

Where Women are Not Wanted

MONK REPUBLIC MAINTAINS PATROLS TO KEEP GENTLER SEX AWAY



THESE is one country on this planet which has very definitely settled the question of woman's suffrage. It has not done so by giving the women the ballot either. But in spite of that, it has nothing to fear from suffragists, even of the militant variety. There is no danger that women will break their shop windows or that they will chain themselves to railings in the public squares in order to convince the legislators that female suffrage is an absolute necessity. They have settled the matter once for all by excluding women from the country.

This curious nation is a little republic south of Macedonia. There are 10,000 men in it, but not a single woman. Women are barred, and men patrol the barriers to prevent them from stepping into the place. For centuries it has been sacred to men. The inhabitants are very peaceable; they are even hospitable to men. But they find it necessary to maintain an armed force for the purpose of keeping women out of their borders. They have never fought a battle with any nation. Their army is for that one purpose.

The Mount of the Twenty Monasteries. This little republic is much older than any that is in existence today, for it was founded away back in the fourth century. Ten thousand monks are living there now and they govern themselves without interference from Turkey or any other country. They have their own laws, conspicuous among which is that debarring women; they elect their own officers and take turns at serving on the police force, whose sole duty is to keep out the dreadful women.

To the south of Salonica, the home of the old Sultan Abdul Hamid, where women are distinctly not barred, the country reaches out into the Aegean Sea in three long, narrow peninsulas, which look on the map like three fingers of a giant hand. On the northernmost of these stands Monte Saito, the sacred mountain, known to us as Mount Athos. It stands out at the very end as though guarding the male republic from the approach of woman by sea.

Dates Back to Fourth Century. The peninsula is almost an island, about 21 miles long by an average breadth of about four miles. At its

narrowest point it is a little less than a mile wide. Its coasts are cut into bays and beaches bounded by promontories. At the southern extremity an immense naked rock, emerging abruptly from the oaks, chestnuts and pines which enclose its base, the conical peak of Athos elevates itself some 6000 feet.

In ancient times the peninsula contained many towns, of which the sole vestiges today are fragments, such as pillars, capitals and sculptured stones, utilized in building convent walls. The old Athenian philosophers frequented Athos in the summer seasons. The Macedonians, proud of the exploits of their ruler, once formed the project of having a sculptor carve the mountain into an enormous statue of Alexander, holding a town in the hollow of one palm and having a cataract flowing down the mountainside from the other. In early Christian days numerous ascetics and anchorites chose its sandy retreats; some of these gradually grouped themselves into religious communities, which as years rolled by were endowed and enriched by Byzantine, Serbian and Bulgarian magnates.

The earliest monastery is said to have been founded in the fourth century; but the written records run only to the ninth century. In the tenth century

many monastic communities existed there. St. Athanasius was much interested in Mount Athos. He united the monks of the peninsula under the austere regulations of St. Basil and established the theocratic republic, which has existed unchanged amidst all the changes and revolutions of adjacent countries for 1400 years.

During many centuries by favor of Eastern Emperors, the monks of Athos enjoyed immense revenues and wielded a dominant authority in Oriental Christendom. They acquired princely estates on the midlands of both the Asiatic and European continents, and as they held the nominations to the wealthiest dioceses, the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries became subservient to them. At their pleasure they installed prelates and deposed patriarchs. Men of genius, intellect, culture and ambition entered their monasteries as the surest and speediest way to imperial influence and patronage.

When, at the fall of Constantinople, the Crescent surmounted the Cross, the Mount Athos rulers with astute diplomacy received the conquering Ottomans as welcome guests, and by payment of an annual tribute secured the protection of the Sultan. But it was the beginning of a change. Hitherto each year the Byzantine Emperors had

sent a gilded vessel with costly gifts to Athos; henceforward Athos had to send a yearly subsidy to Constantinople. And as the voice of the monks was no longer potent at Stamboul, the talent and energy of ambition sought other avenues to power.

Gradually Athos fell outside the stream of human progress, becoming completely lost to Western life. Enjoying quietly under Turkish suzerainty their large revenues, the monks forgot everything else, to be suddenly awakened from their lethargy of nearly four centuries by the great delirious insurrection. Hoping for a recovery of their past pre-eminence in Oriental lands, they furnished money to help the Greek patriots. When that long struggle was ended the Greeks were free. They chose a King and became an independent nation, but the boundary of their kingdom was finally placed several miles south of the peninsula of Mount Athos and the monks who had aided them were left still under the power of the Turks.

These latter had got wind of the help which the monks had given the retractor province and avenged themselves by invading the sacred peninsula, seizing the convents and also confiscating most of the monastic properties in other parts of the empire. It

tasked the monastic statesmanship to the utmost to save the independence of the brethren from the ruin and to retain even a relatively small portion of their ancient inheritance outside of the peninsula. But they at last did succeed in doing it.

The immense piles of buildings and costly objects of art yet left in the treasures of the 553 churches and 29 great convents of Athos testify to its former paramount prestige, power and wealth and to the high esteem in which the potentates and aristocracy of other days held its sanctuaries. Relics of saints enshrined in gold and incrustated with jewels still abound at Athos.

In every monastery are valuable vases of Athos, onyx and porphyry; massive gold, silver and ebony candlesticks and chandeliers; sacerdotal garments of costly brocade, heavy with pearls, rubies and emeralds; icons, crucifixes, crosses and missals of ancient and elaborate artistic execution, covered with diamonds and other precious stones; mosaics so delicately done that powerful lenses are needed to trace their lines, and paintings 700 or 800 years old, of still vivid colors. In one convent is a large lemon tree of silver, richly laden with golden fruit. The pulpits and stalls of the churches and chapels are of costly woods, elaborately and curiously carved.

There are at present on the penin-

sula 20 large convents or monasteries, most of them counting their membership by hundreds and one or two containing considerably over 1000; a few, less fortunate now, have fewer members. Each convent is independent, enjoying its own revenues, and administering its own domains. But all are united in a federal republic, governed by a legislative council of 20 monks, one from each great monastery, elected annually.

How Monks Are Ruled.

The executive head of the republic is vested in a cabinet of four members, each elected annually by a group of five monasteries. The member selected by the elective group of five principal communities (Lavra, Vatopedi, Chilandari, Yviron and Gregorisi) is president of the confederation. The common seal is divided into four parts, one part being entrusted to each member of the executive, so that the seal of the commonwealth can only be affixed to any document by unanimous action of the cabinet.

The internal management of 11 of the monasteries is committed to a prior, elected yearly in each monastery, who wields the executive power, carrying on occasions of state an ebony cane and a golden apple as emblems of his office. He is assisted by three other

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Ten Minutes With The Funny Men.

SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.

Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

A CHANCE.

The mercury never goes too low in Washington to make Vice-President Sherman forget that he is a loyal baseball fan. When the recent cold snap at the capital was at its worst a young New Yorker who had been a candidate for appointment at the West Point Military Academy, called to pay his respects and report progress, knowing that Mr. Sherman was interested in his application.

"I'm sorry to tell you," said the Empire State youth, "that so-and-so got the appointment. However, I have some hope. I was appointed first alternate." "Cheer up," said the Vice-President. "That's a good deal better than nothing. Why, you're the better up, and you know, the better may fan and give you a chance to score."

THE MINISTER'S USEFULNESS.

Among the members of a fashionable country club of Washington are a doctor and minister, who delight in the exchange of repartee touching their respective professions.

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swore that the old man was a patient of his friend, the doctor, "is he much worse?" With the gravest of expressions, the physician replied: "He needs your help more than mine."

Off his guard, the minister exclaimed, anxiously: "Poor fellow! Is it as bad as that?" "Yes; he is suffering from insomnia."—Lippincott's.

A MODERN FATHER.

"Yes, before papa would consent to my marrying George he insisted on looking up his past life." "Mercy! That was risky!" "But he didn't go very far. He stopped just as he found that George was the only nephew of three rich uncles."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AUTO-IRRIGATION.

Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, dismissed with a jest at a Spring luncheon in Los Angeles a somewhat overwhelming compliment.

posed I'd hardly deserve such a compliment as that!

"A comic actor," you know, was talking about the Spring planting that was under way in his suburban home.

"I propose," he said, "to plant onions with my potatoes, the idea being that the onion's tear-compelling powers will work on the potatoes' eyes and thus cause the plants to irrigate themselves."—Exchange.

ANSWERED THEM ALL.

Glancing hastily down the pages of Tommy Jones' examination papers, the teacher's heart thrilled over Tommy's, unexpectedly good showing, for not one of the questions remained unanswered. But upon subjecting the papers to a more careful perusal her pride in Tommy's proficiency had a fall. After seven of the ten questions Tommy had written politely:

"I am sorry that this is a subject on which I have no information."—Washington Star.

WELL CHosen WORDS.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, at farewell luncheon in New York, said of a famous bishop who had married a tremendous rich widow:

Quips and Flings

"Pa, what's sarcasm?" "Fasting 'Shake well before taking' slip on a bottle of ague cure."—Satire.

Ella—Did you ever read Longfellow's Stella—No. Is his game different from the one we play?—Judge.

Judge—What is the charge against the prisoner? Policeman—Holding a man up and knocking him down. Your Honor.—Boston Transcript.

"All signs sooner of later fall."

"True. According to the present state of my coal pile, it ought soon to be time to go fishing."—Detroit Free Press.

"See, I am familiar with your music," remarked the amateur at the musical the other evening.

"It seems so," replied the popular composer. "You are taking liberties with it."—Judge.

"Which side of this controversy do you take?"

"Wait till it's over," replied Senator Sorghum. "It is wiser not to make a

selection until you see which side is to remain uppermost."—Washington Star.

"Sir, are you opposed to votes for women?" "Certainly not; but if women had the ballot, then suffragettes would want it, too."—Siren.

Uncle Dick—Young man, do you study diligently at college? Young Man—No; There ain't no such course.—California Pelican.

Post—Thinks he's the whole thing, does he? Barker—Well, I'd hardly go as far as that, but he certainly considers himself a quorum.—Smart Set.

In the Boxes—"Shall we go into the East Side and take a look at the 'great unwashed'?"

"No, let us go to the opera and see the great undressed."—Lippincott's.

"Barber Suggests 'Hair Tonic' to Bald-Headed Man."

"Pastor's Parrot Tries to Help Him Ask a Blessing at Company Dinner."

"Great Airing of Soused Linen; Fire in Chinese Laundry."

"Two Society Leaders Accidentally Meet in Pawnshop."

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

NURSERY RHYMES UP-TO-DATE.

Hark, hark, The dogs do bark, The crook is all over the town! They're making grabs From taxicabs, And no one runs them down!

Diddle diddle, dumplings, My son John, He came home, but His watch was gone!

Little Miss Muffit, She sat on a tuftit, Her diamonds made a display; A pickpocket eyed her, Then sat down beside her, And got all her sparklers away!

Taffy is a burglar, Taffy is a thief, Taffy has a pull, though, And never comes to grief!

Mary, Mary, Quite contrary, How do your valuables go? Biffs and bangs From hold-up gangs From hold-up gangs I have the scars to show! Little Cop Horner

He stood on the corner, Watching the robbers go by; He twiddled his thumb, And he pulled in a bun, And he said, "What a good cop am I!" —Town Topics.

MARY JANE. Mary Jane asked me to wed, Just four years ago; Waited till I shook my head As I answered no.

Mary Jane has married three Since four years ago; Now again they say she's free— And with lots of dough.

I am wiser far today Than four years ago; If she asks I will say— Well, I guess you know, —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ALL SHE ASKED. "All that I ask is love," she sang; They plied her for her choice, And thought as they sat there listen- ing, And suffering torture, that the thing She needed most was a voice. —Chicago Record-Herald.