

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, and there we had an unpleasant scene between my parents over the Bulgarian fiasco, which had greatly pleased mamma. Papa, on the contrary, was very much annoyed at my refusal to accept Prince Ferdinand, and I think he dreaded the interview he would be obliged to have with Princess Clementine, who went nearly mad with rage when she was told that I had declined the honor of a Coburg alliance.

I was rather alarmed at all the bad temper displayed simply because I would not marry Ferdinand, but my grandmother composed formally for my dear, never be forced into doing anything repugnant to you; your other suitors will doubtless please you better, and I hear that he is quite a good boy." 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. For the first time in my life I felt the dreadful "trapped" sensation that I afterwards experienced so much, and I longed to escape. I contrasted my position with that of other girls, who were, as I imagined, not precipitated into matrimony, but were allowed a more liberal choice of a husband than a poor Princess.

From Gauden we went to Lindau, and on June 19 my future husband arrived, accompanied by his father and sister. Prince Frederick-August only stayed at Lindau two days, but before leaving he composed formally for my hand. When papa told me this, and asked me what answer he should give to the Prince, I hesitated, and begged for time to think it over. I considered the matter in all lights; I knew that my parents wished me to marry, and my independence was not to be a larger area in which to think and act than my life at Salzburg afforded. I wished to be in evidence somewhere, and my ambition was to shine with the prospect of becoming a Queen, for although I fully recognized the hollowness of royal state, I was romantic enough to long for it. I had long desired to enroll her name in history would have no difficulty in making herself a "power for good."

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, for even today, called and loved as I am, I am surrounded by thousands of loving hearts beat for me, and that I shall not lose my sovereignty over the affections of my beloved Saxon people, who have been loyal to me and have never failed to offer me consolation in my darkest hours. I told papa that I was quite willing to marry Prince Frederick-August, and he returned to Lindau directly the news was communicated to him. Mamma insisted on my donning a very becoming gown, and she had my betrothal, so I awaited the Prince's arrival in a pale blue silk dress. I felt nervous and excited as I realized that I had now become a bride, and I kept on repeating to myself, "I wonder, I wonder if I shall be happy?"

When Prince Frederick-August was shown into my room, we were assembled I forgot my own heart searching in pity for his nervousness. He was too distraught to give my parents a kiss when they came to bid me adieu, and he turned away, blushing furiously, and bestowed a very, very shy kiss on my forehead. After the first ordeal was over we recovered our composure and closer acquaintance with my fiance revealed his many excellent qualities of heart and mind, a disarming smile, a ready wit and great joy to me, for I now felt sure that my marriage would be a happy one.

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. I do not think that I could have attracted a man more handsome than he is now, loath to believe in wickedness and intrigue; he looked upon women as sacred beings and he was always ready to give up his own qualities have been his worst enemies, because his innate nobility has always prevented him from realizing what deplorable a creature he really was. What a misfortune that no kindly fate interposed at our betrothal, to warn us that this seemingly ideal union would result in nothing but a long suffering on the best of husbands! But nothing occurred to give us a glimpse into futurity. I had been much struck by the excellent qualities of Saxony and as my father's first wife was a Saxon Princess, I naturally felt that there was a tie between the two houses which probably made me less of a stranger to my husband's family than would otherwise have been the case. So I looked at my future husband with a trifle shy and awkward as a lover, these traits were commendable, for they conclusively proved that Frederick-August had kept his promise to me, and that I should not be confronted with any specters of the past or hear highly colored accounts of affairs de cour with actresses and others.

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. My father, therefore, telegraphed to him saying: "Je demande a votre Majeste, la permission de donner ma fille Luisa en mariage au Prince Frederic-Auguste de Saxe." The Emperor, who knew all about it long before papa's announcement, replied immediately that he was very pleased to hear the news and sent us both his affectionate greetings.

The important preliminaries were now settled, and my wedding day was fixed for November 21, the same month and almost the same date that thirty-five years previously had seen papa's marriage with Princess Anna of Saxony. The bride's dress was a lovely and unique gown which had formerly been part of the trousseau of Princess Anna of Saxony. When my half-sister Marie-Antoinette died, she left us her jewels, lace, and to each of us one of her mother's undergarments, dresses, and the one which fell to me was so beautiful that it had always been destined for my wedding dress.



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, the King and Queen of Portugal, and a magnificent diamond and emerald ring. King Albert of Saxony gave me a diamond rivière, and I was also presented with a marvelous tiara, emeralds and diamonds which was an heirloom in the Saxon royal family. Mamma, too, opened both her heart and her famous jewel box, and I was given a lovely gift upon her, so I had nothing to complain of on that score; in fact, I felt like a princess in the "Thousand and One Nights."

The weeks between June and November passed quickly, and at last the time came for me to say farewell to Salzburg. The day we left for Vienna was saddened by leaving-taking, and I was deeply touched to see how much every one seemed to regret parting with me. When we arrived at Vienna we went straight to the Hofburg, where we were to stay for the wedding, and on November 20 I was obliged to read my betrothal vows in the presence of the Emperor and the members of the Imperial household. This ceremony was a solemn one, and I was deeply touched to see how much every one seemed to regret parting with me.

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The Emperor stood before the throne under a canopy; I walked to the last step of the throne, and from there read the Act of Renunciation. A state luncheon was given after the ceremony was over, and the rest of the day passed in a whirl of excitement. On November 21 I woke early and, womanlike, I at once wondered whether I was in time for my wedding. Alas! it was a morning of fog and driving rain, and I felt a little superstitious dread which, however, speedily vanished in the all-absorbing occupation of being attired.

My wedding dress was a lovely and unique gown which had formerly been part of the trousseau of Princess Anna of Saxony. When my half-sister Marie-Antoinette died, she left us her jewels, lace, and to each of us one of her mother's undergarments, dresses, and the one which fell to me was so beautiful that it had always been destined for my wedding dress. The bride's dress was a lovely and unique gown which had formerly been part of the trousseau of Princess Anna of Saxony. When my half-sister Marie-Antoinette died, she left us her jewels, lace, and to each of us one of her mother's undergarments, dresses, and the one which fell to me was so beautiful that it had always been destined for my wedding dress.

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 Princess of Saxony on her wedding journey. Frederick-August came and sat by me. We had both been so much surrounded with etiquette that I found a little difficult to grasp the fact that we were alone with no one to interfere with us and that we were now married. He was very nervous and almost equally decorated and charming and I felt myself becoming more and more attracted to him.

After a cheerful little supper in the train we reached Prague at 11 o'clock—my wedding day was over. (Copyright, 1911, G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Portland Children Featured in Fiction

Miss Judith Solis-Cohen, who has relatives in this city, writes a 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 1905 during the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and was quite an enthusiast of Portland. She is expected to visit the Pacific Coast next year.

One of the best features of Miss Solis-Cohen's literary work is her charming stories for children. "Little Folks Magazine," the charming vehicle for children from 10 to 15, is prominently featuring a series of settlement stories by Miss Judith Solis-Cohen that are appearing in the current volume of the magazine. The series being in Portland, Or. The series is being attractively illustrated by Harriet O'Brien.

The first story, "Si-ling-chi," tells of a little Chinese girl who rebelled at wearing Chinese clothes until her father, a laundry man, "putting his straw hat on his pig-tailed head, turned to weeping Si-ling-chi and said: 'Come, Me go out to buye the Melian clothes at the big Melian store.'" The second story, "The Jew Boy," which came out in the March number, is a playground story in which a Russian Jewish boy, who hangs around the school, develops unsuspected talent in modeling.

The third story, "The Squaw-man's Girl," which is now in the hands of the artist, shows how the courage and self-reliance of a little half-breed Indian maid saved the Neighborhood-house children from a stray mountain lion. Miss Solis-Cohen is also running a series of nature articles in the current volume of "Little Folks," telling her small readers how to find odd little things in a pond and care for them. The first article, "The Crayfish," appeared in the September number, and there will come out shortly "L. J. Birdman has illustrated this series."

Judith Solis-Cohen is the daughter of the distinguished Philadelphia specialist, Dr. J. Solis-Cohen. She is a member of the Authors' League of America, of which Winston Churchill is president and Theodore Roosevelt vice-president. 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. The Emperor was dressed in the uniform of the Austrian (King of Saxony's Own) Dragoon, which became him admirably.

Directly the service was over the bride cortege reformed, but as we came last this time, we stood still and chatted around the throne of Frederick-August, who wore the uniform of the Austrian (King of Saxony's Own) Dragoon, which became him admirably. I felt so sorry for him that I stopped and, scotchy, kissed him on the forehead. I did the same to papa and then said "I will" so loudly that everyone was quite startled, Frederick-August in the same way.

Well, it's November now, so they will have to be quick about it," I said, trying to pass it off lightly, for I saw that Otto was really angry at the occurrence, for his uncanny things happen to us Hapsburgs. 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.

After the wedding the Emperor gave a luncheon. I sat next to him and he was in excellent spirits, but after getting another Archduchess off his hands, and as the family followed the example of the illustrious head, all stiffness and constraint rapidly disappeared and we were a very merry party. I remember the Archduke Carl Ludwig merrily telling me that he quite envied Frederick-August's honeymoon. 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.

My common sense put it down to overwrought nerves and the depressing weather, but my imaginative inner consciousness made me regard it as a warning. I felt utterly miserable when I said good-bye to papa, I lunged to him crying and he mingled his tears with mine. I felt that I was being both that and with them I had also said farewell to much of life's happiness. The Emperor had placed his private train at our disposal to travel to Prague, where he had lent us the Casimir, which he had placed at our disposal. The Imperial train was a veritable palace on wheels; there were bedrooms, bathrooms, rooms for the suite and for the servants, a special coupe for the chief and his satellites, while the kitchen arrangements were quite elaborate. I was dreadfully tired and my head ached painfully as a result of crying and directly the train was in motion

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. The term "athletic aspirant" was applied to the fellows who had a punch and who probably could go one or two rounds with a champion and make a showing.

We went to Philadelphia to play the engagement, but in a very few nights found such a market for a game was to whip a man, he would have to take a chance of hitting him on the jaw, knocking him senseless with one blow. Corbett looked upon this as a great danger of his breaking his knuckles. After tackling two of these "all comers," as he used to call them, we found that Corbett was not a man who would have no hands with which to fight Sullivan.

One of the toughest of the "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 standing up against four rounds before every champion that had come to the City of Brotherly Love for years. On the first night of Corbett's engagement with Sullivan, he appeared at the stage door but Mike Monahan, demanding a chance to go on with the man who thought he could beat Sullivan, Corbett looked Monahan over and made up his mind to keep him at a safe distance.

That night Corbett boxed with another who afterwards boxed quite an important part in his history. This was Connie McVey, who up to this day is a well-known character along the streets of New York. Monahan was on the first night, took Corbett's punching for a couple of rounds, and then sought a safe spot on the stage, lay on his back and refused to get up. \$25 for doing this, and at the same time the Corbett management came to realize that he was a very valuable asset to the show. It was Monahan's great value lay in knowing how to be knocked out better than any man I had ever seen—as I shall show you.

Every night Monahan reported at the stage door and every night Corbett sidestepped the issue. Monahan looked at Corbett with a steady gaze as wide as his forehead and his face was covered with scars. He was a tough proposition. We had some hope of occupying an encounter with this fellow. But toward the middle of the week the sporting editors of Philadelphia took up the matter and said that the challenger of John L. Sullivan was afraid to meet Mike Monahan, the terror of the gas-house. These sneering comments became stronger and stronger until presently the Associated Press got busy and scattered it broadcast throughout the country. When Friday night came I said to Corbett: "Jim, it's no use. You've got to meet Monahan tomorrow night or go out of the town in disgrace!"

We told Mike that he was to have his chance Saturday night and he said: "I do, that will be the end of Corbett!" 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 fight 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," Daly said. "He's out of the hospital 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 been "knocked out" but Monahan would simply say, "Is that so? That sounds good!" Nothing would faze him.

Corbett at this particular time feared Monahan more than he feared John L. Sullivan. 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. We then planned a tour throughout the United States, making a single appearance in each city, carrying only about eight people, and recruiting in each place we visited with local boxers. We would go into a town with Corbett, his sparring partner, and one or two others. We would get all the ambitious boys in the town who wanted to fight interested, and in that way provide the entertainment necessary before Corbett went on. 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.

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's training 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 on. We decided to cause the public should to regard such things as cut and dried affairs. And as Corbett's hands were in bad condition, we did not propose again to take any chances with strangers of "all comers."

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. His aliases were always made appropriate to the section of the country in which he was operating. For instance, in Milwaukee he was John Olsen, 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 riding around in an open barouche with the Mayor. The man who had the nerve to meet Corbett became the hero of every community he visited. For two weeks prior to the coming of our show Connie, under his different aliases, lived like a king, grew fat, and prospered.

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.

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, and in excellent Spanish.

"The farmer of the United States has been completely deserted in tariff revision by the Democratic party," he asserted. In speaking of the Panama Canal toll repeal, he said: "Although claiming that Congress has been given freedom of speech and action under the Democratic Administration, acting under the orders of the President, the House committee rule has forced the adoption of a gag law, the most odious in the history of the country."

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

LONDON, April 16.—(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. The theatre was simply jammed. Corbett nodded. "He's no better," Daly said. "He's out of the hospital 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 been "knocked out" but Monahan would simply say, "Is that so? That sounds good!" Nothing would faze him.

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, besides it immediately dissolves every 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 not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, 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. We sincerely believe, regardless of the cost of your hair, that if you desire 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.