

CZAR NICHOLAS of MONTENEGRO

MONARCH of BLOOD and SONG.

Fat Ruler of Rocky Balkan Kingdom Pairs the Pen and Sword as Fit Weapons for Soldier—Dispenses Justice and Writes Poems Under a Fig Tree Like an Eastern Cadi—Now Prepares a Servian Edition of All His Verses.



King Nicholas of Montenegro
The Royal Poet of the Balkan States



Crown Prince Danilo of Montenegro whose
Failure to Write Poetry is a Disappointment to His Father.

BY S. R. HEMPHILL.
CETTIGNE, AUG. 3.—Fat Czar Nicholas, of Montenegro, aged 71, lately sprained his ankle and lay three days under a fig tree in the Dvorska Ulica, and scrawled mysterious symbols.

Under this fig tree Nicholas some-

times administers, or, as Montenegrins say, "inflicts" justice. When a mountaineer, beautifully dressed in knives and revolvers, came to Nicholas and asked for justice, Nicholas lost his temper. The mountaineer demanded that a next-door neighbor should be hanged for stealing his pipe, which petition Nicholas rejected, not because hanging is too severe, but because, said he, "I am writing a poem."

This reply astonished the brave Montenegrin, who believed that real poetry was never written down. A real poem is learnt by heart and chanted by a bearded bard to the deafening music of the gusla, to the clashing of patagons and swords and to the explosion of precious gunpowder.

But now Nicholas is not only writing a poem; he is preparing a complete edition of all his poems in the Servian language. It will be printed at Agram and read throughout the vast territory in which the Servians live; in Montenegro itself (when anyone can read), in Macedonia to the south, as far east as

Roumania and as far north as Styria. For the Serbs are Europe's most scattered race, outnumbering the Hungarians and many other nations that cut a figure in the world.

Fat old Nicholas is a genuine poet. His verse is full of the primitive, heroic, epic spirit. Compared with the effusions of his royal neighbor, Carmen Sylva, are the thinnest of skim milk. The old man comes of a stock which always spilt ink as fast as blood. Nearly all the Peters, Danilos, Mirkos and Rado Tomos who preceded him as "Vladikas" of Montenegro were mas-

ters of the goose-quill. His great uncle, Peter II, was the best of Servian poets and also a tolerable warrior, for he wrote his first ode on a mud wall in Rijeka with the blood of a butchered Turk.

Fat old Nicholas maintains the heroic strain. Poetry and war, he holds, are but branches of the same sovereign profession. You can even combine the two; for when Nicholas was busy besieging Niksic, in 1870, he spent part of the day writing songs about the defending Turks. He, yes, dear; the holes are larger.—Los Angeles Herald.

"See that fine place down there? That's the property of a colleague of yours, Dr. Bistouri."

"Fine! That represents 60 appendicitides and 40 cancers."—Pele Mele.

Bacon—They say that radishes contain a great deal of iron.

Eberty—Perhaps that is the reason those in my garden don't get up any higher—carrying too much weight.—Yonkers Statesman.

Conjurer—Now, sir, you admit that the card that you have just taken out of the handkerchief is the queen of clubs, yet the card you chose and securely tied there, namely the ace of

the fit recreations of a poet, and the fit recreation of a warrior is the celebration of his own exploits.

Nicholas' muse is limited in scope. In fact he rejects all the muses except Calliope, Clio and Terpsichore, who stand respectively for the epic, history and the dance. Terpsichore is tolerated by rough Nicholas because a warrior has a right to dance on his enemies' graves. Nicholas has composed some lively "kolas," or round dances for men and maids. For such a swashbuckling sovereign he is tolerant of women; indeed, his best political poem, "Balkanska Carica," the "Empress of the Balkans," is dedicated to Montenegro's fair. If there were a muse of drink who also would be permitted, for the warrior-king has written tolerable drinking songs, with admirable precepts. One is that "if there are Turks in sight you should keep warily sober, but that when you have cut off the heads of a dozen Turks and bagged their weapons and money, you have a right to drink to their shades. Pursuing this line of thought, he bursts out again:

Drink! drink, and you'll be sound and jolly; Drink, brave landmen, for in wine there is red blood; and when thou drinkest—If enough—the world is thine!

Nicholas is a newspaper man. He

runs a poetical journal named "The Dove," which was founded by his poetical cut-throat ancestor, Peter II. In this Nicholas printed his first poem, "Vukassain," which describes an incident in the fall of the medieval Servian empire. There, too, he printed his "O namo, o namo!" a political confession, which has risen to be the national song of the Pan-Servians in Montenegro, Servia, Turkey and Austria.

Turks, pashas, "bussersmans" and padishas are the objective of Nicholas' best poems. They inspire many dainty and sonorous lines, such as "Drink ye blood from the black Turk's skull," "When 50 Moslems fall from Yuka's hand," "Our emerald valley's blossom red," "The glorious slaughter of the Moslem captives," and so on.

Like Homer and other true epic poets, Nicholas ignores the moral conventions of war. He exalts equally Montenegrins who have died for their country, and Montenegrins who have merely tortured Turks, butchered them in their sleep or dropped poison into their drink. The Hague convention plays but a small role in the poetry of Cetigne. There is a touching Montenegrin poem describing Holy Night, 1702, when the brave hillmen rose and butchered in cold blood thousands of defenseless Turks. When you read Nicholas' verses you conclude that a hero needs only two qualifications—first he should be superhumanly courageous and, secondly, he should be endowed with a fine equipment of raciality.

Cettigne affirms that Nicholas is much alarmed by the decline of poetical talents in the Petrovich-Niegoch family. His eight children have done well for themselves; married kings and grand-duchesses; but they have

no more poetry in their pens than they have Turkish blood on their swords. The heir, Prince Danilo, is an intelligent, good-looking South-Slav who resembles a soldier in Shaw's "Arms and the Man." But in literary matters he is uninspired and burly papa's efforts to drive him into song have failed. Some of the other children have written verse, but it is homely verse, worse by far than the verse of Nicholas, and very much worse than the verse of Peter II. So Nicholas feels as sad as a melodious thrush that has reared a nestful of squawking sparrows.

This matter has a political end to it. The old man is firmly convinced, that verse and butchery are indissoluble twins. He dreads what may happen when unpoetical Danilo and Mirko meet the terrible Turk in fight. If Apollo, he reasons, perhaps Mars, the god of war, will also pass them by. Nicholas is so sure of this that when he hears of a Montenegrin youth who has been chanting imaginary victories over the Turks, he sends for him and makes a soldier of him. The quality of his verse is unimportant, as long as his remarks about the Turks show adequate heat.

Yet this adipsose literary prince has a real warrior's chivalry. He is a knight and a gentleman. He hates the Turks as Turks; but as warriors and blood-lovers he welcomes them, and he is grateful to them for supplying the potentialities of combat. That explains many queer inconsistencies in his verse.

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Queen Milena, who shares the Montenegrin throne with a Poet King

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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

JUST A LITTLE FARTHER ON.

After North Carolina voted to be a "dry" state, its citizens became very suspicious of strangers.

One day a commercial traveler went up to an old negro in a little town in the eastern part of the state and said to him:

"Say, uncle, if you will lead me to some place where I can get a drink, I'll give you two dollars."

The old darky looked him over carefully, accepted the two plunks, and said, "All right, boss; just follow me."

He led the thirsty one through the town, on through the suburbs, into the country, and then started due west. After they had traversed about five miles in silence and still nothing in sight, the man asked:

"Look here, Mose: Where are we going after this drink?"

"We're gwine ovah into Kentucky, boss; we can't git nuthin in this state,"—Judge.

BY WORD OF MOUTH.

A woman in one of the wards in a Rhode Island hospital was informed she had appendicitis and would have to be operated on at once. Much frightened, she reluctantly consented and was conveyed to the operating room. One of the doctors had com-

menced to administer the ether and her eyes were closing languidly, when he discovered he had forgotten to inquire if she had false teeth. He quickly removed the rubber cap, and shaking her slightly, he said: "Have you anything loose in your mouth?" Then, as he made a move to put his hand in her mouth, she opened her eyes wildly and exclaimed:

"Nothing but by tongue, doctor, and, for God's sake, don't cut that out, too!"—National Monthly.

WHEN HE REACHES THE GATE.

Captain T. S. Boulevard is telling this one to his friends:

"Saint Peter, so the story goes, was standing at the Golden Gate when a man stopped in front of the gate and asked to enter. St. Peter asked, 'Who are you and what did you do?'"

The man answered, "I am Christopher Columbus, and I discovered America." He was allowed to enter.

"Again a man stopped in front of the gate. St. Peter asked him the same question: 'Who are you, and what did you do?'"

The man answered, "I am George Washington, the father of my country." He likewise was allowed to enter.

"Then there was a terrible commotion outside the gate, shouting such as cow-boys give vent to, and the clatter of

horses' hoofs, along with the sound of 'Whoa,' and a breathless horse stopped in front of the gate.

"St. Peter asked the man on the horse, 'Who are you, and what did you do?'"

The man replied: "It's none of your blasted business! You go and tell the boss that Roosevelt is here!"—Kansas City Star.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

The husband and wife were making a call on friends one evening. The wife was talking. "I think we shall have Marian take a domestic science course along with her music and regular studies when at college."

"Ah," said a man present, who had been a stranger until that evening, "you look rather young to have a daughter ready for college."

"Oh," said the mother, haltingly, "she isn't old enough now; she is just 8 months old, but I do so like to look forward.—Indianapolis News.

A WOMAN CARELESS OF AGE.

A woman testifying in court at Milan, Italy, when asked her age, replied: "Oh, between 35 and 50."

"There's some difference," said the president ironically. "Don't you know your own age?"

"Excellency," replied the witness, "I count exactly my money, my wash-list and my clothes, because someone might rob me of them. But as no one can steal from me a year or even a day, I do not bother to reckon them."—London Chronicle.

Quips and Flings

Mrs. Muchblest—I feel uneasy. The baby hasn't cried all day.

Mr. Muchblest—So do I. He will probably cry all night.—Boston Advertiser.

"Dat feller Rattus Skinner done bin talkin' a powahful lot 'bout how he's a-rasin' chickens."

"Sho! He doan mean 'raisin'; he means 'tittin'."—Catholic Standard.

Mrs. Gotham—Don't you think those doughnuts are an improvement on the last ones I made?

Mr. Gotham—Oh, yes, dear; the holes are larger.—Los Angeles Herald.

"See that fine place down there? That's the property of a colleague of yours, Dr. Bistouri."

"Fine! That represents 60 appendicitides and 40 cancers."—Pele Mele.

Bacon—They say that radishes contain a great deal of iron.

Eberty—Perhaps that is the reason those in my garden don't get up any higher—carrying too much weight.—Yonkers Statesman.

Conjurer—Now, sir, you admit that the card that you have just taken out of the handkerchief is the queen of clubs, yet the card you chose and securely tied there, namely the ace of

spades. I now produce from this hat. Timid Volunteer—So sorry—my mistake—Punch.

"How long did your honeymoon last?"

"Until the first day I asked George for money, I think."—Detroit Free Press.

"We call that girl Juarez." "Why?"

"She's been captured six times already this season."—Pittsburg Post.

Knicker—All three candidates who ask your support are college men. Bocker—Just what my boy has been doing four years.—New York Sun.

Miss Voccolo—I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into song. Bright Young Man—Why don't you get the key and you won't have to break in?—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The witches were making the broth. "I suppose one cook is going, one staying, and one coming," cried Macbeth. Three at once was beyond his comprehension.—Judge.