

PRINCESS LUISA WEDDED WITH GREAT POMP, MISERABLE ON WEDDING DAY

Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony Consents to Marry Prince Frederick-August of Saxony and Emperor and Princess Vio to Make the Ceremony Costly and Impressive.

BY PRINCESS LUISA, (Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony.) INSTALLMENT V. ON OUR return to Vienna we went to the Villa Orth, where my father awaited us...

I was very nervous and apprehensive in overcharged home atmosphere, and I wondered with a terrific shudder whether I should be obliged ultimately to accept my parents' choice of a husband without consulting my own inclinations...

My girlish dream was in the affection of my future subjects; and this, perhaps, the only dream of mine that has ever become a reality...

I told papa that I was quite willing to marry Prince Frederick-August, and when he returned to Lindau directly the news was communicated to him...

Impressions of Her Fiance. Frederick August was very good looking, tall and well set up, with an open expression and the kindest blue eyes in the world...

The act of renunciation is performed with all the pomp and circumstance characteristic of the Austrian court. At eleven o'clock on the morning of November 20, my father escorted me to the throne room at the Hofburg...

Consent of the Emperor. Although my parents had given their consent to my projected marriage, formal permission had to be obtained from one mightier than they—namely, the head of the Hapsburgs, the Emperor Francis Joseph...

The Bride's Dress. The magnificent white moire antique with golden roses and leaves embroidered on it in high relief; the corsage was perfectly plain, with the sleeves and the long and heavy train was embroidered with garlands of roses...

Jewels in Her Trousseau. The precious jewels of my trousseau were now the topic of the hour, and while my father was arranging the marriage formalities with the high court officials in Vienna, mamma and I were deep in the mastery of our fiefs. I must confess that selecting my gowns gave me exceptional pleasure...



My Husband, King Frederick-August of Saxony. Reilly & Way Photo.

for the hair. My bridegroom gave me a splendid set of jewels which had belonged to his mother the Infanta Maria-Anna of Portugal, comprising a pair of diamonds and some bracelets containing miniatures surrounded by diamonds of his great-grandparents...

At last we entered the chapel. It is a small Gothic edifice, very dark at all times and on my wedding day it was darker than usual. There were assembled all the members of the Tuscan and the Saxon families and the Emperor sat on a throne on the left side...

Superstition Proves True. The old superstition unfortunately proved true. A fortnight after my marriage the Archduke Sigismund and Ernest died and at the end of December they were joined by the third one, the Archduke Carl Ludwig.

Miserable on Her Wedding Day. After the luncheon I went up to my rooms and changed my bridal gown for a gray costume, a black jacket and a gray feathered hat. The weather was still wet and dismal and as we drove to the railway station, I felt a curious presentiment of coming disaster which I could not shake off.

No civil ceremony ever takes place when an Archduchess is wedded. The documents relating to the marriage, the dowry and the deed of renunciation are sent to the country of her adoption, but the religious service is the only one required. As soon as my toilette was completed the procession was formed and I went

I installed myself in an easy chair. Frederick August tucked a rug carefully round me and without any more ado promptly went to sleep. When I awoke I wondered for the moment where I was, but I soon realized that instead of being Luisa of Tuscany I was the Crown Princess of Saxony on her wedding journey.

Portland Children Featured in Fiction

Miss Judith Solis-Cohen, Who Has Relatives in This City, Writes Story Series for Small Folks.

MISS JUDITH SOLIS-COHEN, niece of D. Solis-Cohen, of this city, is winning recognition for the excellence of her literary work in magazines and newspapers of the East. Miss Solis-Cohen visited her relatives in this city in 1913 during the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and was quite an enthusiast of Portland. She is expected to visit the Pacific Coast next year.

"Little Folks Magazine," the charming children's magazine from Los Angeles, is prominently featuring a series of settlement stories by Miss Judith Solis-Cohen that are appearing in the current volume of the magazine. The stories being in Portland, Or. The series is being attractively illustrated by Harriet O'Brien.



Miss Judith Solis-Cohen, Who Has Relatives in This City, Writes New Series of Stories for Children.

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SHORTAGE IS PREDICTED Michigan Republicans Told Democrats Have Ignored Promises.

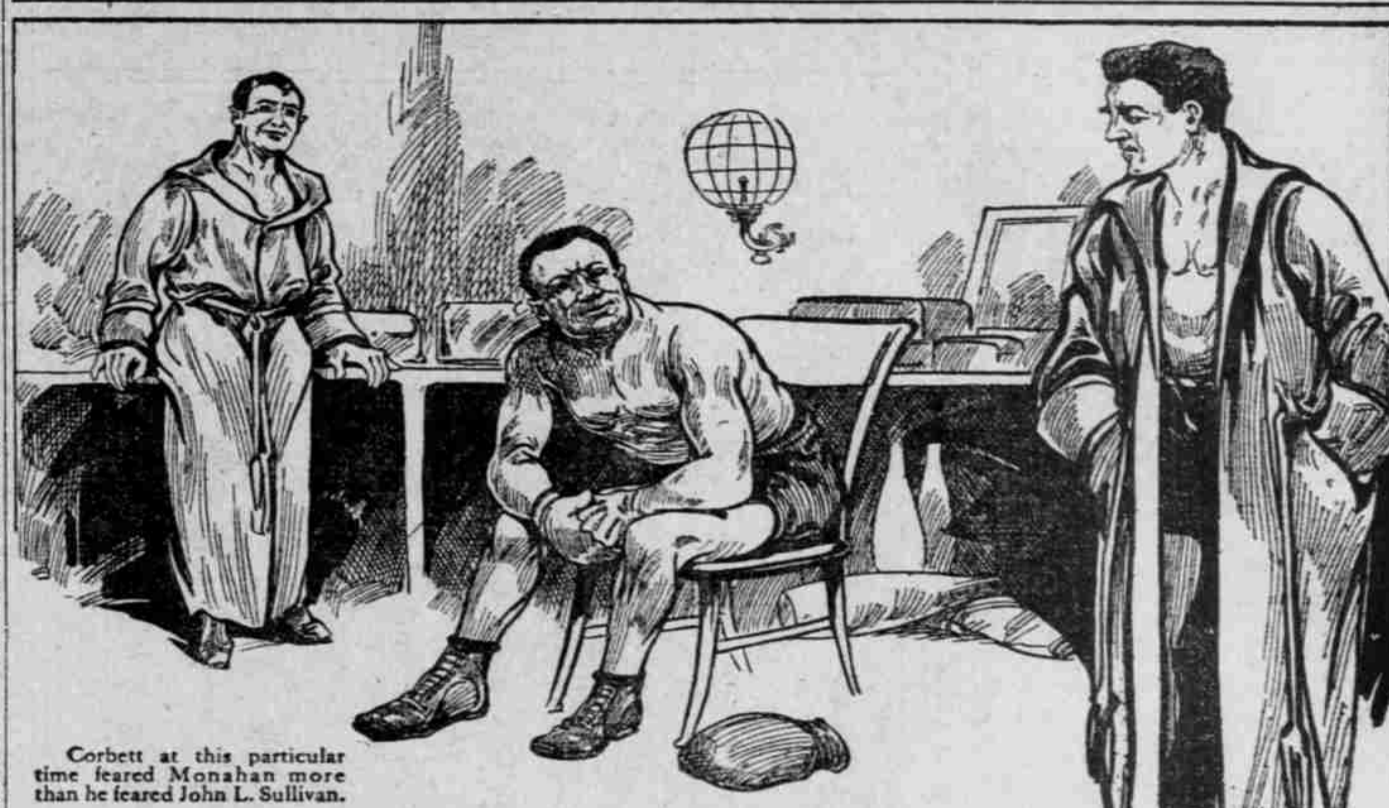
MUSKOGON, Mich., April 12.—In a bitter attack Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman, of Illinois, at the Muskegon County Republican Club banquet, characterized the Democratic Administration as a "failure and predicted a Treasury shortage before another year. The speaker attempted to show where platform promises had been ignored."

HUBBY'S GIFT 'CONFESSED' Wife Arouses Ire With Pearls of Which He Knows Not.

LONDON, April 18.—(Special.)—The wife of a prominent British politician, who is not so attractive as she might be, recently appeared at a dinner with a really lovely pearl necklace. She told several people in confidence that her husband had presented it to her, and someone commented to him on his generosity. Home went the husband in a rage to demand where she got the pearls for he had not bought them.

GAS HOUSE GIANT PUTS FEAR INTO HEART OF BATTLING JIM CORBETT

For Days, Philadelphia's Terror Appears at Stage Door Eager to Go for a Few Rounds With One of the Contenders for Championship, but His Request Is Sidestepped by Brady.



Corbett at this particular time feared Monahan more than he feared John L. Sullivan.

IN A previous chapter I said I was paying Corbett \$175 a week in 1892 to box in the vaudeville scene in "After Dark." Within 24 hours after the Corbett-Sullivan articles had been signed we were flooded with telegrams from all parts of the United States offering us fabulous terms for his appearance.

The first contract we signed, as I remember, was for \$1500 a week at the Lyceum Theater, Philadelphia. The highest price of admission to this house was 50 cents. This contract provided that Corbett was to meet a new man every night and attempt to stop him or put him out in four rounds. Such a pastime was permitted at that time in Philadelphia, which was then known as the home of many athletic aspirants.

One of the toughest of "all comers" at that time in Philadelphia was a man who worked in the gas-house. His name was Mike Monahan and he had succeeded in making a name for himself before every champion that had come to the City of Brotherly Love for years.

Every night Monahan reported at the stage door and every night Corbett sidestepped the issue. Monahan looked like an iron jaw and his face was covered with scars. He was a tough proposition. We had some hope of occupying an encounter with this fellow.

Nothing was left but that we should do something to put fear into the heart of Monahan. At last we hit upon a scheme. We arranged that he was to put on his rights in the same room with Corbett and his sparring partner, Jim Daly, of Philadelphia. It was to be a third degree process. We put him in a chair between Corbett and Daly. After a time, Daly said to Corbett: "Say, Jim, you know that man whose jaw was broken in Hartford last week?"

Corbett nodded. "He's no better." "You've got to meet him yet?" said Corbett. Monahan went on dressing. Then Daly said, "Anybody that goes into the ring with you, Jim, ought to have his life insured." Still not a word from Monahan.

Story after story they told about the man who had sent to me and said, "Now, Bill, I will take one chance with this fellow and if I fall you will have to call time and make the rounds very short."

he feared John L. Sullivan when he got into the ring with him later on. Monahan came into the ring with the confidence of a Napoleon. The bell sounded; they went to the center. He took the speedy rush at Corbett and hit him a quick blow in the stomach, then grabbed him and tried to throw him off the stage. Instantly there was a commotion in the house. Monahan rushed Corbett all over the place. But Corbett took no chances. He stood back and gritted his teeth. Monahan pushed forward. It looked bad for Corbett, but he winked to me not to ring the bell. Another lunge from Monahan, another lunge, and then Corbett shot his right hand across on Monahan's jaw and knocked him stiff. It took a minute to bring him to.

We went back to the dressing-room and discovered what it had cost us to knock out the gas-house giant and rescue Corbett's reputation. Two of his knuckles were knocked back enough to make the middle of his hand the end of Corbett's attempting to meet the "all comers" with one or two exceptions, up to the time he entered the ring with Sullivan.

That was the plan for our tour, which was to include the whole country, and we hoped to clean up not only Corbett but also Sullivan. We had expenses for his battle with Sullivan, but a tidy sum besides. After we'd been doing this about a week we discovered it would be necessary, in order to engage great local interest and secure fine receipts, to get somebody to stand before Corbett before Corbett went out. We paid the boys from \$10 to \$20 a bout. The same thing is done now at Madison Square garden. Of course, the moment the thing got brutal in any way we stopped.

So we hit upon the idea of sending Connie McVey ahead of the show a couple of weeks. McVey was the man we had discovered in Philadelphia—the man who "knew how to be knocked out." He was to go to the different places we were to play, "discover" that Corbett was to appear there, and immediately issue a challenge to fight him on his arrival. In this way Connie fought Corbett all over the United States under different titles. In Hartford he was known as Joe Nelson, the Maine terror; in Rochester he was Alex Corbett, the Canadian giant; in Columbus, O., he fought Corbett as Jim Dundan, the mountain terror from Kentucky.



He was known as Joe Nelson, the Maine terror.

not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fatten, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. It is neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made. I sincerely believe, regardless of the color of your hair, besides its immediate desirability, soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually why not now?—Adv.



appropriate to the section of the country in which he was operating. For instance, in Milwaukee he was John Olson, the terror of the lumber camps; in New York City he gave a battle that created intense enthusiasm under the title of the Walla Walla giant.

McVey's personality lent itself beautifully to our scheme. He was a very big man, weighing about 240 pounds. That he looked like a real champion was demonstrated when Corbett visited Dublin years later, after defeating Charley Mitchell. There were 20,000 persons in the city and in the streets to meet us on the occasion. Some of them found Corbett, carried him on their shoulders to his carriage, and wanted to see one of their kind defeat the upstart from the north. In Tucson Corbett knocked McVey out in one round as the terror of Arizona, while in El Paso the many-titled man put up a very pretty match as the Texas Pet. In all these places Connie was received as a world-beater.

Others in the mob found Connie McVey, and, in spite of his protests, carried him on their shoulders to his carriage, unblinded the horses and pulled him up another street to the same hotel. So there were two Corbetts dragged through the streets of Dublin that day! In the declining days of Corbett's reputation he was matched to box 20 rounds with Tom Sharkey at the Lexington Athletic Club, New York. Connie McVey was in the corner, and when in the eighth round Sharkey had Corbett practically beaten and on the verge of a knockout, McVey jumped into the ring and rushed between them and so lost the fight for Corbett by a foul. But he saved his beloved friend from the knockout. McVey was one of the most faithful creatures I ever knew.

(To be continued.)

HAT ROW GETS IN COURT "Sky-Piece" Blocks One "Murder Fan's" View, Complaint Follows.

CHICAGO, April 12.—A "remove your hat" wrangle between two women "murder fans" halted the argument of Attorney R. W. Cooper for a few minutes and caused some craning of necks in the courtroom. A stylishly dressed woman occupied a seat directly in front of another woman and wore a tall hat with large plumes. "Take off your hat," screamed the woman in the rear. "Mind your own business," yelled back the other. "Order!" shouted the court. Attorney Cooper stopped arguing and the woman in the rear seat was told the judge, but her complaint failed, for she was ordered out of the courtroom and told not to return.

MEN GIVE SKIN FOR LIFE West Virginia Students Join in Effort to Save Woman.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., April 11.—In an effort to save the life of Mrs. Albert O. Price, a leader among West Virginia club women, physicians here began a skin-grafting operation. E. R. Sweetland, director of West Virginia University, volunteered the necessary skin to make the operation successful, about 250 square inches. Mrs. Price was burned a month ago.

FOR DANDRUFF, FALLING HAIR OR ITCHY SCALP 25 CENT DANDERINE

Girls! Girls! Save your hair! Make it grow luxuriant, beautiful—a delightful dressing. If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine. Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair. Danderine does not dissolve any particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scour robs the hair of its natural strength and its very life, and if