

# STAGE SEEMS TO BE SET FOR EUROPEAN WAR IN THE SPRING

**L**ONDON, Eng.—If Europe is to be saved from a general international convulsion in the coming spring, her chief statesmen will deserve the praise of history and the thanks of the whole world. It is in the spring that things happen in the Balkan region—that present center of the continent wherein may be struck the vital spark of European flame. The Balkans are extremely mountainous, and the country, difficult of communication in most parts at any time, is impassable in the winter, when snow and drift and glacier block the rugged way, writes A. Francis Walker in the New York Press.

It is a country of unrest, of strife and turmoil. Year after year the world has been told each winter "There will be war in the Balkans in the spring." The world has been fooled so many times by this rumor that it has become skeptical, but the time for skepticism is past. If ever the rumor is going to find development in actual fact, it surely will find it in the spring of 1909. According to Sir Edward Grey, the British minister for foreign affairs, the present Balkan troubles have caused "the greatest diplomatic complications of modern history." Never were so many international interests involved, nor did so many territorial complications ever arise at one juncture. The Serb states seem bent upon fight; Bulgaria, in her ambitions toward Macedonia, no longer feels her interests bound up with Austria; Russia cannot afford to disregard Slav feeling, however much she may cry peace; and whichever way the pendulum swings, if an outbreak should occur, Austria and Turkey must find themselves involved. Germany has promised to stand by Austria and France and England are busy safeguarding their status quo.

All Signs Point to War. The announcement that Austria had decided to pay the sum of \$10,000,000 or thereabouts to Turkey as compen-

sation for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina cleared the air for a time, but already difficulties have arisen concerning the actual amount to be paid in cash, the terms of payment and the refusal of Turkey to stop the boycott of Austrian trade until the final signatures to the financial settlement have been written down. That is only part of the trouble anyway. Serbia and Montenegro are more defiant than ever. The recent speech of the Serbian minister for foreign affairs in his own parliament was a flat defiance of Austrian demands.

M. Milovanovitch, the Serbian foreign minister, practically said "Hands off!" to Austria. He bluntly declared that the balance of power and the liberties of the Balkan peoples could be safeguarded only by Austria ceasing to be a Balkan power. Further, he formulated a demand for the autonomy of Bosnia and Herzegovina under European control and for the recognition of the Save and the Danube rivers as the frontier between the dual monarchy and the Balkans.

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might well tolerate from a Serbian tongue what she could not possibly tolerate from Russia, France or Germany, for instance a little more consideration for the exigencies of the Serbian minister's surroundings might have led the government of Vienna to regard the Serbian minister's speech as intended less for foreign than for home consumption. But Austria is not inclined to be lenient. As a matter of fact, consideration for the weaker nation in general never has been a characteristic of the policy of Vienna.

## Is Contest of Races.

The fundamental, basic fact back of all the negotiations between the various powers, principally Austria and Turkey, Russia and the Balkan provinces proper, is the collision of two opposing forces, whose natural trend, respectively, is east and west, north and south. Kinglake in his masterly analysis of the Crimean war has noted the inevitable tendency of the northern peoples to the south and the warm water. At the present moment two great races are obeying that instinct—the Teuton and the Slav. From west to east, or southeast, the Teuton, represented by Austria, with the driving power of Germany behind her, is heading for Salonika. From north to south, or southwest, the Slav is equally bent upon linking up the dismembered fragments of his race and making his way down to the Adriatic. And the geographical and political point at which the lines of these movements intersect lies in the two provinces which form the present bone of contention.

Through Bosnia and Herzegovina, also through Serbia herself, Austria

with Austria's recent concession to Turkey. There are critics who trace the origin of the present European trouble mainly to the aspirations of Francis Joseph's heir, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose aim is believed to be partly Federalist—the change of the dual monarchy into a federal system, of which a Slav state will form an important constituent—partly Clerical at home and abroad. This would mean pushing Austrian rule forward into the Balkans in the spirit and with the aim of a twentieth century Catholic crusade. Other critics conclude that while the act of Bulgaria in putting her foot through the treaty of Berlin when she declared her independence in October last and Austria's formal incorporation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, may have been dramatic, nobody in Europe considered Bulgaria or Bosnia and Herzegovina parts of the Turkish empire except in name. Austria created order in the two provinces and administered and civilized them for 30 years and probably no historian ever will say that Europe contemplated their being handed back to Turkey without protest. For all practical pur-

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THE PROBABLE SCENE OF ACTION.

poses, whatever they were in theory, Bosnia and Herzegovina were provinces of Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria was an independent principality. Undoubtedly the irresistible racial ambitions of the peoples, referred to in a previous paragraph, are the most potent influences that have been at work. These instincts are finding frank and open expression at this juncture.

Bulgaria has been a powerful empire in the past, possessing something of a glorious history. Many of the greatest victories and conquests of Turkey were due to the devotion and reckless courage of her Bulgarian soldiers, worthy descendants of the men who, fighting in the phalanx of Alexander the Great, conquered the world. The revolt of the Bulgarians and the Bulgarian massacres following them, brought on the last Russo-Turkish war, which was closed provisionally by the treaty of San Stefano. That treaty created Greater Bulgaria, to include Rumelia and Macedonia, those parts of Turkey in which Bulgarians formed the majority of the inhabitants. The treaty of San Stefano was revised by the powers at the congress of Berlin and Bulgaria had the two sub-territories taken away from her. She regained Rumelia, but not Macedonia. The Bulgarians are the strongest element among the inhabitants of Macedonia, and Bulgaria has been intent upon regaining the province. The recent Turkish revolution, and especially the intention of the Young Turk party to immediately reform and strengthen the neglected army, appeared to stimulate Bulgaria to action.

## Great Powers Involved.

Bulgaria has two mighty neighbors, and to conquer and hold Macedonia she had to have the backing of a first-class power. For that support she turned to Austria-Hungary, having lost the support of Russia when she rejected Russia's tutelage, refused to Russianize her army and to convert Bulgaria into a Russian protectorate. There are those who believe that a Turko-Bulgarian quarrel would be only one act in a great European struggle for the control of Constantinople. It is for Constantinople that Russia has fought nearly all her greatest wars since the time of Peter the Great and Catherine II., and some critics foresee a combination of Russia and Turkey, supported by Great Britain, against Bulgarian aggression, which they say, would be supported by Austria and Germany. Great Britain is concerned for her control of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and France has her border interests as well as her entente with Great Britain to consider.

The sovereign houses of the Balkan states have furnished the melodrama. If not the tragedy, of present-day history. The most powerful and most universally respected of the Balkan rulers to-day is King Charles of Rumania. He is nearly 70 years old, and in poor health. In his 40 years' reign he has developed the country into the most prosperous and powerful of the Balkan states. His wife is "Carmen Sylva." The melodrama of this royal house was furnished by Prince Couza, the present king's predecessor, whose profligacies shocked his people so much that they compelled him to abdicate. King Charles was a German prince and did not take the title of king until after the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, when he aided the Muscovite forces.

Three Monarchs Interested. Greece comes into the present mix-up on account of her Macedonian interests, and also because the declara-

tion of Cretan independence gave annoyance to Turkey at a very critical moment. King George is one of the most interesting figures of Southern Europe. His government has been wise and sober, and he and Queen Olga are immensely popular.

King Peter of Serbia has been called "the boycotted monarch," because, with the exception of Emperor Francis Joseph, all the rulers of Europe have refused to visit him or to accept visits from him. This because King Peter has refused to dissociate himself from the assassin of King Alexander and Queen Draga. The assassins, indeed, in spite of the protests of foreign powers, are among those who still hold high office in the kingdom, a fact that lends some color to the rumor that the present king was privy to the horrible crime of the palace. Nevertheless, Serbia has had the support of the western powers in her claims for compensation from Austria. The Crown Prince George is a wild, harem-scuram youth, whose chief faculty is that of getting into scrapes which distress the Serbian authorities.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro succeeded to the throne in 1860, after the murder of Danilo I. His court is

## A Modern Incompatibility

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

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They had been engaged a week. The lagoon was blue—bluer than living turquoise; and the long, sweeping lines of the park award seemed to them considerably greener than emerald.

They seemed quite satisfied where they were, as the man, with long, lazy strokes, brought the skiff around the point of the wooded island. He looked across at her under his tilted hat-brim, his long, brown hands clasped behind his head, his legs crossed. "Sweetheart," he said, "has it occurred to you that we'll be poor?"

"Often," she said.

His unconscious look of relief alone betrayed a latent anxiety in the question. "You see," he explained, with a queer smile, "I don't know you so very well."

"Nor I you," she retorted. They both seemed strangely undisturbed by the announcement.

"I mean," he continued comfortably, "the You that is the product of heredity and environment. I think I know the essential You very well. O, I know what you're going to say; you know it does go a good way toward explaining a person, to know just how he has been brought up, and how he differs from his brothers and sisters—what he inherits from his father, and what he doesn't inherit that he ought to from his mother. Take me, for instance; I don't think you can really know me without having watched me grow up among my five sisters."

"I might as well give it up, mightn't I?" she asked, paddling in the water with the frivolity of idle happiness. "I don't see how it's to be done."

He smiled. "If we had lived in adjoining houses, now—"

"No," she interrupted. "Then you would remember how I looked when I had the measles."

"I don't know that I should care to have you remember me in dresses," he conceded. "I'm afraid you might never have had the proper respect for me."



"It's an Ideal Diet—a Return to Nature."

Then he smiled a characteristic smile which transformed his long, serious face. "I think, after all, I like best to have discovered you," he said.

"I know I do," she answered with decision. "I shouldn't like to have been thrown at your head, even by Providence. And, though I suppose a man does have to live in an adjoining house to know some things, a woman doesn't. I can reconstruct you and your five sisters at any period of your life. A man has no intuitions, you know," she added, dimpling with amiable arrogance of sex.

"And your intuitions told you I was poor?" he asked.

"She nodded.

"They saved me the embarrassment," he said with a slow smile. He was paddling idly in the water, with a hesitation that seemed to her very lovable. She wanted to help him out; but she let him work through the difficulty for the good of his soul. "I've been thinking ever since last Saturday that I ought to talk to you—"

"Don't look so much in earnest," she interrupted. "I'm like David Copperfield's Dora—can't bear to be talked to seriously."

His embarrassed earnestness lifted a little. "Now, you've led me straight to the point," he said. "You—you remember Dora's housekeeping?"

"I didn't say I was like Dora in everything," she protested. "I'm—I'm an epitome of all the heroines in fiction—all the nice ones, that is. You needn't be afraid—" A spark of resentment was beginning to show through her distressful embarrassment.

"Listen," he said. "You misunderstood me. Let me tell you in another way. I have a theory."

"Oh," she said, recovering herself, "if that's all! You're precisely the man I'd suspect of carrying concealed theories! I haven't told you," she said, looking up at him vindictively, "that you're just precisely not the kind of man I intended to marry. You see, since I've been in college, I've met so many—freaks—I verily believe I've been proposed to by a Greek Preposition, pursued by an Economic Theory, and all but captured by a Daily Theme—that finally I said one day to mother, Mother, do you mind if I marry a butcher—or a Viking? If I could only find a nice, gory Viking! No intellectual person need apply."

"You're trying to distract my mind," he said, with great sternness. "Do

you"—he cleared his throat, his bravado deserting him a little, "do you know anything about the raw food movement?"

"Raw food?" she repeated blankly.

"It's an ideal diet—a return to nature in the practical sense," he explained hurriedly. She looked genuinely disconcerted. After all, he did not know her very well. Perhaps he did not at all; the idea of a square meal certainly seemed incongruous connection with her. She looked as if she got that color as the flowers get theirs. It was embarrassing to be discussing such things so soon; yet hang it!

"Do you mean raw pork and peanuts—and fish-worms, for instance?" she asked, with a smile which brought the queer, misplaced little dimple at the lower corner of her mouth into full play.

"Not—exactly," he answered, splashing in the water with his paddle. "It's the principle of cooking that's wrong," he explained.

She blushed. She had overlooked that.

"Have you ever tried it?" he asked skeptically, with the amazing audacity of the meek.

"Tried it?" she echoed indignantly.

"I don't see how you've found time—while you've been in college," he said, retreating a little.

"One can always find time for what one likes," she retorted. "Besides, I was brought up to know how to do things, on principle. My mother has old-fashioned ideas about such things. And I like it. When my brain's tired there's nothing that soothes it like making noodles. It's a beautiful accomplishment. And one doesn't have to think noodle thoughts the while—though noodle thoughts are very interesting, for that matter."

"I should think they might be," he commented. A deep amusement was dawning in his eyes.

He was so lovable in his slow effort at readjustment that she cried out suddenly: "Oh, man, man! My pretty dreams! the kettle simmering, and the nice poached eggs—and the smell of the coffee—the smell of coffee, now, is really poetical—"

"Bless its heart!" said the man with sudden tenderness. "Do you suppose I'm going to object to your having what you want to eat, sweetheart?"

For a moment she was speechless. Then, "Oh! as if I cared what I eat!" she cried, flushed and indignant.

The man stared. "I thought that was what we were talking about," he said humbly.

"One can't explain things to a man," she said with vehement disgust. "When one has no talent one naturally dreams of laying it at the feet of the man one—loves. I've always yearned for somebody to fix for! And to have set your affections upon a man who's above all that—to have no opportunity to develop the natural bent of your genius—"

He had been watching her smile of deep and hidden import. "There are all sorts of nice little salads you can make," he said suddenly.

"Salads?" she repeated, staring.

"Yep. Raw salads, Bananas and nuts and apples—"

"How deliciously indigestible! You don't mean to say that the movement permits of things that are agreeable to the taste?"

He was still watching her under the brim of his hat. "And all the head-cranks of my cult say that you must have flowers and things on the table."

"She was brightening perceptibly. "I hadn't thought of that," she cried.

"Does that help any?" he asked, with great curiosity.

"Ye-es—immensely," she said. "I begin to see—possibilities—in that movement."

"My future is fairly reeking with possibilities," he announced contentedly.

When they rounded the head of the island again, a little later, a tiny column of pale blue smoke became visible on the right, toward the convent. It was mounting almost straight upward against the amber glow of the late afternoon sky.

The man pointed out the little camp-fire on the yellow sand by the water's edge. The figure of a man was bending over it, and a woman in a scarlet golf jacket was moving about at a little distance. Two children were whooping joyously in the foreground.

The girl stood up in the boat to look, in spite of his remonstrance.

"They're cooking supper!" she said. "Oh, how perfectly darling!" She looked around at the jewel-world about them. "It just completes the picture!" she said. "It humanizes the landscape!"

The man grinned self-consciously. "Something smells mighty good," he admitted.

She turned upon him, arrested by the remark, and looked at him for some seconds. Then she clasped her hands. "Oh, my prophetic soul!" she gasped. "It's ham! He likes the smell of it!"

"Don't jump up and down," said the man. "You'll drown us."

That irrational dimple was in full play as she looked down at him. "I think we can get along," she said, nodding at him. "You're nothing but a man, after all. It won't take a serpent to beguile you; you'll just say, 'The woman tempted me, and I did—eat!' All nice men are like that," she added comfortingly.



INTERESTED PERSONAGES.

action for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina cleared the air for a time, but already difficulties have arisen concerning the actual amount to be paid in cash, the terms of payment and the refusal of Turkey to stop the boycott of Austrian trade until the final signatures to the financial settlement have been written down. That is only part of the trouble anyway. Serbia and Montenegro are more defiant than ever. The recent speech of the Serbian minister for foreign affairs in his own parliament was a flat defiance of Austrian demands.

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hopes to force her way southward. Through that same territory, inhabited by the men of his own race and tongue, and largely of his own religion, the Slav intends to find his way to the sea, and thereby to unite those kindred racial elements which are animated by the most intense hatred and jealousy of Teutonic ambitions.

It would seem as if, in the presence of these two tremendous opposing forces, the petty details of international politics from day to day have only that importance which belongs to them in their relation to those forces. Yet it is in the petty details of political strife that the kindling wood is found.

## Disagree as to Motives.

There seems to be no doubt that the personal influence of the Emperor Francis Joseph had a great deal to do with the avoidance of rupture a few months ago. The emperor, sometimes called the "father-in-law of Europe," is the oldest of European sovereigns. He is 78 years old, and he has reigned for 61 years. And it is fairly certain that the emperor's desire for peace and his anxiety to see a quiet sunset of a reign that had such a cyclonic sunrise in 1848 has had much to do