

Italy's Queen The Idol of The People

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE
OPENED FOR HELENE A
ROAD TO THE HEARTS OF
HER HUSBAND'S SUBJECTS



LATEST PICTURE OF
QUEEN HELENE IN COURT DRESS

The frightful woes wrought on Italy by the earthquakes that destroyed Messina and Reggio have had one slight ray of consolation for the Queen of the devastated realm.

Her heroic conduct in the midst of the horrors of the first few days, the bravery with which she nursed the suffering, keeping so close to the danger zone that she was actually injured in a belated shock, that came a week after the main upheaval, have made the beautiful Queen the idol of Italy.

This is a place in the affections of the people that had never before been granted in full measure. Helene had to suffer to some slight extent for the enormous popularity of her mother-in-law, Queen Margherita, the Dowager, who was the wife of the murdered Umberto.

Margherita was Italian to start with. In her youth she had called this beautiful daughter of the Duke of Genoa "The Pearl of Savoy." Her wedding to Umberto had been no affair of state. She honestly loved him, and his amorous with one who had so completely disgraced the connection.

But the heroic conduct of his wife finally so impressed the sovereign that he broke off the romance and came to the throne the people declined to give to his wife, Helene, the love it had given her mother-in-law.

Margherita had been a great diplomat. She had done much for the good of the country, and the nation declined to believe that her successor could achieve in proportional degree. For one thing, Helene was not an Italian.

She is a daughter of the Prince of Montenegro. She had no Italian sympathies at the time the Crown Prince was a young man. In fact, all her inclinations were in favor of Russia, the Caesarina of which nation she justly became. It is a well-known fact that Nicholas greatly admired the superb beauty of Helene, and longed to wed her. In fact the wedding had come to the point where it was understood that they were betrothed.

But the diplomats decided that politics would make a union with the Princess Alix, of Hesse, a better exploit for Russia, so the czar was informed that he must suppress whatever feelings he had in the matter, and take for bride the woman they picked out.

Thus it came that Helene missed the throne of Russia. At first the substitution of the throne of Italy for that which she had lost, did not afford full consolation. For one thing the King of Italy is frail in health, and it was feared that the union might never be blessed by an heir who could succeed to the throne.

The coming of the heir was the first point that inclined the people toward regard for their new queen. Her beauty had some influence on the impressionable Italians, for no one could discount that. It is said by many that she is the handsomest woman of royal birth in Europe. Her face is beautiful and her figure superb.

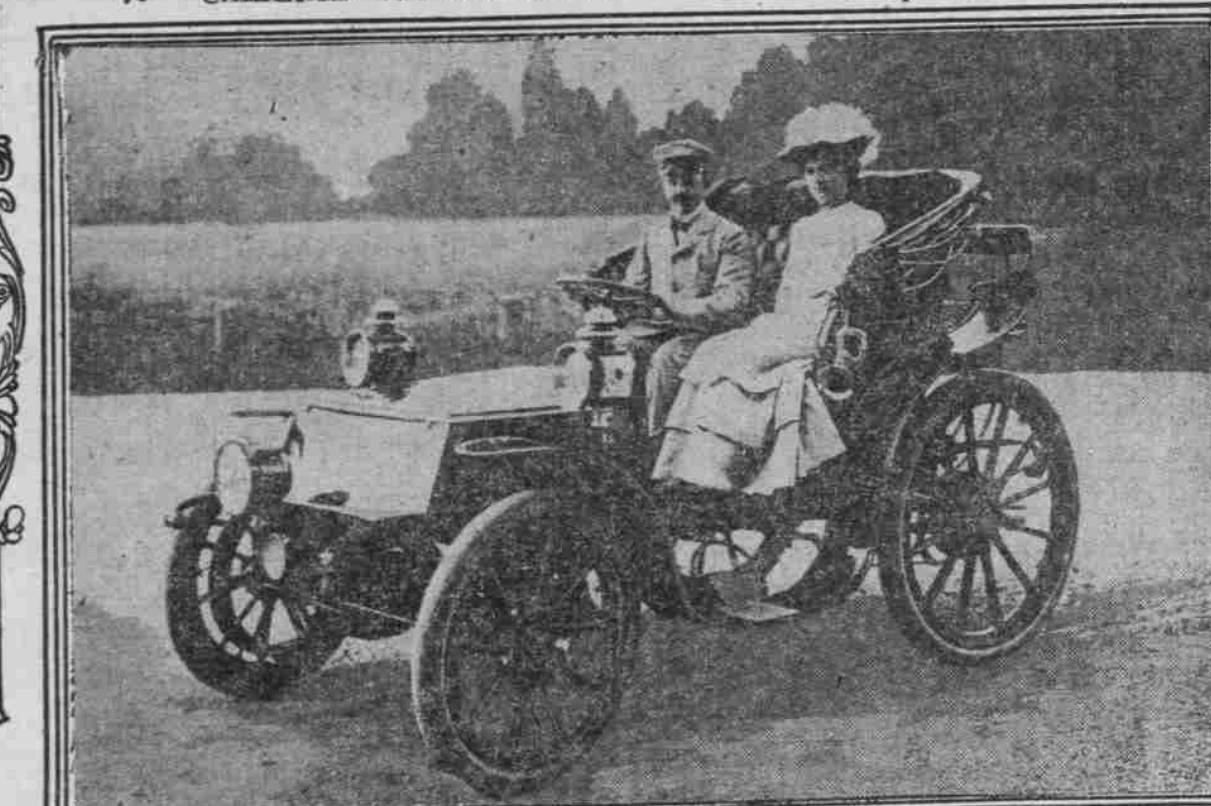
Italians liked to know that at every gathering of the royalty she showed no disposition to dispute in point of beauty with their own laugthy and handsome Queen.

But it began to be discovered that there was more to the Queen than her physical charms. Gradually she began to evolve a mentality that ought not to have been a matter for surprise, considering that she springs from the heroic stock of Montenegro, that little principality that has not hesitated to defy with force of arms on more than one occasion the power of the Turk.

The Queen gradually developed an un-



THE QUEEN, KING AND THEIR
CHILDREN OUT FOR A RIDE



THE QUEEN AND HER HUSBAND IN THEIR
AUTOMOBILE

It would be impossible to count the number of fat little "Bambinos" who have felt the caress of her royal lips. At the charity bazaars it is always the baby booths that she visits first.

Moreover, in her home life she has demonstrated a simplicity that appealed very strongly to the people. She who at court has a bearing unapproached by any sovereign of Europe, declined to live in the stately palace at the Quirinal, but persuaded her royal spouse to take his residence in the small palace at the bottom of the garden built by Pope Clement XIII. During the life of Victor Emmanuel II and Humbert for Princess visiting Rome.

It is of modest dimensions, but it is pleasant and comfortable, and is fitted out with refined simplicity quite in the English style.

The Queen enjoys the admiring devotion of her husband, and by preference they nearly always dine alone, their merry laughter heard by those in the next room showing the happiness that she visits first.

The humanity and touch of the Queen with the life of the humblest subjects of her realm is shown by an incident related of her in connection with toys.

Someone sent to the little Princess Yolande a magnificent collection of costly toys. Queen Helene set them aside, and brought some cheaper ones, with the remark in explanation:

"What children love best is not fine toys, but playthings they can love and break."

When the first news of the earthquake came, the Queen acted with the prompt-

ness of a true Princess of the heroic strain of Montenegro. Her people were in trouble.

There was still peril in the earthquake district. The shocks and rumblings still continued. To get into the danger zone was to court perhaps death.

But there was no delay on the part of the Queen. The King wanted to go alone, but his heroic wife insisted on accompanying him.

The baby Princesses, Yolande and Mafalda, and the baby Crown Prince, whose life stands next to that of Victor for the hands of safe custodians, and the sovereign set off on their errand of mercy.

Every new report of the frightful calamity continues to tell the story of how bravely they contributed to helping in restoring order and bringing succor.



QUEEN HELENE
STARTING WITH
THE KING ON
MISSION OF MERCY
TO EARTHQUAKE
SUFFERERS

Italy knows its Queen now. The last shade of prejudice is gone, and now they delight in applying to her that highest possible compliment for a Queen, "La Peccatrice," which being translated means "The Shepherdess."

THE COURTSHIP OF WASHINGTON

When He Wooded and Won the Widow Curtis, 150 Years Ago.

IT WAS 150 years Wednesday, the 6th of January, since Colonel George Washington, a dashing young officer in the Colonial Army, led to the altar Martha Custis, a young matron whose fame for beauty and charm and wit had made her the pride of Kent and all the counties round about in His Majesty's prosperous colony of Virginia.

The events of that day and those that led up to it and followed are hedged about with an air of romance that clings to those budding days of the American nation; and in the records set down in letters written in those days of much elegant correspondence, and in the folk lore that yet hangs about the valleys of the beautiful "Old Dominion," there is to be drawn the true picture of the things that transpired and from them may be lived again those merry days of rollicking aquires and stately dame's pleasure often broken into by battles against the savages and the solitude of the New World.

The romance which led up to the marriage of the father of his country and the widow Curtis, was not so full of that dignity and serenity of action with which has become the custom of the American people to surround the first President. In fact, there were features in it that tend to show that Washington at 27 had much of the dash and dare and romance of the time in him, and positive proof there is that upon the very first occasion of his meeting with Mrs. Custis, the young colonel was led from the path of duty as a bearer of messages from the field of war to the capital by the blandishments of the future mistress of Mount Vernon.

Washington, with the Colonial Army, was campaigning in the Par West, fighting the Indians and the French and in a lull in the fighting, he made a dash for the capital at Williamsport. When within a few hours' ride of that town he met casually Major William Chamberlayne, an old-time comrade at arms and bosom friend. The major urged that the young colonel turn aside, as dark was approaching, and spend the night with him. This was a final inducement, said that the most charming widow in all Virginia was visiting at his plantation, and that her charms were well worth a delay. With some hesitancy, it is recorded, Washington agreed to turn aside for a brief stop, saying that he would ride later at night to make up for the time so spent.

Certain it is, also, that no sooner had his business been accomplished than he responded to an invitation sent him from the White House on the Pamunkey River and that portion of Virginia knew him almost constantly through the months that followed. Certain it is that when he returned to his command in May, 1753,

he did so with the promise of the widow Curtis that they should be married and that preparations as he could be relieved from duty on the frontier.

Washington at this particular time, and probably through the influence of his fiancée, decided to retire from the army and settle down on his farm on the Potomac and incidentally enter politics. Upon the force of this declaration it was chosen a member of the colony's House of Burgesses, while he was yet in the field, for he was retained there until the end of 1755, and his wedding was accordingly greatly delayed.

There was nothing of sadness about Colonel George when at the holiday season of 1755 he returned to Williamsport and preparations were made for the wedding so long delayed. On January 6 the day was clear and cold when the invited guests, including the Governor, the members of the Legislature, gaudily uniformed officers of the British Army and all the distinguished people of the colony assembled at St. Peter's Church, near the home of the bride, and were ushered in by Bishop, the big negro bodyguard, in a gorgeous scarlet uniform.

Washington was clad in all the finery that was affected by the young bloods of

the time. His suit was of blue cloth, the coat of which showed a rich lining of red silk and boasted many silver ornaments, while a white satin waistcoat, gold knee buckles and powdered hair, large white satin petticoat, quilted and pleated beyond belief. Her heavily corseted white silk overdress was the richest that the colony had ever known, and why should it not be, for was she not one of the wealthiest women in Virginia and many people there had by this time amassed considerable fortunes. Diamonds blazed from hands and braids of pearls hung from her patrician neck.

Bridemaids and groomsmen were correspondingly arrayed in the height of the latest fashion that was brought over from King George's court by fine gentlemen and ladies who not infrequently were coming to America now and by colonial gentlemen who often accompanied their precious cargoes of tobacco to the mother country and bought from its proceeds the richest raiment.

After the Rev. John Mousum had performed the ceremony that united the pair the gay cavalcade formed that was to wind its way back to the White House where the feasting and merry-making was

GOVERNOR OF OHIO AND HIS WIFE



JUDSON HARMON

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 22.—(Special).—Judson Harmon, inaugurated January 11 as Governor of Ohio, is a native of Ohio about 22 years old. He was Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati when Mr. Cleveland made him Attorney-General of the United States—an office he filled with great credit. His only public activity since he left Washington was as co-investigator with P. N. Judson, of Missouri, of the railroad rebate question. It will be remembered that these two gentlemen wanted Paul Morton indicted in connection with rebating by the board of which he had been an officer; that Roosevelt held in this case that the road and not its officers must be held responsible.

SOME ODD MISTAKES

The most frequent cause of inappropriate petitions is no doubt the persistence of habit. Certain phrases are used again and again, and until they come to be repeated without any thought of their immediate application. We may similarly explain the stories of the workhouse chaplain who prayed that those present might not trust in uncertain riches, and the prison chaplain who brought the Lord that he conduct the work in safety to their respective places of abode. At the Congressional Union meeting at Blackpool last year the minister conducting the devotions at one service so far forgot his surroundings as to refer to the place of meeting—the theater of the Winter garden—as "this halcyon spot."

The sense of humor must surely have been lacking in the old man of 80, supported by crutches, who regularly included among his petitions at the weekly prayer meeting the request that the minister who was to deliver the address should be kept from running with the giddy multitude to see the speaker. Familiarity with conventional phrases was the undoing of the minister who, after the sermon on the Pharisees and the publican, asked that there might be poured out upon his hearers a double portion of the publican's spirit. Not very complimentary was the use of a well-known Scripture passage made by a minister at a wedding.

"May these persons live together in such harmony in this life that they may finally attain unto the state of felicity where they neither marry nor are given in marriage." As a concluding example of the thoughtless use of familiar language one may quote this remarkable amalgam: "O Lord, we praise thee that we are thine; we feel that we are thine; we know that we are thine; Lord, make us thine."

As in a sermon, so in a prayer, the attempt to correct a hasty utterance sometimes leads to surprising results. A cautious Scotch elder, it is said, had taken supper at his pastor's house, and in returning thanks after the meal centered upon a detailed exposition of various causes of gratitude. He concluded by invoking the divine blessing upon the pastor's wife as his godly helpmeet, who had always upheld his hands in every good work—"at least," he added in a saving clause, "as far as we know."

It is related of a compatriot that in a moment of forgetfulness he once thanked God for "the salvation of all men," but immediately redeemed himself from heterodoxy by the qualification, "which, O Lord, as thou knowest, is true in one sense, but not in another."

There are some men who seem to think that an indirect manner of expression is especially adapted to sacred things, as the Scotchman of gratitude. He seemed to gather grapes of thorns nor figs of the National emblem, and the Englishman who thus pledged himself, "And O Lord, if thou wilt move the heart of any young man to enter thy service, we will show

our approval in a way which thou wilt appreciate."

Father Taylor, the Boston sailor-preacher, was one of the most direct of men, and on the one recorded occasion when he essayed a roundabout style nature triumphed over artifice. It was the Sunday before the state elections, and he defeat the ringleaders of corruption, who would defy his own party if it yielded to wirepullers, who suddenly Father Taylor paused, and then exclaimed, "O Lord, what a time of boxing the compass in this way? Give us George N. Briggs for Governor. Amen!"

The temptation to use public prayer as a vehicle for the conveying of information has sometimes been too strong to resist. In his lively reminiscences published some years ago in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, the late Dr. Benjamin Gregory recalled how a certain Methodist minister of an earlier generation was accustomed to convey all necessary directions to his younger colleagues through the medium of the throne of grace. Here is an example: "O Lord, bless thy dear young servant. Thou knowest his appointment for tomorrow—a, and he will have to stop at Brother —'s, who keeps a little shop opposite the church. O grant that Thy dear young servant may not forget to let the people leave the magazines and to bring home the moneys."

The famous Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, was accustomed to meet the students in the college chapel every morning, when he would make any necessary announcements as well as conduct devotions. One morning in the prayer with which the service commenced he prayed for the President of the United States, the Cabinet, the members of both houses of Congress, the Governor of New Jersey, the mayor and other officials of Princeton, and he then came to the professors and instructors in the college. At this point there flashed into his mind a notice which had been communicated to him orally and which he had omitted to include in the announcements made just before. To the surprise of the assembled students, President McCosh continued: "And, O Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French class will be held this morning at 9 o'clock instead of 9:30, as usual."—Christian World.

Death in His Hat.

Underwriters' Report.
"Fell into his hat and suffocated," was the inscription on the death certificate of Alfred Parlow, who was recently found dead by the roadside in North Rayham, Mass., by a neighbor. It is supposed, from the position of the man's body, he was on his way to his home and tripped and fell. As he fell his derby hat slipped down over his eyes, and his face was forced into it by the fall. The man was evidently stunned and never recovered sufficiently to extricate himself, dying of suffocation.