

ELEONORE, FAIRY TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS, WHO WILL VISIT US THIS SPRING.

Bulgarian Sovereign Has Unusual Personality and Interesting History

THE VISIT OF Queen Eleonore, of Bulgaria, to the United States will be awaited with interest, not only because this will be the first time that a reigning sovereign of Europe has come to this country, but because Queen Eleonore is a woman of unusual personality and interesting history.

"One of the most admirable women in European courts," one writer has called her, and it has also been said that "a more lovable woman never shared the onerous drudgery of a throne."

It may be doubted that Queen Eleonore has considered her task as consort of King Ferdinand on his uneasy but long-held throne in the light of drudgery. Her life has been one of untrifling service. She knew sorrow and danger long before she went to Bulgaria.

Born a princess of Reuss, one of the little German states whose ruling families have intermarried with all the great reigning houses of Europe, she might well have passed her life in the petty round of social life incident to a petty court. An alliance with some prince with a more active part in the world was apparently the only road out of Reuss, but the Princess Eleonore seemed destined to remain a spinster. Perhaps her studious bent and her intelligent interest in scientific hospital work and nursing were not qualities to recommend her to contemporary princelings.

But a woman with the soul and spirit of Eleonore could not be content to be merely a princess nor satisfied with merely academic studies. In a quiet way she began to use her knowledge and develop the power of organizing which was later to make her name a synonym for healing among the wounded of four armies.

She spent a great deal of her time in Russia, having formed an enduring friendship for the Czar and Cararina, and when the Russo-Japanese war came she had a chance to put into execution her theories concerning field hospital work. She established and took charge of a hospital, a model one, and overworked surgeons and commissaries forgot the princess in their admiration for the woman who brought order out of chaos and who seemed able to inspire efficiency in others.

Cararina than all the diplomacy in the world. It has been said that the princess did not at first attract Ferdinand, that her cleverness was not the kind to appeal to him and that he would have preferred an imposing intellect like his mother's—Bismarck called her "the only man in the Orleans family"—or a very subtle one like his first wife. However that may have been, it is also true that King Ferdinand needed a mother for his four children, and it may well have been that Eleonore's splendid womanly qualities had as much to do with the marriage as did a desire to please the Russian Emperor.

And so about five years ago the Princess Eleonore, then about 43 years old, went to Sofia as Queen Eleonore. To understand the difficulties that awaited the new Queen it must be recalled that Ferdinand, in spite of his many admirable qualities and his enlightened rule, was never popular with his adopted people even before the war.

It is said that Queen Eleonore is not loved by Sofia society, but it is certain that in the hearts of the people she has won the title of the best beloved woman in Bulgaria. C. Powell-Napier wrote of her:

"The poor and the wounded soldiers love her. Sofia society, except those just around her, does not. She has been described as ugly. It is a libel. Her nose is rather broad and flat, but her face is so mobile, her hazel eyes so full of kindly humor, her soft voice so full of music that her one ugly feature is more than redeemed."

Certainly the poor of Bulgaria and the thousands of wounded soldiers who were helped back to life or found death less terrible because of the ministrations of the Queen will say in all sincerity that Eleonore of Bulgaria has the most beautiful face in the world.

She had not been in Bulgaria long before most of her private fortune was spent in aiding her husband's poorest subjects. She is now said to be often pressed for funds to carry on her charities, but she has the reputation of "always managing somehow." Doubtless philanthropists are willing to aid one whose spending is so wise. She is credited with a keen sense of humor and it is said that she rules her many charitable institutions in a way the best trained matron might well envy.

"She is never happier than when relieving distress," writes Powell-Napier, "and takes good care that her money is well spent." The Queen is a great reader. She is especially interested in English and American books. It is said that she can both talk and enjoy a good story. King Ferdinand is very fond of pomp and ceremony, but Queen Eleonore is reported to have the air of disliking

display and to prefer a simplicity not to the liking of her lord. Her work in the field hospitals also brought her in conflict with one of King Ferdinand's peculiarities. His fear of infection amounts to an obsession and when the Queen was engaged in nursing and after she had returned from the hospitals she was by the King's order placed in what amounted to quarantine so far as the royal family was concerned.

But her labors have been appreciated by her adopted countrymen. A fine tribute to the Queen and an interesting held is found in an article which appeared in L'Echo De Bulgarie, a Sofia daily, on the Queen's birthday, February 22 last. The writer speaks of the Queen as a symbol of peace and patience in a time of much trouble and adds:

"From the first days of the campaign in Thrace even until the last battle of the second Balkan war her Majesty Eleonore, of Bulgaria, has not ceased her efforts to bring aid to the wounded. She has from the very first put on again her nurse's dress and from Sofia even to the firing line she has exhibited exemplary courage and activity in installing the field hospitals."

"In the midst of the blood-stained stretchers, by the pillows of the unfortunate soldiers horribly torn by death-dealing shells, in the fetid atmosphere of the trains crowded with the wounded the Queen was at her post, the first field nurse of the kingdom, giving encouragement to the other volunteer nurses, whose hearts, brave though they were, failed sometimes before the horrors of this human butchery."

"This indefatigable sister of charity had, so to speak, the gift of ubiquity. One day you saw her watching over the organization of an immense hospital at the military school at Sofia,

the next she was to be found at Philippopolis, where a hospital of the same importance was erected under her supervision. Some days after she might be found at Losengrad, at Lulu-Burgas, at Mustafa-Pasha, at Tchobur, where the wounded knew by the sudden redoubling of the zeal of the doctors and attendants that their sovereign was there, and soon they saw her passing down the long lines of beds examining the dressings of wounds, distributing her kindnesses without distinction to Bulgar and Turk, and scattering the manna of her sweet words of sympathy which gave new life to the suffering unfortunates, already in the shadow of death's wing."

"When the hospitals were closed another task awaited the august sister of charity. Thousands of families driven from their homes by fire and sword had sought refuge in Bulgaria. The government had done for these unfortunates all in its power, but a large number were left to the care of private charity. The Queen has continued and will continue to practice her noble apostleship among these homeless people have found again homes and work."

"Food, money and clothing seem to appear out of the earth at her appeal. Bulgaria has been profoundly wounded, but she has found a beneficent fairy beside her pillow, who will never cease her care until Bulgaria is convalescent. The most beautiful eulogy that we can address to her Majesty Queen Eleonore on her birthday is to recall her deeds."

The Old Rooster.

Ruth Menery Stuart.
Ef de hoarse ol' rooster wouldn't crow so loud
He mought pass for young in the barnyard crowd;
But he strives so hard and he steps so spry
That de pullets all winks while he marches by.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.

Animals Are Able to Detect Unseen Water

THE French possess a curious institution in the form of an institute of zoological psychology, established on a farm near Paris. This station comprises meadows and barnyards, a stretch of forest and a large pond stocked with fish. Then, too, there are spacious buildings, including modern stables, a riding school, stalls for isolating animals under special observation, an aquarium and a laboratory. A dovecote is placed upon the roof of the main building.

As evidencing the desire of the French naturalists to study the habits of living creatures under natural conditions, it may be mentioned that a complete diving apparatus has been provided in which observers may descend to the bottom of the pond. There they may remain for hours, until the fish become accustomed to their presence, and follow their natural im-

pulses in playing and feeding. The under-water student thus is enabled to note their habits at first hand.

The other extreme of observation is the construction of sheltered platforms in the branches of trees, where students sit throughout the night armed with electric flashlights to watch the doings of owls, bats and nocturnal insects.

It is reported by a scientist that an important conclusion reached by the students is that some animals possess a special sense whereby they can detect the presence of water even though they cannot see it. The experiments were undertaken at the suggestion of an Australian, who addressed the institution with reference to his experiences in the desert while being driven across country.

In a place where the presence of water was wholly unexpected the Australian noted some curious facts.



ELEONORE, QUEEN OF BULGARIA.

The leading animals suddenly would tracks and start running through the brush. Sometimes they would run for a mile and a half to two miles, and could not be stopped by the drivers. Their course invariably leading to a pond or spring hitherto unknown.

THE TIGER DECIDES by Frank Conroy.

INDIA in June is Hades! Many will disagree with this assertion, but they are not of those who have had to keep the Caledonia Company's mines running in the hot spell. The Caledonia Company does not mine for rubies—just coal.

When the heat came every one that could get away to the hills. Myra, the superintendent's daughter, had decided to go, but changed her mind. Her woman's instinct warned her to stay.

Hetherington was chief engineer. Bob Stanley was surface manager. Walters, the superintendent, was often in Calcutta.

Stanley and Hetherington were the best of friends. Their rivalry for Myra's affections was open and light-hearted; but Hetherington had an ugly side to his character, which I, as his subordinate, had reason to know.

"When a man got bowled over by the heat the company sent him up to the hills to recuperate; and Hetherington got a touch. The superintendent advised him to quit, but he wouldn't. He didn't want to leave the field open to Bob Stanley; but he got uglier in temper, and consequently more difficult to get on with, and his friendship for Bob cooled down to nothing.

Myra had always held the balance pretty even between these two; but now she seemed to favor Hetherington, and he began to assume proprietary rights and resented Bob's going near her at all. Bob himself was getting surly on that account, and I could see there was trouble brewing. It first showed itself when Hetherington told Bob that he intended to marry the girl, and dared him to go near her again. The heat had got him pretty badly by this time, but Bob was in no mood to take that into account just then, so they fought with their naked fists.

Neither was a pretty sight when they were through; but Bob licked his man clean, and offered to shake hands afterward. Hetherington didn't take his medicine as a man should, and refused to shake, from which I gathered that the trouble had only begun. The real crisis came the night of the tiger-shoot.

Most people think the way to shoot tigers in India is from the back of an elephant. Well, that's one way; but it wasn't ours.

We didn't have far to go for our sport, you see, for Myra kept animals around, and there was a big cat of some kind prowling about almost every night. Sometimes it was a panther, and sometimes—though more rarely—a tiger. We were never particular which came along if we had our .303 English rifles handy. I've noticed in knocking about the world, that wherever there is mining going on there are goats. I am not



trying to explain the fact, merely stating it.

We kept a few at the Caledonia—on account of their usefulness as live bait.

Our method was simple enough. About a hundred yards from quarters there was a big tree, where we had fixed up a screen of brushwood, well up among the branches. Behind this screen three or four men could hide, and we were a lot safer there than on an elephant.

Beyond the tree there was a cleared space, running right down to the edge of the jungle, and on this space we made our goat frisk and bleat by pulling his leg with a long cord.

You had to make him act as naturally as possible, or the beasts would have got suspicious and shied off. Once a panther, or old stripes, was in sight, you could trust the goat to be as natural as you could wish; and it was a point of honor with us not to sacrifice our bait.

It was I who suggested a shoot two or three nights after the fight. I

thought it might help to clear up the bad blood. I have blamed myself many a time since, but something was bound to happen anyhow.

From the first we had trouble with the goat. He would persist in making for the jungle, and the more we pulled the more stubborn he got. He was young or he would have known better.

As it was, when a big tiger showed for a second in the moonlight the goat was between us and it, and we couldn't do any more monkeying with the cord, in case we should score him off. When the brute sprang I was so startled by the size of him that I forgot to take aim.

Stanley and Hetherington both fired, and at least one ball hit the beast, for he stopped in mid-air, turned, and landed heavily. Then, before I could get in a shot in the uncertain light, he had crawled back into the jungle growling and snarling savagely.

Bob was excited, and before I had an inkling of his foolhardy notion he was between us and it, and we were in a half-way position. I shouted at him, but he paid no heed.

I looked round for Hetherington. He was already on the ground and starting after Bob. From the expression on his face as he looked up to me, I knew that only one of these two was likely to come out of the jungle alive.

If Hetherington could take Bob unaware, it would be all up with the surface manager. On the other hand, if Bob got an inkling of his danger—he might suspect in the circumstance that where the moon shone the wildest stalking duels in history were fought. For myself, I could only follow the other two, creeping as silently as a wild thing through the undergrowth, stopping frequently with ears on the alert to catch the sounds that would tell the direction the others had taken.

It was certainly an awesome game we were playing in the darkness of the jungle there. I knew it would be useless for either of the men to clear unless he got the other in a clear patch where the moon shone warm. For myself, I could only warn Bob if I met up with him, or dissuade Hetherington from his purpose, if I got the chance to tackle him. And then there was the tiger, which I had almost forgotten.

The silence of the jungle was oppressive, but pregnant with hidden dangers. Every live thing seemed to have been scared away. Not so much as the sound of a snapping twig came to my ear, and I called the others—first one, then the other, by name, but received no reply.

Suddenly a single shot rang out, fol-

lowed by an angry snarling and a scream of mortal terror—then a second shot.

I dashed forward in the direction of the sounds, and in a few moments burst through the underbrush into an open space, rifle in hand. Bob Stanley's shot—the second I had heard—had killed the tiger, and under his ugly carcass we found Hetherington, his clothing torn to shreds and his chest and shoulders horribly mauled, but still living, though unconscious.

There was a queer look in Bob's eyes as he turned toward me, but his first words were, "Let's get him out as quick as we can, Mac."

We carried him between us up to the superintendent's quarters.

Walters was away at the time, but that was where a white man was always taken if he was hurt.

When we got Hetherington on a camp stretcher we did what we could for him. There wasn't a doctor within a hundred miles, and we knew he would never have any use for one, anyway.

Mining men have to know a bit about everything, surgery included, and, as I have said, we did what we could. When we had finished, Bob turned to me.

"Go and talk to Myra, Mac," he said.

He had kept her away from the first. It was best for her not to see Hetherington till we had him bandaged into something like a man. Bob was shy of going near her now, for he didn't know exactly where he stood; so I left him to watch over the wounded man and stepped into the adjoining room where the girl was waiting.

Naturally, she wanted to know all about it, and I told her everything—except that Hetherington had gone into the jungle with Bob Stanley with murderous intent. She cried some, but being a girl of spirit, that didn't last long.

She was talking quietly when, both at once, we jumped to our feet, for there was the queerest noise in the next room. The door was flung open, and Bob staggered out and snarled, "God—he snarls just like—like a tiger!" he groaned.

He was unnerved and shaky, but he forced himself to go back into the room, with me, and then I understood. As Stanley approached the dying man, Hetherington growled and snarled, just as Bob had said—like a tiger; and he gnashed at Bob's hand when he tried to quiet him.

Fortunately we had him strapped down on account of his wounds, and he was junkie after Bob Stanley with murderous intent. She cried some, but being a girl of spirit, that didn't last long. I could see that Bob irritated the man, and I pushed him out of the room. At the same time Myra forced her way in. I tried to stop her, but her spirit

was up, and she brushed by me defiantly, went over to the stretcher, and stroked Hetherington's head.

For a second or two I was scared for her; but Hetherington's snarling stopped immediately. Then he purred—purred like a great cat!

The girl waded me away, and I was almost glad to go. I found Bob at the door, with the perspiration running off his face, and the muzzle of his revolver pressed to the crack at the hinge side of the door by way of precaution in case the man's mood should change.

Myra stayed in the room, and Bob at the door, for an hour. Then the end came.

At last the girl came out, and she was pretty well all in with the strain. Bob was standing with his arms folded, not knowing what to do; but she staggered straight toward him, and he had to put out his arms to save her from falling.

"Oh, Bob, it's terrible!" she sobbed; "and—and it might have been you!" I saw a great relief pass over his strong features, and his arms tightened round her. Then a new trouble showed in his eyes.

"Mac," he said solemnly, and almost with reverence, "Hetherington followed me to save my life."

I looked at him, and knew what he meant. "Yes; poor old Hetherington!" I murmured.

What else could I say, when the man was dead? "When Bob had persuaded Myra to

go off to bed we went to our own quarters, and I dressed the superficial wound where Hetherington's bullet had merely grazed his side. That explained the first shot I had heard in the jungle.

"That tiger sprang about the right second," said I grimly.

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The Extinct American Romance.

Yale Review. While these local fields were still being enthusiastically worked, we had our romantic historical revival of the '80s, Janice Meredith and Richard Carvels were circulated by the ton, not to mention the purely imitative output of machine-made American historical novels. They were our recognition of the pseudo-romantic wave started by Stevenson.

The preceding generation of school children got their history from the story books. Then suddenly as we turned into the new century, the demand for this sort of imaginative solace stopped. Authors who had sold hundreds of thousands of these canned products could not sell \$3,000.

Why was this? The distressed publishers have never been able to account satisfactorily for the sudden cessation in the demand for such books and have been seeking hither and yon for "a new line of goods" that shall have the same popular appeal.

What happened? The answer lies in the American reading public. Had they become sufficiently educated to go direct to the history books for their history, and to "foreign-made literature" for imaginative realization? It would surely seem so, if we consider the steady increase in the number and the sales of so-called serious books, and the broadening demand for the novels and plays and poems of contemporary European writers.

When Bob had persuaded Myra to

Morpheus Sometimes Proves a Fickle Jade

DID you ever follow black sheep through the gate that leads into the land of Nod?

Lord Rosebery is doing it—that is, counting black sheep that pass one by one through a gate, changing his bed-room and taking motor car drives before bedtime in an effort to chase insomnia through the window, over the hills and far away.

"Insomnia is one of the penalties of the increasing strain which modern life throws on the brain," says one physician, commenting on this. "The man who works with his muscles and lives in the open air is rarely a victim of sleeplessness."

"An excellent plan for inducing sleep is to take a brisk half hour's walk before bedtime, followed by a hot bath and a rubdown; then a cup of warm milk and a biscuit or two as one gets into bed. If, in addition, the mind be focussed on some pleasant but not exciting topic, a night's rest is assured to all but the most chronic sufferer."

"Now, how is a man who is wondering how he can raise \$1000 by tomorrow, to focus his mind on some pleasant but not exciting topic and thereby sink to sleep? He might count black sheep or think of ponies, but it wouldn't drive the \$1000 out of his mind and

it wouldn't put him to sleep. He might walk until he was dead tired, but that would only be adding physical fatigue to the mental fatigue that keeps him awake.

"It is mental stress, worry and responsibility that produce insomnia. This mental stress causes auto-intoxication; it generates a poison that irritates the brain centers and keeps the person awake. Insomnia is just as prevalent among outdoor workers as among those of sedentary habits."

"Counting black sheep or the other so-called tricks to get sleep may be all right for a single night in cases where a passing vexation keeps one awake. They may take the sufferer's mind off the unpleasant topic and allow him to fall asleep. Taking a brisk walk or inducing physical fatigue is good when no worry is present to fatigue the brain and produce auto-intoxication."

"But in persistent insomnia that has lasted for several weeks or even for several days these things are of no avail. Opium and hypnotics—sleep producers—are no good because they do not cure."

"The only thing to do is to administer medicines that will relieve the irritability of the brain and then to take away the worry or the care that causes this irritability."