

THE TURK, AUSTRIA

Little Montenegro Gets Ready to Face a New foe.

PRINCE AND HIS ARMED SUBJECTS

Mountain People Who Resisted Turkey for Five Centuries Planning a Guerrilla War to Compel Recognition of Serbs.

CATTARO, Jan. 7.—Though this Austrian port has a population perhaps a dozen times as large as that of Cetinje, the little Montenegro capital can boast what this place cannot, a clean and comfortable hotel. There is a reason for the existence of a hotel at Cetinje.

Until a few years ago diplomatic representatives accredited to the Montenegrin court were in the habit of residing at Ragusa, where many comforts are to be had. But Prince Nicholas did not like the diplomats to live in Austria and staid him only when some diplomatic business brought them, so he caused to be established a European hotel. The hotel is without competition, and consequently prices are high and waiters are as little civil as in America. Nevertheless one is grateful to the hotel and the Prince Nicholas for providing a good dinner in a town of "500 houses."

Only five minutes walk from the hotel is the palace of the prince. As one passes down the main road, which the Montenegrins are pleased to call a street, it is the custom to glance down the palace street, a broad side road, to see if the prince or any of the young princes are walking up and down. The palace street is usually left to the royal family, that is to say no one lingers near the palace corners at either end. This is not because the imperial guard makes people move on, but as a recognized act of courtesy.

Montenegrins and Rulers. The Montenegrins wait in numbers, however, around the corners, for Prince Mirko comes out for a stroll every bright day and Prince Nicholas often sits in a chair at the top of the stairs, saying his word round the corners that he wants to see whoever is there. Some of the Montenegrins take off their caps as soon as they come in sight of the prince, and some of them do not uncover till they begin to speak to him. At these receptions any man may speak to him, though he is not allowed to interrupt some one else or to do all the talking.

It is especially interesting to attend one of these meetings—as I did the other morning after breakfast—now while the country generally feels that there might be war with Austria-Hungary. The captain of some village military company will make an appeal for the staff of a flag, saying his men will fight better under a banner given them by the prince himself. The tall peasant stands bareheaded, with his right hand upon the pistol in his belt; the baggy blue trousers, reaching to his knees, and the sleeveless jacket of red both show beneath an open overcoat—the Montenegrins all wear European overcoats, but no other western thing except boots.

An Albanian subject, a Mohammedan, in long, white trousers, tight fitting below the knee and braided with broad black bands, wears his red fez in the royal presence, because according to his light to remove the fez would be an insult. Salaam-

ing low, touching with the back of his hands first the earth, then his lips and forehead, he begins an appeal for rifles, explaining that he can muster a band of 500 men. Another peasant, knowing no better, asks when the war will be declared.

Prince is Also a Diplomat. But the old prince is accustomed to such questions as this and he does not lack the diplomatic gift. His reply, while satisfying the peasant, does not offend the Austrian minister, whose dragons may be in the crowd, or at any rate finds out before many hours what advice his business has been pleased to give the people. The prince replies that war is a terrible thing and that he hopes there will be none, but that they, the people and he, are Montenegrins, and if driven to war they will fight as becomes Montenegrins.

"It is my will," the prince might say, "that no shot shall be fired across the frontier unless war is declared. We must prove that the charge that Montenegrins are lawless is a calumny."

When a man has made his speech and got his answer it is the custom for him to amount the steps and kiss the hand of the prince. Some of the peasants go down on their knees and kiss his feet. The prince himself wears the native costume and carries a long revolver in his belt. He bears himself like one of the people, and the people bear themselves like the prince, for they are all Montenegrins.

Prisoners Unshamed. In sight of the palace, about 100 yards away, is the low, stable-like prison, in front of which is the open street. At the prison are two men, while prisoners with heavy chains from hip to ankle stroll up and down in pairs, conversing while they take their daily exercise. Passersby do not stop to gaze at them, nor do the prisoners seem to be ashamed. Perhaps the crime of those in chains is the continuing of blood feud, which, though severely punished in the past, was until recent years a thing man would be ashamed not to do.

There used to be almost continual fighting with the Albanians of Turkey because they and the Montenegrins each in turn systematically raided the others, and these aggressions brought about war between the two countries periodically. Finally they agreed to stop fighting and on an appointed day they met on the banks of a river, and the Albanians and the Montenegrins, one by one till all had given the pledge, came forward simultaneously to opposite sides of the stream and cast in each a stone to token that his enmity was washed away forever.

Session of the Skupstina. I attended a setting of the Skupstina, or Parliament, of this curious little country. It is held in the theater, the tiniest little theater I have ever seen.

Sitting on the floor one of the tall deputies could shake hands with the representatives of the powers who sometimes grace the boxes in the first gallery. The stage is not more than twenty feet wide. Here on the stage are the chair and the desk of the president, and on either side in front of him the table of the clerk and that of the stenographer. The latter is a Catholic priest in robes, whose small congregation is unable to support him.

Among the deputies on the floor, about forty in number, are several Orthodox (Greek church) priests. The members are all in national costume, except one Mohammedan, who wears the Turkish dress. One vain old fellow wears a breast-plate of worked silver. In front of each man on his little desk are a pad of scribbling paper and a pencil. Most of the deputies carry revolvers, though some few, those who realize no doubt that their tempers are bad, have left their revolvers outside, hung up with their overcoats and umbrellas.

Military System Primitive. It has been the custom for the Mohammedans to pay the military tax instead of serving in the army, but since the trouble with Austria, in which Mohammedan and Serb are on one side, arms have been distributed as well to Albanians and Turks, who form a small part of the population. The military system of this poor country, which would hardly be able to supply the men with arms, except for gifts from sympathetic Russia, is somewhat primitive. Between the age of 16 and 17 each boy receives a gun, a revolver, a sabre and a number of cartridges.

According to custom he must always carry the revolver; a form of punishment for minor offenses against the law is to relieve him of this weapon for a time, and it is a disgrace to be seen without one. A man may not, according to military order, go a distance of more than two hours walk from home without his gun and cartridge belt. He must give an account to his officer of the use of every cartridge given him by the war department.

At the age of 25 the young man goes for four months to one of the large towns, where there are barracks, and there he receives a course of instruction in the art of war. Those who prove to be the best pupils and desire to become officers may spend a year and a half longer at the military school.

The Montenegrin custom of carrying arms at all times is probably a natural result of conditions under which the nation lived until a quarter of a century ago. They were the only people of the Balkans who were able to maintain their independence against the power of the Turk when he invaded Europe 600 years ago in an effort to conquer the world for Mohammed.

Bosnians and Herzegovinians, fellow Serbs. But Austria-Hungary would not permit the formation of a strong Serb state as a barrier between herself and Turkey, and at the Congress of Berlin she exacted the right to administer the laws in these provinces as well as to occupy with troops the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, Turkish territory, which divided Serbia and Montenegro.

The dual monarchy has now broken the Berlin treaty by formally annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, and all the Serbs, those of the provinces, and the Servians and Montenegrins, are at one in the purpose of preventing their arbitrary act which brights their ambition. Everywhere the Serbs say that if the powers recognize the annexation they will organize their comparatively feeble forces into guerrilla bands and fight the army of Austria. They believe that in their mountains they can keep up the struggle for at least a year.

If they can do this they believe that one of two things must happen; the first is that the Russian nation, with its sympathy for them as Slavs of the Orthodox church, must come to their assistance; the other is the breaking up under the strain of Austria-Hungary, an empire composed of conflicting elements. But should neither of these things happen and should the Serbs be forced to submit to Cattanjo, will it be the House of Hapsburg, then at least they will all be united, waiting as a whole for the opportunity to break from their conqueror.

Strength of the Nations. The Servians can put about 200,000 soldiers in the field; the Montenegrins claim to have 60,000 men, beside arms for 60,000 Bosnians, who are not permitted under Austrian rule to possess them. As the population of Montenegro is less than 200,000 people, this number of fighting men is proportionately larger than that of other countries, which usually count 10 per cent of all inhabitants as available for the army. The difference in conditions in Montenegro and elsewhere accounts for this increased percentage. Here younger men and older men than fight elsewhere are called upon to carry arms, and the country needs no men at home to labor, for the women have always hewed the wood and plowed the fields.

At one of the recent street receptions of Prince Nicholas some women appeared to ask if it were true that they were not to be allowed to do the transport work in the war and load the rifles, as they used to do in the old wars against the Turks. When the big guns were recently moved up the "Lofcheva," the high mountain which dominates the Bocca di Cattaro, the women had not been called upon to help, and the rumor had got about that they were to take no part in the war.

On the morning that I planned to descend from Cetinje to Cattaro, that is, to go back over the road by which I had come from the Austrian port into Montenegro, I was told that Prince Nicholas, who had been indisposed for a few days, was now well again and would give me an audience. I was not to be received as a newspaper correspondent, but as a private gentleman; in other words, I was not to have an interview.

Some Local Color. In order to meet the Prince I deferred my departure till midday, an hour after that appointed by the prince. Of course, my coachman fumed and complained that he had already harnessed his horse, but I knew that his chief object in protesting was to procure extra compensation. Calm me the world over, east and west, are of a fraternity hostile to the rest of humanity.

By the way down over the mountains we found the peasantry on one place killing sheep. They were slaughtering a greater number than the village could devour in many days and we asked the reason. They answered, beaming, that the meat was for the war; they were going to smoke and dry it, they said.

In the custom house here in Cattaro where our baggage was examined we met four tall fellows wearing broad-brimmed hats and coats with shoulders padded after the American fashion. They were Montenegrins who had been out mining in California. I am told that hundreds of them have passed through here, drawn back from America by the rumors of war. The Austrian gendarmes searched their pockets and took from them their revolvers.

"That's nothing," said one of the Montenegrins to me, "the prince has got plenty more up the mountains."

FREDERICK MOORE.

BOMB ENDANGERS SICK BABES

Black Hand Outrage in Hallway Near Ward of Scarlet Fever Sufferers.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Scores of people were thrown into a panic and the lives of several tiny scarlet fever sufferers may be lost as the result of the explosion of a bomb outside the vestibule of an East Seventy-fifth street tenement house early today.

The police believe the so-called "Black Hand" is responsible for the outrage, as they say a grocer named Pacoloci, who occupied a store on the ground floor of the building which was blown up, had received threatening letters. Pacoloci denies this.

The bomb was found in the vestibule by Police Sergeant Birmingham, who saw the spitting of the spark as he was passing. The sergeant entered the hallway to investigate, but when he saw the bomb was about to explode fled to the street. He had hardly reached the curb when the explosion occurred.

MAY BAR BOOK FROM SCHOOLS

Confederate Bodies Object to Direction for Essay on Booker Washington.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 6.—Because one of the text books submitted for use in the schools of Louisiana contains a direction to pupils to write an essay on Booker Washington it is declared that the book will get into the schools only after vigorous protest of the confederate bodies of this state.

General Lewis Gulon, chairman of the historical committee of the United Confederate Veterans, is now engaged in his quadrennial examination as to whether there are reflections on the south or its leaders, or any matter objectionable to southern sentiment in books used or offered for use in the public schools of Louisiana.

General Gulon's criticism has always been welcomed in the past by the educational board and objections by the confederate organizations of the state carry much weight.

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Good Advertising The Multiplication of Brains

Our astounding success has come through our clients' successes, due to the methods which we advocate here.

There are scores of successes to which we can cite you as evidence of what we have done.

As a natural result, this has become the greatest advertising agency that ever existed.

If you are leaving some profit-field untitled; if you are making a failure, or a semi-success, out of a great possibility; or if others win more than you, these are facts that you should know.

The Old Way

For years we did advertising in the Old Way, so we know how to make these comparisons.

We used to depend, as other agents do now, on one man's ability. He did the best that he knew.

But there are many pitfalls in advertising, and one man knew but few. There is need for vast knowledge of human nature, and one man knows but little. Success requires immense exertion, and one man has but one-man power.

Much of the advertising, in the Old Way, failed to return its cost.

The New Way

Under the New Way, we bring many minds to bear on each problem. Each is a man of vast experience and of proved ability. Each is the veteran of many successful campaigns.

LORD & THOMAS NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE AND OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CHICAGO TRUDE BUILDING 67 WABASH AVE.

POETIC LORE OF THE 'POSSUM

Why the Little Animal Has No Hair on Its Tail Explained for Anxious Readers.

Though the honor of giving the possum his first mention in history is ascribed to Captain John Smith, relates the Atlanta constitution, it was Irwin Russell, the Mississippi poet, who Joel Chandler Harris long ago said was the first to appreciate the possibilities of negro dialect work, who first gave the southern marabout a place in literature.

In his "Christmas Night in the Quarters," Russell's admirable portrayal of plantation life on the Mississippi, one of the most attractive sections is that in which old Booker, a banjo player of great reputation, enlightens the quarter with a story of the origin of the banjo, which also answers the weighty question of why the possum has no hair on his tail.

Just now, when the Georgia 'possum is in such prime favor, these verses will doubtless be read with great interest:

Go 'way fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you Keep silence fo' 'batter! don't you boah de banjo talkin'!

"Dar' gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, Fur Noah tuk the Herald an' he read de rubber column—

Of 'Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin', An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin'!

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' u-sailin' an' a-sailin', De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' u-sailin' an' a-sailin'!

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' u-sailin' an' a-sailin', De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' u-sailin' an' a-sailin'!

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De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' u-sailin' an' a-sailin', De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' u-sailin' an' a-sailin'!

These men, in conference, devise plans and means and copy. They solve all selling problems—do all that must be done.

Each contributes ideas; each guards against mistakes. When these men agree, the campaign that results is usually irresistible.

Under the New Way, we multiply the power of each dollar. We get out of advertising all the dormant possibilities. In this way we have doubled our business again and again during the past few years.

The Many-Man Power

Our two Advisory Boards, in New York and Chicago, consist of twenty-eight high-priced men. It costs us about \$1 a minute to keep one of the boards in session.

There is no corps of men in all America so competent to deal with the problems of advertising.

We invite you to meet them. Submit your problems to them; ask their advice. Judge for yourself what such men may mean to you.

We Pay One Ad-Writer \$1,000 Per Week

We pay to ad-writers the highest salaries ever paid. Thus we attract from everywhere the ablest men who develop.

The head of this department receives \$1,000 per week. He divides his time between New York and Chicago.

In the course of years we have gathered here the ablest copy staff in existence. And here, in this vortex of advertising,

LORD & THOMAS NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE AND OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CHICAGO TRUDE BUILDING 67 WABASH AVE.

BACK TO BOYHOOD'S DAYS

Happy! Sure! If You Doubt, Hike Back in Thought as You Read.

Yes, sir! Boyhood's happy days, of course. We know about that. We haven't forgotten the joy of sleeping in an unfinished loft in winter, when our breath froze to the bedding and we had to thaw out with a hot flatiron every morning.

Morning, too. We got up at 4 a. m., pitch dark, 24 below zero, and still going down. We had to get up, hustle out and feed and milk the loving herd, curry the rear elevation of the family mud, wake the rooster up to crow, thaw out the pump, chop four cords of wood and shovel away the snow to make room for the sun to rise!

Sometimes we went to school in the winter—not often. Only on the days when it was too cold and stormy to go outdoors. Then we sat on a nice, cool board about fifty feet away from the stove and gaily blew at our fingers and picked icicles from our hair. And, as we sat, we listened to a wooden image with a teacher's license as he handed us misinformation and permanently crippled our intellects.

The came the merry springtime! Rise at 2:30 a. m. More loving herd! The herd howling owing to the supply of fodder being low. Then the hired man, who had hibernated in the forest, came forth seeking whom he might make happy with his presence. And we, being in need of extra joy, were allowed to sleep with this woolly hireling, who snored like the boom of the sad sea waves. He was a good fellow, this hired man. He taught us to chew tobacco and swear. These gentle pastimes procured us more violent likings than any other joy in our whole young life.

No memory is more loaded with joy germs than the spring crop working. Can we ever forget the plowing? How we held the plow when we had to reach up with a pike pole to get the handles; how we drove the old plug team with the lines around our neck; how, when the clevis broke, the mares walked away with our frail body dragging behind by the ears? How dark-ness came, we stabled the plugs and went forth to milk the brindle heifer. The heifer kicked us across the barn floor and an old cow obligingly kicked us back again. Then, when the milking was over, what fun to turn in and teach a fool calf to drink! This acting as dry nurse to a hand-legged calf was one of the most unimpaired joys of all. We tied the calf short, set the bucket in front of him, got astraddle of his neck, stuck two fingers in his mouth and with the other hand jammed his head into the pail. And all the time we were emptying out abuse on calves in general and this hapless idiot in particular. This went on until dark came in and with loving patience horsewhipped us all about the place.

Then, when we had carried in the wood, brought forty gallons of water from the spring and eaten about eight pounds of solid food, we went joyfully upstairs—and came down again immediately to breakfast.

We often dream and wake to weep for the days gone by when the hay was ripe. We recall the old swamp that always had to be cut by hand. We recall little stanzas that we rasped the edge of our blades on with our bare feet. We remember it all with solemn gladness.

Well, well! How it all comes back to us—Chicago News.

An Active Salesman—A Bee Went Ad.

ENGRAVERS This little trade mark means good engraving. It means good engraving, not part of the time, but all of the time. We have such a large equipment in the newest apparatus and machinery; we have so complete an organization of artists and artisans, that no piece of work is too large, nor artistic requirements too exacting to prevent us from giving complete satisfaction. Baker Bros. Engraving Co., Barker Block, Omaha.

RAILWAY TIME CARD

Table with columns for Union Station—10th and Mason, Omaha, and Burlington Sta.—4th & Mason. It lists various train routes like Overland Limited, Chicago Express, etc., with departure and arrival times.