hammon, Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. W. Borehem, Tenerife, Canary Islands.

JURY THINKS ROBB IS IN ON THE DEAL

Allows Him Double Commission on Sale of Land to the Soo.

It took a jury just ten seconds less than one minute to find a verdict in favor of the plaintiff in the case brought by Clarence E. Robb against Henry Schmauss, an action brought by the plaintiff to recover the commission on a piece of real estate which he had been instrumental in having Schmauss purchase.

Robb is connected with the land department of the Soo road, and was supposed to be on the inside regarding the proposed purchase by the road of a considerable property in the city, much of which has already been purchased. He went to Schmauss, who conducts a saloon, and agreed to find a piece of property for him which would yield him a profit on the investment. In return for this, Schmauss was to divide his net profits with Robb. The Soo agent located two lots in Bohrers' addition, along the route of the supposed purchase by the Soo, and advised Schmauss to make the purchase, which the latter did in September, 1902, buying the two lots for the small sum of $330. The Soo commenced buying the property this spring and the prices went up, and during the month of February Schmauss sold his lots for $5,000 to the Soo company. He closed the deal, and after securing the cash, declined to pay Robb any of the profits. Robb sued for double the regular commission and was awarded a verdict for the full amount sued for, with interest, $352.

The case was tried before Judge Kelly and a jury, and was completed shortly before 5 o'clock. The jury went into the jury room, and hardly before the court had left the bench, reported that they had reached an agreement. The had been out less than one minute.

POLICEMAN IS HURT WHILE SPLITTING WOOD

Patrolman Kelly Steps on a Spike, Which Passes Through His Foot.

Patrolman William J. Kelly, detailed as driver of the Margaret street patrol wagon, is at his home, Cypress street and Hastings avenue, suffering from a serious injury to his right foot.

Wednesday evening he was breaking up an old plank to make a fire, and in doing so accidentally stepped upon a rusty spike in one of the pieces. The spike penetrated his shoe and passed through his foot. He was taken to his home and has since been under the care of Dr. Cavanaugh. No alarming symptoms have developed yet and it is expected that the wound will heal without complications.

TODAY'S WEATHER.

Minnesota—Fair Saturday; warmer in south portion; Sunday fair, cooler in north and west portions; variable winds.

Upper Michigan—Fair, warmer Saturday; Sunday fair; variable winds.

Wisconsin—Fair Saturday; warmer in central and west portions; Sunday fair, warmer in east portion; variable winds.

Iowa—Fair, warmer Saturday; Sunday fair.

North Dakota—Fair, cooler Saturday; Sunday fair.

South Dakota—Fair Saturday and Sunday.

Montana—Partly cloudy Saturday; probably showers in north central and west portions; cooler in east portions; Sunday showers.

St. Paul—Yesterday's temperatures, taken by the United States weather bureau, St. Paul, W. E. Oliver, observer, for the twenty-four hours ended at 7 o'clock last night—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation. Highest temperature, 69; lowest temperature, 45; average temperature, 57; daily range, 24; barometer, 30.20; humidity, 63; precipitation, .0; 7 p. m. temperature, 68; 7 p. m. wind, southwest; weather, partly cloudy.

Yesterday's Temperatures—

	*8pm	High		*8pm	High
Alpena	59	62	Marquette	56	58
Battleford	70	84	Milwaukee	60	62
Bismarck	80	84	Minnedosa	70	78
Buffalo	50	52	Montgomery	70	74
Boston	60	64	Montreal	66	66
Calgary	70	72	Nashville	58	62
Cheyenne	64	70	New Orleans	76	78
Chicago	54	54	New York	62	68
Cincinnati	56	58	Norfolk	64	74
Cleveland	54	56	North Platte	68	72
Davenport	66	68	Omaha	68	70
Detroit	58	60	Philadelphia	60	68
Duluth	68	70	Pittsburg	56	60
Edmonton	68	76	Qu'Appelle	70	76
Galveston	74	74	Frisco	54	60
Grand Haven	52	54	St. Louis	62	62
Green Bay	64	68	Salt Lake	74	78
Helena	68	80	Ste. Marie	52	58
Huron	74	76	Washington	60	70
Jacksonville	78	84	Winnipeg	74	84
Kansas City	66	66			

*Washington time (7 p. m. St. Paul).

River Bulletin—

	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change 24 Hrs.
St. Paul	14	6.8	—0.8
La Crosse	10	9.0	—0.4
Davenport	15	12.2	—0.4
St. Louis	30	37.6	—0.3

—Fall.

The Mississippi will fall slowly in the vicinity of St. Paul during the next thirty-six hours.

Grist of the Political Mill

The Seventh congressional district with its large and promising crop of candidates for Republican nomination to state office may also furnish the interesting spectacle of two Republican editors striving for the nomination that Secretary of State Peter E. Hanson prefers very much should be considered his own to have and to hold until 1907 at least.

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Editor Charles C. Whitney, of Marshall, has been touted as a candidate for secretary of state since early last year. It is not beyond belief that Whitney would consider the nomination a fitting recognition of his service as co-manager of the state machine and expert printer. Last winter it was given out, however, that if Mr. Hanson decided to try for a third term Whitney would stay out of the running. Mr. Whitney is a man of his word and if he gave any such pledge would, of course, not try for the nomination unless circumstances so shaped that Hanson appeared in the light of a loser to a third man.

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Editor Julius Schmahl, of Redwood Falls, has given no pledges nor is he accused of anything of the kind. He has an idea that he would make an excellent secretary of state and has a lot of friends who agree Schmahl is good enough for any old thing the party has to give. If they make their assurances strong enough there is very little reason to believe that Schmahl will not take a flyer for delegates.

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If either Whitney or Schmahl, or both of them, become active candidates, it will materially befog the situation. Both will have to start with a handicap. The Seventh district woods are full of candidates who will be struggling more fiercely than they now are for control of the district delegation. They range in degree of aspiration from head to foot of the ticket and while it might be possible for the Seventh district to secure two places on the ticket several Seventh district Barkises are due to get left, and the preconvention fight in the newly arranged district promises to be the political event of the year.

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One of the Seventh district strong men, Representative Frank Clague, of Lamberton, yesterday set at rest much of the speculation about which state office his sudden ascendancy on the politicel horizon would induce him to seek. Mr. Clague made a hit as a first-term member of the house and since the adjournment of the legislature enthusiastic editors throughout the state have boomed, mentioned or offered to support him for any old thing on the ticket, from governor to the railroad and warehouse commission.

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Such spontaneous recognition of his merits could hardly fail to be pleasing to Clague, but it has utterly failed to turn his head. Mr. Clague evidently believes in the moderate but sustained pace which wins substantial prizes in politics, as it does in the other races of life. He seeks no place on the state ticket. He can afford to wait, as there is no apparent danger of his falling from the public eye or popular grace and while he may not figure it that way, will undoubtedly add to his laurels and his vote-getting powers by serving at least one more term in the legislature. Mr. Clague yesterday very frankly said:

"I shall be very much pleased and entirely satisfied if the people of my district see fit to send me back to the house."

His constituents will undoubtedly be pleased to know that he is willing to serve them again in the house.

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A number of legislators met informally and entirely without prearrangement in St. Paul yesterday. Among the prominent members of the last house at the Merchants' were Representatives Clague, of Redwood; Anderson, of Renville; Ryder, of Morrison, and Haugland, of Chippewa. Clague and Haugland were completing business in St. Paul. Anderson was on his way to the Rainy River district and Ryder is preparing for a tour of the Pacific coast with his family.

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The St. Paul appearance of Secretary of the Senate Sam Langum, arrayed in stunning spring attire, is said to have no bearing on the latest Ray Jones gubernatorial boom. And at that Langum now thinks Jones one of the best fellows in the world.

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Postmaster-Editor Sam Sweningsen, of Austin, leads a pretty strenuous life conducting his postoffice, a newspaper and fighting the factions in his own party that have been out to get him for years; but for all that he has found time to figure out the real third party situation in 1904, as follows:

"In 1904 the third party which will attract most attention will be the Socialist. In the elections of 1902 the Socialists of the country at large cast something like 400,000 votes. There are, of course, two or three divisions of the Socialist party. The larger branch, the Social Democrats, polled nearly 90,000 votes for Debs in 1900. Judging by the strength displayed in the congressional and in some state canvasses since then, the Social Democrats ought to be able to cast 200,000 or 300,000 votes next year. For a man like Debs that party would be able to make a canvass that the country would be compelled to notice."

—George A. VanSmith.

UNION ENGINEERS OFFER A PROTEST

Urge Objection to School Board Employing Non-Union Engineers.

George S. Chrystler and four other representatives of the Steam Engineers' union, of this city, accompanied by Ald. Moriarty, called yesterday upon George Gerlach, superintendent of buildings for the board of education, to protest against the employment of non-union engineers i nthe schools.

Mr. Gerlach explained to the delegation that it is one of the rules of the board of education not to discriminate in favor of or against union men, and that his instructions are to merely ascertain the competency of the men he employs. There are two unions among stationary steam engineers, one local union and the National Steam Engineers' association. Only two of the present engineers of the schools are members of the local union, but some of them are members of the national organization.

The rule of the board as to its engineers has been in force for some years, and has been scrupulously followed. The board has repeatedly been called upon by representatives of the unions, but has always refused to interfere with its engineers in favor of unionism.

Bar Trading Stamps.

ROCHESTER, Minn., June 12.—Through the efforts of the Rochester Merchants' association the trading stamps will soon be a thing of the past here, as all of the merchants of the city have so agreed, and official notice has been sent to both the trading stamp companies.

Royal Lives That Were Tempestuous

The reign of Alexander I., king of Servia, began in a coup d'etat at midnight March 6, 1889, and ended in assassination at midnight June 10, 1903.

How Milan came to lose his throne and how his son Alexander came to lose it is told in the events of one of the most disgraceful chapters in the history of modern Europe.

King Milan was married Oct. 17, 1875, to the Princess Natalie, daughter of a Russian, Col. Kecho, who had espoused the daughter of Prince Stourdnaof, the late reigning family of Moldavia, before that province was united to Wallachia, to form the present kingdom of Roumania. When King Milan met Natalie he was twenty-one and she seventeen. Her beauty had made her famous over the empire. Milan fell desperately in love with her, but his suit found no favor in her eyes. She had, moverover, set her affection upon a young Russian officer, but her father, flattered at the prospect of an alliance with royalty, overruled all of her objections.

Natalie threw herself with the utmost enthusiasm into the cause of her new country when war was declared against Turkey. She made a personal appeal to the czar for assistance, interested herself in the hospitals and the widows and orphans, for all of which Servia almost adored her.

The ex-queen of Servia was considered the most beautiful of all the scions of the reigning families of Europe. She is above the middle height, with an elegantly molded form, black eyes and hair, a brunette complexion, almost faultless features, and a manner that wins its way at once to the hearts of all whom her majesty endeavors to please.

Two children were born to their majesties—the eldest, born Aug. 14, 1876, was named Alexander, after the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, who was godfather to the young prince; the younger, born two years later, only survived a few days.

After the birth of Alexander all the inborn depravity in Milan's nature began to develop itself. He neglected the beautiful and accomplished woman who had done so much for him and his people and plunged into gross debauchery. Natalie centered all her affection on her child and on the Servians, who reverenced her, while they pitied her for the sorrows she was compelled to endure.

THE LATE KING.

The Photograph of Alexander Was Taken Within Sixty Days at Belgrade.

When young Alexander became of that age when it was necessary to determine on the method of his education the breach between Milan and his wife became wider and deeper. Natalie desired that he should be educated by Russian teachers. The king decided that Austrian tutors should have the care of the young prince. In the bitter quarrel that followed she reproached her husband with the scandalous life he was leading. This led him to set a trap for his wife, the result of which should leave her reputation little better than his own. One day, the story goes, she received a visit from the metropolitan bishop Michael, who said he came in answer to a note she had sent him. She was indignant and declared that a conspiracy was on foot to destroy her. The king's minions were close at hand and the bishop was arrested for alleged intimacy with the queen. At the same time the king applied to the synod. Natalie, while protesting against the insult, decided for the sake of her child to prove her innocence, but after this she never lived with him.

In 1888 Milan divorced Natalie and kidnaped her son, Alexander, who was at this time twelve years of age. But the scandals of Milan's reign had already exhausted the patience of the Servian people. Milan faced the alternative of abdication or certain assassination. He chose the former and made a bargain with his people. They paid him $2,000,000 and he gave up his throne.

Alexander I. mounted the throne on March 6, 1889, at the age of thirteen years. He had loved his mother, who was the idol of the Servian people, and therefore the Servians loved him. Three regents were selected to rule in his name until he should become of age.

They were Gen. Belimarkovic, M. Rishcs and M. Provitch. They began their regency under the most favorable circumstances. The country was at peace and the people contented. Queen Natalie was brought back to Belgrade and given a palace. The reign of the boy king had opened auspiciously.

The exiled Milan, however, persistently interfered in the politics of Servia, and the country was soon in a turmoil. Queen Natalie's hand was felt in the political affairs of the kingdom and between the intrigues of Milan and the interference of Natalie the Servian population were brought to the verge of civil war.

The regents dealt first with Milan. They knew he could be bought with money, for once before he had been induced to sell his throne. A bargain was finally made. The regents restored to Milan the property which had been confiscated when Milan went into voluntary exile. Milan promptly mortgaged it or sold it. The regents further paid Milan $1,000,000 in cash from the Servian treasury. In return for all this Milan agreed never to cross the Servian frontier and abandoned his citizenship. This was on April 14, 1891.

The regents having rid themselves of Milan, next exiled the queen mother. On May 10, 1891, they formally requested Queen Natalie to leave the kingdom. She refused. Eight days later an effort was made to expel her. She was seized at her palace in Belgrade, but while she was being conveyed to the quay where a vessel was waiting to carry her out of Servia she was rescued by a band of students, who took her back to her residence and afterward defended it. Soldiers were, however, brought upon the scene, and after several conflicts, in which many persons were killed and wounded, Natalie was in the early morning of the following day seized and taken to the railway station, whence she was sent by train into Austria-Hungary.

King Alexander's reign was less difficult after the removal of his father and mother from the kingdom. In 1891 he visited the czar at St. Petersburg and the emperor of Austria. He was well received in both capitals.

On the night of April 14, 1893, when Alexander was seventeen years old, he summarily abolished the regency, apparently being forced to do so by political circumstances.

It is at this point in the reign of King Alexander that the woman Draga Maschin entered the history of Servia and began the career of petty intrigue that ended with her assassination.

Draga Maschin years before had made Alexander her slave. She was a voluptuary and he a degenerate. She ruled his life absolutely, and he was only too willing to make her queen of Servia.

Alexander assembled his ministers and announced that he proposed to marry Draga Maschin. He printed the announcement in the official gazette. It raised a storm in the country. The cabinet ministers protested violently. They told the king the consequences of his act might ruin the dynasty.

"I am the king," said Alexander roundly, "and I can marry whom I please. Attend to your duties and do not meddle with my private affairs."

With that he dismissed them. They went away and resigned in a body.

Ex-King Milan, who was then a general in the Servian army, was at Carlsbad taking the waters for his hopeless liver when he heard of his son's determination. He immediately started for Servia, swearing that he would prevent his son from marrying at all costs. He had a large following in the army and might have caused trouble. King Alexander ordered him to be stopped at the frontier. Ex-King Milan resigned his command in the Servian army. At the same his mother, Queen Natalie, cut Alexander out of her will and left her large fortune to the church.

From the day of his marriage to Queen Draga King Alexander rapidly fell in the estimation of his people. The door of every royal house in Europe was closed in his face.

Alexander was the last of the Obrenovitch family, and his union with Queen Draga was childless. Draga attempted to secure the succession of the throne to her brother. That was the beginning of the end. Alexander's life, that of his queen, his ministers, and his household, went out in the final tragedy in the palace of Belgrade and the dynasty of the Obrenovitch was extinct forever.

Draga was at Biarritz with Queen Natalie when King Alexander first saw her. That was seven years ago. He was 17 and she was well into her 30's, a widow and an experienced woman of the world, of whom the gossips had much to say. When he entered the room to greet his mother he encountered the flashing dark eyes of the fascinating lady-in-waiting staring boldly and steadily at him. He saw nothing in the room but those eyes, paid attention to no one but Draga, and upon that day he became her willing slave forever after.

When she returned to Belgrade from Biarritz a few months later her power over the boy king was already recognized. Queen Natalie allowed it, mindful of Russia. Milan fostered it, delighted at the prospect of knowing his son's movements through such a trusty source and influencing his mind for Austria. And Mme. Mashin quietly and skillfully maneuvered, not for Natalie or Milan, neither for Russia nor Servia, but always for herself.

In less than a year her hand was shown in Alexander's first coup d'etat. He had not yet attained his majority, and his kingdom was governed by three regents. These dignitaries were feasting one night with him when the room was suddenly barricaded, the king announced that the authority of the regents was ended, and they were kept prisoners until he had been formally proclaimed before the army. After that no one dared ignore the existence of Draga Mashin in political affairs.

Alexander established Draga in a palace which was as splendid as any in Belgrade. There the court flocked for gayety; there the Russian and Austrian diplomats held secret conferences in turn, each trying to pay more than the other. There the king often mingled with the guests, speaking to no one but Draga, dancing all the evening with no one but Draga, throwing confetti to no one else, and frowning darkly upon any one who attempted a word with her.

The court did not wonder at her sway over the king, who had inheritced the vices of his father and the weaknesses of his mother without the military bravery of the former or the personal goodness of the latter. Mme. Mashin was never counted a beauty; she was dark enough to be almost swarthy, and in repose her face was cunning and treacherous. But her fascination could not be doubted; she was a bewitching talker, and while talking became a beauty. She was tall and slender, and beautifully formed, of the Oriental type, with masses of soft black hair and liquid eyes full of subtle flattery. Before she essayed the role of queen she was frequently seen in the Paris salons, where she was known for her perfect taste in etiquette as well as for her wit and social diplomacy.

The Servian people and court wanted their king to marry. After his mother and father had unsuccessfully begged the hand of many a petty princess, they were willing for him to marry a commoner. But they never thought of his marrying Mme. Mashin—they would have opposed that. Alexander, however, did not consult them, nor even his own ministers or his council of state. One fine morning in July, 1900, the people of Belgrade awoke to discover that the king's second coup d'etat had taken place during the night. Upon the walls of the city was a long proclamation signed by the royal hand, in which he made known his betrothal to Draga Mashin, a daughter of the Servian people, whose home would be a pattern to all Servian homes, and who would bring happiness to the country, as did the wife of his grandfather, also from the people.

Absolutely no Servian official seems to have known of the proclamation beforehand. The capital was in a turmoil of excitement, cabinet ministers gathered in agitated meeting, the council of state assembled to declare against the proposed marriage; the president of the skupschtina and the metropolitan, the head of the Servian church, went down upon their knees before the king and begged him to be wise. There were threats among the people, and Mme. Draga's house had to be carefully guarded. The king ignored all entreaties, and drove boldly through the streets every day in an open carriage with his future queen by his side.

Finally Alexander and Dragra were married, and from that day Servia's woes began.

Queen Draga might have made her hold on the Servian throne secure had she presented King Alexander with a son. Alexander was the last of the Obrenovitch dynasty. The only hope of the nation was in Queen Draga. Realizing her failure she sought by a subterfuge, common enough in cheap fiction, to deceive the Servians by presenting as her own a child of unknown parentage.

This was in May, 1892. Queen Draga's physician, Dr. Caulet, announced that Servia might expect an heir to the throne. The announcement was made in the official gazette and celebrated by an illumination of the capital and a parade of the troops in Belgrade. The czar telegraphed his congratulations and promised to act as godfather.

As time passed it gradually dawned upon the minds of the Servians that the report of the queen's condition was premature. Then suspicions were aroused, and the fraud was exposed by the czar, who demanded an official investigation. The Russian minister at Belgrade informed the czar that the queen's physician had been mistaken. Dr. Cantacuzene, the famous Roumanian specialist, was sent by the czar to continue the investigation. His report convinced the Servian public that Queen Draga had attempted a deception, and popular hatred of her increased accordingly.

With her failure to present the king with an heir Queen Draga began the intrigue to secure the succession of the throne to her brother, Nikodem Loungnevitza.

At first nobody believed the story that floated out of some mysterious quarter that Alexander intended to adopt his brother-in-law as a son and name him as the future king of Servia, because it was so audacious as to be incredible, but within a few days the confirmation was abundant. The king expressed his intention to three or four different persons. Then the ministry took up the matter and decided, after long and serious consultation, that it would be an act of duty and patriotism to immediately check the ambition of their queen. Therefore, the entire cabinet, with M. Vuitsch, the prime minister, at their head, called at the palace at an unusual hour and asked for an audience. Alexander must have suspected the purpose of their visit, for, after keeping them waiting for fifteen or twenty minutes, he appeared in the full uniform of the commander in chief of the Servian army, with his wife upon his arm. Advancing a few steps from the entrance, the royal couple stood, arm in arm, with a defiant air, while the eight ministers arose and saluted them. M. Vuitsch asked the queen to retire, but Alexander refused.

The prime minister then made the protest against the selection of the queen's brother as heir apparent, asking that the parliament should at least be consulted.

Alexander interrupted and shouted in an excited manner: "I shall carry out my will."

"The will of the people must also be considered," answered the prime minister firmly.

This terminated the interview, but a few days later Queen Draga was secretly warned that her plan to seat her brother on the throne of Servia would never be permitted, and that her own life would pay the penalty if she attempted to put the plan into execution.

Queen Draga persisted and her brother was installed in the palace, to all intents and purposes the heir apparent. Her death dragged him with her, and the same tragedy that extinguished the family of Obrenovitch practically wiped out the family of the Loungnevitza.