

reigning

ONTENEGRO - whose

prince, Nicholas I., by way of cele-brating the jubilee of his accession has proclaimed himself king and his principality a kingdom-is one of the storm centers of the near east. Its influence on Balkan politics is not to be measured by its size, for this Land of the Black Mountains, as the Venetians named it long ago, is actually the smallest monarchy in all Europe. When, a few weeks ago, Nicholas assumed the title of king, his wife

became Queen Milena, Nicholas also declared that Montenegro shall be known henceforth as Zeta, that being the ancient name of the country.

The territory subject to the rule of King Nicholas is just one-fourteenth of the area of Roumania, a tenth of Bulgaria, a seventh of Greece, and a fifth of Servia. Yet Greece has long been an independent state, Roumania a monarchy since 1881, Servia a kingdom since 1882, while Bulgaria exchanged the rank of a suzerain principality for that of an independent kingdom only two years ago. Ever since that dramatically precipitate action on the part of Bulgaria and the assimilation by Austria of the neighboring provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina the Montenegrin prince and people have been ambitious to assert their sovereign dignity.

And if there be any satisfaction in this elevation of their national status the Montenegrins are assuredly as entitled to it as their neighbors of Servia and Bulgaria, for Montenegro can boast a record unrivaled by any other state in the whole Alone of all the Balkan Balkan peninsula. peoples these hardy mountaineers have never known the harsh hand of a conqueror. Secure in their wild mountain fastnesses, almost impregnable in their inaccessibility, the Montenegrins have retained their national life and political independence through centuries of strife and Slavonic dismemberment. Dynasties have fallen and kingdoms crumbled on either hand, but this one tiny state has preserved its freedom from allen control. Even when the Turkish hordes threat-

nephew, Phil Walker, just before college vacation. The judge was a bachelor sixty years old, who had bought a manor house on retiring from the bench. He was alone except for his servants, and Phil was his favorite nephew. Judge Gorman had caught only a brief glimpse of Alleen Travers as she crossed the lawn of her mother's grounds next door. Any lawyer could have made a case of false pretenses out of that letter, but Phil Walker

replied that he would be happy to come. Miss Alleen Travers was just two weeks ahead of him on vacation. VICHOLAS I. She had got home and settled down TROVIC for the summer before he was due. 00 NJEGOS When at home she was the man about the house. She could handle saw or hammer, and when the lawn-mower got out of kilter she had a way of fixing it up instead of sending it off to town to be tinkered at. She reached home on this occasion to find that many things needed her attention, and among them was the glazing of a pane of glass in the kitchen window. This was left to the last, but on the day her mother and little sister went away to be gone 'till night

the cook was informed: "Now, then, if James got that pane of glass and some putty, we will fix that window. We shall need the stepindder.

with me. House in the country, Lake,

Fish. Golf. Mighty good-looking girl

only eighty rods away. Cupid. Moon-

So ex-Judge Gorman wrote to his

light, etc.'

It's the easiest thing in the world for a smart and good-looking girl to putty in a pane of glass. She first takes out any fragments of the old Then she mounts to the top of pane. a stepladder and has the cook hold



it while she cuts away the old putty

Then the new pane is set in and made fast. Miss Alleen set out to accomolish this task. Mid-afternoon came along while she was still working. So did Phil Walker. He was walking out from town for exercise. He didn't know what house his uncle lived in, and he decided that the sensible thing to do was to make inquiries. . He rang the bell at the Travis' mansion, and as he rang he wondered if that "mighty good-look-

"Come and put in your vacation | the story had been told, "that girl on the stepladder must have been the one I wrote you about. I am afraid you have dished your case right in the beginning."

"I can call and apologize."

Without Resort to Law

By DONALD ALLEN

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"And-make another mistake? Never! You see, she's mighty good-looking." "I-l guess so, I just got one

glimpse, and then she came sailing." "And she's a sylph."

"She flew like one."

"And she didn't have her hair done up and her Sunday clothes on, and you didn't see her in the parlor and have a formal introduction. Thenthen, you all tumbled around together and the dog bit you, and the cook probably swore, and taken all together it will require all the legal talents I possess to win your case."

"But what case am I going to win or lose, sir?" was asked.

"Why the mighty good-looking girl" -Miss Travers-the girl on the stepladder. I have it all mapped out. I shall give you this place and then board with you after marriage. Right handy to her mother's, you know. Pass back and forth across the dewy grass. One phonograph answers for both houses. Birds sing to both at the same time. No separate thunder showers needed. Had it down pat, my boy, and then you had to go wandering around to the back yard and making discoveries. Lands, can I ever convince that girl that you hadn't stood there for ten minutes before the cook yelled out!"

Mr. Phil Walker was contrite enough that day, but on the next he stood on his dignity. What business had a girl, good looking or not, to turn glazier? What business had the family cook to let go of that wabbly stepladder? What business had that old dog to bite him? All the injury was on his part. Miss Travers was not the only person to be considered, and he wanted her to understand it.

His uncle saw how things were with him and didn't interfere. Ten days passed-very quiet days. The glass was in and the putty all used up; the stepladder was laid away, and the dog was at rest!

Then the college man ached for exercise. There was an old dead tree on the shores of the lake at the back end of the ground. He would remove it.

He took the saw and went forth. Hat off, coat and vest off, shirt sleeves a rolled up, he mounted into the top of the tree to cut away a limb. Nothing startled him. He simply slipped and caught his foot in a crotch, and there he was, hanging head downward and yelling for help. Lie had been yelling for five minutes when he heard footsteps on the grass and some one lifted up his head and shoulders until he could get a grasp with his hands. Then that some one softly said:

"Please don't set your dog on me for it!"

That "mighty good-looking girl" had been rowing on the lake and witnessed the accident just as she landed. She was gone before the tree-climber could

descend. "Say, boy, your case is won, and that without resort to law." exclaimed the uncle as he rubbed his hands in "You discover her-she discovglee. ers you. Two discoveries, with the She can't cook and the dog left out. call and thank you for discovering her, because she was on top of a stepladder, but you must call and thank her because you were hanging head downward from a tree. See the difference? Why, boy, your case is won without the jury leaving their seats. Prettiest affair I ever handled."



STREET SCENE

MONTENECRINS AT CETTINGE

SOLDIFRES

march swept away the medieval Servian empire this warlike mountain race kept its passes by ceaseless watching night and day, and submis sion to Turkish authority was of a nominal na ture. And when their ancient capital was threatened they abandoned it as ruthlessly as those other Slavs of the northland burned and abandoned Moscow in the face of the advancing foe, and betaking themselves high up into the mountains founded a secure seat of government within the rocky walls of Cettinje.

A wonderful people these Montenegrins, with a wonderful history. If ever a Servian empire be re-established, if ever the Balkan states become united in a powerful confederation that would wholly change the political complexion of the near east and its problems, it will be largely due to the patriotism and pluck of this little pa triarchal state. To this day the men wear an edging of black in their scarlet caps-this in mourning for a lost Slav empire-and with all the passion of a primitive people they hold to that national idea which would accomplish the union of all the Serb states.

Early in the sixteenth century the ruler of the Montenegrins, being a pious prince, who much loved the church, handed executive authority to the metropolitan bishop, who henceforth bore the title of "vladika," or prince bishop. For three and a half centuries spiritual and temporal power lay in one man's hands, the vladika being a little Balkan pope. In 1696 the Petrovic Njegos family entered into possession of this princely power, and this dynasty rules in Montenegro still.

In 1851 Danilo I. renounced the title of vladika in favor of that of hospodar, at the same time severing the temporal authority from the spiritual oversight of the people. In 1853 Danilo II. ordered the enrollment in arms of all Montenegrin males capable of service. The tribal system still obtained, chieftains of clans being directly responsible to their prince. On August 13, 1860. the present ruler acceded to power, and during the fifty years of a notable reign Prince Nicholas has done much to civilize and modernize this primitive mountain land while at the same time he has been careful to keep national habits in all their simplicity and to foster a lofty nationalism of spirit and sentiment among his people.

Of all the states in Europe Montenegro is per haps the least known to, the least visited by, the average traveled man, while to the untraveled the very name is a blank. The proclamation of a new king in Europe is a reminder, however, of the value which the Montenegrins set upon their own importance, an importance which is by no means to be underestimated when Balkan estions arise to disturb the currents of L'ch diplomacy. Packed within an area which is at most a hundred miles long and eighty miles wide is a population of about a quarter of a million people, the sturdiest, bravest and most warlike people anywhere to be found. The Montenegrins are a fighting race, among whom personal bra very is accounted the highest virtue in man. By a national decree the men all carry loaded plstols at their belts, and these they are prone to use on small provocation. They have no regard for the value of human life, and family animosities are pursued through generations after the fashion of the Corsican vendetta. Nicholas I. has for years steadfastly discouraged these blood , which are a bane of Montenegrin life; but feuds racial instincts dle hard, and these men of the Black Mountains are not easily soothed into civilization's ways.

In the early years of Nicholas' reign Montenegro suffered much by pestilence and famine as well as by successive conflicts with Turkey, which has ever been envious of the Montenegrins stubborn independence. In the struggles of the seventies Prince Nicholas and his people were successful to the extent of recovering valuable seaboard territory, in the possession of which the principality was confirmed by the twentyeighth article of the Berlin treaty. In the same famous agreement of the powers the independence of Montenegro, really existent for centuries, was at last formally recognized even by Turkey. With so much conceded to their heroism and pa triotism the Montenegrins were free to develop their national resources, which are wholly agricultural. Among the humanizing influences essential to the progress of his people Prince Nicholas promptly recognized the value of education, and almost before the ink was dry on treaty signatures an extensive scheme of elementary education was organized throughout the principality. There are now some 200 primary schools maintained by the state and attendance is compulsory on all children.

Whatever Nicholas I. has done and may do, however, by way of fostering the arts of peace and of advancing the material prosperity of his people avails little when the Montenegrin genius essentially military. In all eastern Europe there is no finer soldier than the hardy man of the mountains. The Montenegrin ruler knows his strength in this respect, and he has fashioned at least a fifth of the population into a well-disciplined and well-equipped little army comprising 58 battalions of infantry and 12 batteries of artillery, but no cavalry.

Of even greater account than their martial order is the intense nationalism of the Montene-grins, a sentiment which their ruler stimulates

by royal decree as well as by personal example. It is, for instance, incumbent on all to wear the national costume; prosaic European clothing is tabooed. Picturesque as it is, the costume emphasizes the extravagant theatricality of the Montenegrin pose. But if garments enhance an ideal Prince Nicholas is shrewd indeed in his ordi-Much that may seem extravagant and nance. absurdly archaic to western ideas has a hidden purpose in the Balkins. Austrian, Russian and German policy alike has aimed at such a seve rance of Serb associations as shall effectually repress Serb aspirations to a reunited empire.

On the other hand it has been the settled policy of Nicholas I. to keep the flame of Serb patriotism alight. Hence it is that the fervent nationalism of this Montenegrin people finds expression in the very jackets of the men and the skirts of the women, in the minstrelsy of the single-stringed fiddles and the ever-present readiness for war.

Montenegro has a constitutiton, first granted in 1868. The skupstchina or national assembly is elected by universal suffrage for a term of A ministry of six portfolios reprefour years. sents executive authority, but to all intents and purposes Nicholas I. is an absolute autocrat. The father of his people, he gives public audience to all and sundry and administers justice beneath a famous plane tree hard by the palace gates at Cettinje. Such is the patriarchal ruler of a patriarchal state who in the pursuit of a national ambition is exchanging the primitive simplicity of ancient Czernagora-as Montenegro once was styled-for the trappings and majesty of a miniature monarchy.

SOME QUEER ENGLISH NAMES.

Sussex can produce queer names in plenty, for example: Replenished Pryor, a damsel who dwelt at Heathfield; Mr. Stand-fast-on-high Stringer; Mr. Ales Cressel, and Master Perform-thy-vow Seers. The county archives also yield unusual family names, such as Pitchfork, Devil, Leper, Juglery, Beatup, Breathing, Whiskey, Wildgoose, and Lies.

Dorset can hold her own tolerably well with villages named Ryme Intrinseca and Toller Porcorum; rivers called Wriggle river and Devil's brook: commons christened Giddy green and God's Blessing green, and heights called Hungry down, Mount Ararat, Grammars hill, and Dancing hill. A prospective tenant might well hesitate before signing the lease of Wooden Cabbage farm; Labor in Vain farm, Poor Lot farm and Charity bottom, even though he should hail from Kent, which owns two Starvecrow farms within a ride of each other .- London Chronicle,

ing girl" lived there. No answer. He thought he heard voices at the rear of the house, The sensible thing to do was to go around and find the owners. He found them Miss Aileen was standing on the crest of the stepladder, sleeves rolled up, old skirt on, and bareheaded and her hair tousled and fiving about That's the way a glazier glazes.

The cook was hanging to the ctep ladder like grim death and throwing out a suggestion now and then, and the stage setting was ready when the young college man appeared. There was a yell from the cook! There was an exclamation from the mistress. There was a roar from the family dog, who has been held back until this noment to complete a dramatic situation!

The cook let go. The stepladder wabbled, Miss Aileen came down. Mr. Walker stepped backward, and it seemed to the dog as if the three people were all mixed up for a mo-Then he took after the one ment. who fied, nipped him and chased him off the grounds and down the road, where ex-Judge Gorman, standing at his gate, threw up his arms and called out:

"What villain has dared to set a dog on my favorite nephew! Tell me his name that I may give him seven kinds of law!"

Phil thought he understood the case and when he got his breath he tried to explain. It was a case of natural cause and effort. Let any young man discover a girl puttying in a pane of glass from the top of a stepladder, with the family cook braced to prevent a wabble, and the family dog dozing in the sunshine, and exclama tions, falls and bites must follow. It's like the stock market when a report is circulated that John Doe is deadit creates a flurry He held no one to blame.

Mr. Phil Walker called and explained all about that tree and several other things, and there were blushes and smiles and laughter, and . a game of croquet on the lawn. And, later on, Judge Gorman was called upon for his house-as a wedding present.

All Dodge Soup.

Soup is probably the most unpopular dish in the luncheon menu of the New York business girl today. She acknowledges that it may be nourishing and all that, but it simply doesn't taste good to her. The only time, so a down town business girl says, that the girls she knows resort to soup is when their finances are at a very low ebb.

"What would astonish you, though. says this same girl, "is the number of mothers that think that their daughters should eat soup every day, and try to persuade them to do it. They say soup is so sustaining. Well, perhaps it is. I can't argue as to that. But I know soup doesn't taste espe-cially good, and doesn't make any too good a foundation for an afternoon's work. It would be different if we could have soup, then a meat dish, and then a dessert; but very few girls, I tell you, can afford that,

'So we all cut out soup. Probably it disgusts the dietician young women just out of college, but we all feel we know what's best for us."-New York Press.

It's Natural,

"He knows all the best people in town.

"Why doesn't he associate with them, then?"

'Say, boy," replied the uncle when "They know him.