

LIFE IS IN DANGER

NEW RULER OF ALBANIA FACING A REVOLT—SECRET PLANS ARE DISCOVERED.

PALACE UNDER HEAVY GUARD

Sailors from Austrian and Italian Warships Prevent an Attack by Acherents of Essad Pasha, Who Has Been Taken Prisoner.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Vienna.—A serious situation has arisen in Albania, endangering the life of the new ruler, Prince William. According to dispatches to the Neue Freie Presse, Essad Pasha had an audience with Prince William and resigned as governor. Essad Pasha had 300 adherents in his residence and 5,000 in Durazzo. He started a revolt, Essad himself firing the first shot against the prince's palace. The prince thereupon appealed to the commanders of the Italian and Austrian warships. They landed detachments, who set up machine guns in front of Essad Pasha's house. The Turkish commander was refused permission to be allowed to go aboard an Italian warship and was arrested and placed aboard the Austrian warship Szigetvar as the prince's prisoner.

According to other reports, Prince William discovered a fortnight ago secret plans which had been drawn up by Essad Pasha and ordered him to disarm his body guard. Essad Pasha refused, whereupon the Albanian gendarmes, commanded by Dutch officers, attacked his residence, arrested him and turned him over to the Austrian commander.

TIRED OF BEING FUGITIVE.

Iowa Defaulter Returns and Pleads Guilty.

Garner, Ia.—After seven years' hiding in Texas, John Sandring, defaulting cashier of the First State bank, of Corwith, Ia., walked into the court room at Garner, pleaded guilty to fifteen indictments of forgery which the grand jury of Hancock county returned against him in the fall of 1907, and threw himself upon the mercy of the court. He was accompanied by his brother and his attorney, John Senneff, of Mason City. His unexpected appearance, his voluntary return and plea of guilty created a tremendous sensation here.

Sandring was taken to Fort Madison prison by Sheriff Baumgardner to begin serving a fifteen-year term imposed by Judge J. J. Clark. Former prosecuting attorneys for the men who lost \$75,000 by Sandring's speculations and others suggested a ten-year term, but the court thought fifteen years was demanded.

Roosevelt Back.

New York.—Theodore Roosevelt has returned home from his visit of many months to South America. Accompanied by two naturalists of his party, George K. Cherry and Leo E. Miller. With a few crisp sentences, punctuated by decisive gestures, the colonel reaffirmed the veracity of the "River of Doubt," curtly denied having expressed himself as to presidential probabilities for 1916, declared he would not run for governor of New York, made a few deprecatory remarks about his critics, and with harbor craft tooting and flags fluttering was taken on board a tug which proceeded to Oyster Bay.

Mellen Recites Chapter.

Washington.—The story of absolute domination by the late J. P. Morgan in the affairs of the New Haven and Hartford system—the spending of millions in awe and ignorant silence at the command of the all powerful financial ruler—was told to the interstate commerce commission by Chas. S. Mellen, former president of the railroad. It was the most extraordinary chapter yet unfolded in the commission's inquiry into the alleged exploitation of the great New England railroad and disappearance of fortunes from its treasury through acquisition at extravagant prices of subsidiary properties.

Pastor Sells Church.

Bartlesville, Okla.—Because members of the Epworth Methodist Episcopal church failed to pay him back salary amounting to \$40, the Rev. H. C. Breese, the pastor, sold the church building. Rev. Mr. Breese asserts he has received only \$16 in salary since last November.

Convicted of Murder.

New York.—Mrs. Madalina Perola, a widow, 45 years old, was convicted of the murder of Carmelo Canestrone on December 29, 1913. This is the first conviction of a woman for first degree murder by a jury in New York in fifteen years.

Arrested for Murder.

Trinidad, Colo.—Vic Banoni, a Trinidad bartender, was arrested on a warrant charging him with the murder of Edward Kessler, one of the defenders of the Forbes mine, killed in the battle of April 29.

Accused of Embezzlement.

Chicago.—After a search of two years federal officials have arrested James Gruenbaum, accused of embezzling \$25,000 in Nome, Alaska. Gruenbaum was agent for a St. Louis distillery at Nome. He was held on \$10,000 bond.

Coxey in Washington.

Washington, D. C.—The remnant of the so called Coxey's army has reached the outskirts of Washington. Gen. Coxey, with his wife, daughter and son, headed the party, which has been much reduced since it started from Massillon, O., and bears little resemblance to the original Coxey's army when it invaded the capital some years ago.

Palermo, Italy.—Rosa Salemi, 40 years old, gave birth here to two boys and three girls. The mother and five children are all well.

IDEAS for HOME BUILDERS

BY WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 152 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The demand for small kitchens seems to continue. The space formerly given to a good, large kitchen is being devoted to other purposes, not with the idea of crowding the kitchen out of existence, but for the reason that a small, compact kitchen containing the various conveniences near at hand is an advantage over the old style.

The keeping of perishable foods in the ice box and the possibility of buying supplies in small quantities easily and quickly has its influence. We now have many special cupboards to hold various supplies and utensils where they are out of the way to be easily reached when wanted, all of which help to reduce the size of the working end of the house.

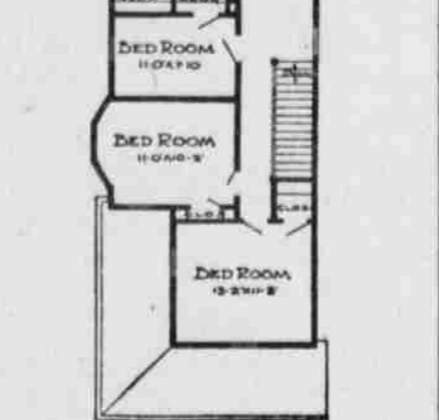
There are kitchen cabinets with pockets for everything required for cake baking and other cooking; the little upright cupboard to hold a broom and dust pan; another similar cupboard for the ironing board with a shelf for the irons and the gas heater that heats them when it is not in use; the chute to the laundry, where you drop soiled towels, clothing, etc., out of the way not to be handled again until wash day; all of these little contrivances, any one of which seems small in itself, have their influence on the kitchen arrangement.

In putting in the partition on one side, or one end, the studding often is made double, leaving a space of a foot or so that may be boxed in to form these different cupboards in such a way that they take up very little room.

One part of this double partition, a little more than a foot square, is boarded around three sides, the front side being closed with a door. There

In this plan the outside cellar stairway goes down directly into the laundry which makes it convenient on wash-day. The same pair of steps comes in handy in carrying out ashes. Steam and odor from hot laundry water is kept in the back of the house, and, except in severe cold weather this back entrance is kept open and the steam passes out-doors.

It is natural to put the furnace under the center of the house, in fact, it is necessary to do so. Then in this plan there is a cement or stone wall across the cellar under the par-



Second Floor Plan.

tion that separates the parlor from the sitting room, and the part of the cellar to the front is reserved for fruit and vegetables so that windows may be left open to keep it cool. The door going into this fruit cellar is opposite the inside cellar door and you may have it fitted with a lock so that you can turn the key and feel that your fruit in glass jars is perfectly safe from boys and from irresponsible furnace men.

House cellars have improved very much since hot air furnaces were first introduced into domestic economy. We have learned how to build cellar walls higher and to put in more



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is a hole through the floor into the laundry with hooks underneath to hold a clothes pocket, which may be a basket or a bag. This is the most sanitary and most approved laundry chute because it does not offer a harbor for mice, it may be easily cleaned and it is just as convenient as the old fashioned affair that looked bad and smelled worse. Those lengthy old laundry chutes, boxed in between the different floors, collected a little dirt each time from the soiled clothing thrown into them, and they were so inaccessible that they could never be cleaned. As a natural result they

windows and better windows. We now take as much pains in laying out a good cellar stair with sufficient headroom, easy treads and sensible risers, as we do with any other stair. Such a cellar is a great contrast from what we were accustomed to in our boyhood days when the heater pipes were so numerous and so low that we couldn't move about and retain our self-respect, and the place was so dark that we couldn't see to get either in or out in the daytime without a lantern.

The Refusal.

Appropos of the starvation rate paid for magazine poetry, Jerome S. McWade, the millionaire sociologist of Duluth, said:

"On a recent slumming trip I gave some aid to a magazine poet. Apropos of the current poetry rates, the poor fellow told me a story. 'How much do you want?' an editor asked a poet, 'for this sonnet sequence on white slavery?' 'Two cents a line, if you please, sir,' the poet humbly answered. 'Don't slam the door as you go out,' said the editor."

Incendary Rabbit.

A Walla Walla man is charged with endeavoring to annihilate a rabbit colony with the aid of a pint of kerosene and a lucifer match. A rabbit was soaked in the liquid and touched off with a match. Whereupon, with a beautiful understanding of the fitness of things, the blazing creature burrowed into the nearest haystack, while thousands of amused rabbits sat around and watched the fun. No insurance.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rough on the Old Maids.

In a quiet English village there was recently held a celebration in the schoolroom at the dedication of a new fire engine. It was a giddy evening, with three speeches by local clergymen and a long-winded oration by the bald-headed politician. The gem of the evening was the following toast: "May she (the fire engine) be like the dear old maids of our village—always ready, but never wanted!"

To Get Rid of Red Ants.

Red ants can make a house almost uninhabitable. One can get rid of them, however, if one knows how. The first thing to do is to find the place next to it. If it be in an accessible spot, a little kerosene will quickly stop the trouble. On the other hand, if the nest be in the wall or under the floor, find the nearest accessible point, and kill the insects off as they appear.



THE DALAI LAMA OF TIBET



YUAN SHIH KAI

NEWS takes a long time to trickle to the United States from central Asia. There are few inhabited places of the whole earth so far away, counting time as distance. With the coast of Asia reached, the traveler must meet many strange perils, endure many torturing modes of conveyance and spend many weary weeks and even months before he reaches the wild empire of the oriental cowboys who once conquered the world, the land of Mongolia.

Many wild tales have been filtering, slowly, but surely, from that far land in the last three years. Narratives of butchering, of wars and aggressions, of little-understood political turmoils and battlings. Out of it all has formed the very real specter of the Russian bear, marching with heavy tread from the west, grumbling low on the road to Pekin and Lhasa.

When China lost this empire, much more than twice as large as the southern states which seceded in 1861, and with a population of 4,000,000 yellow-skinned Tartars, little attention was attracted.

The czar and his grizzled officers accomplished their first steps by appealing to the Mongolian sense of patriotism. Now he is bringing about the complete subjugation of these vast plains by corrupting a man more than a priest, a living Buddha, one of the three embodiments of the ancient teacher and god.

There are three living incarnations of Buddha, the Dalai Lama of Lhasa, who is the supreme ruler of the Buddhist world; the Panchen Lama, and the Khutukhta of Urga, the Mongolian capital and holy city.

When the English soldiers of Colonel Young-husband invaded Lhasa, the sacred capital of Tibet, in 1904, the Dalai Lama became a holy tramp. Far and wide, for many years, he has wandered over the face of Asia, followed by a motley troupe of lesser holies, exceedingly costly to the communities which entertained him—indeed, almost a curse to his hosts. To some Westerners who saw him, he was only a brutal, sensual, stupid young man; to others he was mys-

A GODLESS GOD LOSES AN EMPIRE



PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA IN LHASA

terious, sanctified, the embodiment of the religion and philosophy of the East. But on the whole, his influence diminished. His strongest hold of the priesthood had depended on the fact that for nearly two hundred years a grand lama had not visited Peking.

When Russia decided it was time to move, their frontier a few hundred miles further east there suddenly appeared a mysterious desire for independence on the part of the inhabitants of Mongolia. Behind the scenes the Russian emissaries pulled the strings. There was revolt from China. The chiefs of the wild tribes demanded autonomous government. They were to be free, with their own government and courts, even their own army. Bitter delusion!

Russia forced the necessary acquiescence at Pekin. Japan was brought to acquiesce by an agreement on spheres of interest. The indignant protests of the other powers were somehow smoothed over. Peking was having much more trouble with the southern provinces, the richest of the empire. There was no possibility of sending the necessary military expeditions to Urga.

Mongolia became "free," still to a degree under the nominal suzerainty of China and now under the "protection" of Russia.

The Russians surged in. Their merchants fill the market places. Their consular agents are everywhere and these agents are very easily offended. And with each offence there is a further decrease of Mongolian power.

On the Buddhist New Year's day the Khutukhta dared to plead indisposition and stay away from paying his respects to the Russian diplomatic representative. As a result he was forced



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

to appear in the most obsequious fashion, with as much kowtowing as ever given to the Dowager Empress Tai An.

The Russians are using Yuan Shih Kai to discipline the Khutukhta. Yuen, "president" of China, has known how to use religion to further his own purposes. He has re-established the state religion of China over the protests of the Christians and the European powers. Now he writes to the Khutukhta informing him that in the opinion of the Tibetan clergy, his manner of living is open to grave objection on account of profanity, and that unless he mends his ways he is likely to be repudiated by the Buddhist church.

The message goes on to enumerate some of the irregularities committed by the Khutukhta, making special mention of his wife and children as a worldly possession incompatible with monastic life.

But he might have gone further. A photograph and an automobile are among the frivolities of the ruler of Mongolia, and he is very fond of betting on athletic contests.

As one of the heads of the Buddhist church, the Khutukhta has no right to marry; yet no sooner did he become independent (as he thought) than he not only took to himself a wife, but actually proclaimed her to be the reincarnation of the goddess Chingandar!

To be anybody in Mongolia you must be the reincarnation of somebody. This takes the place of Norman blood.

For three years he has been allowed to maintain this standing scandal at his monastery at Urga, the Russians encouraging him. But now the Russians, using Yuan and the Dalai lama as catspaws, are about to put the Khutukhta to the question through the last-named worthy.

There will be little sympathy wasted on the Khutukhta himself. He is certainly a most unworthy representative of the Buddhist church.

The Khutukhta of Urga originated at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Dalai Lama, after a long period of real, if not nominal captivity, at the capital of Mongolia, returned to Lhasa.

The question arose: How would the Mongols continue to live without a living Buddha in their midst? The Dalai Lama then discovered that the son just born into the house of Tushetu Khan, the most powerful of the Mongolian princes, a direct descendant of the great conqueror of Genghis Khan, was himself a reincarnation of Buddha.

The marvelous boy was taken to Lhasa, there brought up and afterward sent home as the first Khutukhta (grand abbot) of Urga.

It was from this great appointment that the present Khutukhta, the eighth in the order of succession, has descended—though not in the flesh. For the Khutukhtas have no business to marry and to establish a dynasty, but are selected each time on the death of the last holder of the office from among the babies born at that very moment.

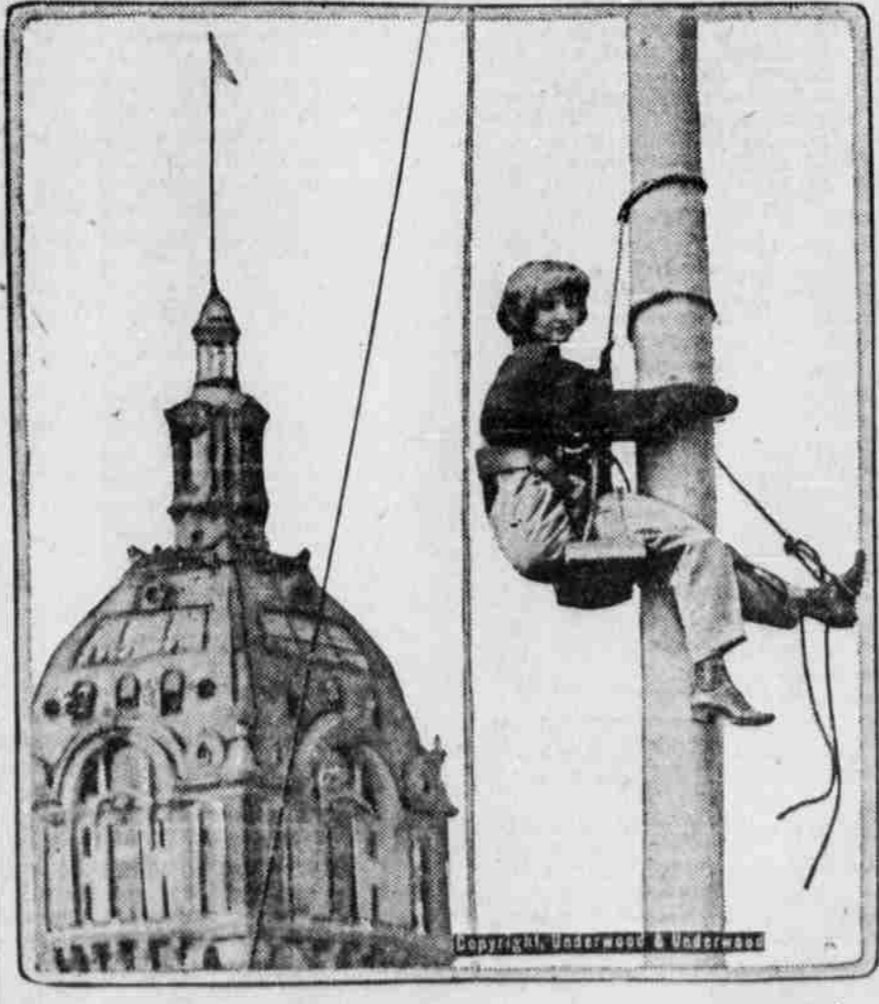
None of the previous seven Khutukhtas was allowed to live too long. It is a sign of decadence of the old Pekin authority that the eighth Khutukhta, who was born in 1871, has succeeded in asserting his right to live so long as this.

But his life has been a worthless one. He has a great predilection for strong liquors, he is very fond of cards, he likes the yellow, glittering metal more than anything else in the world, and, so far from passing his time in pious devotions, he rides in a motor car, plays the piano, listens to the phonograph, and has surrounded himself with a little harem.

It is these worldly qualities which have made him accessible to Russian influences, but it would not surprise the Mongolian world to learn that they also have brought upon him his ruin.

For when it really proves true that Russia has withdrawn from him her protection nothing will save him from the Dalai Lama's excommunication and then a new baby promptly will be found to preside as Jehsun Damba Khutukhta over the Mongolian church.

GIRL STEEPLEJACK MAKES DARING CLIMB



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Constance B. Bennett, fair-haired and good-looking, is a mere slip of a girl not yet twenty years old. To see her in a street costume one would never believe that so charming a girl would undertake feats at which many a so-called stout-hearted man would quail. It takes considerable nerve

to climb an 85-foot pole, 420 feet above the street level, yet this is the particular stunt Miss Bennett is seen accomplishing in this picture. It shows her shining slowly up the flange atop the Equitable Trust building, in Wall street, New York city. Thousands of spectators in the surrounding sky-

scrapers watched the daring girl with fear and trembling, expecting at any moment to see her go tumbling through space and missing up the sidewalk below. Miss Bennett is too much of a lady to be the perpetrator of such a horrible scene, so her audience was disappointed. The structure on the left is the tower of New York's loftiest skyscraper, the Singer building.

Fight Stories' High Prices.

Paris already possesses an organization on the lines of the Wives' union it is proposed to establish in London in order to control the cost of living. The baker extracts 18 cents from them for a four-pound loaf of household bread, and as much as 20 cents in some districts, while better quality bread is never sold at less than six cents a pound. Other necessities of life are equally dear in proportion. In a manifesto issued when the League of Parisian Consumers was formed to fight these high prices it is stated that the dearthness of food is not due solely to high tariffs and octroi duties. The average Parisian shopkeeper wants to retire from business at the age of forty or thereabouts, and bleeds his customers as much as possible. If tradesmen could be persuaded to keep in harness a little longer they would, it is thought, be content with smaller profits.

India's Gay White Way.

Many East Indian theaters keep their performances going until four or five in the morning. These dramatic orgies are not, says the Times of India, however, due to the length of the plays, as in Chinese theaters, but to the fact that the tramecos do not begin running until five o'clock. As the spectators gather from distant villages and have strong objections to paying gharry hire, they expect to be entertained until the trams start.

Scotch "English."

At the Union Iron works, San Francisco, a steamer was undergoing re-

HERD STAMPEDES OVER CLIFF

Drove of Twenty-six Cattle Killed or Hurt by a Plunge of Fifty Feet.

Precipitated from a cliff 50 feet high 26 cattle were either killed outright or suffered broken backs, legs and ribs near the Wenaha forest reserve, according to a story told by Ray Hester, who returned to Lewiston, Idaho, from his stock ranch in Washington, adjoining the reserve. A two-week-

old calf which went over the cliff was uninjured. Mr. Hester said: "The animals were being taken to summer pasture by men living in the Anatonas district. After camp had been pitched for the night the cattle started to move and those in charge of them started to head them off. In the darkness they did not see that the animals were on a blind trail which led up to the edge of the cliff.

"When the quadrupeds were bunched near the verge the drivers, not realizing the situation, began to crowd them and they began to go over. Then the drivers went around to the head of the trail and turned them back. "The drivers appealed for help to myself and others in the neighborhood and with lariats we helped draw the injured animals to a level spot, where the owners tried to attend to them. I advised them to shoot them, but they refused."

pairs. The chief engineer—a Scot, of course—requiring a hammer in a hurried moment, turned to a German mechanic, and in his momentary excitement lapsing into his native speech, said: "Gie us yer pelty, mon."

"Vat?" asked the Teuton in surprise. "Yer pelty—pelty!" "It's yer hammer he wants," interpreted another Scot who was also working on the job. "Thank the Lord there's one man among ye wha understands God's English," growled the chief engineer as he took the "pelty."